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January
1975

FAMILY LIFE

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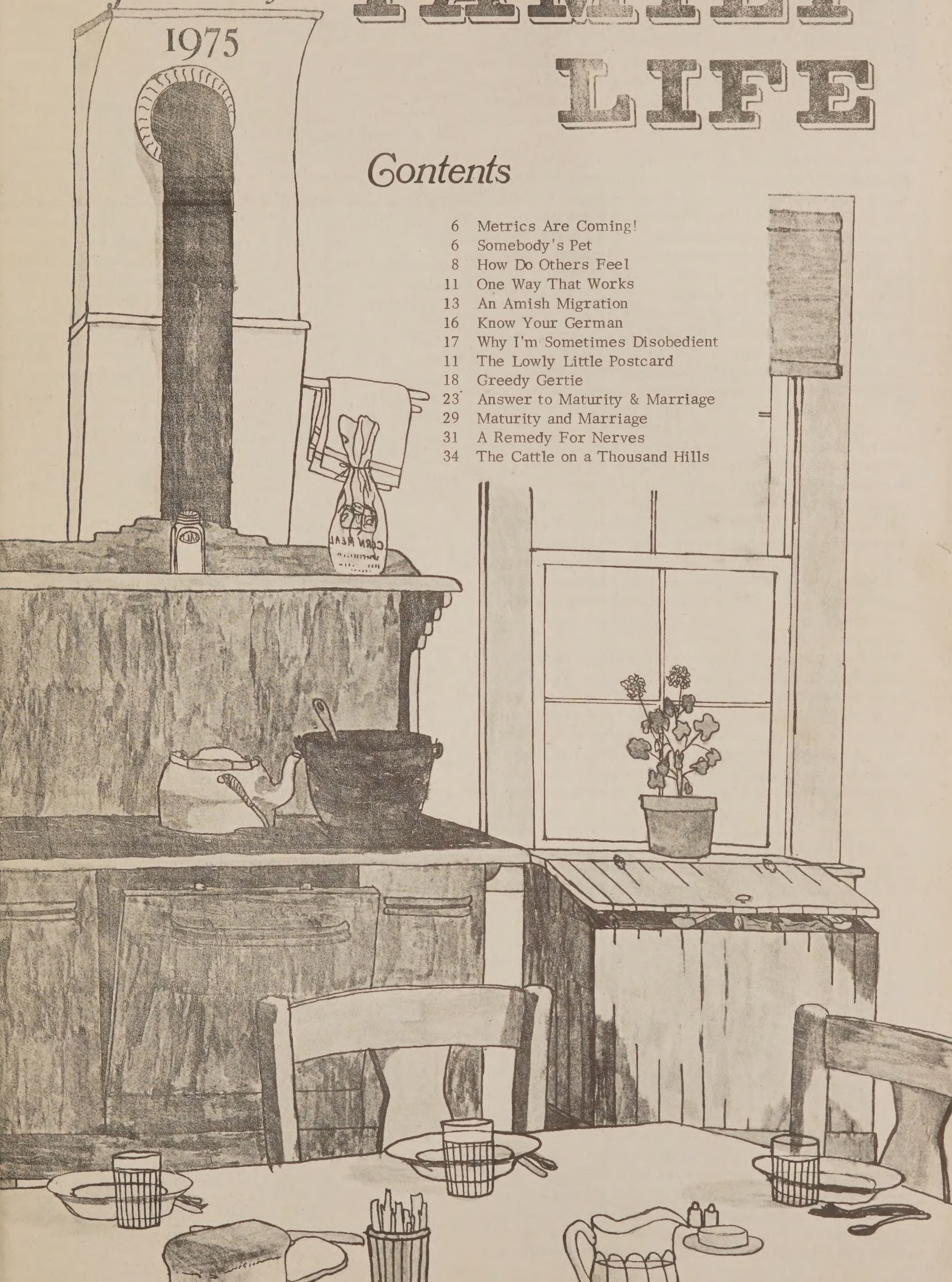


Letters TO THE EDITOR-

BARGAINS SHOULD BE PLAIN

● I liked the Bargain story (November issue). It reminds me of sales days and rummage sales. I'm not one of those women who runs after all these sales. I don't think there is anything wrong in going if you buy something you need. Sometimes you see plain people wearing something that's not in the church ordnung. Then they'll try to excuse themselves by saying, "It's not really what I was looking for but I got it so cheap." God sees us every day so I think we should wear our plain clothing weekdays as well as Sundays. When your're going for bargains be careful that you don't spend more than you were planning to save.

-Pennsylvania Housewife.

SQUANDERING AWAY THE BARGAINS

● The Bargain story was worth reading especially in this day and age when everything is rush-rush and hurry-hurry. Be careful, young wives and remember the old saying "what your husband carries in the front door by the teaspoonful, you can carry out the back door by the shovelful." The meaning is that what our husbands work hard to earn, we can very easily squander away in a short time. -Also watching for bargains.

ORANGES BY THE CARTON

● I disagree with the author that a bargain is not a bargain unless you were going to buy it anyway. Thinking back over the past several years, I can recall some of the bargains we got during this time which included oranges by the carton which were cheaper than apples, (this winter when oranges are much more expensive, we eat apples), Rice Krispies which cost less than corn flakes, underwear at 75¢ each and dry goods at 10¢ a yard. Do you think we bought only what we had use for immediately? Hardly. Of the last two items we bought enough to do us several years. Of course, it would be poor business to buy something we couldn't use, no matter how cheap. -Eyes Open For Bargains.

USED FURNITURE A BARGAIN

● The story "A Bargain Is A Bargain" reminds me of myself. A bargain is really only a bargain if you have use for it either now or sometime later, and then only if it's in the ordnung.

On the other hand some young marrieds wouldn't consider buying used things as it wouldn't be good enough for them. I would rather buy used furniture and fix it up than buy new things and go in debt.

-Mrs. J. M., Indiana

KEEP THE BARGAINS AROUND

● I agree, a bargain is not a bargain unless you can use it- sometime. On the other hand, it doesn't make sense to me to pass up a half price special and then a few months later go and buy the very same thing at full price. Around the home and farm you always need repairs and replacements and it's nice if you are able to find a spare part when something breaks.

It really doesn't take that much space to keep that old mowing machine, a binder or a drill around instead of taking it to the junk yard to get a few pennies. Of course this gives the neighbors a chance to make a few good-natured jokes about our "junk yard." However, we nearly always have the chance to get even with them when those same neighbors come looking for parts from our "junk yard." -Manager of the Yard.

FREDA HIT HOME

● I think "Freda and The Factory Work" hit home as it shows how people can be driven by lust. It seems more and more of that is going on among the young folks. I can see a big change during the past few years. I know of girls going steady that carry on quite a bit with other boys until their boyfriend steps into view. Can this be called honest? It seems to me they would have a guilty feeling.

Another thing that hurts me is when I hear young folks joking and laughing at those "off-color jokes," I've heard girls tell stories that I, as a boy, would have been ashamed to tell by best friend. It must be they don't realize that God hears them, too. I catch myself too often saying things I wish I hadn't which shows that I'm included, too. -Burton, Ohio

A LITTLE FUN FOR FREDA

● I thought the story about Freda and the factory work was very worthwhile. So often these young girls think a little fun won't hurt anyone but they are too immature to know the weakness of men. I know of one girl who got involved with an outside man (more than she really wanted to) and yet insisted there was no harm done because she had not committed the actual deed of adultery.

I think we should try to teach our children the danger in lustful thoughts and words and not pass it off as fun. This is what happens when a mixed group of people work together day after day. Be not deceived, God is not mocked. -Concerned, Pa.

MODESTY AND CONSISTENCY

● Mention was made in the hired girl stories about the importance of being properly clothed. Now I have never been a hired girl nor even a hired boy but I have been around quite a bit. I am not Amish and have never been (but have often been in Amish homes on business). I realize that some of the things I am going to say may sound rather bold for an unmarried man but maybe sometimes we need the "shock treatment" to wake us up to what we are doing. Due to circumstances beyond my

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

control, I have lived or stayed in at least 11 different homes long enough for the "company front" to wear off. I believe that what God teaches about modest apparel in the Bible, is meant for manner of dress among family members at home as well as when we are out in the world among ungodly people.

Which is the most important anyway, to be properly dressed at church, where our thoughts are primarily on heavenly things, or to be decently dressed in the home in our everyday lives? Now don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to suggest going to church in rags but let's be consistent. What's good for our brothers and sisters in the Lord is also good for our brothers and sisters in the home. I have lived in homes where teenage girls were working around the house and had on a dress (or a piece of one) that was torn, worn thin or outgrown, so that the underclothes could be plainly seen! Not only girls, but mothers of every age group and some grandmothers. Sometimes we think "It's just us here at home." In my daily work I have made deliveries of merchandise to homes of plain people and needed to ask the woman where the material was to be put. The nakedness in some cases has equalled that of the scantily clad woman on the street. I realize that perhaps sometimes we could be working in the patch and something should happen that we tear our clothes and won't bother to go to the house until we are finished. But this is a lot different from the daily practice of putting on torn clothes that I know has been done.

I realize nothing has been said about boys and men dressing immodestly. I would like to pass on a few points which were given to me by a sister who is concerned about maintaining pure thoughts. First of all, wear clothes that is becoming to a Christian, not so tight that your ribs can be counted at a glance, and yet not so big that it makes you look sloppy. When sitting, especially on a couch, some men have the habit of slouching so that their pants are real tight around the crotch. Sitting with legs spread far apart can also be objectionable to some. Some men have excessive hair on their neck and chest. These should be kept covered or trimmed back so as not to be too visible.

So much for modesty, now I would like to say a few words on consistency. As a clerk in a retail business I frequently wait on plain people and some of the material they purchase makes my boss ask me questions I cannot answer. How do you explain why an Amishman buys an electric skillsaw when they don't have electricity? How do you explain to a fellow employee why it took you half an hour to make out an order for a fancy set of wrought iron porch railings and fence posts when 2 x 4's could have been nailed together and painted for much less and been much plainer, especially since the buyer was one of the "plain people"? How do you explain why a boy with a hippie haircut comes to pick up the material his father ordered. The boy is driving a fire-engine red hot-rod with two teenage sisters in the car wearing miniskirts and with their hair stacked up above their heads about a foot high with an Amish covering pinned to the top of it. What are they doing? Sitting there with their ears glued to the radio as it blares away. How do you explain this to the boss?

How do you explain why someone will pay $6.00 more for a blue toilet than a white one considering that white ones work just as well. The boss always thought Amish were thrifty people.

What should I tell my employer? The Amish are just fakes, they preach but don't practice? Just a rotten apple? The children aren't Amish? If that's the case, why are they staying at home?

Don't get me wrong, not all are like this. One man drove perhaps 5 miles out of his way with his horse and buggy to buy some items he needed because our prices were lower. I appreciated this man. Why? Because he was consistent. He practiced what he preached. Until I get the answers to some of the above questions, I guess I'll just have to be -A Question Mark , Indiana

TO SNARE A HUSBAND

● It has been written at times about unmarried girls. We have one in our family and our children have two aunts who never married. I try to teach our children how wrong it is to make unkind remarks about them. We are glad to see when they try to do the will of God whatever it is.

The ones we should really feel sorry for are those who when they get to the age of the middle twenties and feel life is passing them up, then get the idea that if they'd make their skirts a little shorter, wear thinner stockings and smaller head coverings, they might snare a husband. What kind of example are they to the younger girls or what kind of wives would they make if they happened to get a husband by such methods? Being a light to the world isn't meant only for the old, it's for all who have accepted Christ as their Saviour.

-Pennsylvania Grandmother

MODESTY IS FOR THE MEN

● In the article "Woman's Place In The Home" it says modesty should be taught and then goes on to say: "This probably applies mostly to the daughters." Now I would like to ask, why should it? Modesty is defined as "having or showing humility, not vain, reserved, decent, not displaying one's body." Since the man is supposed to be the head of the house why should we expect less of him? A leader needs better training than a follower and a wife wants to be able to respect her partner. I feel it is more important, (or at least fully as important) to teach our sons modesty than the daughters. If a man has been taught sound religious principles, he won't settle for less than a modest wife. Let's not put the cart before the horse. -Concerned

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN

● I was very thankful for the article about the Unforgivable Sin in the October issue. I had come to realize that as long as the Holy Spirit gives us the desire to repent then we have not blasphemed against the Holy Spirit but I had not fully understood Hebrews 6:4-6 and 10:26-27 until I read this article. God would not be so unmerciful as to send his Holy Spirit to give us the desire to repent if he knew there was no more hope to do so.

The devil is the author of despair, frustration and discouragement. He does not want us to realize our lost and sinful condition but if we do, he tries to make us think there is no more hope for us. I had heard many explanations of these verses but some of them did not sound scriptural. Any interpretation of the Scriptures must be in harmony with all other Scriptures.

-J.E.M., Michigan

ROLE OF MINISTER'S CHILDREN

● Being a minister's child, I believe I have a better understanding what sorrow the "fence-riders" can bring to the leaders of a church. Also what joy a few words or a letter of appreciation can be. We children have an important role to fill to honor and obey our parents. We may feel we have no more responsibility than other children just because our parents are in the ministry. But we should realize how much easier it is for father to preach against the lusts of this world if his own household tries to live a humble faithful life.

-Also a Minister's child, Ontario

REVERENCE IN CHURCH

● I would like to see an article about reverence and quietness in church services and during prayer. Is it necessary to have so much noise going on? Sometimes it sounds like it were recess. Just recently two mothers had their two toddlers sitting and playing so loudly beside each other in front of themselves. The mothers even laughed at the children. It can be very distracting. It would be a big help if parents would teach their children to close their eyes during prayer. But we as parents have to be good examples to them.

-O.O.M., Pa.

EMPTY HITCHING POSTS

● As a member of the team Mennonites, I have often wondered if the Amish have the same trouble we have. Our boys get cars and join higher churches and on Sundays rows of benches are filled with unmarried girls who have stayed with the parental church. It is with heavy hearts that parents see their children leaving.

Could it be that we as parents are more at fault than we realize? It is a common practice among our people if they want to go to town, instead of hitching up, we step into a neighbor's car. I am not talking about long trips, or when it is necessary to go to a large city, but about our local towns. We have hitching rails at the bank and horse sheds next to the shopping centers. Our local hospital built a fancy barn with stalls for horses. Then we hear excuses that there is too much traffic to drive to the hospital with a horse. How can our horses be traffic safe if some are only hitched up on Sunday morning?

Many of our people attend welding and agricultural lessons which are given at a local schoolhouse in the evening. The officials were kind enough to put up hitching rails, but so far, I understand, very few horses have been tied there.

Once there was a grandfather who talked about how wrong it is to own a car and still is allowed to drive with one anytime one wishes. It so happened that this man did not own a horse but depended on his neighbors to get around. He thought it is all right to drive in a car. If he could see his grandchildren— they own the cars now, some could be called hippies.

I am just a concerned mother, wondering how things will be once our own sons step out on their own. We try to plant it in their young hearts with the help from above, but someday we will have to die and leave them.

-Ehprata, Pa.

A WIDOW FOR A WEEK

● I never wrote to your magazine before. Again we have deer hunting season with us. Just thought I should write a warning to young girls whose fellows are deer hunters. You don't need to think he will stop after marriage when the babies come and chores have to be done in all kinds of cold and windy weather. Oh, a few do but most of them don't. I wish I would be as brave as he thinks I am when he is gone.

-A Deer Hunter's Widow For A Week.

BROTHER JOHN RETARDED?

● I thought "My Brother John" was very clever (November issue). First I thought, "Oh, another story of a poor spoiled disobedient boy." Next I thought, "Ah, he's retarded." Then the last paragraph gave me the real answer. Thanks to the writer. -E.M., Ohio

BRAN WAS THROWN AWAY

● The farm page in the November issue was interesting. About forty years ago you could buy fertilizer with cottonseed meal mixed in it. This was wasteful. My grandfather said when the first rolling mills came in, the bran from the wheat was considered of very little value as a feed. Some mills let the bran run into the streams. One miller wanted the farmers to feed it. He claimed the manure from bran is worth more for fertilizer than corn cob chop. To prove it, he had a patch in his garden where he would spread bran, another one where he spread corn cob chop and worked it into the soil. The things grew better in the bran patch. Perhaps the bran took less nitrogen away from the plants. Some claim corn cob chop is worth more when run through a steer than if put on before digestion breaks it down. Sawdust and straw is worth more as fertilizer if used as bedding first and then put on the land.

What is there about crop rotation that corn does better after hay? You can take two crops of hay off and not put any manute or fertilizer back on but the first corn crop will always be better. -Amos B. Martin, Pa.

MUCH GOOD LITERATURE

● I am grieved that a book has been published of the kind which you mention in the November Family Life. Although I have not seen the book (neither do I want to) yet I appreciate your efforts with others, to get this kind of item off the market. It hurts me that publishers are not more careful to avoid this kind of thing. The Mennonite Publishing House, over a period of many years, has put out much good literature both reprinting the old books as well as new ones. I hope they will be more careful in the future.

-Paul H. Grove, Markham, Ontario

THE CHICAGO FIRE

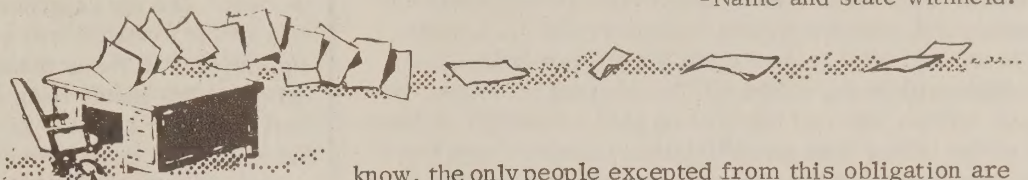
● The article about fire in the Family Life was interesting. The reason I am writing is in regards to the date of the Chicago fire. My Uncle Aaron Weber was to get married Sept. 6th, 1881. The day before the wedding the country was overcast from smoky sky and a red haze from fire. The people who were supposed to get ready for the wedding had no courage to go on with it, for they though that the appointed time has come, that this was the end of the world. But someone told them if the smoke would clear up the next day, the people would come to the wedding and they will not be ready. So they went on and got ready. The next day it cleared up some so they had the wedding. Later they found out it was the Chicago fire. Apparently it must have been 1881 instead of 1871. -Noah M. Weber, Elmira, Ont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks for sending in the account of the wedding. We have checked the history books and they tell us the Chicago fire was in 1871. It must have been a forest fire or something else that caused the smoke.

OUT FOR PLEASURE?

● This is the time of year when a lot of Daddys and boys go hunting. I felt I should put my thoughts on paper as I am another deer hunter's wife. I don't think it's wrong to go deer hutning, like when the deer come down in your fields and damage crops, or if you live near the mountains and don't have far to go, such as in walking distance. Otherwise I feel it is a pleasure and comes in the line of "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God" (II Tim. 3:4). The money that is spent on license and gas and hunting supplies and maybe a meal or two on the way could be used for family needs instead. Sometimes it's planned two weeks ahead and a day is spent in the mountains just scouting around. When a gang of hunters are together like that, I feel sure there is lots of jesting and foolish talking going on. We shouldn't do what we wouldn't want to be doing when Jesus comes. They're away from their families, up in the mountains maybe dressed in red hunter's coats and caps and wouldn't be recognized as plain people I think it's a bad example for the children. I heard our oldest one say, "When I grow up, I'm going hunting, too." He is often nearly in tears when his Daddy goes away to the mountains.

-Name and state withheld.



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

To say we were pleased with the response to "Maturity In Marriage" would be putting it mildly. At the last count, we had received 80 replies and they are still coming in. It would not be possible to use all of them without taking up too much space and repeating what was already said, but those that weren't used were still appreciated.

Apparently this project is following the pattern of the child training problems. The first three or four problems received a tremendous response but it kept dwindling until there were hardly any replies at all, and we had to put in a reminder that we can't all depend on someone else to do it. They might be depending on you!

This is not the type of projects that we can urge anyone to send in an answer to each one of the problems. First you have to have an opinion on that particular subject. Perhaps you have had some experience or have seen where others did and found a solution. This is one project where "book learning" doesn't mean much (unless that book happens to be the Bible). But if you've actually had experience with that particular problem, then you are qualified to give an opinion.

Problem No. 1, for which the answers appear in this issue,is something which every married couple who has been married for a number of years was qualified to write on. The ones that answered seemed to be pretty well agreed. They gave "Amos Miller" a sound spanking.

Another reason some portions of some letters were not used was because they spilled over into other questions which we expect to use later. There will be twelve questions and although some are necessarily related, we want to keep them separated as much as possible.

Have you had any experience with jury duty? Sometime ago we received an article on this subject and need more information to help us decide whether it should be published or not. We understand that any citizen of the United States or Canada may possibly be called for jury duty and that it is considered a very serious offense in the eyes of the law to refuse to accept it. As far as we know, the only people excepted from this obligation are ministers. Yet somehow it does not seem altogether fitting that a non-resistant Christian should help to administer justice and to assist in the procedure which might bring about the execution of a guilty person. If you have an opinion for or against, please write the editor.

Sorry about the Farm Page this month. The "Farm Reporter" was busy winding up the year's activities around the farm and by the time he got around to gathering up some material for the farm page, the space was all taken up. We hope he'll get his material in earlier the next time, before the last minute rush.

The German material, too, is missing, mostly because of the slow mail service. We hope that will be back again next month, too, and although we can't promise for sure, another Sammy story is in the works and should be ready by next time.

Most of the mail that we get from the states passes through the Toronto postoffice. It so happened there was a fire in the postoffice during the last week of November and some mail was destroyed. Two letters were forwarded to us which had been damaged in the fire. There is a possibility that other letters were destroyed. We have no way of knowing. If you sent us a subscription or other material during this time, better check to see if you received credit for it.

A new printing of Pathway's cookbook, "Favorite Amish Family Recipes" has just been completed. It was out of print for several months and at a very bad time of the year.

The new printing is something different as it has a hard cover binding instead of the spiral binding. The appearance of the cover is still the same, namely blue printing on a white background. It is now ready for immediate shipment and the price is still the same, $3.00 per copy.

Anybody have any 1968 bound volumes of Family Life for sale? If you have a used copy of this bound volume and would take new price for it, let us know.

Lastly, one more question which we couldn't decide where it belonged so of course we end up putting it on this page. Does anyone have any ideas as to what to feed the cows, or how to take care of the cream to make the butter churn easier? If so, please let us know. △

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE METRICS ARE COMING

Yes, haven't you heard about it? They've taken over nearly every country in Europe. They're spreading faster than the Communists. You find them about everywhere you go in South and Central America. According to some very reliable reports they will start invading the U.S. and Canada during the summer of 1975. Just in a small way but gradually we will be seeing more and more of them. The big take-over is scheduled for February, 1977, when it is expected that all mills and elevators and business places throughout the U.S. and Canada will have to shut down for at least a day.

What will be the effect of this takeover? Plenty. Nobody will escape and life will be plenty hard for at least a while. Once they are officially in control, you won't be able to buy a yard of dry goods, or a quart of milk at the grocery store. You won't be able to buy a gallon of gasoline or kerosene or sell a bushel of wheat. You'll not find a pound of meat for sale anywhere in the butcher shops, not even in the supermarkets. You won't be able to buy a 100 lb. bag of pig feed anywhere in the stores and if you want to grow your own feed, you'll find there's not an acre of farm land for sale anywhere in the United States or Canada.

But wait a minute. It's not really as bad as it sounds. What it amounts to is that when the new metric system comes into use in America, then the weights and measures we are used to will no longer be used. Beginning this summer, it will gradually change over until February, 1977, when most of what is left will change over all at one time.

Once a person gets used to it, the metric system is really much simpler than our present system because everything can be either multiplied or divided by tens, hundreds and thousands. The key to the system is that "deci" (des-ih) means one tenth, "centi" means one hundredth and "milli" means one-thousandth. On the other side of the scale "deca" means ten times as much, "hecto" means multiplied by one hundred and "kilo" means a thousand times as much.

At the center of the system is the meter which is about forty inches in length. You would use a meter in measuring the size of a barn, for determining the size of a book you would use the centimeter and for the thickness of a sheet of paper the millimeter. For distance between one town to another the kilometer is used. This is usually pronounced "ki-lom-e-ter" but may also be pronounced "kil-o-me-ter". It is five-eighth of a mile. Land is measured in hectares which is about 2 1/2 acres. One square kilometer contains one-hundred hectares.

Milk or gasoline is measured in liters (lee-ters) which is almost the same as a quart while the capacity of a storage tank might be measured in hectoliters which contains 26 gallons.

Weight goes by grams for small items which is one-twenty-eighth of an ounce, or by the kilogram which is 2 1/5 pounds. To help you get started on this change-over we are offering a free "meterstick" to our subscribers. This "yardstick" is one meter long (39 1/2 inches) and shows length both in inches and centimeters. Clip the coupon at the bottom of this page and present it to Pathway Bookstore near LaGrange, Indiana or Aylmer, Ontario for your free meterstick. It must be presented in person as we do not send out metersticks by mail. Coupon expires on March 1, 1975.

FREE METERSTICK- Coupon expires Mar. 1,1975

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

RICH IN WHAT WAY

A neighbor dropped in one day and in the course of our conversation I mentioned that I'd heard the hog price had gone up. This man had quite a few hogs and he answered right away, "Yes, we're going to be rich yet."

"Going to be rich," I thought. "Rich in what? Material possessions?"

The words stayed with me for days. "We're going to be rich." Did my neighbor think that was my goal? As a man of the world, I feel sure it is his goal. But the insignificence of these material riches in the face of our spiritual life looms before me and the verse, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" comes to my mind.

Yes, the phrase, "We're going to be rich" stays with me. We want to be rich, not in material gains but in the riches which are promised to all those who endure unto the end.

-Ontario

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

Somebody's Pet

One warm day last summer our family decided that since we had been pretty busy all year, it was time for a day off. We packed a picnic lunch, loaded the children onto the buggy, and headed the horse southwest for the shore of Lake Erie. We found a secluded spot on the beach behind a farmer's field of tobacco, where we could have a picnic, watch the waves come in, and wade in the water. A few hours after lunch we decided it was time to head for home. That was when the day became less relaxing.

We had to drive along a busy highway for about a mile and a half, and the cars and trucks and big semi-trailers were zooming by. Thankfully there was room for us to drive on the shoulder alongside the pavement. As we approached a small house with children playing in the yard, a large dog came bounding out, barking loudly. He crossed the highway and came charging at us, barking furiously, snarling, snapping and leaping.

Annoyed at the dog, our horse picked up speed, but the dog kept pace. The dog was becoming more and more frenzied in his barking. I had expected him to bark a bit, then leave us in peace, but he kept up his snapping and barking. He stayed right at the horse's front feet, biting at his feet, and even leaping up at the horse's face. Now not only was the horse annoyed, I felt the same way. I wished for a good long buggy whip. I would have gotten real satisfaction out of leaning forward and giving that dog a little surprise. But I didn't have a whip, so I swerved the horse abruptly to the right, urging him forward at the same instant, hoping that with our burst of speed, we might succeed in running over the dog. But he was too nimble. He swerved with the horse, and seemed to be maddened by our attempt to hit him.

By this time I was thoroughly disgusted at the dog. I had seen dogs chase buggies before, but never anything like this. He seemed determined to stop the horse. "What kind of a wild animal is he, anyhow," I wondered. It angered me that the dog could continue misbehaving and I was so powerless to give him the punishment he so richly deserved. Didn't the dog have any training at all? I wished again for a good long buggy whip.

At last the dog turned and headed for home. "I hope he gets hit by a truck," I said to my wife. "It would be a good riddance."

Even as I said it, the dog ran right in front of a large semi-trailer in the opposite lane. The driver of the truck swerved to the left, but hit the dog just the same. The truck lurched dangerously into the wrong lane, cutting into the path of a rapidly approaching car. In order to miss the truck, the car swung sharply onto the shoulder, heading straight for us. We held our breath for an instant, but the car regained control, swung back onto the road and safely passed us.

I slowed the horse to a walk. My hands were shaking. Yet it had all happened so fast that we really hadn't had time to think, or to realize how nearly we had been hit. "That stupid dog sure got what he deserved," I muttered, a strange elation inside me at the suddenness with which justice had been dealt out this time.

As we drove slowly on, I turned my head to look back over my shoulder. The dog was lying motionless beside the pavement where he had been thrown by the semi. A few hundred feet farther up the road I saw the children come running from the yard. There were four or five children, and they came up close enough to where the dog lay so that they could see him plainly. Then they stopped, somehow afraid and dreading to go any closer. We rounded a curve in the road, and that was my last sight of them, standing there together, pathetically staring at the lifeless heap of broken bones.
a while, each of us busy with his own thoughts. My feelings of anger at the dog had melted away. Now a feeling of guilt haunted me, feeling almost as though I had been the cause of the accident because I had secretly wished the dog to die.

I kept remembering the sight of those children huddled together at the roadside in silent grief. Suddenly I realized how they must feel. This was their pet, their playmate and companion. They had probably grown up with the dog, had played with him for hours, romping and tussling in fun.

When the dog had been killed, I had felt no sense of loss. To me he was just a dog, and an ornery one at that, noisy and loud and ill-mannered. It had never occurred to me that others would view the accident in a different light. Now I put myself in the children's shoes, and felt genuine regret that the dog had been killed. I imagined what it would have been like when I was their age if our dog had been killed. Suddenly I wished that we would have stopped and gone back and told those children that we were sorry it happened. We could not have changed anything, but perhaps a kind word from a stranger would have their loss easier to bear.

Later as I thought about the happening, I could hardly believe the difference in the way I felt about the dog after I put myself in the children's shoes. I could even find excuses to explain the dog'a barking and biting. After all, the dog had probably never seen a horse and buggy before. It was very, very rare for any Amish to travel that road. He was just a dog, why shouldn't he have gotten excited? No doubt he was actually a very good dog, loving and loyal to his young masters.

There are many situations in life where we would feel differently if we remembered to put ourselves in another's place. We might not be annoyed or resentful so often if we made an attempt to see a situation from the other person's viewpoint. A good illustration of this is a conversation that took place between John Byler and his wife just this past summer.

John's wife: "I talked with Aunt Martha this morning. She says that Lester Troyers had an accident yesterday morning. Their three-year old Abe fell from a step ladder and broke his leg."

John: "Aw, that's too bad. Does Abe have to be in the hospital?"

Wife: "Yes, they think he'll have to stay a few weeks at least. It's a bad break, and they have him in traction. Aunt Martha said Abe is such a bashful little fellow anyhow, well, you know how he is, and at that age. He's afraid of the nurses, and I guess he really cried when Lesters left him there last night and went home. Lester's Mattie didn't hardly get any sleep last night, from thinking about the poor little fellow all alone down there."

John: "Tut, tut, she shouldn't feel that way. She doesn't need to worry about him one little bit. Those nurses have had lots of children in that hospital before; they know how to take care of him. He'll get the very best possible care, and she shouldn't worry about a thing."

Wife: "That's true, but just the same, I know how I would feel if our little Andy had to be in the hospital. He's about exactly the same age Abe is, and..."

John sat back in his chair. He imagined their little Andy in the hospital, stretched out on a bed, weights on his leg. He pictured the scene when it would be time to leave him alone there in strange surroundings, and go home. John could just feel Andy's little fingers cling to him in fear, and hear him sobbing and calling after them down the hall. Tears sprang unbidden to John's eyes. He no longer blamed Lester's Mattie for having trouble falling asleep. He suddenly realized that if it were *their* little boy who was in the hospital, not only would Mother have a hard time sleeping, but Father would, too. For the first time he felt that he could somewhat sympathize with Lesters' and understand a little what they must be going through.

Trying to put ourselves into the other person's shoes is the first step in learning the important virtues of compassion and kindness. All of us should cultivate these virtues more. No matter how righteous we are, how careful to keep the commandments, how conscientious to stay in the *ordnung*, how honest, how thrifty, if we lack compassion and mercy and tenderness and kindness for those less fortunate than ourselves, we fall far short of coming up to the example Jesus set for us.

Jesus lived a life of compassion. When he saw the hungry crowds, saw the sun going down, he could not allow his disciples to send them away. Instead tired as he was, he bid them sit down while he broke bread and fed them all. When he saw the bereaved sisters, Mary and Martha, he wept with them. Wherever he went he had a kind word for the poor, healing for the sick, forgiveness for the sinful, understanding for the rejected and despised.

The Pharisees were just the opposite. Not that they were sinful or bad. Oh, no, they were extremely righteous. They kept the law to the very letter. They prayed and fasted and kept holy days and offered hundreds of sacrifices. They were righteous and they despised and abhorred anyone who wasn't. But they were like the temple stones, however clean and gleaming and beautiful and splendid, they were still cold and hard. They knew nothing of compassion. They shed no tears. They possessed no warmth, no tenderness, no forgiveness.

Jesus condemned their lives as empty and worthless, a mockery and shame, for they lacked the most important ingredient of a holy life— love and warth for one's fellowmen. "Go ye and learn what that meanth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice" (Matt. 9:13).

There is a bit of the Pharisees in all of us. We are apt to pride ourselves in keeping the letter of the law, yet violate the spirit of it. It is easy to look down in disdain at the depth to which a brother has fallen, and to feel ourselves better. We feel anger at the disobedience of others, and wish for some way to reach out and punish them, and force them into line. Like the Pharisees, we watch for a chance to catch a woman in adultery so we can righteously drag her out into the open and stone her according to Moses' law (John 8:3). In our zeal to hate sin, we loath the sinner, too. And that is where we fail.

Wrong doing should be punished. That is right. No one ever reproved sin more forcefully than Jesus, but all the while he remembered to love the sinner, to feel compassion and forgiveness. He put himself into the sinner's shoes, and felt mercy. He saw the woman's shame and sorrow and repentance (John 8:11). He felt sorry for her. His words remain an example to us today of how it is possible to hate sin, but love the sinner: "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Yes, putting ourselves in someone else's shoes can make a big difference in our outlook. It can help us cultivate feelings of forgiveness, understanding, and compassion, and affect our relationship with others in the home, in the church, and in the community. It can even change a noisy, barking dog into somebody's devoted pet.

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Here are the answers we received to the request from the mother who wanted to know how others feel whose children have left home and the church. These answers came from many different states. There are three very important reasons for printing them. One is to give comfort to those who have suffered the loss of a loved one in knowing that many others are going through the same thing. Another reason is to impress on parents the seriousness of bringing up their children as the Bible says, in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." It's a job where both father and mother must work together, starting when the children are still in the cradle and continuing as long as life continues. The other reason is so that perhaps some of those who have taken this step and within whose power it is to do something about it will in some way at some time turn and bring their parents just as great a joy as the sorrow which is expressed in these letters. Anyone who reads them will realize what a vast amount of heartaches and tears are represented in the following letters.

HOW DO OTHERS FEEL

In answer to the letter "How Do Other Parents Feel?" who have children out in the world, the question was asked if the heartache still stays with the parents as with them now. Yes, how could it leave as long as we have the right love for them. We have to give ourselves up to God and ask Him to help carry our burdens which he will do, even making it possible to smile as we go on. But the heartache will not leave and will be greater at such times as we are lonesome for them. One night I had a dream and woke up with much heartache and loneliness. My heart was heavy as I tried to pray. Then all at once the hymn, "Does Jesus Care" came to my mind and stayed with me so that I could rest again.

One person once told me "You have to accept it. Don't expect it to change." I know he didn't realize how much he hurt me by saying that. I just thought,"You can't realize what it's like because you didn't have the experience. We have to keep on hoping and praying.

Just today I held a sweet little baby in my arms. How peaceful and innocent it looked and how the parents love it. That's just the way we loved ours and tried to care for it. Oh, how it hurts when they go away and lead a life which we can't feel is pleasing to God! How can it be if they want more style and pride and to be more like the world?

I know that I have made many mistakes but hope God can forgive me for them. I also hope those who are away will realize their mistake for God punishes us all in one way or another. -Lonely Mother

Although it is hard to put such thoughts on paper, I can fully sympathize with you. We have a son that's living many miles away and it has caused us many tears and heartaches. Many a time I have felt like a complete failure and was tempted to give up. But we must go on and be careful not to let this get us down for then we would be neglecting the rest of the family.

When I hear of others who have backslidden and fell into sin, it makes me shudder and I think, "Did I do my duty to pray for him or take a few minutes to speak to him?"

Do we speak a kind word of encouragement to the parents or do we whisper behind their backs and believe every rumor we hear? Do we look down at the next brother and the rest and think "they're all alike?"

It hurts when we hear that people make remarks like, "Some people don't teach their children or keep them strict enough." Maybe I felt that way, too, before this experience. We do have many shortcomings and make lots of mistakes which we can see better after it's too late.

May God give us strength and courage to keep smiling but not forget to earnestly pray for our children. Although they may have wandered, they are still our God-given sons and daughters.

-Still Hoping Our Prayers Will Be Answered

When our dear children chose to leave, it gave me such a soul-searching feeling, "What did I do wrong?" I can see now that I made many mistakes in my lifetime.

When this sorrow overwhelmed me, I wept for the better part of a day. Would it have been any more sorrowful to see them go to the grave? Oh, how I have prayed and wished that they might accept the better things in this life and escape the snares that Satan has laid for all the lightminded ones, especially in the less-resisting years of young adulthood.

Still life goes on. We draw our breath, we eat, we walk, we pray, we read the Bible where we see that David also had trials with his family, we read that Jacob had much to suffer and what Job endured. Yet all this seems as poor consolation when this is our portion of life to bear.

We remember the words of Jesus, "He that loveth mother, father, son or daughter, yea, his own life more than me, is not worthy of me." We know that some parents gave in to their children's demands and they still left home. Therefore it would lead us to put our trust in God that He will in his own way and time call them to true repentance. We need to continue in prayer and fasting and hope that the bread which is cast upon the waters will return to us again after many days. May the Lord help all those who suffer the pain of broken family ties.

-Still hoping, too

How do parents feel when children leave home? It is so heartbreaking. At first I cried and cried and when I got over that it just made me sick. Still I had to do my daily work.

Sometimes I feel I didn't treat them right when they were growing up. I didn't show enough love, didn't talk nice and kind, didn't teach them enough about God and to pray, and so on. Whenever I think about it, such as now when writing about it, it brings tears to my eyes. We can't change what happened already. I will keep praying for them as long as I live.

-A Lonely Mother

In Luke 15 we read of three things that were lost, a sheep, a coin and the lost son. The sheep strayed away with no intention of being lost. Nevertheless it was lost. It might have been because of a careless shepherd, maybe something outside the fold enticed it away.

The coin was lost in the house, perhaps through someone's carelessness. But the son was lost because of his own self-will, through his own fault.

The shepherd may seek his sheep and bring it home, the woman searches for the coin until she finds it. But a straying son cannot be brought home. He chose to go away and so he must choose to come back. If he were brought back against his will, he'd still be a prodigal.

The loss of the sheep was one in a hundred, the coin was one of the ten, but the loss of the son was half of what the father possessed.

The loss of the sheep could be replaced by buying another one, the loss of the silver could be explained, but the third loss was too great to be replaced and too crushing to be explained away. So we must keep on hoping, praying and watching for that day when our prodigals will return.

-Also Hoping, praying and Watching

SOME MOTHERS CHILD

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echos softly, "Tis some mother's child."

And when I see these o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah, some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor has made;
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy;
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul has been prayed for in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with... some mother's child.

How do parents feel? How can it be expressed in words, or who can understand except other parents who are going or have gone through the same thing? I pray daily, almost hourly for our boys. To a certain extent, I feel it was my fault and have prayed and confessed to God and feel I am forgiven. But where there is sowing there will be reaping. I must take one day at a time, praying for strength to bear the burden.

-Casting My Burden On The Lord

We, too had a taste of this. We had a child to leave home. We did not know where he had gone, why he had left or what he had got into. When I found him missing, I was shocked. I asked myself, where have we failed? What have we done to cause him to leave home. At a filling station they told us he had been there, filled up his car and headed north which was away from home.

We prayed and prayed for he was constantly on our minds. Time and again I asked God to send His angels to protect him and bring him safely home.

Then a week or so later I saw him come into the lane. I was never so glad to see him. When he came in I smiled and asked, "So you decided to come home? Did you run out of money?"

He admitted he did and couldn't get a job. When he saw he couldn't get work he turned around and started for home. He didn't have enough gas to come home. Several times he picked up hitchhikers who gave him a little money to buy gas to keep going.

He wasn't home long until he asked, "Do you have anything to eat?" We gladly prepared food for him although we didn't have a fatted calf. Yes, there is much rejoicing when the lost return home. Today he is a member of the church, is married and has a family.

-Reason To Rejoice

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Tears come to my eyes as my mind goes back to those days when I saw my sweet mother very sad.

I was still at home when several of my brothers left the church for a more liberal one. The hardest thing was to see my mother's tear-stained face although she never said very much. Mother was always quiet, peace-loving and kind. She never wanted to hurt anyone's feelings. Instead she would pray for them.

I feel I didn't do my part either when I was young and at home. Now that I am married and have children of my own, I can better realize what Mother must have gone through. I know she still worries about her children and grandchildren. Her hair are getting gray but she still grows sweeter; she is so dear to me. May God help me to make Mother's life here on earth a little nicer for her. -One Who Saw Mother Suffer.

I wonder if it would be possible or advisable for children that have left home and have or have not come back, to write in to say why they left home and why they did or did not come back.

I did not run off but after I was 21, I felt like never going back home. It would be a long story starting at about the age of 10. But the Lord changed my mind and I am -Thankful to Him for it

You are not alone. There are many more of us mothers (and fathers) who awaken at night with that pain in our chest that will not go away — as we think of our dear children who have left us. We can always pray to our heavenly Father and ask Him to keep His protecting Hands over the strayed lambs of our churches that their souls may be saved before it is too late. They may wander far, but cannot go beyond the reach of God's grace; if only they will repent. -Another Mother

The sorrow is too great for words. When we think of and pray for these strayed ones, it is as it says in Romans 8:26, "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." I believe if they knew of the heartfelt prayers which ascend to the heavenly Throne on their behalf, their hearts would be melted. But like Israel of old, a vail is before their hearts that they cannot see. (II Cor. 3:14). Someday and in some way I am

-Still Hoping That Vail Will Be Removed

I well remember the tears my parents shed and the prayers that ascended in the night. They regretted with great pain and longing in their hearts that they had failed. Perhaps it was through their failure that brother Dan is where he is today. But who am I to lay the blame on my parents? They always tried to do what they thought was best.

At that time we lived on a small farm as renters. Needing more income, it was decided that Dan would work out. When a non-Amish man asked for help, Dad let Dan go. At that time there were no television nor many of the other evils so prevalent in the world today, and Dan could come home over the weekends. But even this coming home regularly was not enough to keep my brother from drifting for the man he worked for had modern machinery and Dan soon learned how to run the tractor and then the truck. Soon he was driving a car. By this time Dan didn't care to stay at home anymore nor do I believe Dad would have allowed it because of his influence on the other children.

I was young at the time and didn't realize what heartaches Dad and Mother must have had. Soon Dad's health began to fail although he was not an old man. Within months, he was in bed, suffering from a serious disease. How much Dan's behavior had to do with this sickness coming on Dad, we will never know.

He was seriously ill and his sufferings were severe but Dan seldom came home to see him. More than once, Dad called from his deathbed, "Dan, Dan!" But Dan did not hear. He was miles away enjoying the pleasures of this world. Then Dad died.

Dan drifted from one thing to another, he married an English girl. Dan never complained but we think he had many regrets. His wife, Helen, had never learned housekeeping, or that women are to submit thenselves to their husbands. Their first years of marriage were stormy— until Dan learned to submit to her, and let her do as she pleased.

After some years, we heard that they were going to dances, playing cards and drinking. I sent them a book telling them how wrong it is to live the life they were living. Later I found out it only made them angry.

Dan loved Mother although he seldom came to see her. One time one of my sisters went to see Dan and stayed with them overnight. In the evening, before retiring she knelt at her bedside. Just then the door opened and little Wayne stood in the doorway. "What ya doin?" he asked in his childish voice.

He had never seen anything as strange as someone kneeling by the bed. Later my sister wished she had taken time to explain to the child that praying is talking to Jesus.

Mother is still watching and waiting with a prayerful and sad heart. After so many years, the old longing is as strong as it ever was. She recalls the sorrow she went through when a little son was laid to rest. Many tears were shed for the innocent little child, but many more tears have been shed for Dan, who grew up to responsibility.

Can Christian parents forget their children who are out in the world? No, never. As long as they believe in a Heaven and a Hell and in Eternity, the great love for their children will not let them forget. While there is life there is still hope, a hope that someday the family can be together in Heaven.

I know that today my mother is still sorrowing, not for the one who died, whose body is asleep in the grave, but for the one whose body is still living but whose soul is dead. -An Observer

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BEHIND THE SMILING FACE

The smiling face that we may see
Oft goes alone to weep;
Think not the contenance reveals
The feelings hidden deep.

The smiling face hides pain and grief
To lighten others' care;
Pray oft for those with smiling face,
They need your earnest prayer.

-Author's name withheld

One Way That Works

"Well, what did you think of the sermon today?" Lloyd Martin asked his friend Allan Yoder as the two were going to a singing one cold stormy January evening.

After a moment, Allan answered, "I fully agree with the visiting minister. He said we must live apart from the world."

"Yes," Lloyd answered, "Dad's brother Dan was at our place. You know, he left the church when he was younger than we are now. He told Dad he thinks that if a person is not satisfied in one church, he is usually not any more satisfied in any church. The more he can have, the more he wants."

After the singing was over, Allan asked Lloyd, "May I go home with you again?"

"Yes, answered Lloyd," but remember, don't bring any extra passengers."

"Never intended to," Allan answered, "why do you say that?"

"Well, I saw you were watching Martha Peachy all evening," Lloyd answered.

On the way home that evening Allan said, "The way I heard at the singing this evening, next Sunday evening you won't be taking me home."

"Why do you say that?" Lloyd asked.

"If what I heard is true, you'll be taking Jakie's Rachel home."

"Yes, that's right," Lloyd answered.

"How was the singing last night?" Allan's Dad asked at the breakfast table the next morning.

"Nice," Allan replied. "Everybody went in to help sing and all was quiet as far as I could see. But I can't come home with Lloyd anymore."

"Why?" asked Dad.

"Because he intends to take Jakie's Rachel home next Sunday evening."

"Do you mean my cousin, Jake's girl?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never thought Lloyd would go with a girl like that."

"Why do you say that?" Allan asked.

"That's the one that wears short dresses, isn't it? And she said the Amish are way too strict, didn't she?"

"But that was more than a year ago," Allan's Mom spoke up. "A person can change a lot in a year's time. Remember we have not seen her for a few months since they moved to the other district. She must be nearly twenty-one by now and Lloyd is twenty. They are old enough to know right from wrong and leave the wrong."

"That may well be," Dad answered, "but I talked with cousin Jake at the sale just the other day and he said he thinks it was a mistake to let Rachel work at English places. They had thought they needed the money but now he said maybe they have lost their girl. She has promised to stay home and help until she is twenty-one. So it doesn't sound like she has made very much of a change so far, at least not for the better."

Allan was lost in thought as he sat on the corn planter while the horses rested. Lloyd and Rachel had been seeing each other regularly for several months already. Then his thoughts went to Martha Peachy. Last Sunday night he had taken her home.

Rachel and Lloyd had also been at the singing. During the singing, Rachel had been laughing and talking to the girl beside her. Her cap had grown smaller. Lloyd had also changed. Sometimes he stayed outside until the singing was almost over.

Two weeks later Allan and Lloyd were both at a barn raising. "Well, this place looks different this evening than it did this morning," Lloyd said as they walked together to fill their plates for supper.

"It was a hot day to put on tin," Allan said. "Let's eat out here under the maple tree."

They sat and ate and talked about the crops for awhile. Suddenly Lloyd said, "You sort of surprised me by going steady with Martha."

"Why do you say that? What's wrong with Martha?"

"Oh, nothing really," Lloyd answered, "but she dresses and acts about like a grandma!"

"But aren't they supposed to dress and act decently?" Allan asked somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, yes, I guess it's all right if they don't go too far with it," Lloyd answered. "Since going with Rachel we've discussed this and she's convinced me that it's in the heart that counts."

Allan thought awhile before answering. "That may be true, but don't you think that if the heart is right a person will want to dress plain and modest— like— like Rebecca when she met Isaac?"

"Well, Rachel told me she once worked at a place where they had T.V. and everything else but the woman was always talking Scripture," Lloyd said. "She knew lots and lots of verses by heart which she used to talk about. Afterwards she worked at an Amish place where everything was so plain but the woman didn't know any Bible verses."

"You mean none at all?" Allan asked.

"Well, Rachel did say that one time the woman said something to her that she thinks Rachel's cap is too small. Then Rachel asked her where it says anything in the Bible about wearing a cap. She didn't know but she did look it up and I think maybe she found it somewhere that it says something about a head covering. The English woman knew exactly where the verses were that she talked about."

Later that evening as Allan was driving home from the barn raising he wished he would have told Lloyd that even if a person knows a lot of verses from the Bible, this will not necessarily get them to Heaven. If a person knows the Bible well, but not exactly know in which verse or chapter it is, that is not wrong. Then Allan thought about Samson. "He was a man who was supposed to work for God but fell for a woman who was not of his faith. Guess I'll have to look that up sometime again for I don't even know what chapter of Judges it is in."

Corn planting time was here again. As Allan sat on the corn planter his mind went back to a year earlier. "What a change! Lloyd and Rachel are married already. I wonder how they are prepared to live a quiet life.

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Lloyd was hardly acting as mature at his last singings as he was at his first."

Once Allan had mentioned something to him but he had said, "I am young only once." That reminded Allan of an English neighbor boy who had often said the same thing. Now he was dead— killed in an accident. The police said it was because of drink. "I would rather lead a quiet life and try to live every day as if it might be my last," Allan thought to himself. "If I thought I still had a long time to live, I might be killed like that boy was."

Later in the summer, one evening when they were going home from the singing Martha told Allan she had heard Lloyds are wanting to join a more liberal church. "They say the Amish don't know the Bible well enough. If they had a car, they'd have more time to read the Bible. Lloyd told his dad that clothes will not get anyone to Heaven. Only if the heart is right.

"One day we were talking about it at the dinner table and Dad said, "That's true enough, clothes won't get us to Heaven but they can keep us out. If our heart is right, we will want to obey God's Word. In the fourth chapter of James it says that whosoever wants to be a friend of this world is the enemy of God. Why would we want to make after the fashions of this world and pride ourselves with our clothes. Much better to wear plain clothes to remind us that we are only weak humans.' I think Dad was right about that."

Corn planting time had rolled around again. Still more changes. Last year this time Lloyd was in church. Now he was driving a car. Allan's Mom had seen Rachel in town with their little boy. She said he was dressed just like any little town baby. Rachel still wore a cap, only it was pushed back so far you could hardly call it a cap.

At the dinner table Dad told Allan, "John Yoder has finished planting corn and he is coming over to help us so we can finish this afternoon."

"Good," Allan said. Johns had just moved in a few months before.

That evening after they had finished planting corn, John stayed for supper. At the supper table, John talked about where they came from. He said that the young folks nearly all worked away, and they were losing their plainness. The first year when he started farming he had tried to get help but it was almost impossible. Nearly all the boys were working in factories, in carpenter gangs or for English farmers where they were operating modern machinery. They were getting high wages and doing easier work. They just did not want to farm with horses any more. Now his children were growing up and he thought it would be best to move to a church that was a little more plain. He could see that once they started allowing things, there was no stopping anymore.

He looked at Allan and said, "Now don't understand me wrong. We still had some decent young folks who tried to do what was right. But we felt it would be less temptation for our children here. I know some of your boys and girls work away, too, but not so many. I think it would be better in the long run if all the young folks could find jobs on the farm close to home."

The summer wore on. Allan was shocking oats and Dad was driving the binder. When he came to the corner he stopped and said, "Allan, would you go home and see if Mom would have some lemonade for us. This warm weather makes a person thirsty."

When Allan got home there was a car driving in the lane. It stopped and a man came out. "Good day, my friend. Don't you need any minerals today?"

"I don't think so," Allan answered.

"Well, I think ours would give you better results," the salesman insisted.

"I don't think we want any now, for ours seems to be doing the job all right," Allan answered.

"All right then, if what you are using now is doing the job, there would be no reason for changing," and with a few more words, the salesman was off.

While Dad was drinking lemonade, Allan told him of the conversation with the salesman. "You gave him a good answer," Dad said. "It can also be applied to more things than minerals. When I was a boy a horse dealer came to our place. We had a small horse which didn't look nothing extra but he was a good worker. This dealer had a much better looking horse and he persuaded Dad to trade. It turned out that the nice looking horse was a balker. Since that, I try to remember that when we have something which is doing the job, then we should be satisfied. If we are unsatisfied and want to get something which looks better, we might end up like the horse deal."

As Allan started shocking oats again he was doing some serious thinking. Before many months, he and Martha would be getting married. Could he be the kind of husband she deserved, and would they be able to raise a family if God should give them one, the way the Bible teaches? Life on the farm was a hard life and farming with horses meant getting up early and working late, doing things the hard way and doing without many things that would be so nice to have. But it was a way that worked. Allan did not doubt but what if he and Martha could give themselves up and put their trust in God, then God could give His blessing on their efforts. But what if they would decide to try something new, to take shortcuts and do what would be pleasing to the flesh? Could he feel that God would bless them then?

His thoughts went to Lloyd. For many years they had been close friends. They had joined church together, both of them had told off the devil, the world and their own flesh and blood. Now the last time Allan had seen Lloyd, he was dressed like the world and driving a car. How could he change so fast and so much. Was it all because of the choice of a girl friend? Lloyd had chosen one that was not in the ordnung of the church, one who believed that all that matters is "if the heart is right". But Martha believed in keeping up the ordnung and showed it with her actions. How thankful he was for a girl like Martha and how he wished Rachel could have been different. Perhaps if she had not worked in so many different places, not been exposed so much to T.V., and to women who "could quote lots of Bible verses", but didn't live them. Maybe Rachel would be different and Lloyd, too and their family of children— and grandchildren.

Allan remembered what he had once heard a minister say, "The world has a lot to offer but it will not satisfy you nor will it last long. God has a lot more to offer; it will satisfy and will last for ever and ever."

"We know of one way that works," Allan thought to himself, "and we have no intention of trading it off on some other way which we don't know that works, no matter how inviting it may look."

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The following article was written originally for the October,1936 issue of The Palimpsest, a historical magazine in Iowa.

AN AMISH MIGRATION —1851

by J. F. Swartzendruber

Part One: The Decision to Immigrate

My mother was born and raised in Stonycreek Township, then Bedford County, now Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Both of her parents died when she was in her teens. When she married in 1848 she went with her husband across the State line into Alleghany County, now Garrett County, Maryland, into the pineries on the southeast slope of the Meadow Mountains, some eight miles southeast of Grantsville, Maryland, known as New Germany. Her husband, Frederic Swartzendruber, was engaged with his father, Jacob Swartzendruber, in the milling business. They had both a sawmill and grist mill.

When she came there she found that the neighbors had already contracted the "western fever", for the reason that my father had a half-brother living in the wilds of Iowa, and they were keeping up a correspondence with him. He had moved there with his family in the spring of 1846, and was one of the first two Amish families locating in Johnson County, Iowa. This man's name was Daniel P. Guengerich. He was one of the two sons which my Grandmother Swartzendruber had by her first marriage. Joseph Swartzendruber, my father's oldest full-brother accompanied this family to their new location in Johnson County, Iowa, where he spent the summer. The season being sickly that year, mostly chill-fever and ague, Joseph contracted this epidemic, and in the fall started to return to Maryland. He stopped in the southeast corner of Iowa, Lee County, where he succeeded in getting work for a while, but was unable to do much on account of the ague. After shaking several weeks, he returned hom much discouraged, expecting never to try it again.

Later Grandfather Swartzendruber was induced to take a trip to that far-off country to visit his step-son, Daniel P. Guengerich. He returned very favorably impressed with the country, and from this time thought strongly of locating there with the rest of the family. "If I mistake not that country has a great future in store", he wrote in his notebook. "The soil is very rich black loam, and has no stones or gravel on the fields. The land is timbered and praitie land mixed. The timber and brush lands seem to be the richest. It is cleared off and plowed with a very sharp steel plow, which cuts the roots as it strikes them. The land raises enormous crops of wheat and corn the first year, without any fertilizers. The wild Grasses on the Prairies and the sloughs make good hay for the stock, but cattle feed on the prairies all winter unless there is too much snow on the ground."

Grandfather was considered a very truthful and conservative man; yet these reports were too good to be fully believed. People in western Maryland could not comprehend that there could be a country so fertile and fields so entirely free of stones as to be plowed with a sharp steel plow.

Grandfather also spoke of the disadvantages of that far-off country. Some of these were: "There are bands of roving Indians strolling over the country. Yet friendly as they are, they might most any time take on a hostile attitude and become perilous to the Whites. But the main drawback is that the people are all newcomers and all are poor. There is no money, no wages, and no income. They simply have hard times in the fullest sense of the word. The climate is very healthy, with the exception that at certain times of the year there is much malaria caused by stagnant water in the sloughs and pools, causing chills or "Fever and Ague". However annoying the maladies are, they hardly ever prove fatal."

Within the following two years another brother of my father, a young single man, ventured out west. His reports were very favorable, with the single exception of hard times. The desire grew in the minds of my father and his parents to go west and grow up with the country. In the summer and the fall of 1850, several other families of their acquaintance ventured to settle in the new location, which raised their own fever to the climax. The decision to immigrate was announced and the prepatation made. However much mother was opposed to the project, she finally yielded. During the winter of 1850-1851 their few belongings were reduced to money, excepting what they decided to take along. These were packed in good strong boxes the size of large trunks.

Mother had an inheritance due from her father's estate of some six or eight hundred dollars, which she received in twenty dollar gold pieces in time to take along. It was sewed into pasteboard eight inches square, packed among the bedding in one of the boxes, and arrived safely. No doubt these twenty dollar gold pieces helped to relieve the hard times in Iowa for the Swartzendrubers. This was not as reckless a way of transporting money as it might seem. Banks were then very few and were not considered safe at all. Post-office arrangements were then not developed as now, and sending money by mail and other means was then unknown. People carrying money hid it in their clothing or in their grips. Robbers and pickpockets were numerous and dangerous.

Part Two: Sticky Iowa Mud

The company consisted of six persons: my grandfather and grandmother Swartzendruber and their youngest son George, who was then twenty years old; my father and mother and their only child, fifteen months old.

"On the 14, of April 1851," wrote grandfather in his German notebook, "we bade adieu to our many friends at Grantsville, Maryland, and were taken by teams following the National Turnpike to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, where we boarded a steamboat to Pittsburgh. Here we took another Boat to Wheeling, Virginia, on the Ohio river, then another to St. Louis, Mo. where we boarded another one and went up the Mississippi river to Muscatine Iowa. Here we hired two teamsters with team and wagon each to take us out, by the way of Iowa City." to Daniel P. Guengerich's place.

This departure from friends and relatives was appalling to mother, and things looked dark to her. She felt as if she were going away from home and relatives to a dreary and dismal country, a country of want and poverty, where they were likely to be massacred by the Indians.

One morning on the Ohio River, between Wheeling and Saint Louis, she ventured a glimpse out on the water and noticed the box in which her money was packed, with other boxes, loaded on a flatboat and fastened on behind the steamboat with a rope. Her box was piled on in a slanting way, apparently ready to slide off into the river. This frightened her so that she screamed out loudly, and fell down and fainted.

The reason they went by steamboat was because there were no railroads west of Chicago. Iowa City was then the capital of Iowa, about forty miles northwest of Muscatine. There was considerable transit by team between these two towns, and in dry weather the roads were fairly good, but when the Swartzendrubers arrived it had rained nearly every day for two weeks or more and the mud was deep. As the Pennsylvanians put it, "The Iowa mud was as sticky as shoemakers wax."

On Saturday, May 3rd, on the second day of their drive, they had only one more big slough to cross. They were within a half mile of the first Amish home, but did not know it. This was the home of Uncle Peter Miller, who had located on the prairie about three years before, beside the trail to Iowa City. After planning a while, they decided to double hitch to the wagon upon which the ladies were seated and take it over first. Though spring seats were then unknown, a special comfortable seat had been prepared for the ladies. There was not much need for springs, as the wheels rolled on soft ground. In they went, the men folks trying to push a little, boot-top deep and in some places deeper. They got into the mud better than out. Two of the horses got down and would not get up till they were unhitched. Then they double hitched to the other wagon and took it through on a roundabout way, for all the landscape was theirs. While the teamsters did this, the other men managed to carry mother and the babe and the boxes of household goods across to dry land. The empty wagon was finally pulled out too. All the men and horses were about as wet and muddy as they could be. By this time the sun had set and it was getting dusk.

Everybody was out of humor. They decided to stop for the night at the first farm house they could find, regardless of whose it was, and would not leave unless driven away by dogs and shotguns. Mother was treated very kindly by all, and now felt more like smiling than she had for a long time. In the still of the evening they heard the noise of dogs and swine ahead of them. This brought cheer to the company. In a few moments more they heard the voices of men singing songs. So on they hastened, and soon came to a lowly farm house, or hut.

A few grown boys were outside, and their mother soon appeared on the scene too. After the barking of the dogs was stilled, one of the teamsters ventured to ask to be taken in for the night. But the woman declared this to be impossible, as it was Saturday evening, and the boys had all come home for Sunday, so they were full. After a little while the man too came out, but bareheaded. He had only one hat for Sunday and for other days and could not find it in the dark. The teamsters then explained that they were bringing immigrants from Pennsylvania, that they were all strangers though they themselves lived in Muscatine. They said they had had hard luck and it was impossible for them to go farther.

These people were then anxious to know who the newcomers were, half suspecting they were Amish. The name of Swartzendruber opened wide the doors of hospitality in the humble home of Uncle Peter Miller. Only they were sorry that they could not entertain better. And in fact, the accommodation, as well as it was meant, was very limited.

Part Three: Rye Coffee and Corn Bread

The Millers had already had supper and had been about ready to retire. At that time of the year a light was seldom used after dark. But the hostess managed to find half of a candle, and proceeded to set the supper table for the guests. Their fare was mostly corn bread and corn cake, sauerkraut and "speck" with potatoes for a change. But on this special occasion this family chanced to have wheat bread to last them over Sunday provided the boys would not eat too much. This bread, with salted lard or salted tallow instead of butter, answered for supper.

While the immigrants were seated at the table enjoying their supper as best they could, the hostess noticed that the candle would soon burn out, so she managed to fix up an old-fashioned lard lamp to illuminate the room after the candle light gave out. Coal oil and oil lamps were then unknown, and gas and electric lights unthought of.

This family consisted of father and mother, two girls in their teens, and seven boys. Several of the older children were of age, yet they were contented in the paternal home. The youngest was five years old. They were a jolly set of boys, always in good humor. There was apparently no end of vocal music and whistling. Their needs were but few and easily supplied, and I dare say, as I have known them since, they lived more contented than the ordinary person does today with all the improvements and modern conveniences.

After supper was over the tired guests were ready to retire, and probably the generous family was just as ready to show them to bed on account of the scarcity of lamp power. The boys usually slept "upstairs" when they were at home, but the men guests were given these beds — all except one which the host and his two youngest sons wanted to occupy. There was only one bedstead in the house, and this was for the parents, but it was given to grandmother and the young mother with the babe in her arms. The larger boys slept somewhere out of doors.

Before the larger boys were allowed to retire for the night they were required to bring in some fence rails to the wood place and reduce them to firewood for preparing the Sunday morning breakfast. This they did singing and whistling merrily while they worked. The strangers were requested to sleep as long as they wished on Sunday morning, which they gladly did.

The next morning when the host heard some noise among the strangers, he rose as quietly as possible, went down the ladder, and kindled a fire in the cookstove. The hostess also appeared at the same time preparing to bake biscuit for breakfast as their store of wheat bread had been nearly exhausted for supper. But lo! when the smoke ascended the stovepipe, the strangers raised a scream and came down the ladder very sparingly clad. The pipe by some mishap had become disconnected and they were smoked out of their beds like squirrels out of a hollow tree. After this was corrected preparations for breakfast continued.

If they had been alone, corn cake would have been good enough, but these very welcome strangers had to have the best that could be provided. Very sorry were the hosts that they had no genuine coffee, but had to make rye coffee instead. When the hostess went to get flour, she found the host's lost hat in her wheat flour barrel. The barrel stood in the corner of the room, covered with a cloth tied over the top. Some wooden pins were driven into the logs of the house on which to hang hats and coats right above the barrel. The hat was removed rather on the sly and taken out and given a hasty dusting.

The flour sieve was considered as necessary in the household as the coffee mill. Corn meal and wheat flour were supposed to rise more lightly if sifted; and so this flour received a thorough sifting, and the table was set. One of the boys was sent to bring in the cows, two in number, while two other boys were awaiting them with milk pails to furnish milk for breakfast. When all was ready, the newcomers were invited to help themselves to their hearts' content of what was set before them.

The breakfast table was entirely minus any dainty dishes; the hostess probably considered the hot biscuits as such but the teamsters did not. Aside from the biscuits, there was a plate of hot corn cake, an every-day dish and with some people in Iowa an every-meal affair, just as wheat bread is today. There was a large dish of boiled potatoes with the jackets on, another one with brown gravy, and one with salted lard instead of butter. Rye coffe served for a beverage. One of the teamsters ventured to ask for sugar for the coffee, but they had none. The hostess went around offering more coffee and biscuits, but no one wanted any more.

PLEASE LOOK IN YOUR ATTIC

We would very much like to obtain copies of Herold der Wahrheit from 1912 to 1927 for our historical library. Anyone having copies they would sell or donate, please contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Part Four: Cheap Land

While they were eating they had an opportunity to notice the house and its furniture, better than they had the evening before. If I remember mother's story correctly, the house was built of logs, with a sort of "upstairs" which ordinarily consisted of about two extra rounds of logs above the lower story. This gave room for a floor bed or a low bed under the roof. In this home this part of the house was considered the boys' dormitory. Yet in it were stored away many things that were in immediate use. In one end stood a spinning wheel, a flax wheel and a reel, which was considered more necessary in the home of those days than an "ABC" Book.

The main part of the house in the lower story had two apartments, of which the largest was called the "room". It had a fireplace in the gable end, a large dinner table, a chest, the only bedstead in the house, three short benches, two chairs, and a sewing chair. There was no rocker, for there was no room or time for an easy chair. The other apartment was called the kitchen, which contained the cookstove and a few other very necessary articles of furniture. Beside the kitchen door was a ladder fastened to the wall, which served as a stairway to the second floor.

The house also had an additional part, which was called a "lean-to", on one of the long sides. This was the girls' dormitory. The walls of the lean-to were made of prairie, or probably slough, sod turned over with a plow, and laid up somewhat like a brick wall. It may have been plastered on the inside. The floor was of "mother earth". The roof formed the ceiling.

This being Sunday morning and breakfast over, the men folks began to think of cleaning their dirty clothing. Besides, they had not shaved since they left home nearly three weeks before. They thought they had properly cleaned their cowhide boots in the dark the evening before, but it seemed to be a very imperfect job by daylight, so they went at it in good earnest trying to look well when they arrived at Daniels. But lo! this rich Iowa soil proved to be as adhesive when dried as it was when wet. The girls came to assist the women a little with knives, but they had kept comparatively clean and their job was soon finished. The men folks, however, finally gave it up for some future time. Mother smiled at them and proposed boiling the garments in soapsuds or lye.

By this time the boys had brought in the oxen. They had three yoke and had contracted for two more— ten oxen altogether. Each ox carried a bell, so he could be more easily found. The boys put on the yokes and then fed them some corn every morning. This was to train them to the process of being yoked. The young oxen would be broken to drive when spring plowing began in the latter half of May. A team of five yoke of oxen would be used on the heavy breaking plow.

The wheels of the immigrant wagons were set in motion, and about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, May 4, 1851, the Swartzendrubers arrived at their destination without any more mishaps. They were very kindly received, and tears of joy were shed. After the touching commotion was over, Daniel's wife asked where they had lodged for the night. When she was told, she asked: "Well, did you have breakfast?" Both of the teamsters answered at the same time; one in the affirmative and one in the negative. Then they asked for an early dinner, as they wanted to start back so as to get home by Monday night.

This ends the story of my parents' migration to Iowa as mother told it to me. I suppose the men folks succeeded in cleaning their dirty clothing, for they were not of the dirty kind. My parents bought what was called "Elm Grove", consisting of eighty acres, for two dollars per acre. It had several small fields and a log house, fourteen by sixteen feet in size. They bought three more eighties of government land at $1.25 per acre.

It may not be out of place to mention that Grandfather Swartzendruber was a minister. The day after these folks arrived in the new colony, another minister, John Gingerich, came. He, his wife, a single son, two older sons and a son-in-law with their families, all came at the same time, overland with teams and wagons from Lancaster, Ohio. With their coming, the Amish Church in Iowa was organized, and by the grace of God still exists.

John Gingerich was the ancestor of nearly all the Gingerichs in the vicinity of Kalona. And Grandfather Jacob Swartzendruber was the ancestor of at least half the Swartzendrubers at this place.

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MAINTAINING SILENCE

Ivy Moody tells of a visitor from across the mountain, leaning on the rail fence and watching his old friend plow.

"I don't like to butt in," he said finally, "but you could save yourself lot of work by saying "gee and haw" to that mule instead of just tugging the lines."

The old timer pulled a big handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow. "Yep," he agreed, "I know that. But this mule kicked me six years ago, and I ain't spoken to him since."

This matter of maintaining silence between one another because of some offence in the past or some supposed grievance in the present is sin in God's sight.

Believers cannot continue their profession and at the same time maintain a grudge against a brother. Silence is sometimes golden; sometimes it is guilt!

-Selected

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word.
Answers on page 35

1.	anſtatt	A. because B. instead of C. a city D. to stir
2.	Berg	A. mountain B. valley C. boulder D. bridge
3.	dermaleinst	A. in days past B. in the future C. barely D. maybe
4.	Eid	A. expectation B. I'd C. longing D. oath
5.	erforſchete	A. experienced B. searched into C. enforce D. appraise
6.	ſegen	A. purge B. olive C. blessing D. divide
7.	fliehe	A. glide B. fly C. wing D. flee
8.	freiet	A. rejoice B. marry C. to fry D. to be early
9.	Kleid	A. member B. small C. raiment D. song
10.	Lohn	A. borrow B. loan C. lone D. reward
11.	Mund	A. mound B. mouth C. month D. mood
12.	rief	A. called B. rack C. surprised D. reef
13.	ſchmähen	A. to comfort B. holdup C. revile D. consider
14.	Selig	A. sailing B. blessed C. condemned D. soulful
15.	Stern	A. stern B. forehead C. star D. cross
16.	Trübſal	A. happiness B. darkness C. affectionate D. affliction
17.	umlagern	A. surround B. scatter C. guard D. tent
18.	warfen	A. wharf B. cast C. patch D. whaling
19.	wende	A. to wind B. windy C. stormy D. turn away
20.	wieder	A. oppose B. cultivator C. again D. tiller

WHY I AM SOMETIMES DISOBEDIENT

Three things I want to say, first of all I would like to speak to my parents. Why do you accuse me of being lazy and careless? Why didn't you teach me to work and be a responsible adult? You say I wouldn't listen, but surely if you would have started while I was young instead of letting me have my own way, I would have obeyed. You accuse me of having a lot of things you weren't allowed to have. Why do I have them? Wasn't it you who gave them to me or allowed me to have them. I have no money of my own. You say I'm too loud and outspoken and not respectful enough and I can believe that at times I am. I can remember from the time I was small, you used to tell me to be quiet and behave myself but you never told me why I should. I couldn't see any reason why I couldn't be loud and besides I was never taught to obey, anyway.

Secondly I want to speak to the church. Why do you allow so many modern things that are coming into the church? Isn't it only the worldly-minded members who want them anyway? Can we allow all these new things and still follow the Scriptures. "You cannot serve two masters." If your faith in God isn't strong enough to obey Him instead of listening to the loud fence-crowding members, then why should we young people even bother to seek for the faith of our fathers?

Last of all I want to say a few words to those parents whose children are not grown up yet. Please stop telling them they get everything they want (sounds a little jealous, doesn't it?). Wasn't it you who bought that wooden train for your son because he cried for it? Wasn't it you who gave him that cookie just before dinner time because he kept begging for it even though you had said he wouldn't get one? Who is getting his own way now? In a few years when he is grown and wants to do as he pleases, don't forget it was you who couldn't say no. The young people today have to hear over and over again how they have it so much easier than their elders did. Perhaps what they have less of hard work, they have to make up for in carrying the blame for things which others are responsible for.

-A Twenty-Year-Old

JUN 27
THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

THE LOWLY LITTLE POSTCARD

What do folks do with postcards? Have you ever wondered what becomes of those you send to friends and relatives?

When we moms start fall and spring housecleaning, we sometimes wonder what to do with them or if it's worthwhile saving them. I've been saving them for the past ten years because I think the pictures are too nice to throw out. Or maybe I want to save them because of who sent them or because the children enjoy looking at them so much. They can come in handy some day to cheer up a bedfast child.

Lately I've looked over these postcards and I'm surprised at how interesting they really are. I have more than 200 of them and from 38 different states, 4 provinces and 3 countries. The cards were sent by friends, uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers and sisters, folks I've worked for and many from my parents. Some are from minister friends and so far we've cards from 4 bishops.

The oldest card I own has a copyright of 1908 on it. It was nearly 60 years old already when my sister mailed it to me in April, 1965. I presume she must have found it at the place which they bought when they got married.

Another card I treasure is the familiar one-cent card which my father sent to my uncle when I was born. I've been thankful many times my uncle saved it and gave it to me. It tells of my arrival, the weather that day and that my dad planted potatoes that week. How's that for a birth announcement?

About a dozen of my postcards really belong to my mother and are around forty years old. Some of these Dad wrote home to his folks before he married and some my Mom wrote while at her work in Pennsylvania to my Dad in Wisconsin.

Recently Mom gave me eleven postcards we sent home on our first trip after we were married. That sure was interesting to re-read.

My folks are seldom able to remember the birthdays of their thirty-some grandchildren. However, my father is a minister and when he travels, he frequently drops a postcard to one grandchild in each of his children's homes. This is a good way of letting us know of their travels and at the same time give us a postcard to treasure which in my estimation is equal to a birthday card. Several years ago when they were on a trip out west and into Canada, they sent us eight postcards.

Recently I thought of other uses for my postcard collection. Why not let my fourth graders use them to help them in their study of history and geography? It would make it more interesting if they know of someone who's been to these faraway places.

It would be interesting to learn of the origin and growth of the postcard. I'd be glad to have older people tell us what they remember of when postcards needed only 6 cents postage, or 5 cents, or 4 cents, 2 cents, or maybe even 1 cent.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

SIMON KEPT EYEING THE TWO LEMON PIES. WAS THAT ONE PIECE BIGGER THAN THE OTHERS, OR WAS HE JUST IMAGINING IT?

GREEDY GERTIE

SIMON SET THE HEAVY pail of feed on the frozen ground outside the barn door and grabbed his hat, pulling it down tight onto his forehead. The biting north wind whipped at his coat and sent chills shivering down his neck. As he pushed the barn door open, a puff of steamy, warm air swept past his face, turning into frosty steam as it met the cold air outside. He picked up the pail of feed and hurried inside.

A low, complaining "Mooooo-ooo," moaned from the far end of the long line of cows. Simon stood rubbing his hands together for a while to give them a chance to get warmed up, and at the same time waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dimness of the light inside the barn.

"Moooooooo. Moooooo-oooooooo."

"Yes, yes, moooo-ooooo," Simon grumbled to himself. "I don't have to look to know which cow is doing that mooing— it's sure to be Gertie. She's always mooing, so afraid she won't get her share of feed. I never saw such a greedy creature."

Just thinking about Gertie made Simon feel upset. She was so greedy it wasn't even funny. Just as soon as she smelled a whiff of feed, she would begin her impatient mooing. And she would keep it up in her low, grating cow-voice until she was fed. A few evenings before, Simon had gotten so aggravated at her mooing that he decided he would put a stop to the nonsense. He hit her with the handle of the barn broom a few times, but she only mooed more. He was just ready to give her a few more whacks, harder this time, when he heard his dad coming, so that put an end to his experiment.

Now as Simon began to empty the pail of feed to the cows, he kept hearing Gertie mooing at the far end. "I'd have half a notion not to give her any feed tonight at all," Simon thought to himself. "That would serve her right for being so greedy."

Simon moved on down along the line of cows, giving each one her share of feed. The nearer he got to Gertie, the more impatient she became. She was shaking her head from side to side, straining and pushing at her stanchion, and licking hungrily with her long, rough tongue.

Simon backed down on his threat not to feed Gertie. He started to pass her by, but she threw such a fit, tossing her head and straining at her stanchion until he was afraid she would break something, so he relented and threw her some feed after all. At once Gertie began gulping it down.

"Yeah, I know what your hurry is," Simon said disgustedly. "You want to eat your feed as fast as possible, then reach over and get some of the feed from the cow beside you. Greedy, greedy Gertie." He shook his head and went to feed the horses.

Simon was careful not to hurry too much as he gave hay to the horses. He put in as much time as he could, for tonight he wasn't in a hurry to start milking. He had heard his two sisters come to the barn a few minutes earlier to start milking. He wanted to make sure they had a head start on him, because tonight there would be an extra cow to milk. That extra cow was Blacky, the hardest milker in the barn. Usually Dad milked her, but whenever Dad wasn't at home, which he wasn't tonight, Simon or one of his sisters had to milk her. The three of them each had four cows to milk, and the one who was finished first had to milk Blacky. Tonight Simon planned to make sure he didn't get finished first. Milking Blacky was no fun— it always made his arms ache.

When Simon walked in behind the cows, he saw that the girls did indeed have a head start on him. In fact, they each had their first cows nearly finished.

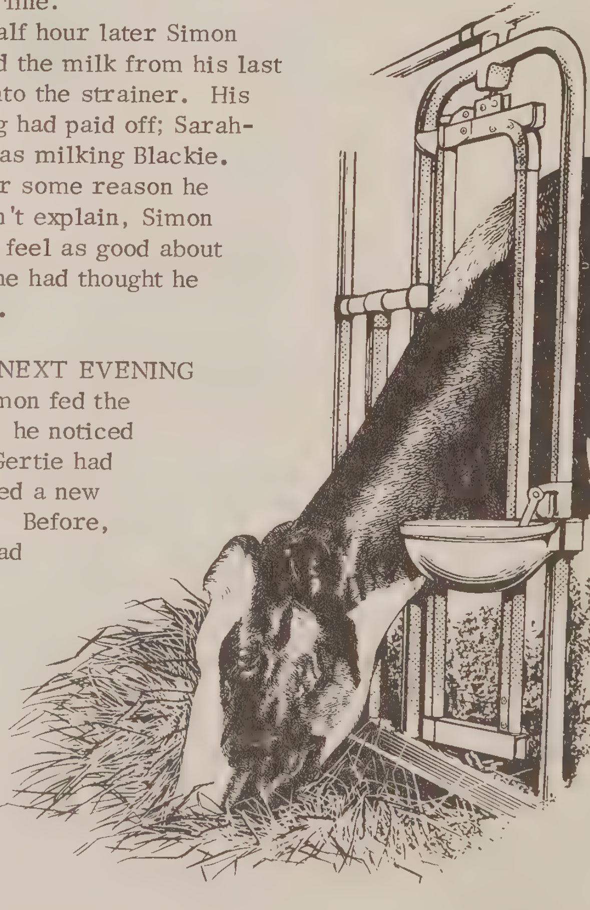
"Well, here comes Mr. Slow-poke now," his younger sister, Susan, called out good-naturedly. "What have you been doing?"

"Working, of course," Simon said curtly, not feeling like joking about it.

"Don't get huffy," Susan said. "I was just teasing."

"Calling people names is a poor way to tease," Simon declared. He picked up a milk stool and bucket and sat down by a cow at the opposite end of the line.

A half hour later Simon poured the milk from his last cow into the strainer. His poking had paid off; Sarahann was milking Blackie. But for some reason he couldn't explain, Simon didn't feel as good about it as he had thought he would.



THE NEXT EVENING as Simon fed the cows, he noticed that Gertie had learned a new trick. Before, she had always gulped down her own feed, then stretched her neck to get as much of her neighbors' as she could. But tonight she left her own feed untouched, and stretched her neck and strained at her stanchion to eat her neighbor's feed first.

Simon just stood and watched her, his hands on his hips. "Now if that isn't the limit— the absolute limit," he muttered to himself. Only after Gertie had eaten all she could reach of her neighbors' feed, did she turn to eating her own.

"You greedy, greedy thing," Simon fumed disgustedly. "You're getting worse every day. The older you get, the greedier you become."

Later that evening as they were milking, Susan said, "Did you ever notice how grouchy Gertie is? If she doesn't have anything to eat, she's almost sure to be fussing with the cows beside her, trying to buck them with her horns."

"I don't know about the grouchy part," Simon said. "But I do know she's the greediest thing I ever saw. I think we should call her Greedy Gertie. She's always mooing and mooing— she's so afraid she won't get quite her share of feed. But she's so greedy she's always getting more than her share.

"That's probably what makes her grouchy," called their older sister, Sarahann, from where she was milking.

"What do you mean?" Simon asked. He stopped milking for a moment so that the splush-splush sound of milk wouldn't interfere with his hearing. "I don't know why she should be grouchy. She always gets more than her share of feed. That shouldn't make her grouchy; it should make her happy."

"I don't agree with that," Sarahann laughed. "She's probably got a guilty conscience for being so greedy, and that makes her miserable and hard to get along with. At least, our teacher used to claim it works that way with people. She always said the most selfish people are the unhappiest. People who are selfish and greedy are always so worried they will get cheated out of their share of things that they cheat themselves out of their fair share of what is most important— happiness."

"Huh!" Simon said. "That can't be true for Gertie, I'm sure. I refuse to believe she even has a conscience."

The girls both laughed.

"Seriously though, I mean it," Simon said. "She is getting worse the older she gets. She's discovered now that if she eats her neighbor's feed first, she will get more of it, and she will still have time to eat her own later. That's what I call greedy."

"That sounds just like some people," Sarahann insisted. "Greedy people get worse as they get older, too, more and more self-centered all the time."

IT WAS WARM AND cozy and pleasant in the kitchen when Simon came in from finishing the chores. He hung his coat on the hook behind the kitchen range, then went to wash his hands. It was nice to come in to a warm house and a good meal after a hard day of work in the winter time. And if he wasn't mistaken, they were going to have a good meal tonight. He was almost sure he had seen two freshly-baked lemon pies cooling on the shelf in the wash house. Lemon pies were his favorite.

As Simon discovered, not only were lemon pies on the menu for supper, but the first course was special, too— smoked ham, mashed potatoes and gravy. Simon helped himself hungrily.

All through the meal, Simon kept eyeing the two pies. Was one piece quite a bit bigger than the others, or did he just imagine it?

"Ummm, those lemon pies look good," Dad said.

"They sure do," Simon agreed. "How many pieces can we have, Mom?"

"Just one each," Mom said smiling. "I cut them so there's a piece for everyone."

Simon eyed the pies again. He was almost sure he wasn't imagining it. There was a piece in one pie that was a good bit bigger than the other pieces. "I sure hope I get that piece," Simon thought to himself. But he didn't say it out loud. Maybe the others wouldn't notice one was bigger than the rest, then they wouldn't take it before he could.

When the ham and mashed potatoes were passed the second time, Simon really wanted another helping. But he didn't take one. He was afraid if he did, one of the others would get to the pie before he did. And they might take the biggest piece. Simon didn't want to risk that. He figured that after he had eaten his pie, he could still take another helping of ham and potatoes.

Simon reached for the pie and took the biggest piece. Apparently no one else had noticed, for no one said anything and the supper conversation continued as usual. When Simon had finished his piece of pie he said, "Ummm, that pie was good, but I'm still hungry. I'll take some more ham and potatoes."

"On top of your pie?" Susan asked, raising her eyebrows questioningly.

"Sure," Simon said defensively. "Guess I can eat my things in any order I like, can't I?" His voice came out a little sharper than he had intended.

Susan seemed taken aback. "Of course," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I didn't realize you would be so touchy about it."

"I didn't say anything out of the way, did I?" asked Simon.

"It's not what you said, Simon," Mom put in quietly, settling the argument. "It was the way you said it. Your tone of voice wasn't too friendly."

Simon looked down at his plate, trying to swallow. He couldn't explain why he had become so huffy at what Susan had said. Was it because he was feeling guilty about. . . .

"I think we'll have to excuse Simon," Sarahann said, a twinkle in her eye. "That big piece of lemon pie left him sort of— sort of sour."

Simon winced at the way she said big piece, with a lot of emphasis on the word "big." Then Sarahann had noticed. Had the others noticed, too? Did any of them guess why he was finishing his ham and potatoes after his pie?

Simon's face grew redder and redder, and he kept trying to chew a bite of ham into small enough shreds that it would somehow slide past that big lump in his throat.

SQUINTING AT THE BRIGHTNESS of the morning sun on the white snow, Simon walked down the road with Susan, heading for school. The air was snappy, but since there was no wind blowing, it didn't feel so cold. The trees were frosty white patterns of limbs and branches crisscrossed against the blue winter sky.

Simon took long strides as he carried his lunch pail.

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Susan had a hard time keeping up with him. The smaller children had started out earlier, and were ahead of them.

Simon felt like walking fast.

"Hold it," Susan called after him, her breath coming in short gasps. "I can't keep up."

Simon kept right on, never missing a stride.

"Please, Simon," Susan begged. "My side is beginning to hurt and...."

"Oh, your side is always hurting when I'm in a hurry," Simon said impatiently.

"But it's such a nice morning, and we still have plenty of time before school starts," Susan said. "Why don't we walk a little slower and enjoy the walk. There's no hurry."

"I enjoy the walk most when I go fast," Simon said. He slowed his pace just a tiny bit, just so Susan could keep up if she hurried.

The pain in Susan's side was still there. "Maybe you enjoy it, but I don't," she said. "I wish you would think about someone else besides yourself for a change. You didn't used to be so selfish."

Just the way she said it made Simon feel hot inside. "Why should I walk the speed you enjoy any more than you should walk the speed I enjoy?" Simon felt dumb arguing over such a silly little thing. He knew he was being unreasonable, and that they were quarreling about something that didn't matter much one way or another. But just the same he found it hard to give in.

"I don't know what makes you so hard to get along with the last while," Susan said, and it sounded as though she were forcing back tears. "Seems like you're grouchy and touchy so much of the time."

Simon choked back the angry words that rose up within him. Pretty soon his anger began to subside and he slowed in his walk. He didn't say anything, but he was deeply ashamed of himself. He didn't feel like talking, and Susan must not have either, or else she just didn't know what to say. At any rate, neither of them spoke, and they walked on in silence the rest of the way to school. It no longer seemed like such a beautiful morning.

All the time he sat at his desk at school and pretended to be studying, Simon's head was tossing with thoughts of what Susan had said. She had said that he was selfish, grouchy, and touchy. He wanted to assure himself that it wasn't true, but he kept remembering things. He remembered that biggest piece of lemon pie at the supper table the evening before. He had been greedy, thinking only about himself, and he certainly had been grouchy about it later. Simon also remembered how he had poked while feeding the horses so Sarahann would milk Blacky. He had to admit to himself that was sort of selfish. Sarahann's arms probably ached just as much as his did from milking Blacky. And that evening he had been sassy with Susan because she called him "Slow-poke" in fun.

It was a long day for Simon. He had four of his spelling words wrong, and got a low grade in arithmetic. He was only too glad when school was over and he could start for home. Maybe then he could sort out some of his thoughts that had been going through his head all day and were getting more and more mixed up.

On the way home from school, Simon remembered what Sarahann had said about Gertie, that greedy people were often like Gertie— just as grouchy as they were greedy. Sarahann had said that people who worried about themselves so much usually ended up in missing out in their share of something more important— their share of happiness.

"I sure don't care to be like Gertie," Simon said to himself. And somehow, just saying that made him feel a little better already.

SIMON HAD BARELY opened the barn door when he heard her.

"Mooo-ooo. Moooooooo."

Gertie seemed even more bossy and grouchy and impatient and greedy than other evenings. As Simon fed the cows, she kept up her constant mooing, tossing and tossing her head.

There was no doubt about it any longer in Simon's mind. Gertie was the greediest cow in the barn, and she was also the most discontented. Getting part of her neighbor's feed sure didn't make her happy.

"And she's getting worse the older she gets, if I know anything," Simon said to himself. "I wonder if that part works the same with people, too."

Simon carefully dealt out the feed to each cow, saving just a bit more than usual until he got to Gertie. Other evenings he had felt like giving Gertie less feed than her share, but tonight he gave her an extra big helping.

"Just for tonight I'll give you some extra," Simon said, trying to pat her on the head. But she wouldn't even hold still for that. "I'll give you a bit extra, just for a treat. After all, as miserable and greedy as you are, you did teach me a lesson, and that's worth something."

Then Simon hurried off to feed the horses. Dad had gone to a sale and probably wouldn't be home in time to help with the milking. Tonight Simon wanted to milk Blacky so Sarahann wouldn't have to. It would be a little start in trying to be less like Gertie— Greedy Gertie, who could think only of herself. △

SUGAR (continued from back cover)

Three Kinds of Sugars

When we think of sugar, we think of sugar cane, but actually, sugar is found in many plants all around us, such as in grasses, fruits and vegetables. In fact, any green plant makes sugar in order to grow.

The sugar found in these plants can be classed into three main kinds. The most important of these is sucrose (our word "sugar" comes from sucrose). This is the type of sugar which is found in sugar cane, sugar beets and maple syrup. It is also found in smaller quantities in onions, spinach, carrots, and nuts.

Perhaps the most common kind is called glucose. It is found in the cereal grains such as corn, wheat, oats, and forage grasses. It is also found in honey and fruits.

The other kind is called fruitose and small quanitities are found in fruits. There is still another kind of sugar called lactose or milk sugar which is found in all kinds of milk. Of all these, sucrose is the sweetest.

The Starches

There is another substance found in our foods which serves the same purpose as sugar. It is called starch, and like the sugars, it is also pure carbohydrate. Potatoes are 20% starch, cornmeal, wheat flour, wheat cereals, oatmeal and soda crackers are around 75% starch. The main difference between starch and sugar is that the starch is not sweet and does not dissolve in water, as sugar does. One of the most common forms of starch is corn starch, which, like sugar, is 100% carbohydrates.

Nature's Food Factories

All around us in the green fields and gardens are the most wonderful food factories found anywhere in the world. Green plants have the power to take carbon dioxide from the air, and with water from the soil, by means of direct sunlight, manufacture sugars and starches. How is this done? All the scientists in the world have not been able to duplicate it. They know that it is only by the means of the chlorophyll, the green matter in plants, that they are able to take the carbon dioxide from the air to make plant foods.

Scientists have spent much time and effort trying to discover how this works so as to be able to do the same thing artificially. So far they have been unsuccessful. Perhaps someday they will learn the secret, or maybe, like the secret of life itself, it is something beyond the power of man.

Although they have not learned the secret of duplicating the process, they know how the plant does it. They know that a plant breathes carbon dioxide into the leaf much like humans breathe air into their lungs. This is the same carbon dioxide which people exhale. Plants draw this into the leaf, use up the carbon and exhale the oxygen into the atmosphere. This process keeps the natural balance of oxygen in the air. It is not hard to understand that without plants or trees on the earth, the air would soon become too high in carbon dioxide for people to live.

Sunshine In Action

On the same soil, one plant may produce a carrot, another a potato, another a walnut while still another one may produce an ear of corn. Yet all these different plants work basically the same. They take water and certain minerals from the soil, carbon dioxide from the air, and by means of sunlight, convert it into some form of energy.

Let us take a cornstalk and see how it grows and produces an ear of corn. When the first green leaves appear, they begin to manufacture sugars. It is a well-known fact that plants have circulation systems somewhat similar to that in humans. Part of this sugar is changed into starches right in the leaf and used to make the leaf larger. Part of it is carried to the main stem, and changed to cellulose which is the hard woody substance which makes up the main stalk of the corn plant.

Thus the stalk continues its growth until it reaches a certain stage when the ear begins to form. By this time there may be several square feet of leaf area. The greater the leaf area, the more sunlight the plant is able to catch and the more sugar it makes. When the ear begins to form, the sugar is carried to the ear, where it is changed into starch to make up the kernels. In the case of sweet corn, it is first stored in the kernel as sugar but is later changed into starch (we all know how starchy an ear of sweet corn tastes which is overripe).

Why is the sugar changed into starch for storing in the kernels of the corn? It is fortunate for us that it is. If it were stored as sugar, the first time the ear became soaking wet, the sugar would dissolve and disappear. Also when the grain of corn were planted in the ground, the sugar would dissolve into the moist earth around it instead of remaining as plant food in the kernel.

When the corn is milled, the starch is extracted and refined until it is pure carbohydrates. Sugars and starches are made out of the same things, namely carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Corn starch is so nearly like sugar that when it is treated with hydrochloric acid, it turns into sugar (glucose). Let us consider one more example, the working of a tree. Let us take the maple tree. Many trees have a flow of sap, but maples have more and sweeter sap than other trees.

During the summer, the leaves of the tree are busy manufacturing plant food. Most of this is used up in the normal growth of the tree, but not all. Part of it is stored away in the roots, under the bark and in the outer portions of wood in the trunk. The same as the corn plant, it is first made into sugar but is changed into starch for storing. This will be used in the spring to start the new growth of the tree. Remember that without leaves, a tree can not make its own plant food, so it must depend on its reserve supplies from the year before. If you were to test the wood of the tree during the winter, you would find it contains starch. (The standard test for starch is to apply a few drops of iodine. If the material turns blue or black, it contains starch.)

With the first warm days of spring, this starch is changed back into sugar, and taken to where it is needed to start the coming year's growth. Like in the cornstalk, it must be changed into sugar before it can be transported from one place to another. Finally it is once more changed into cellulose or lignin, to form the twigs and woody parts of the tree.

Sugar In The Human Body

Our bodies need carbohydrates to furnish energy. We can't as much as move an arm or a leg, or take a breath without using some of these carbohydrates. We must depend on our blood streams to carry this energy from the digestive system to where it is needed.

A large portion of these carbohydrates in our food are in the form of starch. The circulation system in our bodies is somewhat similar to that in plants, inasmuch as the starches cannot be picked up by the blood stream. First they have to be changed to sugar. This process begins already as soon as the food enters the mouth.

Let us suppose little Johnny comes running home from school hungry and exhausted. On the table he spies a loaf of freshly baked whole wheat bread. His first reaction is, "Mom, can I have a piece of warm bread?" Already his mouth has started watering as he gazes at the loaf of bread.

The slice of bread which his mother gives him contains about 75% starch. Remember that his mouth is already watering and as he begins to chew, the saliva is mixed with the food in his mouth. This saliva contains an enzyme (en-zime) which immediately starts working on the starch to change it into sugar. He swallows it and the stomach starts churning and mixing gastric juices with the food. These gastric juices contain a small amount of hydrochloric acid. Remember, this is the same acid which we said cornstarch is treated with to change it to glucose. The Creator designed the human body to do this very thing, thousands of years before man discovered the process.

Actually the change from starch to sugar is not as simple as outlined above. In the mouth and stomach, the the starch is first changed into dextrins and maltose. When these reach the small intestines, the pancreas and certain other glands furnish enzymes which change the dextrins and maltose into glucose.

Glucose, (also sometimes called dextrose) is the form of sugar which the body can use. When people have to be fed intravenously, this is what they get directly into the veins.

On the walls of the small intestines there are many small finger-like projections which are called "villa". These absorb the glucose and other body nutrients and feed them into the blood stream. Then they are carried all over the body to where they are needed.

The Quick Lift

Many people are of the opinion that we must have granulated sugar to supply our body needs. One author even goes so far as to call it the "foundation of life." Although it is true that our bodies do need glucose at all imes, there are other ways in which it can be obtained xcept through white sugar.

It has also been claimed that when a person is tired and exhausted, he needs candy bars and other sweets for a "quick lift". Most candies are made from granulated sugar. The sugar from cane or sugar beets is in he form of sucrose. The body cannot absorb sucrose, but must first change it into glucose. Although this may not be as difficult a task as changing starches to glucose, there is one point that has some bearing on the matter. The enzyme which changes sucrose to glucose is called sucrase. It is found only in the small intestines, consequently white sugar or sucrose is not absorbed into the body until it reaches the last half of the small intestines. However, most of the glucose is absorbed into the bloodstream while the food is passing through the first half of the small intestines. From this, it would appear that glucose, even that which is derived from starches is absorbed slightly sooner than white sugar.

Some candy is made from corn syrup or other forms of glucose or dextrose. This, of course, needs no changing, so it may be available slightly sooner than that which comes from starches such as bread or cookies. Honey is the purest and sweetest form of glucose found in nature.

The Difference Between Starches And Sugars

According to scientists, starches and sugars are all made of the same elements, namely carbon, hydrogen and oxygen (actually carbon dioxide and water). What then, is the difference? What is there about sugar that makes us think we cannot do without it? There seems to be only one answer— sugar tastes sweet.

Inside our mouth, scattered over the tongue are many tiny "taste buds." These tell us whether the food we are eating is sweet or sour, salty or bitter. These buds are given us to help create an appetite and so we can enjoy what we are eating. If what we are eating tastes good, we want more. This can be a good thing, for without these taste buds our bodies might suffer for lack of enough nutritious food. If properly trained, our taste buds can be an asset to our health.

A Good Thing Out Of Control

When not properly trained, our taste buds can cause us a lot of trouble. We all know what would happen if children were allowed to eat only that which they liked best such as pie and cake, pudding and ice cream. By stuffing themselves with sweets, they would not get a balanced diet and end up suffering from lack of proteins, minerals and vitamins. Sweets are hard on the appetite as well as on the teeth.

Children are not the only ones who can suffer from an over-abundance of sweets. Since adults are not as active, they do not need as high a percentage of carbohydrates in their diet as children do. When we eat more sugars and starches than we need, the body stores up the surplus in the liver in the form of glycogen. If this surplus is used up regularly, then all is well. But if more and more is added continually and is not used up, then we are headed for trouble. This same material is also stored in the muscles and the first thing we know we are overweight with all the dangers that go with it.

A Sensible Approach

Do we want to go back 125 years and do without white sugar? This would hardly be the answer because sugar is a useful material in preparing and preserving foods. The question is, are we really justified in using as much sugar as we do? In the United States it takes a hundred pounds of sugar per year for every man, woman and child.

At the high price sugar is today, there is little doubt but what we would be better off financially with less sugar. Very likely we would also be better off healthwise.

Parents with little children have an excellent opportunity to teach them to eat and like food with less sugar. Actually many foods taste better in their natural state than with lots of sugar added. It's a little like eating a T-bone steak, you really don't have to smother it with catsup.

I knew a little boy whose mother tried in every conceivable way to get him to eat grapefruit. She worked sugar into the pulp but all to no avail. It so happened that when this little boy grew up, he went to work at a place where food was not so plentiful as it had been at home. Here he learned to like different foods which he never cared for at home, including grapefruit. How did he learn to like them, with sugar? No. Just as they come from the tree. Today he is still very fond of them.

With the high price of sugar today it might be worthwhile to learn to substitute other sweeteners for sugar such as corn syrup or honey. Or better yet, learn to like our foods in their natural state and let our bodies manufacture the sugar we need instead of depending upon the sugar refining factories. We have nothing to lose and much to gain.

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A SHORT COURSE IN HUMAN RELATIONS

The 6 most important words:
"I admit I made a mistake."

The 5 most important words:
"You did a good job."

The 4 most important words:
"What is your opinion?"

The 3 most important words:
"If you please."

The 2 most important words:
"Thank you."

The most important word:
"We"

The least important word:
"I"

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 1

Maturity in Marriage

Does The Honeymoon Last?

In the November issue of Family Life, we told about Amos Miller's statement that the happiness of marriage soon wears off—that the honeymoon never lasts beyond the first year. Was Amos Miller right?

Poor Amos

The question brought us many, many replies, 74 in all. Most of those who wrote didn't have any trouble making up their minds about Amos Miller and his opinion of marriage life. A wife from Pennsylvania, married seven years, was so beat out at Amos that she sat down the very day F.L. arrived, and before she finished reading the rest of the magazine, she sent in her reply. "I thought over the marriage question while washing dishes, and it irked me that Amos would talk like that to his teenage daughter. How did that make his wife feel? Apparently he's not so happy."

Another one wrote: "I was hurt and deeply concerned. Many times I write in answers to questions in Family Life — write in my mind, but never get them on paper. However this question was enough to get me out of bed extra early this morning to write a few lines. I am most thankful and happy to say to the dear teenage young people that the honeymoon can indeed not only last, but that the love grows deeper with each passing year. We are married close to seventeen years and have a family of ten children. It is because of the joys and sorrows of our experiences together that we feel we would never want to be separated. If I looked at our life together, I would say the first year was nothing to be compared to our love and companionship now. Yes, there was more free time, and more showing off among strangers. But we were mere strangers ourselves, each brought out of different family relationships, different training, and we had so many adjustments to make."

A mother from Indiana felt sorry for such a man. "Do I pity Amos Miller!" she wrote. "Besides, I strongly disagree. What is a honeymoon? Our twentieth-century dictionary gives several definitions, and the one I like best is, Honeymoon—A time of prosperity and enjoyment. Your whole married life can be just that if you make it that. With plenty of love, understanding and oftentimes forgiveness, this can be very easy to do. In 14 years of married life there have been plenty of trials along the way to tax our love—disagreements and heated arguments included. So far it hasn't dimmed our love. The joy of being together, receiving a smile or any other act of fondness seems just as tender to me now as it did when we were still just 'going steady.' Evenings after work, just the knowledge that my husband is at home is enjoyment alone. The heart, if each does his or her part, will truly grow fonder as life goes on."

Others didn't pity Amos as much as his wife. "How hurt Mrs. Miller must have been to have her husband say married life isn't so wonderful right in her face and to their teenage daughter. Surely he does not appreciate his wife like he should. A good heart-to heart talk with a widower might do him some good."

Growing In Love

All the replies we received were written by married persons except one. Even though we would not expect a single person to know whether the honeymoon lasts or not, this girl came up with pretty sound reasoning, so we'll print her answer here: "I must say I was shocked to read that Amos thinks love would fade after you're married for a year or more. Surely every young person ready to marry feels their love is stronger than it was in the beginning of their courtship, and for me, I think I would want it to continue to grow deeper and stronger. The longer I go with my boy friend, the deeper I feel love gets, and I'm praying that it will continue after the first year of marriage."

Many of the other letters agreed wholeheartedly with this theme. Love is not like varnish on the floor, something that becomes scratched and tarnished with wear. Instead it is something that lives—like a seed, or plant, or tree, it grows and grows. "I was never on a honeymoon." writes a wife from LaGrange, Indiana. "But if it lasts only a year, than I haven't missed anything. True love grows from a small seed to a large tree, with the roots going deeper every year. We would never expect a young person to fully grasp the love of God after only a year of spiritual marriage (baptism) in the church. I have been married to my husband for 17 years and feel a better relationship and deeper love is ours."

Special Memories

Most of the answers agree that the first year of marriage, while not necessarily the best, still does stand out in their memory as somehow special. Maybe not happier, but still different. One big difference is that the first year is freer—there are no children.

Happily married 15 years, Georgia: "No, I don't think the honeymoon should wear thin, but I do believe it will be handled in a different way. Our first year was our happiest year when we were young and free, but the later years our married life didn't lose the joy of marriage. We grew in our love for each other."

Mrs. J., Nappanee, Indiana: "I think anyone would be immature to think that all through married life you would be as outwardly excited as we were the first few months or so. But that sure isn't saying that we're not glad to be in each other's company."

Kentucky: "Seven years and three children later, we're still enjoying our honeymoon. Our first year was nice because we were free, and not tied down to any obligations, but to say there were any years since less wonderful than the first, no. Every year has its ups and downs, but they don't make marriage any less wonderful or meaningful. If your home is Christ-centered, it grows better every year. If the Lord grants us to both live to a ripe age, we hope we'll still be on our honeymoon."

Ohio: "My husband and I discussed this with each other. We cannot agree with Amos Miller. Indeed, the first year of marriage was a very happy one, but we feel our joys have increased with the years. Perhaps the first year there is more time only for each other and not as much responsibility."

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Missouri: "We are married almost 14 years. Out first year of marriage was the most carefree, with less responsibility, but the feeling we had for each other then is no match for what we have now."

Wisconsin: I do not think the joys of married life wear off. I just think after a year or so, we start getting more responsibilities. I do feel the first year or so was the happiest as we were young and felt so carefree. Then the children started coming, and we shared our love with them. We got more cares and worries as the years went on, and every few years we had another baby to care for, also debts and sicknesses to worry about. One thing I do know, we were much more concerned about spiritual things and prayed more often for guidance in raising our children. It seems the older we get, the more inexperienced we feel about raising children."

In Spite Of Troubles

The apostle Paul warned many years ago that those who marry would have "trouble in the flesh" (1 Cor. 7:28). There are few people today who would deny that this is still true. But do these troubles, these cares and trials of daily life— scrubbing floors, changing diapers, tilling the soil, training children, facing debts, disappointments, losing sleep, pain and sickness— do these troubles lessen the love between man and wife? They need not; in fact, just the opposite can be true. Going through these experience can deepen the love and respect partners feel for each other.

Pennsylvania: "After fifteen years of marriage and thirteen children, we still enjoy each other's company. But I do not think that there is any young couple who think alike in all things, so it takes the effort of both to understand each other so love can grow deeper instead of less. But not without cares and disappointments. In fact, these help to make it so."

Pennsylvania: "If we marry in the Lord, our marriage can be blest. Married life is sweet, even after six years of it, in spite of some bumps. In the past two years we have experienced some sad and shocking events, including the knowledge that one of our children will never be quite like others. But I'm happy to say these experiences have only brought us closer to each other. Let us not expose such distorted views of marriage to our children the way Amos Miller did."

Ontario: "My days with the young folks were joyful ones. Soon after I started going with the young folks I realized I was getting quite a bit of attention from a jolly, carefree boy whom I always admired. At 17 I started going with this boy, but only for a broken heart. After several months it was all quits. My heart bled, but Dad told me I hadn't lost much. Soon the next one came and asked, whom I only knew from seeing, never having had much to do with him. But he was from the plainest ones, which was always my desire, and not having anything against him, I decided to give it a try. So from nothing our love started to grow until after three years of courtship we married and felt our love had reached its peak. Now after 7 years of marriage, I am happy to say that marriage is even better than it was then. Daily we pray together that Satan might not come between us to hinder our relationship and that God might bless our marriage. We have seen trials of sickness and suffering, we have both had turns to leave the family and be in the hospital. But with every experience together, love increases."

It Takes Effort:

Regardless to what area of life we look at, it takes effort to accomplish anything worthwhile. Some of the letters in answer to Amos Miller pointed out this fact. A couple from Central America said, "A happy marriage doesn't just happen— it must be worked at every day."

A wife from Goshen, Indiana had an original way of saying that husbands and wives need to put everything they have into making marriage work: "Having been married for 12 years, I can sincerely say it has been a 12-year-honeymoon for us, and do hope it will stay that way. My husband and I do not believe in marriage being a 50-50 proposition, but we strictly believe in having it a 100-100 proposition!"

Another Indiana husband provides details of just how much effort it actually does take to keep love growing. Some of us husbands may not feel too warmly toward him for suggesting something like this, but here it is: "We have been married 19 years ago. We do not learn to love the Lord only by thinking of the great blessing that he has given us. To grow in our love for God we need to put forth some effort, to do our duty by obeying the truth. In the same way, I don't think we learn to love our companion only by the love they show us. We need to put forth some effort and do things for them— helping with the children, washing dishes, and whatever is needing to be done. I have washed out children's diapers, and mopped and waxed floors. I feel doing those things made my love deeper for my wife. We feel much more like a part of each other than we did the first year of married life."

Don't Need To Prove It

Young couples who are just married often feel insecure in their love. They don't realize it, but that is what makes them sometimes go to ridiculous means in order to be in each other's presence all the time. Many of the letters pointed this out, that although they still enjoy doing things together as much as ever, they no longer have to be together in order to prove to themselves and others that they are in love.

A Husband, Iowa: "One of the blessings of being one in spirit, and yet in two halves, is in sometimes going different ways so as to take in more, or accomplish more. Your picture of Pete and Wilma being so "thick" with each other as to always be at the same place makes me think of a couple who needed more maturity before marriage.

"Lately there was a funeral in a settlement near us that I had a longing to attend, but felt we were so far behind in getting ready for winter that I should be home making use of the nice weather. The funeral was on Monday, so I had the chance to go to the house of mourning on Sunday, and took some of our school-age children along. On Monday my wife went to the funeral. I worked at home, and that evening she related the happenings of the day. So you see I had been there after all! I remember one time about several weeks after we were married, one noon we wanted to bathe and get dinner eaten as soon as possible to get ready and go shopping in town. So one of us ate while the other bathed, and vice versa, to gain time. I remember saying jokingly then, some people would say, "See, they don't even eat with each other any more." So we realized then already that being one in spirit does not always mean being close together in body, sometimes the opposite."

Ephrata, Pennsylvania: "Our honeymoon started a little more than 11 years ago. As far as going together shopping, or each going our own way into separate stores, that should not necessarily indicate a lack of love or understanding for each other. We find with a growing family of six children that shopping together is not done as easily as when there were no children to take along."

Ohio: "Of course, with more responsibility such as paying for a farm and as children come along, it isn't always possible to do everything together. Maybe one has to stay home with the children when they go to town, or when they both go, they still each have to go in different stores to save time. It isn't that they love each other less, they are still planning and working together for the good of the home, even if they can't always be right together in everything."

A Pennsylvania mother: "We don't usually walk together in stores, as my husband usually has business to go after, like in the bank or hardware, and we save time by going after our own things. But wouldn't that be a greedy or jealous love if we'd always demand the husband's company? We don't need to show our love in public like is sometimes done, especially among the young people. That doesn't seem very mature, and it's more important how we show our love in the home and everyday problems. Having small children and living on a dairy farm might give us many cares and responsibilities but we still think married life is wonderful."

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And she thought with a nervous dread
Of the pile of clothes to be washed and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the fields
And the children to fix away
To school and the milk to be skimmed and churned-
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night and all the wood
Was wet as it could be:
There were puddings and pies to bake besides
A loaf of cake for tea!
The day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well,
A flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said and coming near
He kissed from her brow the frown-
"Twas this," he said, "that you were the best,
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field and his wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs,
She'd not sung for many a day.
Gone was the pain from her head and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Woods has run off to sea!
He wouldn't , I know, if only he had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
No wonder that maids will wed!"

-Selected.

A father, Tennessee: "Dad Miller can laugh if he wants to. Sure, we don't go shopping together like we did— our house is furnished now. That project is finished and we have another one going. It may appear like we aren't doing things together any more when I'm out in the field and my wife is hanging out diapers, but we are! We just have different duties in the worthwhile project of raising a family."

Adjustments To Make:

There are few married couples that will not admit that they had a lot of adjusting to do during their first year of marriage. A couple may think they have learned to know each other in courtship, but after the wedding day they start all over again. They might as well forget what they thought they knew before. Perhaps the most interesting letters to come in during this discussion are the following ones about the various adjustments that need to be made. A bishop's wife from Indiana wrote: "My sister-in-law told us when we were married that the first year is the hardest. We didn't understand what she meant at the time, but we realize now she was talking about the churning that results when two rivers meet. This is the period of discovering the realities of each other's personalities in daily life, and adjusting the way we have been taught to do things with the way our partner has been taught. If there was considerable difference in our home lives before marriage, it will take lots of loving patience to make the adjustment, so that our lives can flow together as one peaceful, quiet stream."

"Married Four Years, Pennsylvania: "I must say our first year of marriage wasn't the happiest. We were married for four years and we have a deeper love for each other than we ever did. One reason our first year wasn't the happiest was that our families are almost as different as day and night. His family is a happy close one. And I came from a family which never was a happy one, where Mom and Dad never talk kind to each other. This does something to children. I must say it takes them a long time to change if they ever marry. Therefore we had a lot of adjustments to make. We understand each other a lot better than we used to, and trying to please each other means a lot in marriage."

Geneva, Indiana: "We have been married for seven wonderful years and have four children. The joy of married life has not worn off for us. We have a better relationship and deeper love than we had at the beginning. We understand each other better now and help each other more with our faults, with love and consideration. The first year of marriage was a happy and wonderful experience for us, but I think some of the other years were just as happy or happier. Because the first year of our married life was kinda lonely for me at times, to move away from my dear parents for the first time, even when we could visit again. There were times in the first year and later on when I became depressed and discouraged, but our heavenly Father helped me overcome. We still need His help all the time."

East Earl, Pennsylvania: "Our first year was not our happiest, although other people would have thought so. There was so much adjusting to do. I, with all my faults, had expected a nearly perfect husband, molded to my way of thinking. Even though we never quarrelled, we didn't really understand each other either. The house also seemed so quiet and lonesome to me, for I had been one of the oldest in a large family. In spite of it all, we tried to feed the flame of love. Now after five years of marriage and four lively children, the house is no longer quiet nor lonesome. We can honestly say we love, respect, and understand each other much better and our home is happy."

Ephrata, Pennsylvania: "The first months of married life were the hardest for me. I thought I was deeply in love when we got married, but the everyday living was a give-and-take I had not considered. I resented any advice or criticism from my husband. For example, when he advised me on how to cook or do things in the house, I resented his unasked-for suggestions. With the Lord's help, I learned to put humor into these situations. I also learned to discuss differences of opinion maturely. But most important of all, I learned to trust the Lord to help me overlook my husband's shortcomings. Our home is far from perfect, but our love for each other and for the Lord is growing more deeper and more meaningful."

Happy and Contented after 11 years: "Since we were brought up in two different families, we had adjustments to make. My husband wanted meals on time, which I wasn't used to before. I thought at times he is plenty stern and felt he was unfair to want things done certain ways. I tried to change my dumb habits with his help, and he also improved. There are still disagreements at times, but we sit down and talk them over reasonably. We have children and they are a joy to our marriage. We have to teach them and be an example, pray together, guide them in the ways of the Lord. When there is sickness or sorrow, it is such a help when a husband shows love and concern. My advice to others is to respect one another. Don't be selfish, don't nag. Show your love by doing things the other least expects. The rewards are great. Make home a pleasant place to be. It's relaxing when the children are tucked in bed, and we have some time to ourselves to talk things over, or just sit and read. Silence can be golden, too. Being together means contentment, peace, and happiness with the love of God in our hearts till death do us part."

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF MARRIAGE

Being a reader of Family Life, a housewife and mother for 21 years, I will in my great weakness present a few pointers on happy marriage.If these were observed, they'd save some ups and down.

1. Discuss with each other frankly what you believe before you marry.
2. Don't hide your tobacco until after marriage.
3. Don't ask your partner for an unreasonable amount of help unless you can help back.
4. Always strive to tell each other the truth so you can be trusted by each other.
5. Visit your partner's parents and relatives as willingly as your own.
6. Don't expect to be praised for every little thing you do.
7. Don't make a habit of going to neighbors or elesewhere in the evenings often so that you aren't at home for prayer with the family at bedtime.
8. Be slow to anger . The Bible tells us that "Temper" will do nothing that's right before God.
9. Always share all things including ownership of farm or home.
10. Last but not least, practice the Golden Rule. "Do unto your partner, as you would have your partner do unto you."

-Applecreek, Ohio.

Happily married, Pennsylvania: "I would not say the first year is the happiest. There are too many adjustments to make while learning to know each other's ways, and how the other reacts to certain things. It's more like a honeymoon now since we're adjusted and have children at their tenderest age to love and play and work together. We thought we loved each other the first year, but found out we didn't very deeply, as it comes from the depth of our hearts now."

Mrs. L., Pennsylvania: "I think the first year of our married life was the most difficult and frustrating, learning to know and adjust to each other. I would say after being married almost 25 years that each year is a better one. There have been misunderstandings, but talking these things over has only deepened our love for each other. Fellowship, love, and understanding does not just happen. We need to continue the thoughtful loving things that first drew us together. When we are alone as a family on Sunday, my husband helps with dishes so we can be together and talk. This is something he wouldn't heed to do, but it helps us love and understand each other more."

Mrs. B., Pennsylvania: "I don't really agree with Amos Miller for our first year wasn't one of the easiest, and not always the happiest. This all started before we had a home of our own. In our community it is customary for the wedding to be in the fall, and then the bride and groom each return to their parents' homes to live until spring when they start housekeeping on their own. Then each weekend the couple go visiting from Friday to Monday, visiting all the ones who were invited to their wedding. But my husband's father didn't like it when we went visiting like this. So we didn't do like many did, go from Friday to Monday, instead we very seldom went for more than Saturday for supper until Sunday evening. Didn't matter how far it was, we still had to go to his home to do the chores, and we very seldom got a break. I recall so clearly one night we were invited somewhere for late supper and also our friends who just got married, so of course, we looked forward to going. He didn't come for me until late, and I was shocked at the cross looks and words I got when I went to meet him. I was so glad to see him after being parted almost a week, then this. My brothers were close by and heard it, which embarrassed me very much. My heart was broken. We both had a hard time being cheerful the rest of the evening. He took me home and was on his way with only a few words. He felt guilty and miserable and I didn't understand. The next time we were together he apologized and explained how his father was nagging and cross at him for going away until he was so upset that he took it out on me. Then I understood it better, for he came from an unhappy family where the children were always criticized and nagged at. He can't remember his father saying hardly a nice word to him unless strangers were around. Many boys would have left home, but he ususally did as he was told to do. He comforted himself with the thought of marrying and having a different life, and didn't realize he couldn't get away from it entirely since we lived with his parents. Many times he was nagged at until he was so nervous he ended up taking it out on the children or me without realizing it. A person can adjust himself to such a life, but can never get used to it if not brought up that way. I still feel so confused how a grandfather who considers himself a good Christian can at the same time tell the most filthy and embarrassing stories. At times during our first years of marriage, I would ask myself over an and over whether we took our own way too much and weren't meant for each other, or what, but those thoughts are long gone for we have a happy marriage, and I have a kind and understanding husband. There were times when he felt bitter toward his father for making his life so miserable in his young days, which spoiled his teenage life very much. But we must not let Satan let us get such thoughts, but pray instead only for forgiveness, hoping our children can't say they were brought up in such a home."

THE UNHAPPY ONE

What percentage of marriages are unhappy among the plain people? That question is pretty hard to answer. Certainly it would not be safe to base any percentage figures on the replies we received in answer to Amos Miller's statement— out of 74 replies, only one admitted that their marriage is unhappy today. It is likely that most of the people with unhappy marriages simply did not write. But we will print this one letter as a sample of what life can be like when the honeymoon doesn't last:

Mrs. Still Trying, State withheld: "Yesterday we received the Family Life and I have done much thinking during this one night, so will give it a try to write this morning. We were not as young as some are (in our middle twenties) when we married. We have been married over 20 years. I was very thrilled that a boy would ask me to marry him. I had in mind I would stay unmarried. After our marriage I loved him even more than I did before our marrige. As time went on, we had trouble in our conversation. We live on a small farm, and he picks up little jobs here and there. In the evening when he comes home I would be ready for a friendly conversation with my husband. The first question I ask, I get an insult for an answer. I used to brag on him, and have faith that sometime later he will show some appreciation of my work, but have failed so far. I usually stay at home and wash, iron, mend, cook, bake, and so on. I live away from my relatives, so I get lonely. There is no one I would rather visit with then my husband. He is usually gone every day somewhere and has people to talk to. He doesn't miss me like I miss him. If anything goes wrong, he blames me. I do make mistakes and have asked for forgiveness. Only once that I remember has he ever admitted that he made a mistake. He can be very calm when people are around and tell them his good points. Many people do not know about the harsh words and scoldings I have to endure. This is very harmful to our children. He also treats some of the children better than others.
Some are always being scolded while others are let go. I would like to plan things together and talk things over with my husband. Instead he will talk unkind or sometimes he will not talk at all. I have tried to explain to him that he misunderstands me, and I don't mean things the way he takes them. I have tried so many different ways and he sees no good in me. I have often prayed that it will go better. I have cried as it's an unhappy life. I hope I can endure it until the end."

The Happy Ones

What a contrast to the unhappy letter above are those of the mates in love with each other, some of them for many years. We only wish we had space to print more of them. May their tribe increase:

Mrs. H., Pennsylvania: "We cannot agree that honeymoons never last. My husband has an Uncle and Aunt who are married for over 25 years and had their share of trials, too, but are still very happily married. As for ourselves, we are only married for a few short years, and every year gets better. But then I know my husband is a rare find, as not once did he show impatience with me. With shame I must admit he did better than I."

Goshen, Indiana: "My husband and I have shared married life for 48 years, weathered a depression, raised eight children, have differed and agreed, and our mutual love and respect are certainly stronger than they were 48 years ago. As a young person there were some things I knew I'd want in a husband if the Lord gave me one. I'd want one who would read the Bible to his family and pray with them. I wanted one whose conscience I could trust. Because if I as his wife was to submit myself to him, I had to have confidence in his wisdom and be ready to abide by his decisions.

"In our first year of marriage, full of adjustments, we set up housekeeping, selected furniture on a shoestring, and welcomed a baby. It was a good year, but looking back I know we were still pretty inexperienced. There were some frightening times, some funny ones, some pretty serious."

"He is the family priest, and he is my conscience, and I must leave it at that. Sure I can influence him. He learned early, or maybe he just knew, the wisdom of talking things over and arriving at decisions together, whether it was money matters or problems with the children, or church affairs, or social matters. If he had definite ideas on something I was much happier if I followed him. Sometimes it was like feeling my way in the dark, but eventually I'd see through it, and then I could respect his viewpoint."

Mrs. K., Indiana: "Does the honeymoon last? Maybe not the first 'glow' but something far deeper. No, I can't say the first year was the happiest. I would say 'now' is the happiest and last year and the years before were, too. I'm sure our love is far deeper than when we got married. We have no secret formula. It's in the Bible for all to see. Ephesians 4:32, 'And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you' is not just for married folks, but it is an important ingredient in a happy marriage. I know I get tired and upset sometimes, but we never carry anger into the next day. We also kneel together for prayer each night. If we esteem each other higher than ourselves, we have fewer problems. Of course, I have an unusually good-natured husband and God has greatly blessed us together for over 20 years."

Leola, Pennsylvania: "We thought we knew each other before marriage, but the first year we found we had a lot to learn. It can be a hard situation where the honeymoon wears off, rather than building up. I know, because my parents never could understand each other enough to work together. I would make this letter too long to go into details of what struggles children go through in such a marriage. Recently I saw a clipping in a magazine which said, 'The best thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother.' This had deep meaning to me as I know what happens when it is not so. There are many ways you can show love in front of the children without being romantic, like praising the other for their work, even though you think it could have been done better. I find when my husband praises me for a job I did, I feel I must try even harder the next time. If he would criticize my work after I tried hard, well, I don't think I'd feel like trying much harder."

Virginia: "We have been married 34 years and can truthfully say I never once regretted or wished we had not married. I certainly appreciate my husband, and feel God has led us together, and we both say, our honeymoon is not over, but our love for each other grows deeper and deeper as time goes on and we get older. God has blessed us with children and good health, oh, I could not begin to name or count all our blessings. An Gottes Segen ist alles gelegen."

Maryland: "We would say Amos Miller is wrong, wrong. The honeymoon has lasted in our lives. In our nearly 37 years of married life, we've never had a heated argument. We feel no need of it when each tries to please the other. Now that our children are married, or gone from home, we two are alone again, and happily facing the sunset of life together, enjoying very much the times when our children and grandchildren come home to visit."

Pennsylvania: "Yes, married life can be joyous or it can be full of sorrows— in our marriage it has been both, and I think you would find the same in many cases. If you call a honeymoon nothing but bliss and honey and pie, then, yes, it will soon be over. But a happy married life need not end when sorrows come if the husband and wife work together in love and unity in raising a family and solving problems over the years. I feel our married life has been blessed in many ways, and am thankful for a kind and understanding husband. Even though our oldest children are now out of school, how uplifting it still is to a busy mother when the husband comes in and does not complain when dinner is not ready, but rather helps get the last things on the table and gets the little ones cleaned up and ready to eat— not because he has to, but wants to."

Waterloo, Ontario: "I would feel in a Christian marriage, the honeymoon should last a lifetime. We have been married for seven years and we enjoy each other more every day. How long the honeymoon lasts depends where our values are set. If our honeymoon is 'legalized prostitution' (fulfillment of lust) then Amos Miller is right."

Bad Start, Good End

This discussion has already become too long, but perhaps we should squeeze in three more letters and then leave it at that. All three letters have something in common— their marriage started out poorly, but have now gained some ground. As a closing chapter to this discussion, they should be fitting, since we all need encouragement to better our relationship. Few marriages are so ideal that they could not stand some improvement. The very fact that this first couple, who although starting out "young, dumb, silly, and ignorant" could still, after 40 years of rough times, agree on one thing, namely to send in a letter to Department MM, says something. Who can say there is no hope for their own marriage after reading this letter?

Pennsylvania: "I will try and write about our marriage. I got the right from my husband. He says to write the truth. I want to do that. We are married 40 years this winter. It's getting better every year. When we were single we were young, dumb, silly and ignorant. Heard say if young couple are too deep in love for each other, act silly, their marriage don't last. We were a little that way. The first year of our marriage was new and good, but soon he started to see my faults. I also saw his, pointed them out, plus the shortcomings of relatives. He did same for my relatives. As time went on, there was a talk out about my Dad, which my parents told me was not true. But my husband believed other people's talk, and blamed my Dad wrong. We argued about this. I questioned my mother out. I wanted to know the truth. I promised her I would give them right where they were right, and tell them if they were wrong. She told me all. Then I said to my husband, 'I know one of us is not saying truth.' I said one way, he the other. So I said to him, 'If I say anything not true about your relatives, I'll make open confession in church.' I asked him if he would promise me the same. He would not promise.

"The talk about my parents got proved. My husband was wrong, and he made it right. Since that he never did say things not true. Seems to believe me more than anyone else. Doesn't say anything about my relatives; I not of his, either. Don't have any argument. That's why I think our marriage goes better every year."

A husband, Pennsylvania: "For my very own opinion, I think "honeymoon" is a word that does not at all fit into Christianity. For the main reason, it is a style of the world, and the second reason, a honeymoon is a trip of pleasure and sex and probably a great percentage of people forget God almost altogether over that time. In the New Testament we are so plainly shown that at no time shall we forget God and his commandments, lest He come on us unawares, like the five out of the ten virgins in Matthew 25.

We are now in our 7th year of marriage and our love and trust in one another is better and growing each year. I was brought up in a home where Dad started to work away when I was only a young boy with quite a few brothers and sisters. Dad was away from home 6:30 in the morning until 8, 9, and 10 at night, plus barn chores to do before going and after coming home. I longed for a father's love, but he needed his rest on Sunday afternoons and was often overworked and disgruntled. Therefore the Christian father and son relationship was lost and when I came into the years of going steady, my Dad and I could not stand each other. A young person will find some kind of company and attention, and sad to say, I started on the down-hill track. Therefore out of a guilty conscience I was afraid my girl friend would look at someone else, and was so jealous of her that we had quite a lot of ups and downs. We were and still are tempted at times with hot heads, because we (mostly me) were not letting ourselves be led by God through Jesus Christ. But now as we are coming more and more to realize what Jesus did for us, that small fire which was kindled is beginning to burn. Our first years of marriage were none too rosy, mostly because of one of the greatest sins and problems I had, the lust of the flesh, which started in a public school when I was a young boy longing for love and attention, and sad to say, got love and happiness mixed up with sensation.

"But things are getting better and the relationship closer, the love deeper in the last few years. I feel for me that most married couples would say as time goes on the true meaning of marriage grows deeper instead of wearing off. If anything does wear off, I think they would say it was the childish puppy love."

Missouri: "We have been married 16 years and perhaps we are different than the majority, but our first year of marriage holds few blessed moments in my memory. I believe I shed more tears in the first two years of our marriage than I have in the last 14 years together. Perhaps if we had started our home on the Rock, things would have been different. When we both yielded our lives to God a change took place in our home. I can truthfully say that our 16th year together has been the best and believe if the Lord tarries and we can share our 17th year together, that I will say, "It was the best year." △

ARE SECRETS ALLOWED?

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

Grandmother Troyer was really a very kind-hearted person. Her only fault was that at times her temper got the best of her, and then her tongue could be very sharp. One windy March morning Grandmother's day started out all wrong—the perfect setup for someone to get a tongue lashing. Grandmother's rheumatism was worse, she dropped an egg on the floor, and the drain was plugged at the wash basin. Then after breakfast she wanted to send a get-well greeting to a crippled girl who had a shower in The Budget, and she couldn't find The Budget to get the address. When she found out that their married son, Jake, had borrowed it two days earlier, and not returned it, it seemed like the last straw. "I wish they would subscribe themselves if they can't wait until we're finished before they borrow it," she grumbled to Grandfather.

Grandfather knew she didn't really mean it. It was just the mood she was in. Jake and his wife Millie lived on the home place, and usually Grandmother didn't mind if they sent one of the children over to the Doddy House to borrow something.

Grandfather listened, as Grandmother grumbled some more. "But I guess if Jakes subscribed, then Millie would only read that much longer, and get even farther behind in her work."

That had long been a sore spot with Grandmother. She couldn't understand a daughter-in-law who would sit and read when there was work to be done. So Grandmother Troyer's day was off to a bad start. During the forenoon, Jake came over with a basket of mending for Grandmother that Millie had sent over. That in itself would have been all right, for Grandmother had offered many times to help with the mending. But it was what came next that was more than Grandmother could take. Jake asked to borrow their copy of "Hidden Rainbow" which was a thick story book they had had for years. Millie wanted to read it.

Grandmother just boiled over. "Well, I'll say," she said, the blood rushing to her face, "that sure isn't the way I was brought up. My Mom always taught me that work came first. You better tell Millie to get herself out of that rocking chair, and get to work for a change. The last thing she needs is another book to read. Maybe if she wasn't reading all the time, her house wouldn't be in such a mess."

Two days later Grandmother's rheumatism was better, and her ill humor was gone with it. She baked a cake, took the book, "Hidden Rainbow," and made her way carefully over to apologize to Millie for what she had said about her. But when she put the cake on the kitchen sink, and started to apologize to Millie, she saw at once that something was wrong. Millie got the most puzzled look on her face. She didn't know anything about it. Suddenly Grandmother realized that Jake hadn't repeated her hasty words to his wife. How she wished she had gone to Jake to apologize! She had never dreamt that he hadn't gone directly home and told Millie all about it.

That evening Jake had some explaining to do. Millie was very upset that he hadn't told her all about what Grandmother had said. Jake tried to pass it off lightly, by saying, "Oh, you know I usually tell you everything, but I thought this was different, since it would only hurt you, and wouldn't make you feel any better toward Grandmother."

Millie felt that she had been wronged. "Married partners should never keep anything from each other," she said, tears in her eyes.

What would you say? Who was wrong, Jake or Millie? Do you ever keep anything from your partner? Did you ever share something with your partner that you later wished you hadn't? Did you ever not share something that you later wish you had? Why not sit down and write your opinion. If possible, give an instance from your own experience, or from the experience of someone you know. It is important that you do not delay too long in sending your answer. It should be postmarked not later than February 5, 1975.

Address your letter to:
Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

PROBLEM No 3

Deadline for Answers: February 10th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

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QUESTION:

Something that bothers me is when I hear fast tunes sung on our church songs, such as "Yankee Doodle" which is twisted around to make it go on "Das Loblied". Am I wrong in being alarmed about this? What is it about the slow tunes that make them so dear to us. Some people think they should be discarded for tunes that go a little faster.

-One Who Would Hate To Give Them Up

??

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION, IS IT PROPER TO ALLOW OUR CHILDREN TO PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS?

No, I don't think it is right for children to play cops and robbers. Neither do I think we should buy guns for our children. If they want to pretend to shoot, maybe you could suggest they imagine they are hunting and shoot at imaginary animals. They should be taught never to point guns at people. Our children aren't big enough yet to know much about guns but I hope when the time comes, I can get them to understand.

-L.H., Middlefield, Ohio

We have several small children and we don't want them to play cops and robbers. We don't want them to do it when they are grown so why let them play this way when they are small and innocent? There are many better games to play. Our children are so precious and only loaned to us so let's take good care of them.

-A Humble Mother, Indiana

I don't think it's good for children to act like they are shooting each other. There's enough crime and shooting going on in this world without having our children pretending to shoot each other. Our son wanted a gun because he says others have one but we don't want him to have one. Let's all try to get our children away from that sort of game.

-Geneva, Indiana

I don't think a Christian home or school would allow any cops and robbers to be played. Things like that are on T.V. and surely we wouldn't want that. Sometimes our children play hunting rabbits or deer and then they are not to point at a person, or act like they were dead.

-Montezuma, Ga.

I don't feel it's good to have children playing shooting games. My children aren't grown yet but I could never stand to see others play such games. Even when children play with small toy guns, they soon learn to point them at each other. If we don't care to see them play such games we should see that no such toys are around.

-Spencerville, Indiana

We have often been grieved to see that such games were allowed to be played on Sunday or at a Christian school. I have tried to tell our children how wrong it is but it's rather hard to teach children that it's wrong and to still have respect for the teacher. I hope teachers and parents will look into this more carefully. I believe many people just don't stop to think how harmful this can be. Doesn't the very name of the game tell us that it is nothing for Christian children to indulge in?

-Ephrata, Pa.

We do not believe that guns, either real or pretend should be used to shoot people with, either actually or pretended. Now would it make sense for a father who spends a lot of time deer hunting to forbid his children to play with guns. Would it not be possible that if one became too familiar with guns, that one might be tempted to use it if a thief came into the house? Or if the time should come like it was in Russia during the Revolution, could we be sure that our young men would not do as the Mennonite men did there? They took up arms to defend their villages and consequently lost any immunity they might have had as being non-resistant?

Playing too much with guns, either real or otherwise, could bring the same results as playing too much with fire. If we become too familiar with things which are dangerous, there is always a chance that we may sometime misuse them.

-Elmira, Ontario

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* * *

NEVER STAND IN A WHEELBARROW

A few weeks ago I went to my daughters to get a wheelbarrow of oats. They had an overhead granary so I pushed the wheelbarrow under the spout and stood in the wheelbarrow to open it. I was too short so I found an old buggy battery to put into the wheelbarrow. Never thinking of getting a stepladder, I thought this was just what I needed.

I got into the wheelbarrow and stepped on the battery. Just as I was reaching up to open the spout, the wheelbarrow tipped. Everything went dark for a minute as my head came down across the wheelbarrow hitting my eye and down across my face. I thought I broke my jaw and thought of the woman I read of a few months ago who said about wiring her mouth up so she couldn't eat. That's what they'll do with me, I thought. I opened and closed my mouth and decided the jaw is all right.

But soon I felt blood flowing over my hands and face so I knew I was cut. I went to the house to doctor myself up and looked in the mirror. There was the exact shape of the wheelbarrow across my face. The next morning my face was square on one side and I couldn't see from one eye.

A few of us womenfolks had planned on visiting a sick friend in Michigan so regardless of my looks, we went. My eye was swollen for more than a week changing from black, blue, green and yellow.

What did I learn from my fall? Never stand on a wheelbarrow, regardless of your age.

-L. S., Indiana

* * *

DIE OBRIGKEIT

Gott, zu dir ist unsre Bitte
Für des Landes Obrigkeit;
Lenke du selbst unsre Schritte,
Sei zu ihrem Schutz bereit.

Mach, O Gott, die Herzen weise,
Wie dem König Salomo;
Dasz sie lebe dir zum Preise,
Sei du selbst ihr Schutz und Lohn.

Grosz ist ihre Pflicht im Leben
Dir Verantwortungen schwer,
D'rum so lasset uns bestreben,
Ihrer zu gedenken mehr.

Dasz allhier in diesem Leben,
Unter ihrem Schutze wir
Stets im Frieden uns bestreben
Dir zu leben treu allhier.

Dasz sie treu an dich sich halten
Und nach deinem Wort und Lehr'
Ihres Amtes Möge walten
Stets zu deines Namens Ehr.

Wollst den Sinn in Demut halten,
Dasz sie stets in diesem Sinn,
Ihres Amtes möge walten,
Sein bestrebt nach diesem hin.

Gib dasz wir im Flehn uns üben
Für ihr Wohl, und dankbar sein;
Gott vergelte ihnen drüben
Wenn wir einst dort gehen ein.
-Selected

NOTICE: Does anyone have the above song in English? If so, please send us a copy.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

A REMEDY FOR NERVES

WE HAVE ELEVEN CHILDREN LIVING, and our last boy, the baby, is grown already. I am 60 years old, and I had many sick days. It seemed most of my trouble was nerve trouble and of course tiredness.

Now I have many little remedies to keep me well and happy that many people would not think about. Long ago I always thought I had to go to the doctor to get well. (I still go to the doctor at times.) Then someone told me that we have to fight against our nerves, so I started that.

Now when I am thinking about something sad and I feel blue, then I start thinking of something nice, go to the window and look as far away as eye can see, sing a nice little song over and over, take a drink of water, take a hot bath. If inconvenient to take a bath in a tub, then I just take a foot tub and soak the feet in hot water.

In the morning I take 1/2 teaspoon salt in a cup of warm water. I use this to gargle, and rinse my mouth out several times, then I drink a warm, saltless cup of water. In the evening I also drink a cup of warm water before retiring. We eat supper at 5:00 and don't eat one bite after that.

After I am in bed, I lie on my back and relax all over. I lay my arms down, making them just as loose as I can. This is very important to do every evening. Another thing, say a nice little verse before falling asleep. In the morning I like to get outdoors and get some fresh air.

When I was a young woman I used to cry often, but I changed my route.

When we worry, we don't trust;
When we trust, we don't worry.

Happiness doesn't come from doing what we like to do, but from liking what we have to do. -A Grandmother

Are you bothered with nervousness? Here are a few things to consider:

1. First, there must be something that causes your nervous condition. Make every effort to find out the real reason for your suffering. Do not spare yourself.
2. Nerves may be caused by fear. Fear of the future, fear of what people will say about you, fear that you cannot meet your debts, and many other countless fears.
3. Supplant fear with faith in God. Let Him be your Burden-Bearer ("Casting all your cares on him, for he careth for you- " I Peter 5:7) Search the Bible and find all the other comforting verses— promises of God— that will help to strengthen your faith. Memorize the verses.
4. Pray often.
5. Nervousness may be caused by sin. Ask God to show you where you fail. Pray for true repentance and then confess your sins. Make every effort to right the wrongs you have committed.
6. Think good thoughts. Do not dwell on the terrible things you hear these days, and how times are going. Take all these things to God in prayer and leave them there. Think of all the nice things the people do for you, and what you can do for others. Banish all prejudice, evil-speaking of others, jealousy. Practice love and the Golden Rule in whatever you do.
7. If you don't think evil of your neighbors and speak against them, then you can face them with a free conscience. Give your love and love will return to you.
8. Don't worry what your neighbors think of you when you make blunders or when you don't have things as nice as they do. Turn your thoughts heavenward and know that God understands.
9. Don't try to exalt yourself by putting your neighbor to shame. Pride goes before destruction.
10. Are you nervous? Do not eat heavy meals in the evening. Drink catnip, skullcap and blue vervain tea.
11. When you think about the great amount of work you have and feel yourself getting tense, sit down a while even if it is a half hour or a full hour and do nothing. Get a hold of yourself. Calm down. Make yourself think— and believe— that the work will get done. Tell yourself, "I will do the most important things first. I will do what I can, God helping me."
12. If certain people make you nervous pray for more love toward them, more grace to be patient, and for tactfulness to keep from hurting them and to improve matters.
13. Pray. Hope. Love. △

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

The New Year lies before you
Like a spotless track of snow,
Be careful how you tread it
For every spot will show. -Anon.

Winter can be a dreary time but it has its lovely surprises. Last night I looked at the sky. It was like one solid dark blanket cast over us. Then all at once one of the girls wondered if there were fire in the west. I hurried to the window. It looked as if large flames shot upward from the horizon, but there was no smoke. We waited a few minutes and then we understood. The sun was bidding a glorious adieu which tinted the sky and made it plain that there was a rift in the clouds. It reminded me of our life's clouds. We think our sky is completely overcast and then the sun bursts through and our hopes are renewed. I'm reminded of the following verse: "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly" Psalm 84:11.

IT SEEMS LIKE A LONG time ago since the request came in for pancake mix. Quite a few responded by sending their pancake recipes, but only 1 mix recipe came in. I suppose someone could take any recipe and from it figure out proportions to make a handy mix with the dry ingredients. Some of the mothers consider their pancakes better than Aunt Jemima's.

Hettie Imhoff writes that sugar makes custards weep. She substitutes honey for part of the sugar and finds this solves the problem.

Speaking about sugar, we've discovered much less sugar can be used in some of the recipes, and the food is no less tasty; and in many instances molasses or honey can be substituted for sugar.

If you have trouble with cakes not wanting to come out of the pan, mix one part of flour to two parts of shortening and store this in a cold place. Grease the cake pan with this mixture before pouring in the batter.

Stains on oven-browned pie plates can be easily removed by soaking them in a strong solution of borax and water.

If at any time you wish to paint your oil cook stove, try 1/2 pint car enamel. This will assure you of a good job.

Place a wet cloth over the bottom of a glass and use this to press cookies flat. It is simpler and quicker than the flour method.

WE DISCOVERED A WAY to eliminate the last minute rush to find the lost combs and brushes. We took a piece of material wide enough to hold 13 combs—length about twice the length of a comb. I folded the material in 3/4, sewed up through the material often enough to make 13 pockets— the number of our family. This is similar to cloth pockets to hold silverware. We did the same with brushes and toothbrushes. Each name is on the pocket and on the comb. If anyone's comb is gone it's their own fault, and if found, everyone knows to whom it belongs. If the combs and brushes are plastic then they can be washed in the washing machine. They can often be bought at sales. This is a way to get rid of dandruff more easily. In the long run it isn't as expensive as it sounds. (We have them on the outside of the bathroom door to save some commotion.)

-M. E. Martin

GRIDDLE CAKES

1 1/3 cups flour
2 T. sugar
3 t. baking powder
1 egg
3/4 t. salt
1 1/4 cups milk
3 T. melted shortening or oil

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Grease skillet lightly for first pancakes only. Fry until puffy and bubbly. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup. Yield: 10-6 inch pancakes. -Mrs. David W. Imhoff

CORN FLOUR PANCAKES

2 cups flour
1/2 cup corn meal
1/2 cup wheat flour
1 t. soda
1/2 t. salt
2 eggs

Add buttermilk or sour milk for desired batter. More milk for thinner cakes; less for fat cakes.

Syrup: 2 parts brown sugar to 1 part water. Bring to a boil. Add maple flour. Use syrup while warm.

-Mrs. Demas E. Mast

WHOLE WHEAT PANCAKES

3 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups white flour
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 t. salt
1/2 cup shortening (very soft)
3 eggs
5 T. baking powder

Stir ingredients together. Add small amount of milk to stir out lumps. Add eggs and continue stirring until very smooth. Add shortening. Add milk until preferred consistency. -Mrs. Sidney Skrwsitb

GRANDMOTHER'S EASY PANCAKES

2 cups pastry flour
2 t. soda
1 egg
1/2 t. salt

Buttermilk or sour milk— enough to make a batter like a cake batter. -Mrs. Henry J. Miller

FEATHER LIGHT PANCAKE MIX

8 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1/8 cup soda
2 t. salt

To make pancakes beat 2 eggs well; add 1/4 cup vinegar and 2 cups milk and 1/4 cup soft shortening. Than add 2 1/4 cups mix, making the 1/4 cup quite full.

-Mrs. Thomas Jay Yoder

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

2 cups buckwheat flour	1/8 t. salt
2 eggs	1 1/2 cup milk
2 t. sugar	1/2 cup water
2 t. baking powder	

-Meyersdale, PA

WASHDAY DINNER

Use a large flat pan. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in it. Line the bottom of the pan with a thick layer of onion; then add a generous layer of potatoes. Sift 2 tablespoons of flour over this. Pour a can of tomato juice over the whole. Slice sausages thinly to cover the top. Add boiling water to cover. Salt to taste. Bake slowly for 3 hours. If sausages get too brown, turn them over. This is a Greek recipe and is so tasty that it will not be confined to washday only if once tried. -Mrs. C.J.M., Indiana

SHOO-FLY CAKE

Take 4 cups flour, 3/4 cups shortening, 2 cups brown sugar

Mix thoroughly. Take out 1 cup crumbs and keep for top; to the rest of the crumbs add 2 cups boiling water, 1 cup molasses, 1 T. soda.

Mix well; add remainder crumbs on top and bake (a large cake). Anyone who likes Shoo-fly cake will like this cake. -Pennsylvania

GRAHAM WAFERS

2 eggs	3/4 T. soda
1 cup lard	1 T. baking powder
2 cups brown sugar	2 cups white flour
1/2 cup sweet milk	4 cups graham flour

Roll about 1/4 inch thick (not more); cut and bake at 400 5 to 8 minutes. -Hettie Imhoff

CORN MEAL CRACKERS

1 cup corn meal	1 T. oil
1/2 t. salt	7/8 cup boiling water

Make balls with 1 tablespoon of mixture. Put on oiled sheet and press flat before baking. Bake at 400° until golden— about 20 minutes.

-Mrs. J.H.M., Pennsylvania

A Mother's Pledge

I will do my part to make our home a happy place of work, play, love, and worship. I will keep a sense of humor and learn to laugh, even at myself, making it a habit to exercise my smiling muscles more and my tear ducts less.

I will give Christ His place in my heart and in our home, engage often in private periods of Bible reading and prayer, and do all I can to have regular worship periods for the whole family. By example and teaching, I will do my part toward loyal church membership and attendance for each family member. I will practice the presence of God in my daily work and contacts, that I may be be able to meet calmly any experience that may come.

I will encourage my husband in his work and interests, express my love to him frequently, and be a good companion to him mentally, physically, and spiritually. When misunderstandings come, I will be quick to forgive and ask forgiveness that our love may be renewed again and again.

I will seek to understand and enjoy our children and to appreciate each one for what he can do. I will never punish to relieve my inner feelings, but rather to bring good into the lives of our children. I will lead them to an appreciation of beautiful literature, singing, and the world of nature about us. I will lead them to appreciate and befriend all people and to live above petty grievances and neighborhood gossip. I will take time to read, talk and listen to our children, answer honestly all their questions about life, teach them about eternal life and lead them to a knowledge of Christ, and to a fear of God. I will prepare them for happy, useful living in His name.

I will maintain an interest in people and affairs outside our home. I will let world needs and Christian teaching regulate my spending and not the "Joneses". I will PRAY, GIVE, and GO as God leads me to help those in physical or spiritual need.

I will observe the Golden Rule in my role as mother and later as mother-in-law and grandmother. Realizing my own imperfections, I will not expect perfection in others.

I will look upon this life as only a part of God's great plan for me. I will keep busy and happy, with an enthusiasm for life, but with my face set toward my Father's house of many mansions.

God helping me, this is the kind of person I will be, that my life may be a blessing to my husband, to our children and the generations to come, to the church and to the world. -Selected

Some Mothers Write

Having a baby born on Christmas Day, our little 4-year-old was telling someone what her brothers got as presents, then she said, "And Mom and I each got a dolly." - A Mother

For perfect quickie aprons for your toddlers when they want to help with the dishes— fold a bath towel in half over a string or ribbon and tie it way up under their arms. Gives over-all protection.

-From a mother of three little dishwashers

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Let us look ahead
and prepare,
and not look back
and despair.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

Perfect Through Suffering

God would never send you the darkness
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a painful thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends the blinding darkness
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer someone behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And well...if your lips do quiver—
God will love you the better so.
Selected by Mary Swartzentruber

THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS

My friend Lucy never walked alone after she was nine. Nevertheless, she was a cheerful and pleasant, plump bit of humanity. She was non-Amish but a regular church goer. Lucy didn't care for the fancy churches but found one that was attended by plain country people.

Because we both drove around on a wheelchair, we found each other good company and spent many a happy day together. Her dad was known as a well-to-do farmer, but Lucy wanted to be independent. She and her parents did not share the same faith. Lucy had a business mind, but even then she often complained of financial troubles. (I sometimes really wondered if it were as serious as she had said.)

"You're lucky," she would say to me, "for the Amish help their poor along, but I don't get any help from our people. They just don't seem to care."

I began to realize how lucky a handicap is, when he was born among the plain people....among Christian people. I had to recall the many times when people had hospital bills and other people willingly helped without thinking of a recompense.

My mind traced back to the many times through the years when I needed something. The God who has cattle on a thousand hills knew my problem. There was no need to complain or to tell others of my financial condition. God knew, and He could do something about it. He helped the children of Israel and kept their shoes and dress from wearing out for forty years, and He could also help me.

At a time when I didn't have a regular income, I was faced with a summer of doctoring and dentist bills. I was not well. One day I counted my change. My wealth consisted of a dollar and a few measly coins in my purse (yes, I did own a purse— though small) My faith wavered. I fought back tears as I tried to sing. The words came heartlessly, through a throat that seemed to choke me...but on I sang. Faith is not for times that all goes well, but to see us through times of adversity and trials. After a while I felt better. When I went to town again to the doctor, I opened my purse. There was barely enough to cover that day's expenses.. but there was enough.

The next time I went, I again found enough money in my purse. I took one step at a time and didn't look ahead. At times the mailman would bring me an unsigned envelope with maybe $5 or $10 dollars in it. I didn't know from whom it came, but God knew. I thanked Him for I knew that He opened someone's heart, and I knew that He in turn would bless that person richly.

By the time the summer was passed, my expenses were paid. I wondered where all the money had come from.

When I told my non-Amish friend of this experience, it was no wonder she considered me lucky. I was lucky for I had a Friend who knew all my trials without being told, and He moved other friends to help me.

There were many such amazing incidents but one stands out in particular. I had heard a distant friend was ill. He lived in a community where I had never been. I longed to go and see him, so I studied the map to estimate the distance and expense. Only the few in our family knew of my planning. Silently and secretly I contemplated about the supposed trip, wondering if I should go, even if it's expensive.

Within a few days an envelope arrived from an unknown distant friend. A note was enclosed which read, "God has laid it on my heart to send this so that you can go and see a friend." The envelope held the correct amount...the amount that I had estimated the trip would cost me.

Yes, I am lucky...lucky that I am a handicap among the plain people. And lucky to have a God that owns cattle on a thousand hills and knows my need.

"For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills" Psalm 50:10.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our front page cover for this month was sketched by Edna H. Graber of Shipshewana, Indiana. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Graber.

THE COLD WINTER

I wonder how many remember the year 1917 and 1918, how cold it was and the deep snow. In December it started snowing; every morning it was zero. Some days the sun would come out so nice but the snow did not melt. One Sunday it snowed and blowed so hard the people could hardly go to church. The weather did not break up all through January. In February one morning I woke up and the windows were rattling. I heard Dad get up and go from one stove to another to keep the fires burning. A strong wind was blowing; it was zero cold and snowing. That was on a Friday. On Saturday it let up a little. We did not have things as people do now. We had to thaw the pump and carry water into the house for there was no running water in the house like people have now.

When the storm finally ceased, the snow was higher than the fences in many places. The roads were closed and they had to open the fences and go through the fields. There were no snow plows in those times. The men went in groups and shovelled a path through the snow banks so they could get through. Each neighborhood had to see that it had a way to get to town. In many places the drifts were higher than the buggies.

It was March before the snow finally melted. Then it got nice and warm and the people started plowing for oats. I believe it was the coldest winter I ever went through. -Indiana Grandmother

* * *

WHEN SNOWFLAKES COME DRIFTING DOWN

We hear so much about having to stay inside during the winter. I wonder why people don't get out more and enjoy winter? Is it maybe because they think they wouldn't look fancy enough if they were really bundled up so they'd be warm? Wouldn't everyone who is able to, be healthier if they went outside a little every day?

I have always enjoyed winter. I wish I could share the feeling I get when I look out on a snow-covered world. Or when the snowflakes are drifting down, I just feel like rejoicing! It seems that snow sends excitement, exhilaration and new life pulsing through my body. To me a cold snow-covered day is a lot more challenging than a warm summer day. It's such fun to be out in the snow. Come on, bundle up, come out and find out how much fun winter can really be. -H., Indiana

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year! the future path lies hidden
And shadows seem to fall across the way;
Press on! a light before thee shineth
Yet more and more unto the perfect day.

Another year! the days are growing evil
And Satan threat'ning dark forebodings send;
Fear not! thy Lord hath surely spoken,
"Lo, I am with you, even unto the end."

Another year! the land is parched and thirsty;
Our souls are faint, low droops the precious grain
Plead on! Elijah's God will answer
And pour in might floods, the latter rain.

Another year! we wait with eager longing.
The hour is late, midnight comes on apace.
Look up! redemption's day is dawning;
Perhaps this year we'll see our Bridegroom's face!

Notice concerning:

Die Botschaft

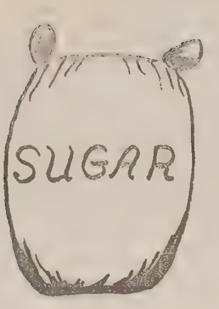
There will be a delay of perhaps several months in beginning publication of Die Botschaft. More subscriptions will be needed than originally planned. The price is $7.00 per year. Anyone wishing to subscribe who has not yet done so, it would be appreciated if you would send in your subscription before the last of January. Mail to Ezra Wagler, R.3, Bowling Green, Mo. 63334.

ANSWERS TO GERMAN QUIZ from page 16

1. anstatt B. Instead of, in the place of "...König war anstatt seines Vaters Herodes..." Mt. 2:22
2. Berg A. mountain, hill "...mit sich auf einen sehr hohen Berg..." Mt. 4:8
3. dermaleinst B. in the future, hereafter. "...auf dasz dich der Widersacher nicht dermaleinst überantworte..." Mt. 5:25.
4. Eid D. oath "...Du sollst keinen falschen Eid tun..." Mt. 5:33.
5. erforschte B. searched into, explored, investigated "...und erforschte von ihnen, wo Christus sollte geboren werden." Mt. 2:4.
6. fegen A. purge, sweep, wipe, clean, winnow "...er wird seine Tenne fegen, und den Weizen..." Mt. 3:12.
7. fliehe D. flee, run away, escape "...zu dir, und fliehe in Egyptenland..." Mt. 2:13.
8. freiet B. marry "... und wer eine Abgeschiedene freiet, der bricht die Ehe." Mt. 5:32.
9. Kleid C. raiment, garment, clothes, "...ein Kleid von Kameelhaaren..." Mt. 3:4.
10. Lohn D. reward, compensation, wages. "...was werdet ihr für Lohn haben?" Mt. 5:46.
11. Mund B. mouth, muzzle, opening, or vent. "...das durch den Mund Gottes gehet." Mt. 4:4.
12. rief A. called, summoned, shouted "...dasz sie ihre Netze flickten; und er rief sie." Mt. 4:21.
13. schmähen C. revile, belittle, insult, slander, abuse, despise. "...um meinetwillen schmähen und verfolgen..." Mt. 5:11.
14. selig B. blessed, happy, blissful. "Selig sind, die da geistlich arm sind..." Mt. 5:3.
15. Stern C. star "...Wir haben seinen Stern gesehen im Morgenlande..." Mt. 2:2
16. Trübsal D. affliction, distress, misery, sorrow, woe "...die Waisen und Wittwen in ihrer trübsal besuchen, und..." Ja. 1:27.
17. umlagern A. enclose, surround closely, besiege "...und mit deinem heiligen Engelen umlagern, ..." Christenpflicht.
18. warfen B. cast, threw, flung, tossed "...die warfen ihre Netze in das Meer..." Mt. 4:13.
19. wende D. turn away, turn, change "..und wende dich nicht von dem, der dir abborgen will." Mt. 5:42.
20. wieder C. again, anew, once more, afresh "...so saget mir's wieder, dasz ich auch komme..." Mt. 2:3.

DID YOU KNOW: In proper German the s is pronounced like Z in zone, ex., sagen, Sonne. At the end of a word or syllable, s is pronounced like s in son, ex., das, was, Gras, Wasser.

THE WORLD AROUND US



TIME TO DROP THE SUGAR STANDARD

Recently when the high price of sugar was being discussed, the remark was made, "I think it's time we got off the sugar standard." Years ago the economy of the nation was tied to the gold standard. Today, it seems as if the welfare of the people is in some way related to the amount of sugar they can get.

With the price of sugar going toward a dollar a pound there was some talk of doing without it. "But we need the sugar for energy," was the claim that was brought forward. Is this really true, or could we do with less? Several years ago sugar could be bought for ten cents a pound. Then it jumped to twenty cents, then to thirty and on up the scale. There was no shortage of sugar, but for some reason the price kept going up. It is safe to assume that if the average housewife would have cut down on the amount of sugar she used by as much as ten per cent, to say nothing of twenty-five or fifty per cent, the price of sugar would never have gone to where it is today.

A year ago it was meat that was high priced. But the average working man had the money to spend and he would not once consider the possibility of cutting down on meat or sugar. The only thing that was done was to complain about the high prices. Let us examine closely the part that sugar plays in our diets to see if we are really justified in spending so much money for sugar.

In school we learned that there are three main kinds of foods. Protein is necessary for growth and for constantly rebuilding the building blocks of the body. We have already discussed the part that protein plays in our diet (see "Biggest Waste In The World," February 1974 issue). The other two classes of foods are carbohydrates and fats. Both of these are energy foods that supply fuel to keep the body warm and moving. Persons who are active need large amounts of these foods. Carbohydrates come mostly from plants and are in the form of starches and sugars. Fats come mostly from animal products (meat and milk), although oil from soybeans and certain other plants also furnishes considerable amounts of fat.

Sugar is classed as a carbohydrate. In fact, refined white sugar is 100% carbohydrates for it contains no protein, no fat, no minerals, no vitamins, no, nothing else, just carbohydrates. It is the richest possible energy food for one pound, containing 1,796 calories, all heat energy.

Let us take a look into history to see whether anyone was ever able to survive without sugar. Records show that the sugar cane plant was grown in India a thousand years before the time of Christ. At that time the pulp of the plant was chewed for the sweet sap, much like children today chew the stalks of cane sorghum. Later it was discovered that the sap could be boiled and dark brown wafers made. For many centuries this is what was known as sugar but since it fermented easily in warm weather, it could not be kept long.

Around the seventh century A. D. the sugar cane plant was brought to Europe and cultivated in Italy and Spain. Christopher Columbus brought cuttings on his second journey to the New World and started sugar plantations in the West Indies where the crop did very well.

At around 1400 A. D. an inventor in Venice, Italy, (which was then the sugar capital of the world) began to refine the sugar a little further and molded it into loaves and cones. For more than 400 years after this, all sugar was molded into these shapes before it was sold. During this time it was an expensive luxury, and only the rich could afford to buy it. In England, in 1742, sugar sold for $2.75 a pound. Compared to this, it is still cheap at today's price!

Return Addresses:
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Refined white sugar, as we know it, did not come upon the scene until the nineteenth century. As late as 1850, the average housewife did not use any white sugar and the children very rarely had a piece of candy.

Since that time sugar refineries have been built that will refine the raw sugar through a series of complicated processes until we have the common white granulated sugar, a product which the average American family would not think it possible to do without! How did it come about that this product has been able to claim such an important place on our tables and in our daily lives within the past 100 years?

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

REGRETS TOO LATE

● The story "I Can't Stand That Smell" (December issue) has a lot of truth in it. Why is it that some parents regret their shortcomings and failures only when it is too late and the children have taken their own way against the parents' wishes. This could maybe have been curbed at a young age. The same applies to 3,4 and 5-year-olds who have to have the purse full of goodies to eat in church services, and a jar of water to drink and then beads and toys to play with. My husband being a minister, I had the boys to discipline in church. When one of our boys became a bit unruly, Dad told me to take him out on the porch and give him a little spanking which hurt me as much as it did him. But after that, he could sit still in church, and so it was with the next ones which also needed it. It seems to me the more they have to play with and eat, the more unsettled they are. I am a strong believer in teaching at a young age.

-Wallenstein, Ontario

WIFE AND MOTHER WERE CRYING

● The article "I Can't Stand That Smell" caused me to do some deep thinking. How sorrowful it is when children turn out like that. I once knew a son who grew up in the extremes. This boy's dad offered him 15¢ an hour to work for him but the boy's mother offered him 20¢ an hour not to. Or at least, that is the way we heard it. He grew up stealing and running from the cops, but his mother could always help him out. Finally he married and had a family. What I remember most was one day I passed their place and saw him pleasant looking but his mother and his wife were both crying.

-Pennsylvania

MORE SALAD, LESS SICKNESS

● I wish to compliment the writer of the article "Two Little Boys With A Problem" (December issue) for having the nerve to condemn our Amish ways of cooking and eating. When I was young, I often wondered what it meant when the preachers said something about "fressa und saufa." Of course "saufa" meant taking of strong drink but what about "fressa?" Was it to eat like the animals?

The last few years I have spent some time studying nature, health and nutrition and have come to the opinion that "fressa" is stuffing the stomach with foods good to the taste without stopping to think whether it has food value or is good for the body. Isn't it just as necessary that people be warned against the one as the other? Shouldn't they both be punished in the same manner since they are both mentioned together in Galatians 5:21?

The next time before we dig into that delicious dessert, perhaps we should ask ourselves, "Should I take this dessert or would it be better to take another helping of that nutritious salad instead?

During the last few years since we are giving more attention to what we eat I would sooner eat a bowl of salad than a bowl of that sweet dessert. Could it be possible that the Lord lets some sicknesses come upon man because of his sins of bad eating habits?

- Pennsylvania

SIMPLICITY GOES WITH NOURISHMENT

● "Two Little Boys With A Problem" reminds me of what I read in Farm Journal about the starving nations who blame us for being cannibals indirectly because we eat so much meat. We know it takes around 7 pounds of grain to put one pound of meat on a steer and even half of a steer is waste! Some nations in the world are discouraging cattle feeding by enforcing higher prices on grain that goes for fattening cattle, than for human consumption.

Most of the finery in our cooking comes because of the refining and milling nearly everything out of the grain except the "wallpaper paste." This is the part we use for cooking and baking, and feed the wholesome parts to the cattle. It is amazing how far we have drifted from the simplicity in Christ. We claim to worship the greatest King the world ever had or will have, and yet, what did He feed his guests. No seven sweets and seven sours, no banana cream pie or dream whip pudding, just brown bread and fish. I don't want to be critical of what we eat, but we must remember that simplicity and nourishment go together and that simplicity excludes many modern refined products which yield themselves so easily to "cookbookery" and overeating.

-Liverpool, Pa.

SWEETS NOT ESSENTIAL

● The story, "Two Little Boys With A Problem" was well written and should make many of us concerned about our own eating habits. It is hard to realize that in this world millions are undernourished while others are gorging themselves with rich foods. It should make us feel guilty, very guilty (guilty enough to do something about it). It would be much easier for us to keep from overeating if we would shun, or cut to a bare minimum those sweet taste-pleasing puddings, pies, ice cream, candies and cakes loaded with icing. These are not essential to our well being.

A lot of us could also do with a lot less meat. For many people in this world, meat is only an occasional luxury. I once read a statement which said for every pound of meat we eat, we are depriving the world of eight pounds of grain. At any rate we are only stewards over our bodies, our goods and the land we farm. Some day we must give account of our stewardship. By being a better steward, somebody's meager meal could maybe be enriched.

-M.W. Martin, Pa.

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FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
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Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072
PRINTED IN CANADA

SOMETHING TO HELP

● I completely agree with "Two Little Boys With A Problem." The Bible speaks against the sin of overeating, yet most of us are guilty of it at times. Often while preparing cake and pies, I am reminded of the rich man and Lazarus. Can't we do something to help the hungry people? Maybe you could sometime print an article on that. -Pennsylvania

EDITORS NOTE: Here is one address you may be interested in: Heifer Project International, P.O. Box 808, Little Rock, Arkansas, 72203

EVILS IN THE CHURCH?

● I would encourage everyone to read "One Man Can Do Something" in the December issue of Family Life. It tells of what is being done in Russia to extinguish the churches and in our own country how young people waste their lives in sin. I have heard it said years ago that the evils come into the churches first and then into the government. We have heard lots during the past few years about dishonesty in government. Could this mean that there is also corruption in some of our churches? Are there some of the leaders who are determined to have their own way even though the members do not agree?

It is time that each one takes his stand to get the evil out of the church for truly "One Man Can Do Something."

-J. M., Maryland

FOR THE SAKE OF SERVING GOD

● I agree with the editor of Family Life (December issue) that our Amish clothes should not be loaned out to non-Amish people. We wear them for the sake of serving God as best we know how. When others who do not believe in wearing plain clothes wear them it is for an altogether different purpose.

Now that we are on the subject, I think by dressing up dolls in Amish clothes and selling them to non-Amish people we may also be casting our religious principles before those who "veracht" the teachings of nonconformity. -Ontario

ONE WAY TO LOSE RESPECT

● I know of a bishop who lost a lot of respect he had among the non-Amish in his community by loaning out his hat and "mutza" (coat) to a non-church group of people who were putting on a play. It was called "Shotgun Wedding" and the clothes were used to dress up like an Amish minister. We felt, too, that the clothes should have been considered a more "sacred" garb than to use it for such a purpose.

-Name and State Withheld

LIKES HER HAIR HANGING DOWN

● I agree with the answer given in the December issue about the braiding of hair. I think it is true that for some people one thing may be all right and for others not. In churches where they have never worn their hair braided, I don't think it would be right to change their ordnung. But in other churches they have always had it this way; in our church this is the only thing we were ever used to.

It's like you said, many things aren't wrong, it's only when some individual comes along and brings it up and gets some people to listen to him. That is when confusion sets in and causes a lot of mixed up feelings.

Some people have to work hard against a certain thing and others don't. It reminds me of our little preschooler. She always wanted me to wash her hair. Finally I came to realize it was just so she could have her hair hanging down (while they dry), and then she likes to look like the non-Amish neighbor's little girls. I certainly didn't like the idea of our little girl having the feeling that she wants to be like the children in the world. When I said no, it made her rebellious. So I tried to explain to her the best I could why we as Christians want to have our hair worn in braids. Also to keep them together and tidy. She seemed to understand and wanted to be obedient. How easy to work with them when they are small. How easy is the way to Heaven as long as we can be child-like and humble-minded. The more things we yearn for and aren't content with the old ordnung, the harder we make our way to Heaven. How sad if we missed it altogether.

-Narvon, Pa.

ONE CURE FOR HEADACHE

● I often wondered why I would get such a bad headache whenever we went to visit on Sundays, or on days when we would go on a trip. Sometimes I didn't mind it at all but most times it was pretty bad by the time I got home. I came to the conclusion that it is something I will just have to live with.

Since that time we have moved to a different community and I hardly have any trouble at all. The air is different here but there is a reason why the air is different as it is not filled with smoke. We take our daughter to a doctor ans on such trips I usually get headache if we have a driver who smokes. One time we had a driver who didn't smoke and then I didn't get headache. I am now convinced that it is caused by smoking. I believe I am not alone, that there are many other people, too, who are affected by smoking the same way I am. Anyone who smokes should stop and think of how many people he might be making sick.

I have been in groups where the conversation turned to growing tobacco. Some say it isn't worse than raising grain for some of that is used for making beer and whiskey. But I know mine isn't for I feed it to the cattle. Only a small percentage of grain goes for liquors. Some say tobacco is used to make sprays and yet they sell it to the cigar company. Such people should stop and think that if it makes such a good spray to kill insects, what will it do to the person who smokes or chews it? There are many people in the world who would like to stop smoking and can't quit. The person who raises tobacco makes it worse. The less people who raise it, the harder it is to get and would make it easier to quit.

One man told me tobacco can't be that wrong or God wouldn't have put it on the earth. God put weeds and thistles on the earth, too. If tobacco would be considered where it really belongs, in the class with weeds and thistles, then there would be a lot less trouble with it. Most people who start using tobacco do it so they can be seen of men as big. That is a great sin as the Bible says except we humble ourselves and become as little children we cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven. Some use tobacco for pleasure. Would smoking be a godly pleasure?

One of the last commands my mother gave me was, "Don't use tobacco." How thankful I am that I could tell her I don't. If I had waited till now to stop, it would be eleven years too late for she went to meet the Lord soon after she said that. I have also seen many people light a smoke when they have trouble or are worried. That i a good time to call upon the Lord for help instead of depending on a cigarette or cigar. I am afraid we can actually make an idol out of it. -Paul Sauder

AN ARTICLE ON SHOWING RESPECT

● I have never seen anything in Family Life about this subject but I think the behaviour around here is downright disgusting at funerals. It's not wrong to visit quietly with friends and relatives many of whom we don't get to see often, but is all the loud giggling and laughter necessary? Does it fit to the black dresses which are worn at funerals?

But the worst of all is when the grieving family views the body of their dear departed one for the last time. Such a pushing, shoving and stretching of necks to see how "they take it." At a recent funeral some even crawled up on the buggy wheels and some inside the meeting house stood on the benches to look out the windows! I think we should be able to show some genuine sympathy and conduct ourselves decently at such a time or perhaps it would be better to stay at home.

-Fed Up In Pennsylvania

HELP FOR THE HIRED BOYS

● We have been having problems with our two oldest boys but now since reading the story about hired boys in Family Life (see November issue) we have been able to help them better. The oldest one is a very slow learner and also rather shy around strangers. The second one learns very easily, he always talked for the older one in school until the teacher sat them far apart. At home the oldest one always worked better and faster, and so willing to work. He never complained when the second one didn't help him. The second one usually played around a lot, never cared whether he got his work done or not, and almost seemed lazy. He was also mischievous and seemed to be trying to do everything he knew he was not supposed to. It seemed like he enjoyed being scolded and paddled.

We felt we had a pretty big problem, but since reading the John Miller story we tried to get each boy to work alone instead of always together. We praised the second one when he did his work well (even if he didn't do it as good as the oldest one) and tried to show lots of love and patience. Right away we saw a great change in him. Now he needs very few scoldings. He was also at home from school a few days to help (the oldest one wasn't) and he seemed so different on those days. He even offered to help me in the house and wanted to take care of his baby brother.

-From Parents Who Have Profited by Reading
Your Papers, Wisconsin.

FIVE RULES FOR HIRING OUT

● I think it is a good thing to hire out boys and girls to work if some caution is used. I learned a lot from working at different places. Each farmer had his own way of doing things and I often think back to the different methods that were used. I feel the experience helped to build my character both in spiritual and material things. A person learns submission and obedience if he had not learned it before. But there are some things to be careful of. Here are some rules I have written down.

1. Don't hire out too young. I think it would be better to wait until they are out of school.
2. Don't stay too long at one place, never more than two years. If they stay too long, they get to know each other too well and will take advantage of each other.
3. Try to get home to the family over every weekend. This will keep family ties strong.
4. Don't go for the highest dollar, or the farmer will work you too hard to try to get his money's worth.
5. Try it for a year or two and then stay at home for a year.

I was 13 when I started working out and stayed at other people's homes except for weekends until I was married. I often felt distant and left out of the family at home. -Da. Knecht.

NO REST FOR THE HIRED GIRL

● Another hired girl story! As a young girl of 16 years of age, I, too, worked in several homes in our neighborhood. Some memories from these experiences help me to realize how important it is to observe the Golden Rule.

In working in these homes, I don't remember once being allowed even 15 minutes for a brief rest after the noon meal. This may not be important to some, as it was to me, just the relaxing of the body for several minutes works wonders in facing the work again.

Now that I am a mother myself, I realize there is much work involved in running a home smoothly. However, there are many things that can wait. There is a balance we need to find in doing the most important first and the rest will eventually get done, also. I'm not in favor of laziness and at some times of the year there are things that need to be done at once such as canning etc. to avoid waste. But then there are other days when the work is not so pressing and we mothers should be happy to allow some resting time for our hired girls.

-Iowa

AN UNDERSTANDING HUSBAND

● I want to write a few words of appreciation for those busy mothers who write in for the Across The Window Sill page to say how they have it. We have 9 children under 13 years of age and our house never stays clean very long. At times I begin to wonder if it's just because I'm a poor manager and then it gives me strength to keep trying when I read of others who have similar experiences. It is especially trying when we hear remarks from others about our untidy homes or how messy the kitchen looks after the pre-schooler washed the dishes. This is the only way they can learn and also the only way the dishes will get washed on those days when the baby is colicky or several of the children are sick.

At times I have felt deeply humiliated to have company drop in unexpectedly when the house is at its worst. It seems this is usually the time company comes. Afterwards my husband will say, "Why should you feel bad? It doesn't bother me."

Then I feel ashamed of myself. After all, it's more important to love and care for the little children while we have them, than to have a spotless home. Then I thank God over and over for giving me such an understanding husband for without him, the load would be twice as heavy. -Indiana

TOO MUCH VITAMINS

● We read quite a bit about taking vitamins but I wonder if healthy people need extra vitamins. Our bodies were so created to produce their own vitamins from the food we eat, providing we eat wholesome food. What happens when you feed a batch of pigs lots of extra vitamins in their feed? You may find yourself out of feed for a few days so you feed them other feed which does not contain these extra vitamins. There is a chance the pigs will become sick because it takes them awhile to start making their own vitamins again. It is the sudden change that does the damage. The same thing can happen to the human body.

I once heard a man who believes in natural eating and living make the statement that he thinks a person should not take large amounts of Vitamin C. He said it's like hitching a horse to a buggy and making him run down the road real fast. Then take a whip and give the horse a few cracks to make him run still faster. The same thing happens with too much Vitamin C. It whips your liver into action and he felt this is hard on your body.

-Baltic, Ohio

A BETTER WAY TO SHOW IT

● I agree wholeheartedly with the letter written "To Grandpa and Grandma" in the December issue. The same thing could also be said about those who supply small children with chewing gum about every time the children go to "Daudys." What annoys me is when the children come home with gum squeezed into their Sunday clothes, hair or shoes. My father and mother never gave our children much gum or candy and they loved them just as much as the others. Sometimes they gave other things such as a little dish or something to remember them by. Another thing I don't like is to see adults chewing gum continuously or in church. What can we tell our little ones if they see big ones doing it? I've also seen grandparents, or nieces or nephews give children gum or candy if they want them to do something, if they won't do it any other way. I feel this spoils the children.

-A Mother of Small Children

NO SALT NEEDED

● The article about salt in the December issue is interesting but I am wondering about the statement that anyone on a vegetable diet will develop a craving for salt and eat it by the handful when they can get it. After reading a few books about the lacto-vegetarian diet, and trying it for several months, this is hard to believe. The lacto-vegetarian diet is very simple; lots of vegetables and fruit (mostly raw), grains, seeds, nuts, milk and milk products including yogurt, buttermilk and sour milk. No meat, salt, sugar or white flour. Herb tea instead of coffee.

This diet has cured many persons who suffered from disabling diseases. None of the writers reported a craving for salt among their patients. There is natural salt in the food we eat.

-Pennsylvania

DANGEROUS BUSINESS

● It is surprising what chances children will sometimes take in trying to show off. This fall I saw a boy try to jump over the belt while they were filling silo. He landed on the belt and slipped off. This was dangerous business but he thought it was smart. I am writing this only to save others from being hurt in such mishaps. Beware!

-Millmont, Pa

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ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Sometime ago we received an article on Revelations. We were reluctant to even read it because about 99% of such articles that we have ever read are so deep that we get bogged down trying to follow what they teach. We have tended to shy away from the subject because we have seen so often that if someone gets too much involved trying to explain everything in Revelations, they end up not being able to explain the other 26 books of the New Testament, some of which contain just as much information about the end of the world.

Imagine our surprise, then, to find a very readable and enlightening article, perhaps one of the best we have ever read on the subject.

It still leaves many questions unanswered and we can't say we agree with it altogether. We are printing it as food for thought, hopefully it will throw some light on the times in which the book was written. It is presented as one man's opinion on the subject. It is doubtful that the article will change the minds of those who are strongly millennium minded nor whether they will be able to change the author's mind. His name and address is included. He does not want to become involved in a lot of arguments over this matter. However if you have any comments either for or against and can give them in a Christian way, then you may send them either to him or to us. But please bear in mind that the Old Order Amish and Old Order Mennonites have for generations been Ammillennialists and chances are, will remain that way in the foreseeable future.

Newspaper and magazine articles about the Amish are a common thing today. But it was not always so. A hundred years ago there was really nothing so unusual about someone who drove horse and buggy, sewed their own clothes, wore black hats, baked their own bread and had their own schools. All this has changed, the average people in the world think it would be utterly impossible that they could live the way their forefathers lived a hundred years ago. The Plain People have changed much less and this is what makes them unique in the eyes of the world. That is why newspapers will devote a lot of space to something that a century ago would have been the accepted thing.

In this issue you will find a copy of one of the first articles ever to be printed about the Amish. It is interesting to notice that the tactics used in that article have not changed in all this time. The author kept her eyes open to learn what she could and what she didn't know, she guessed. Some of her guesses are correct, others are outright ridiculous. That still seems to be the way with articles that appear in the papers today.

When you read an article or a problem in Family Life do you sometimes feel sure you know who it's about? Well, maybe you do and maybe you don't. In any article where it would be embarrassing to the characters concerned, we try to disguise or camouflage the characters so they will not be recognized. By changing minor details, the identity of the characters can be hidden. The purpose of the article is to teach a lesson, not to embarrass anyone. These magazines go into nearly all the different communities where there are plain people.

Suppose you got involved in some kind of transaction and made some mistakes of which you would be thoroughly ashamed of. No doubt you would be hoping no one will put your name in the paper, and yet you would be glad if others could be warned that they do not make the same mistake you did. That is what we try to do, retain the lesson, but not disclose who it was that did it.

In many of the letters and articles, nothing is changed and yet many people are mistaken as to who wrote it. Sometime ago a mother wrote a letter mentioning that in their family there are very few girls and that their third son was baptized lately. Several people thought they knew exactly who this was but what they didn't know was that none of them was even a thousand miles close.

So the next time you think you recognize someone on the pages of Family Life, just don't be so sure. Maybe you are right, maybe you are not. (P.S. If you really want to know who wrote a certain article, then just drop us a letter in the mail asking who it was. The answer you will get is always the same, "Your letter has been forwarded to the author and you may hear from him soon." Usually the author of the article will be able to tell whether the request is genuine or not.)

Response to the "Maturity In Marriage" question was again encouraging for this month. As the editor who takes care of that department points out, we got less replies but most of them had more to say. In fact the one letter would make an article in itself. But we believe there are still many others who could have written and didn't, who perhaps are guilty of not using their talent.

For example, we didn't get one letter from people who felt they were geared the same. Surely there are some who are, and we would have been glad to hear the advantages and disadvantages of that. We did hear a hired girl relate how she once worked at a place where the man and his wife were both geared the same. In this case they were both slow geared, never in a hurry, no excitement, no yelling at each other, no getting nervous. But there were also some disadvantages. They were always late for meals and for everything else. The work in the house was pushed off from morning to evening, from one day to the next, lots of things were started and never finished. They started building a house and finally got the cellar part done and moved into it. That is where they are living today. When I told this girl that she should write up this story and send it in to Family Life she said, "I'm afraid they would recognize themselves, but no, they don't get Family Life for they would never have time to read it anyhow."

This month's "What Do You Think" answers do a good job in bringing out the responsibilities of both the borrower and the lender. This reminds me of many years ago when I was a boy, there lived in our neighborhood a man who was fairly well-to-do. He had a good set of extension ladders and the neighbors borrowed them so often that most of the time they weren't at home. Since he wanted to have them around the farm in case of emergency or fire, he finally found a solution that worked real well. He bought a second pair of ladders. Then when someone came to borrow them, he would say, "There is a set of ladders here but it is not the ones I lend out. So and so borrowed them and I guess you'll either have to wait till he brings them home or go and see if he is finished."

Now after these many years the fact still stands out plainly that this man had a way of teaching a much needed lesson about a good thing which can be overdone. The nice part about it was that he did it without losing any friends. Who could argue or feel bad about a man like that?

This same principle no doubt holds true in many things in life. There is always a best way to do something and it is seldom the thing which comes naturally. We have to watch ourselves, and get a hold of ourselves to try and do the right thing at the right time in the right way.

Do you live in an area where there is a parochial school? If so, you may be contacted before long to see if you need any Pathway Books. This year Pathway is having another school sale, the first since 1971, which means that the children will have the opportunity of selling Pathway books (magazines are not included) to earn money for buying books for the school. Other years they would get only 10% whereas this year they will get 20% credit but it must be used in buying books for the school.

The last time we had a school sale, I visited a family, that lived only a short distance from a parochial school, a few weeks after the sale was over. "Say, would you send me those two new books? I was going to order them through the school sale but forgot it," my friend said. I thought this was much to be regretted as their own school could just as well have benefitted by the extra income.

We believe this happens many times over and over again. So please give attention when you are asked about the books and place your order at once so it will not be forgotten.

Any school may take part in this sale but the teacher must let us know that they want to participate. If you have not been contacted, there is still time to enter. Write to: School Sale, c/o Pathway Publishers, Route 4 Aylmer, Ontario. N5H 2R3, and ask for the catalog and forms.

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PATHWAY PEN POINTS

AN UNBREAKABLE STONE

One day while trying to break up an old cement floor we came upon a large concrete block that was used for a footer that supported a pillar. We dug it out but it was too heavy to carry. The only way to get it away was to break it up. So I took a heavy sledge and began pounding it. I kept trying for about two hours. Finally I threw the sledge down and said, "It can't be broken."

My helper grinned as he picked up the sledge. He carefully sized up the stone, gave it a good solid blow and it fell into three pieces. Of course I stood there dumbfounded.

Almost immediately my thoughts went back several years to a young man who couldn't give himself up to join church. His parents and the ministers often pleaded with him with tears in their eyes to give himself up.

He would just laugh and make fun of them. It made you think he had a heart of stone.

One Sunday a minister from a distant state came to visit and took part in the services. He knew nothing of this boy's life but the sermon came in such a way that the boy was moved. Afterwards he remarked, "It was just the way he said it. You couldn't turn it down."

The minister went home and probably never found out that the few words that God gave him to speak broke this boy's heart of stone with one blow. It is not always the hard blows that do the most good. So often all it takes is a word spoken at the right time in the right way.

I believe many ministers feel they have an unthankful task. They may not realize until the judgement day that the few faithful words they have given have crushed many hearts of stone. -J. Graber, Ohio

IF THEY HAD ONLY KNOWN

It was a very warm Sunday in July when a visiting bishop came to preach at our services. Only a very few knew that he and his wife were coming.

Some had gone to visit a public flower garden (these were young folks). Others had gone visiting in other church districts and attended church services there. A few couples had taken their lunch and gone to the hills on a picnic. Some were on trips and had not come back yet. Some stayed at home and took the excuse that it was too warm for the horse to take them to church (they were also tired from working hard all week).

The church was not filled. The few that came that Sunday drank in the words and were refreshed. The next week quite a few of those who missed said that if only they had known that the bishop were coming, they would have been at church that Sunday.

Will it be this way when Jesus comes? Will many say, "If only we had known He was coming, we would have gotten ourselves ready to meet Him." Many of us didn't know that the bishop was coming at all, but we all know Jesus is coming. Let us be ready when He comes.

-One Who Is Hoping To Be Ready.

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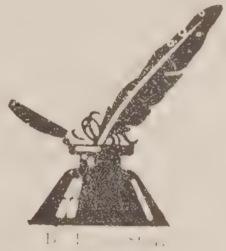
Views and Values



To Take The Blame

It was a mild, clear day in early January that I set out to pick up some farm machinery. An 85-year-old retired farmer by the name of Alfred Bailey had written me to say that he had quite a few pieces of horse-drawn equipment he no longer used, and which he would sell. So I hired a small truck and went to see what the man had.

We found the place without any trouble, and Alfred was at home, spry and talkative. I had suspected from his letters that he was an interesting character, and so he proved to be. He talked on and on about how he used to farm with horses, too, whenever he wasn't selling cars. "I was a car salesman for 19 years," he said. "I sold a good many a car during those years, and I never had a customer come back and complain that I used him wrong. Every single car I sold was a Ford."

I was only half listening to his talk as I checked out the machinery stored in his shed. He had an International one-row, two-horse corn cultivator that was in good shape, just what I was looking for, and I was feeling very pleased as I checked it over. But when the old man mentioned selling Fords, he got started on another subject, and suddenly I began to pay attention, startled by what he was saying. He was leaning over to me, his face close to mine, and with a fanatical glint in his eyes, was saying earnestly, "I wouldn't deal with any other company except Ford— all the other companies are run by Jews!"

Inwardly I chuckled at the idea. "Oh?" I said out loud. "What makes you think so?"

"Huh?" he said, looking at me as though I were a small boy in kindergarten. "Huh? You mean you don't know? Surely you know that it's the Jews that run all the big companies. They're all over. And they're ruining the country— they're just ruining it. Surely you've noticed how the prices keep going up, inflation, recession, shortages— it's the Jews that are behind it all."

Of course I had noticed. I just hadn't thought of blaming all that on the Jews. But I didn't say anything. I just looked at him, not quite sure whether I should argue with him or ignore him. I glanced at my watch. It was getting late, and we still had a long way to go to get back home. If I was late getting home, my wife would be alone with the chores. I decided to push to get my business done and back on the road as soon as possible. I kept trying to steer the conversation back to getting a deal made on the machinery I wanted, so we could get loaded and leave, but the old man had all the time in the world, and he couldn't see what my hurry was.

At last we had the machinery loaded and paid for. I tore myself away from Alfred with a quick good-bye, hurried to the truck, got in, and closed the door. Alfred hobbled over to the driver's side, and before the driver could get in, he opened the door and stuck his head inside. "What kind of truck is this?" he asked suspiciously.

"Uh, er, I, er, don't really know," I stammered. "You'll have to ask the driver."

Then his eyes went to the dash the same time as mine. "Chevrolet," he sputtered. Turning away in disgust, he spun around to face the driver, who was waiting just behind him, wanting to get in the truck. "Sir," he announced, "the first chance you get, you trade this truck in for a Ford."

"Why?" the driver asked innocently, not having been informed about the Jews.

"Why?" cried the old man. "Why? Why, because, that's the only company that isn't full of Jews. Them Jews run all the other companies. In fact, they run the whole country, and they're ruining it." He waved proudly toward two Ford tractors standing in the machine shed nearby. "We never buy anything but Fords, and we never have any trouble that way. Those Jews aren't getting any of our money."

I noticed that it was beginning to snow, a wet, slushy snow that would make the roads slippery. And I remembered again that we had nearly a hundred miles to go. I didn't want to spend any more time, but I didn't like the way the old man was so down on Jews, so I risked saying, "I'm sure the Jews have their faults, but after all, we don't want to forget that it was through the Jews that our Saviour came."

"Haarrummmp," he barked, spinning to face me, fire flashing from his eyes. "You know, my sister said almost the exact same thing to me more than thirty years ago. She said, 'Now, Alfred, don't forget that Jesus was a Jew.' And I'll tell you the same thing today that I told her back then. It's true Jesus was a Jew, but what did the Jews do to him? They stuck him up on a tree to hang there and bleed to death. That's Jews for you. Yes, sir, I was just reading in my Bible this morning, was reading in Revolutions, and it's plain to see that between the Jews and the Russians, this world system won't last much longer."

I realized again that words were wasted in trying to tell Alfred Bailey anything. The truck driver squeezed past the old man, and we drove away, waving good-bye as we went. The truck driver chuckled to me, and said, "Yeah, some of these fellows really know their Bibles. They'll tell you proudly how they've read it right through from Generations to Revolutions!"

I had found it humorous, too, that this old man who pretended to be such an authority on things didn't know the difference between Revelations and Revolutions! But--what impressed me most about Alfred Bailey wasn't his pronounciation of the last book of the Bible, but the way he could heap the blame for the world's ills upon one group of people— the Jews. He put the blame for everything on the Jews.

Few of us may be as full of prejudice or as unreasonable as 85-year-old Alfred Bailey, and yet perhaps if we cared to admit it, many of us may be more like him than we like to think. When things go wrong, the most natural thing in the world to do is blame someone else for it. We immediately look around for someone to carry the blame. It's human nature and a weakness we all possess.

Ever since Adam and Eve set the example long ago in the Garden of Eden, people have tried to shove the blame onto the shoulders of others. Adam blamed his sin on Eve. Eve blamed the snake. Both Adam and Eve were at fault, both were guilty, yet neither wanted to take any of the blame.

Nearly two thousand years ago, the Roman emperior, Nero, watched unconcernedly as the city of Rome burned day after day. Historians believe that Nero himself set the city on fire, so he could rebuild it in splendor, and bring honor to his name. But he didn't want the blame of having burned the city, so he looked for someone else to blame. And he found the Christians. Of course, the Christians were the last people who would burn a city, but that didn't matter. They were someone to blame, so Nero blamed them, and as a result they were killed and persecuted with savage fierceness for years.

And that is the way with this impulse to blame others— it is blind to reason, is unfair and cruel. It isn't governed by logic, but by a frantic desire to shift blame from our shoulders onto someone else's. Nero was unreasonable to blame the Christians. Alfred Bailey was unreasonable that day in January to blame the Jews for all the ills of this country.

I once knew a girl who was bitter and sour on life, sarcastic and withdrawn. She spent much of her time feeling sorry for herself. A friend defended her by blaming her attitude on the fact that she had suffered a broken heart in her teens. She had gone with a boy she thought a lot of, but he ended up dropping her. So that was the reason she was bitter and sour. Her former boy friend got the blame. What nonsense. That was an excuse, but no reason. A lot of people have gone through broken romances, and have come through them cheerful and serene, and pleasant.

This shifting the blame to the nearest victim is being done all the time. Amos can't make a go of it financially, so he has a weak back, or his wife won't help him save, or his boss has it in for him and refuses to pay him what he's worth. There may be a dozen other excuses, depending on the circumstances, all of them designed to shift the blame from where it really belongs, the shoulders of Amos himself. Parents whose children don't turn out good face the same temptation, to put the blame on someone else. It's usually not that hard to find a scapegoat if we look for one. The wayward son was led astray by his companions. He, himself, was a good boy, had a wonderful home, and was faithfully taught in what was right. It was his companions, or his girlfriend, or the ministers that caused him to become discouraged and give up. It he grew up in a large community, his downfall was the result of the abundance of bad comrades. If in a small community, that too can be wrong, for then he didn't have enough friends his age. If the church was strict, that chased him away. If it wasn't strict, there's no wonder he got into all kinds of things. If we're looking for someone or something to blame, we can always find it.

But blaming others is a dead-end street that will get us nowhere. It's useless. It gives us a false comfort, but it doesn't make us happy, and it doesn't help us improve ourselves or anyone else. It's unreasonable and unfair, and on top of that, it's immature. All of us have tried to drive in a nail sometime or the other and failed. When the nail bent and went crooked, our first explanation probably wasn't, "I'm a poor carpenter." Instead, the first thing we say is, "The hammer is too light," or "It's too heavy." Or the wood is too hard, or the light is poor, or we had bad luck. We're only mature when we grow up and stop saying, "It broke," and instead say, "I broke it." The immature person says, "The milk spilled." The mature one says, "I spilled the milk."

Last of all, not only is shifting blame to others unreasonable and immature, it also ruins friendships more rapidly than almost anything else we can do. Many friends have gotten along fine until things began to go wrong, and someone had to take the blame, and each side wanted to give it to the other.

When Joseph made himself known to his brothers in Egypt, and sent them home to fetch their father, he gave them a strange warning in parting, "See that ye fall not out by the way!" What made Joseph say something like that to his brothers? Why did he warn them not to quarrel when they were going with such happy hearts and such good news to their aged father? Hadn't his brothers just proven to him that they were changed man, that their love for each other was so strong that one would give his life for the other? Why then, after such a dramatic demonstration of brotherly love and loyalty, did Joseph fear they would start quarreling?

Was it not because Joseph knew that as they rode their mules homeward, that a overwhelming temptation would ride with them, the temptation to blame each other? For the time had come to deal out the blame for a terrible deed, for the selling of Joseph. They would have to tell their aged father that Joseph hadn't been torn by a wild beast at all, but betrayed by wild men, his jealous brothers. And who would take the blame? The temptation would be for Reuben to blame Levi, for Levi to blame Judah, and Judah to blame Dan, and so on right around the circle. No wonder Joseph gave them that parting warning, "See that ye fall not out by the way."

Today, we, too, like Joseph's brothers of old are travelling together, and for us as for them, there will be times when mistakes and failures have to be faced. There will be times when things go wrong, time when it will be easy and natural to blame our brothers. But the noble thing, and the mature thing, and the Scriptural thing to do is to stifle the impulse to blame someone else, and take the blame upon ourselves. If we take our share of the blame, plus a little more for good measure, take it willingly and humbly, our example will inspire others to do the same, and our journey to the land of Caanan will end profitably for us all.

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THOSE DEPRESSION YEARS

-by Alice Hartman

It was Saturday and Earl Bart was going to town for the week's supply of groceries.

"I want to go along," begged Earl's small daughter, Mary.

"No, you can't go," said Mother Alta, 'you'd beg for candy."

"No I won't," Mary assured her, "I just want to go along."

"Me too," said Joel, "I want to go too, and I won't ask for anything."

"All right then." Mother agreed, "if you don't beg."

"The grocery list isn't long," Alta told her husband, "but Mary needs a pair of stockings. I've darned and darned her stockings and she needs something for Sunday. You can get a pair for 29¢.

Earl wrote it on the list so he wouldn't forget.

He didn't forget and he didn't bring the stockings. There wasn't that much money and the family's food had to come first.

Alta was annoyed. Just a pair of little cotton stockings. She stood in the kitchen leaning on the table.

Earl was unhappy too. He stood in the kitchen leaning on the cold stove.

Neither of them said a word. What was there to say? Tomorrow they wanted to go to church. Their clothes were not fine, but they should be decent. How could you take a small child to church in stockings that had been so often mended and again had a big gaping hole?

Why should a small pair of stockings stand in the way to keep a family from church? What could a person do at a time like this?

The unspoken questions sizzled between them. Earl had tried to do his best for the family. Alta wasn't asking for much, but you couldn't be ragged.

Anger lay between them, and frustration. But love was there, too, and mutual understanding. So the anger didn't explode, and the frustration turned into patience. They were in this together.

Alta picked up the little stocking with its big hole in the heel and looked at it. With her scissors she cut a half circle from the backside of the stocking top. She carefully sewed this patch inside the offending hole, then cut away the rough edges and sewed them down. The patch exactly matched! And the cut place fitted neatly behind the knee and the dress skirt hid it.

They went to church on Sunday morning and worshipped the Lord. If anyone saw the patched stocking, no one mentioned it.

The family was invited to Omar Shorts for dinner. It was a joy to visit with these cheerful neighbors. Sarah Short had invited the Warren Bakers, too, and it was a pleasant occasion. The dinner was simple, but delicious.

"I sold my pigs last week," Omar said. "I got 2¢ a pound for them. Guess that's about market price right now."

"Yes," Warren said, "my neighbor says we'll never see 5¢ hogs again."

Sarah said, "Times may be hard but at least farmers have something to eat."

Earl and Alta's eyes met across the room and neither said anything. Both knew that at home there was no bread and no butter, no sugar and no flour. But, yes, they had potatoes and meat, they had vegetables from the garden and fruit from the orchard, and they didn't go hungry.

The day came for the cream man to stop and pick up the cream. He always paid by cash and that day the total week's income was $1. He would have had butter, if you wanted it, but Alta knew they needed the money for other things.

Soon after the cream man left the landlady drove in. She was a widow, and had borrowed a little money from her neighbor to get some gas to come and collect rent. She wasn't asking for all of it, just what they could spare for now.

Earl gave her that dollar.

The depression years passed and the children grew up.

"If life had always been easy," they agreed, "we'd never have had the courage to tackle the jobs that came our way. Someone had to do the work, but it took the kind of person who knows how it feels."

Earl and Alta knew how it feels and now they could sing together,

"When I see the way my Saviour leads me
How He's crowned and blessed my days,
In my grateful heart is deep thanksgiving
To my lips spring songs of praise."

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HIS STAY WAS SHORT

Fear gripped me but I didn't tell anyone. I just wouldn't believe that anything serious could be wrong with— our baby.

-Mrs. Harley A. Kauffman

It was a cold and damp morning when our baby Clifford arrived on November 28, 1972. We had hoped for a girl but were just as happy to have another little boy, our third. My husband went home to do the chores while I rested quietly until midforenoon when he came back. Then the doctor came into our room and said, "I'm sorry but there are a few things wrong with your baby, although we don't think there's anything serious. His left leg is bent out and upward at the ankle. We think he should see a bone specialist right away."

We didn't know what this would amount to but he told us the bone specialist was at Lawrence, Kansas which was 60 miles away. The leg would have to be put in a cast and changed every day for at least seven days, or until his leg was shaped normal again. Then a long term cast could be used. We would have the choice of either taking him back and forth every day or admitting him to the hospital in Lawrence. Since transportation to go back and forth was poor and with the weather being very cold, the doctor advised us the latter.

So only twenty-eight hours after our tiny 6 lb, 14 oz baby was born, he had already left his mother's arms to go to be alone among strange doctors and nurses. My husband, my mother and a driver took him to Lawrence where they watched while the doctor applied the first cast, then admitted him to the hospital.

During the following week, while I was still confined to the hospital, my husband called the bone specialist twice. Yes, everything was working out good and we could come after our baby on the seventh day. That was a happy day for us for I was also released from the hospital that day.

He was a very good baby and for the first six weeks he matured and grew like any normal baby. Every two weeks we had to take him back to have the cast changed.

It was at about this time that I noticed his head was growing faster than normal babies. I also thought I detected a slight stiffness in his spine. Fear gripped me but I didn't tell anyone. I just wouldn't believe that anything serious could be wrong with our baby. But deep down inside I knew that our other two babies weren't like this. I hoped the symptoms would go away.

When he was ten weeks old, he started with hard crying spells and also seemed to have a cold most of the time. Meanwhile the stiffness in his spine was slowly getting worse and his head was becoming enlarged to the extent that he could not hold it up by himself. Finally I had to admit there was something wrong with him but I still kept hoping he would outgrow it.

When he was 14 weeks old, he had his last cast removed. The bone specialist said his leg was all right. That was the day we took him to our local chiropractor. The first thing he asked was, "What does your family doctor say about this baby?"

I told him we hadn't taken him to our doctor yet to which he replied, "I think you'd better as I don't think I can help him."

We weren't expecting such an answer and didn't take him to our family doctor that day. But a few days later he became very ill with an ear infection. He kept getting worse so we finally took him.

Our doctor soon told us he had severe ear infection. He examined him thoroughly but didn't say anything else. The baby got a shot and prescription and we were told to come back again the next day if he isn't better. The next day we took him in again and went through the same procedure. The third day we took him in again. This time the doctor was very serious. He said the ear infection was clearing up but that there was definitely something else wrong. He asked us many questions such as when we first noticed his head beginning to get larger and about the stiffness in his back.

He measured Clifford's head and told us he has one of three sicknesses, but wasn't sure which. He wanted to see him again in a few days, maybe we would have to take him to Kansas City. The next day he was feeling a lot better. When we brought him back again he seemed to be his normal self. The doctor was pleased and said we wouldn't need to bring him back for a month unless we noticed something unusual. Then we should bring him at once.

In less than a week we noticed he wasn't focusing his eyes right and his crying spells were more severe. We dreaded to think of taking him to a large hospital like in Kansas City which was what we felt would be sure to happen if we took him back to the doctor. We decided to try a chiropractor in a neighboring town, a move which we were to regret very much later on.

After our second visit to this chiropractor we saw we had to do something else for our baby was getting worse. Some of our relatives and friends advised us to try a doctor in Des Moines who specializes in working with the head so we did this. But we saw that Clifford was still going backwards.

It was nearly a month since we had been to our doctor so when we returned from Des Moines we went to him. He examined him thoroughly, measured his head and said, "I'm afraid your baby has what they call Hydrocephalus which means there is an abnormal amount of fluid inside the head. This builds up pressure and causes the head to expand or grow. Your baby's head has grown nearly an inch in the past month which is entirely too fast. We will have to do something right away or he will suffer brain damage."

He explained to us that in a normal person there is a tube which drains the fluid from the brain into the spinal column. This tube was closed in our baby's head which caused the pressure to build up. He said he did not have the education to work with something like this. We would have to take him to the Kansas University Medical Center in Kansas City. Here a neuro-surgeon would put in a shunt, which is a tiny plastic tube with a valve on top from the back of his head, just under the skin down into the abdominal cavity. Here the fluid would be absorbed into his body.

Now we had to face what we were trying to run away from. Our doctor was very kind and told us this was the only thing he knew to help our baby. So we gave our consent and arrangements were made to have Clifford admitted. Two days later we were on our way to Kansas City, ninety miles away.

My legs felt weak as we entered the huge hospital. Everything seemed so large and strange. How could I ever stay there alone with the baby when my husband went home?

My brother had done his I-W service in this hospital so he accompanied us and proved very helpful. When we had finished with the admittance, we were told to take the baby to the fourth floor of the pediatric building. As we entered, a nurse asked, "Is this the Kauffman baby?"

When we told her it is, she said, "I am ready to take him to the nursery where he will be during his stay here." Reluctantly, and with a lump in my throat, I handed her the baby. There were tears in our eyes as we watched her disappear down the hall with our baby. Why, oh why did it have to be our baby to go through something like this? Why couldn't it have been someone else's? It was a hard battle and not until we surrendered him completely into God's hands did we receive peace.

Soon the nurse came back with a questionnaire for more information about our baby as to his eating habits, etd. Then she explained to us the visiting hours, the rules and regulations of the hospital and showed us to the waiting room where we were to spend many an hour in the days that followed. She also told us that Doctor Maxwell, the specialist, would like to talk to us but she didn't know how soon. We would have to wait, and wait we did.

At four o'clock we asked if we could go and find a room for me to stay and they said we could. We soon found a very reasonable room with an elderly lady only a block from the hospital. When we returned, we were told the doctor wants to see us that night at 10:00. We had chores to do so my husband would not be able to stay there, and I didn't like to be on the streets after dark. The nurse assured me the security guard would take me home so I would not need to worry. My husband and brother left for home and I watched them go with a heavy heart. Only those who have been through a similar experience can know the loneliness I felt.

That evening at ten I met the surgeon, it was one of Dr. Maxwell's assistants. He explained they were planning on taking X-rays the following day and also taking a head tap. I asked him if this is the same thing as a spinal tap and he said it was somewhat similar but much more serious. I had to sign a paper to give them the right to do this.

The next morning I was at the hospital at 8:00 but they had already taken him. It was after 2:00 until they finally brought the baby back. He was a pitiful sight to see with the front half of his hair shaved off making his large head more noticeable.

By this time my husband had returned and one of the surgeons came to talk to us. He said, "The tests and the X-rays show that your baby indeed does have hydrocephalus. But he also has a cyst on the brain which is filled with fluid. We want to put in a shunt in hopes of relieving the pressure in his head. We fear there may be brain damage. It could affect his walking, his hearing, or his speech. Perhaps it could even affect him mentally but we don't think so at this time. We'll just have to wait and see."

Up to this time we had said very little so I asked, "Do you think it would have helped if we had brought him sooner?"

"Yes, I think it might have," he answered.

Could we ever forgive ourselves for not taking him back to the family doctor as soon as we noticed he was getting worse? Our only consolation was the thought that we did the best we knew at that time.

"I hope you understand that these shunts don't work 100% perfect," the surgeon went on. They often clog up and then we have to replace them. We plan to operate on your baby on Monday morning at 8:00. If you have any questions, feel free to ask them. With this he left us.

We were glad we were alone in the waiting room to recover from the shock that perhaps we are the parents of a brain injured baby. A love for the child filled our hearts, of a kind we had never known before. We began to realize why the parents of handicapped children have such a tender spot in their hearts for them.

It was 1:00 on Monday before Dr. Maxwell finally called us and said the operation had been successful and that Clifford is in the recovery room. That afternoon when we went in to see him one of the doctors told us his head is softening up already. I quickly tied my white gown which we had to wear in the nursery and went in to him. Right away I saw his eyes were focusing normally again, and the soft spot which had been so tight was now soft and pliable. He even smiled when I talked to him. A joy went through me but I also noticed how very pale he was. An intravenous was in his arm and most of his head was bandaged plus bandages on his neck and abdomen.

His recovery was rapid and on the seventh day he was released. Dr. Maxwell asked if we had seen the lump on the back of the baby's head where they had put in the shunt and we said we did. "Well, that isn't the way it should be," he said. "Watch it closely and if it gets larger, you bring him back."

When we got home we watched him closely and didn't see much change until Friday morning. Then there was no question about it, the lump was getting larger. We took him to the family doctor who called Dr. Maxwell and he said for us to bring him up yet that day. At 10:30 that night when the doctor examined him he told us the shunt is closed and probably was already when we took him home.

On Monday morning our baby was going again for surgery just two weeks after the first time. The valve, at the top of the tube was clogged so that was all that was changed. He recovered quickly from this surgery and became a happier baby than we had known him to be. The nurses gave him a lot of attention and one morning when I got there I counted eight doctors standing around his crib. He seemed to be enjoying them all. The following Sunday was a perfect spring day when we brought Clifford home the second time. This day will always stand out as a bright spot in our memory for he seemed so good that day.

In a short time he was holding his head by himself and a month later when we took him back for a check-up, Dr. Maxwell was well pleased with him. He told us the baby should always sleep in the infant seat until the next check-up which would be three months later. For awhile he grew and matured like most children his age. He liked very much when his two brothers played with him. He often squealed with delight to watch his brothers play.

But at eight months, he still wasn't making any attempt to sit alone or to stand on his feet. He didn't seem to have much strength in his legs. We decided to take him to our local chiropractor again but he said he doesn't have the education to work on his head and that seems to be where the trouble is. He strongly recommended that we take him to Spears Clinic which is a chiropractic clinic at Denver, Colorado. In late August we decided to try Spears, maybe they could help him.

But again we were told, "We're sorry, we cannot help your child." They said their X-rays showed there was still fluid on the brain which was causing pressure and that the child would probably never be able to walk. However, sometimes they make remarkable changes.

With heavy hearts we headed for home. I had dreaded the thought of staying alone at Spears when my husband and the two boys went home, but this was still much worse.

After this we hardly knew what to try although we thought we should do something. He was still happy and content but was becoming nervous around strangers. Then on September 18, 1973, a change came into our home and it would never be the same again. That was the day he sat on his high chair for the last time, and held his bottle alone for the last time. That evening I put him to bed for the last time as a healthy child. Little did we realize how different it would be the next morning.

Several times during the night he awoke and cried, but each time I gave him the bottle and he went to sleep again. But at 4:00 A.M. he awoke and nearly screamed with pain. We rocked him, we walked the floor, we doctored him for earache and for stomach ache but it was all in vain. Finally at 6:00 he quieted down and fell asleep but soon awakened and vomited. Then he was drowsy and slept most of the time, waking occasionally to vomit.

These were all symptoms of a closed shunt so we took him to the doctor as soon as we could. He called Dr. Maxwell who said we should bring him in at once. We arrived at 2:30 that afternoon and the doctor who examined him said the valve was pushed completely off the tube. He said they would have surgery the next morning. It will be only a minor operation.

Later that evening I talked with Dr. Maxwell and he had a different story. He asked a lot of questions and when I told him Clifford had not been sitting by himself, he said there is still a lot of fluid in his head. They would have to put another valve higher up in his head and connect both of them to the same tube. It will be a major surgery," he said.

I was holding him the next morning when they came for him to take him to surgery. I quietly laid him in his crib, hoping he wouldn't mind. But as soon as he saw he was leaving me he started crying. I could still hear his loud wails as they pushed him on the elevator and closed the door. I went back into our room as I needed to be alone. The song, "The Cross is Not Greater than His Grace" meant much to me during this time.

My husband came at 11:00 but it was 1:00 P.M. before they finally brought Clifford back. He was crying a soft pitiful cry. As we neared his crib, he looked at me so pleadingly as if to say, "Please help me." There was so little we could do.

The next morning the doctor said his lungs are filling up and that the nurses must make him cry every hour to clear his lungs. I didn't know how they would do this but a nurse would come in and slam down the side rail of his crib and that was all it took. I could imagine how that must have hurt his head.

He was a pretty sick baby the first days but by the seventh day he laughed for us. But on the afternoon of the eighth day he was running a temperature and soon he started vomiting again. The doctors were summoned but they said the shunt seemed to be working. On the tenth day the doctor said, "You may take him home tomorrow if his temperature is still down."

I hadn't expected he would be ready to go home because he was still vomiting occasionally and I asked Dr. Maxwell about that. He said the shunts are working and that is about all they can do. When I asked why he still vomited, he seemed to evade my question.

We were happy to be home once again but we still had a sick baby. The next day he refused his bottle so we took him to the family doctor who gave him some medicine for his stomach, which seemed to help. Six days after we were home, we had him admitted to the local hospital because of a lung infection. He was very sick for a few days but recovered remarkably and the doctor said his lungs had cleared up. We began building our hopes very high again, expecting to be released from the hospital within a few days.

Then suddenly the scene changed again as he started vomiting, and gradually got weaker as it continued. Then one morning after Clifford had been in the hospital two weeks the doctor came into our room and closed the door. After a pause he kindly said, "I guess you realize that Clifford cannot be with us much longer. This cyst in his head is growing which causes pressure and that is why he vomits. We have done all we can. We cannot remove a cyst like this when it is on the brain. God can heal him if He wants to. We have done all we can. You may take him home and care for him there."

I asked him why Dr. Maxwell hadn't told us this. He said they usually leave that to the family doctor and asked if we talked to Dr. Maxwell alone. We said there were always others present and he said, "Well, we don't tell our patients such things when there are others around." I could understand why.

When we got him home I started giving him tea but there was little nourishment in the tea. Ten days later he got a weak spell that we didn't think he would live through the night. The next day we took him to the doctor and he told us, "I don't think he will live till the end of the week."

In a few days he was feeling better but during the next month he gradually got weaker. Some days he brightened up and smiled for us. Those were precious moments.

In November he got infection where the tube went into the abdomen. The first of December this burst open and started draining. On the second of December he was running a high temperature. I noticed that he was getting stiffer in his body. A few days later I was shocked to see how stiff his body was. His head was drawn slightly back and when he lay on his back, his spine curved upward at the chest so that I could easily put my hand under him without pushing up on his body. We could hardly open his mouth far enough to insert the nipple of his bottle.

My husband talked with the doctor and the doctor said usually when they get this stiffness, they dont't live for more than 48 hours. But Clifford was with us for three more weeks.

In a few days he started taking his bottle better. However we surmised that he could not see anymore and in a few days his hearing was gone. He still responded to our touch. It was not possible to know how much pain he had during this time although we felt he did not have pain during the last while. He cried very little the last month and not at all the last ten days. He cut two teeth during the last week of his life, which made six teeth in all. At this time he measured 30 inches in height and weighed 12 pounds. When we had taken him to Kansas City on Sept 18th, he had weighed 20 pounds.

We never realized before that a person can have such mixed feelings. He was in such a pitiful condition that we couldn't help from praying that God would take him home. But on the other hand we did not want to give him up for we loved him dearly.

On the day after Christmas he was not able to suck his bottle anymore. I gave his milk with a medicine dropper which he swallowed fairly well. I had to be very careful he didn't choke. The next day he took 2 1/2 oz that way, which was more than he had taken the day before. That forenoon we noticed his feet were cold and tried earnestly to get them warm but it was all in vain. That night we were up many times to check him, something which we had been doing for weeks. Often I wondered, is he still breathing.

On Friday morning the 28th, his hands were cold and his forehead bluish. The stiffness had gone out of his jaws and he yawned a few times that forenoon, something he hadn't done for a few weeks.

That forenoon, a cousin was with me. Soon after she left, I got dinner on the stove and then I noticed he was breathing louder and had a loud rattle in his throat. I picked him up and in doing so noticed that I could bend his head forward again. He still moved his left arm and leg after I picked him up and his breathing got easier again.

After holding him for about 15 minutes, suddenly his legs, which had stuck straight out dropped limp. His eyes stood still. Immediately I knew what was happening. I felt his heart and it was still beating. I laid him on the table and called my husband who was on the outside of the house. He quickly got the two boys and we gathered around the table. I felt his heart again. It had stopped bearing! He took a few light breaths and then he was quiet. We waited anxiously. Would he breathe again? He made a small gasp, then the second time and the third. Now all was still. Our darling had gone where he would never again know any sickness.

△

666 666 666 666

-by Aden Horst

666 666

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS

666 666 666

"What is this about a thousand year's reign? Will Christ return and actually bind Satan for a thousand years? What does it mean about the battle of Armageddon? What does it mean....?"

666 666 666 666 666 666 666 666

"Mom, come quick, called the five-year-old running to the washhouse door, "There's a green car coming in the lane."

Looking out the window, her mother saw two ladies getting out of the car. The older one was carrying a Bible and the other one a large purse. "Oh, no," she thought, turning from the window, "I have enough to do today without listening to them. I guess I'll just go into the other room so I don't hear their knocking."

Soon there was the sound of "Knock, knock." "Well, surely I'm not afraid of them either." She started for the door.

"Good morning," said the lady, with a pleasant smile. "That's a nice little girl you have there. How old is she?"

"She was five in May," answered her mother.

"My, you'll soon be going to school and before you know it you'll be a big girl, won't you?" Turning toward the mother she went on, "It sure doesn't take long till our children are grown and go out into the cold, cruel world. That's really what we're here about. You see, according to prophecy, Christ is going to establish His World Government very soon and Satan will be bound for a thousand years. Only those who are true Christians can participate in this wonderful time."

After continuing for some time, the younger one stepped forward offering a pamphlet, saying, "Here, this will better explain these things for you and if you would be interested in this magazine, you will find articles to help you understand it even better."

"No, thanks, I'm not interested in your magazine.

Goodbye." Closing the door, she returned inside. After the car had gone, she stood reading the tract they had left.

"What is this about a thousand year's reign?" she thought to herself. "Will Christ return and actually bind Satan and his angels for a thousand years? What does it mean here about the battle of Armageddon? Or just what does it mean....?"

"Did you hear that everyone who sells milk must have a license and a number?" Mose Yoder asked as he met Isaac Zehr at the feed store one day.

Isaac frowned, "Yes, I heard it and I don't like it. I don't think we ought to have anything to do with it."

"Why not?" asked Mose.

"Because it is written in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations that the time is coming when everyone will have to have the mark of the beast, for without it, they can neither buy or sell?"

"Do you believe that's really what this is?"

"Well, it seems they're using numbers more and more all the time. For myself, I don't want to have anything to do with it. It might be the number of the beast." So saying Isaac picked up his gallon of disinfectant and went out.

That evening a puzzled Mose Yoder read the thirteenth chapter of Revelations. But he still couldn't decide what to think. "I wonder if......"

The Revelations of St. John has given occasion for many disputes and differences in opinions. One writer says that Revelations is probably the most neglected book in the New Testament by the ordinary Christian, but has long been a happy hunting ground for all kinds of religious cranks. There is much literature on the market today about the Book of Revelations but it does not agree. Perhaps it would be better to take the Bible and read Revelations as it is, instead of trying to find a calendar in it describing the end of the world.

At one time, I, too, was puzzled as to the meaning of this book. But since the matter is now somewhat settled in my mind, I would like to try to set forth my understanding in the hopes that it may be of help to others. The following information has been taken from various sources.

The book of Revelations was written about 95 A.D. towards the end of the reign of the Roman emperor Domitian. If we go back in history we find that in 64 A.D., the Roman emperor Nero was suspected of setting the city of Rome on fire. He blamed it on the Christians and started a severe persecution. After Nero died, the persecution subsided somewhat until the emperor Domitian started it again around 90 A.D. We are told that the Romans had a custom of referring to some of their former emperors as gods. Now there were some who, trying to gain favor with the emperor Domitian, started calling him a god. He was so pleased with this that he became very vain and arrogant and demanded it. Altars were set up at various places throughout the Roman Empire and all adults were required to put a pinch of incense on the altar and proclaim, "Ceasar is god." A certificate of loyalty was then issued to that person and he could be required to show it at any time.

It can be imagined in what a predicament this put the Christians. There was no way they could live their faith and obey the law. Toward the end of his reign, Domitian became very strict in the enforcement of this decree, thereby causing severe persecution to be brought upon the Christians.

It was probably during this time that St. John was put upon the Isle of Patmos, because of his faith. While he was there, he reflected much on the trials which the church was going through. He remembered how the apocalypse of Daniel had inspired his fathers to stand for their God. If only the Christians of his time could somehow be encouraged thus to remain steadfast in their faith. Probably as a result of deep meditation and prayer and longing to help his fellow believers, this message was revealed to him as recorded in Revelations.

Now let us consider the manner of the setting forth of the message in Revelations. This method of writing is known as an apocalypse (ah-pok-a-lips). It was used quite extensively by Jewish writers in the centuries before and after the birth of Christ. It is a way of setting forth future events in obscure word pictures which would not be easily recognized by anyone not familiar with this method of writing. Students of Jewish literature have found more than a hundred such apocalypses. This was a popular way of giving encouragement during troubled times, especially in a way that the rulers or oppressors would not be able to understand. To them, it would be just a lot of gibberish.

One of the best known apocalypses was that contained in the book of Daniel. This book had served to give great encouragement to the Jews at the time of the Maccabean Rebellion against the Syrians. At this time the Syrians under Antiochus Epiphanes had desecrated the temple at Jerusalem and tried to force the Jews to accept the Greek religion. This led to revolt and much bloodshed. Through the medium of Daniel's dreams, the Jews were encouraged to remain steadfast. No matter how much a king or kingdom exalts itself (Antiochus had defied God by dedicating the Temple to the Greek god Zeus) God is still the ruler and will be victorious in the end. This had so strengthened the Jews that the Syrians had been driven out.

What was the message of the book of Revelations to the early Christians and what meaning does it have for us today? To answer these questions let us take a brief survey of the book to see what John had in mind when he wrote it and also what it means to us for today. One of the first things he stresses is that God is the first and last, the Alpha and Omega, He who is, was, and always shall be. He has always been available for the comfort of those who truly seek Him and always will be regardless how evil the times. Alpha and Omega were the first and last letter of the Greek Alphabet. He was at the beginning and He will be at the ending. This has been the comfort of all believers through the ages, God is still on His throne, He is still ruler over all and we are in His hands.

The letters that are written to the seven churches in Asia were written to actual churches at these places. We would do well to notice what is said to each. Some were exhorted, some praised, some warned, but always at the end is held forth the great promise of a reward, "To him that overcometh." These letters were written to men, such as we are, surrounded by things and temptations of this world, plus being under severe persecution.

1. Ephesus was an important city at that time being the

centre or hub where several great trade routes came together. All kinds of people and much wealth was found here. He makes mention of the Nicolaitans. Eusebius writes that the Nicolaitans were followers of Nicolaus, one of the seven deacons appointed when Stephen was appointed by the apostles. Nicolaus himself is not mentioned as being heretic but some of his followers, misunderstanding an action and statement of his, rushed headlong into fornication.

2. Smyrna was a beautiful city north of Ephesus. The Jews at Smyrna were particularly hostile to the Christians. Eusebius states that it was here that Polycarp, one of the early bishops who had lived in apostle times was burned alive on the Sabbath of unleavened bread, the day before the Passover in 155 A.D. The Jews were especially helpful in providing wood to fuel the fires. Notice what John says about the Jews in his letter (who say they are Jews and are not). Let us beware that this need not be said of us (that we are Christians and are not). The Christians at Smyrna were evidently quite poor in material things and under persecution. What are the riches of this world compared to that which is promised to the faithful?

True Charity

I wonder that my gracious Lord forgives each sinful deed,
When o'er and o'er my willful ways forget His pleas to heed.
I know He loves me, still I go, and grieve Him who has died
That I may claim, as heir of God, a place close by His side.

When all the road is bright and fair, I feel so strong and wise,
Then find myself firmly ensnared in Satan's sinful guise.
Oh, bitter tears to know I've failed to bring God honor due;
My weaknesses have overwhelmed those I had thought I slew.

My wasted years could I but change they'd all belong to God
But still my sinful nature needs to feel the chastening rod
So I may kneel in humble prayer, my sinful life to cleanse
Of every wicked deed or thought and every least offence.

Thus, we as little children are, each thoughtless act does grieve
Our Father's heart who loves His child, as we can well perceive;
Thus when our child mistakes has made, is sorry as can be,
Each childish prank forgive, forget, as God's forgiven thee.

-Louella Stauffer

3. Pergamus was the capital of the province of Asia at that time and was the residence of the Roman Proconsul of Asia. This explains the saying, "where Satan's seat is." May we also beware of the doctrines of Balaam lest we cut corners here and there so we can have more of the things of this world.

4. Between Pergamus and Sardis was the city of Thyatira, which was a manufacturing town. Here the tradesmen had guilds or associations and it was well near impossible to do business without belonging to one's guild. This posed a problem for the Christians since the business morals were established by the heathen societies. Jezebel was said to have been a leader of such a guild, one in which many of the Christians had to do business and was trying to convince them that some things which are wrong don't matter. Take note what is said about her fate and then compare the promise to those that did not follow her.

5. The warning to the church at Sardis which was on the northward road, must have carried some fruit because there was a strong church there under the Bishop Melito in the second century. Do we respond to such warnings or are we too much at home with the things of this world?

6. Eastwards lay the city of Philadelphia where the church was evidently bothered by the Jews but is promised that God will help them even if worse persecutions come upon them.

7. To the south and on the eastward trade route was the city of Laodicea. Around this city sheep were raised from which a valuable black wool was taken. Let us take heed of these warnings so that we are not lulled to sleep on the Delilahs' laps of this world's riches. Through all the different trials and temptations that these churches faced, there was always the promise, "To him that overcometh", a promise of peace and joy eternal.

Now we come to the first of the visions, centered around the hope that come what will, war, famine, plague, persecutions, depression, etc., God is still on his throne. He is still the Lord God Almighty, and will bring all things to an end in His own time. To those that have the desire to overcome is extended a view to encourage them, to persuade them that it is worth the price, even if it must be sealed by a martyr's death. May we, too, keep these visions before us if times of tribulation and persecution come.

In many of the Jewish apocalypses, beasts were used to represent governments. Here St. John is referring to the Roman government that got its power from the dragon, or Satan. At this time the Roman empire was very large, controlling most of the then-known world, and persecuting the Christians as we see in Chap. 13:7. The second beast refers directly to the emperor Domitian, who was held by some to be Nero returned. Nero had been the first emperor to cruelly suppress Christianity, and John here uses these rumors as a means to further extablish his meaning. The worship of the beast is emperor worship and at that time was the cause of much suffering among the Christian church. The mark or number of the beast is the certificate of loyalty required to be produced when they bought or sold to show they are loyal to the emperor.

In chapter 13:18, is found a verse that has been subject to much speculation and misinterpretation. The number of the beast if given as 666 is said to be the number of a man. What does this mean? Notice the first part of this verse. John is in effect saying, "Take special note of what I say now. Think and you will know what is meant by these visions." The letters of their alphabet were given values such as A=1, B=2, etc. In determining the number of a man, they took the values of the letters and added them together. The total was then taken as that person. One writer states that in the excavations of Pompeii, the city which was buried by volcanic ash, an inscription was found on a wall, "I love a girl whose number is 545." From this we can see that it was a commonly used method of hiding a name.

To use the Greek values for Nero might be too obvious so John here uses the Hebrew alphabet. It is said that the Hebrew values for Ceasar Nero are six hundred sixty six. The emperor Domitian revived the cruel persecutions of Nero and rumors were that Nero had actually returned. The believers would have no difficulty in deciding who this man is, who has the number of the beast.

To those who were acquainted with Jewish apocalypses, this number had an additional meaning. In Eastern lands, the number seven was considered as the number of perfection. Examples of this are the seventh day of rest, the seventh year of rest for the fields, and then after seven times seven, came the Year of Jubilee. The number six was considered as having fallen short of achieving that perfection. Three sixes in a row would indicate falling far short of perfection, or in other words, very evil! In chapter 14, he sets forth the great difference in the end whether they accept the mark and number of the beast (emperor worship) or remain steadfast in their faith in God. These words apply just as much for us today as they did nineteen hundred years ago.

Babylon, the mother of wickedness is pictured as sitting on a scarlet-colored beast with seven heads and drunken with the blood of the saints. Here again we find the exhortation in chapter 17:9, to perceive the wisdom, and then the explanation that the seven heads are seven mountains or hills. Dangerous ground, this! Such a reference could easily catch the attention of the authorities if they read it carefully. The city of Rome was built on seven hills and was the center from which the decrees for persecution were sent forth. Then he shows that Babylon (Rome) must fall as well as all who have been partakers of her evil deeds will perish. Then there will be much rejoicing in Heaven and among the saints, those who have remained faithful to Christ. What a wonderful hope to be called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Chapter 20 brings us to another passage which has been the subject of much disputation, namely the binding of Satan for a thousand years, and the earthly reign of Christ commonly called the Millennium. Nowhere in the Gospels is found any such teachings so we would do well to remember that the book of Revelations is written in apocalypse form. But there is a message for all Christians. Is not the first resurrection, when we are born again, are baptized on our faith, and arise a new person in Jesus Christ? "Blessed and holy is he who has part in the first resurrection; on such has the second death no power." If we are truly risen in Christ, then the second death (eternal death or hell) will have no power over us. Even if we die according to the body, we need not fear the second death— to be thrown into the pit with the devil and his angels.

When we are risen with Christ (in a new life), Satan is bound, but he will be back to try to tempt us and we must ever be on guard. "Watch and pray, therefore, that ye fall not into temptation."

Armageddon is a word for Mount Megiddo, which was located at the upper end of the Plains of Esdraelon. Here was often the scene of great battles which decided the fate of Israel. It is featured here as the place for the last great battle between the forces of good and evil. To those who have remained true and faithful, is set forth the vision of the new heavens and new earth, the Heavenly Jerusalem. All down through the ages, Jerusalem was to the Israelites, the center of worship. Here was located the great Temple with the Ark of Covenant with the tablets of the law inside, in the Holy of Holies. Here offerings were made every day for the sins of the people. After they had been taken into exile this was their highest hope, to be able to return to worship at the Temple in Jerusalem at least once in their lifetime.

1. Here is given a view of a Heavenly Jerusalem where all those who are faithful may someday worship, not for only once, but for eternity. 2. God will wipe away all tears, no more sorrow, no more torturing and persecutions. What a blessed hope! What a prize to strive for, today, just as much as in John's time.

Again in the last chapter is held forth the wonderful promise to those that remain true and faithful— to those that keep the sayings he has written, in other words, to those who do not worship the emperor or do other evil things on account of fear of being persecuted. This chapter is a lovely resume of what he has been saying and again holds out the hope of eternal life to those that keep His commandments. But to those who do not, is the warning given, that their lot shall be without, and shall have no part in the New Jerusalem.

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come, and let him who is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Who is the Bride of Christ? Is it not the faithful followers of Christ, the true Christian Church which is gathered from the four corners of the earth? If we can at all times have the assurance that we are ready if He comes, then we have nothing to fear from persecutions.

In Matt. 24:36, Jesus definitely states that no one knows the day or hour when He will return, not even the angels in Heaven. Our duty is outlined in verses 42 and 44, "Watch, therefore.....and be ready."

It is not for us to know when His second coming will be, we might not even live that long! We are to be ready at this minute, every minute of the day, that we will be ready if He comes in our lifetime. If we take Jesus' statement, would it not follow that any predictions about when the end of the world will be are from the deceiver? Man has often wondered about this. His disciples, just before He ascended, asked the question, but what was His answer? "It is not for you to know the times or seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." This answer comes down through the ages to us and should put an end to our speculations. If Christ does not want us to know the exact time, then we could hardly suppose that He would have sent a vision to St. John telling us when that time will be.

Our duty is to be true and faithful witnesses for Christ until the time of His return. If we are His, then we can say with John, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen."

△

Today it is not at all unusual to pick up a magazine and discover an article featuring the Amish. As the gap widens between the simple, Amish way of life and the push-button American society, more and more attention is focused on the Amish. Americans likely view the Amish with much the same regard they are showing high-priced antiques— something which contains part of their own past, a heritage they have left for modern living yet can not help still admiring.

Magazine articles about the Amish are common, but such was not always the case. Most of the articles have appeared since 1950. It would be interesting to know when the first such article appeared in an American magazine. No one knows. But it may have been in March of 1872 when Lippincott's Magazine printed an article called "An Amish Meeting." This magazine, which was published in Philadelphia between 1868 and 1916, is the first anyone knows of that featured the Amish. The locality of the Amish described is not mentioned, but it appears to have been Lancaster County.

For the interest of today's readers, we are reprinting the article— a little over 100 years after it first appeared.

AN AMISH MEETING

-by Phebe E. Gibbons

It was on a Sunday morning in March, when the air was bleak and the roads were execrable, that I obtained a driver to escort me to the farmhouse where an Amish meeting was to be held.

It was a little after nine o'clock when I entered, and although the hour was so early I found the congregation nearly all gathered and the preaching begun.

There were forty men present, as many women, and one infant. Had the weather been less inclement, we should probably have had more little ones, for such plain people do not think it necessary to leave the babies at home.

The rooms in which we sat seemed to have been constructed for these great occasions. They were the kitchen and "the room"— as our people call the sitting-room or best room— and were so arranged as to be made into one by means of two doors.

Our neighbors wore the usual costume of the sect, which is a branch of the Mennonite society, or nearly allied to it, the men having laid off their round-crowned and remarkably wide-brimmed hats. Their hair is usually cut square across the forehead, and hangs long behind: their coats are plainer than those of the plainest Quaker, and are fastened, except the overcoat, with hooks and eyes in the place of buttons; whence they are sometimes called Hooker or Hook-and-Eye Mennists. The pantaloons are worn without suspenders. Formerly, the Amish were often called Beardy Men, but since beards have become fashionable theirs are not so conspicuous.

The women whom I have sometimes seen with a bright purple apron, an orange neckerchief, or some other striking bit of color, were now more soberly arrayed in plain white caps without ruffle or border, and white neckerchiefs, though occasionally a cap or kerchief was black. They wear closely-fitting waists, with a little basquine behind, which is probably a relic from the times of the short gown and petticoat. Their gowns were of sober woolen stuff, frequently of flannel, and all wore aprons.

But the most surprising figures amoung the Amish are the little children, dressed in garments like those of old persons. It has been my lot to see at the house of her parents a tender little, dark-eyed Amish maiden of three years— old enough to begin to speak "Dutch," and as yet ignorant of English. Seated upon her father's lap, sick and suffering, with that sweet little face encircled by the plain muslin cap, the little figure dressed in that plain gown, she was one not to be soon forgotten. But the little girl that was at meeting today was either no Amish child or a great backslider, for she was hardly to be distinguished in dress from the world's people.

The floors were bare, but on one of the open doors hung a long white towel, worked at one end with colored figures, such as our mothers or grandmothers put upon samples. These perhaps were meant for flowers. The congregation sat principally on benches. On the men's side a small shelf of books ran around one corner of the room.

The preacher, who was speaking when I entered, continued for about fifteen minutes. His remarks and the rest of the services were in "Dutch". I have been criticised for applying the epithet to my neighbors or to their language, but "Dutch" is the title which they generally apply to themselves, speaking of "us Dutch folks and you English folks," and sometimes with a pretty plain hint that some of the Dutch ways are discreeter and better, if not more virtuous, than the English. But though I call them Dutch, I am fully aware that they are not Hollanders. Most of them are Swiss of ancient and honorable descent, exiles from religious persecution.

I am sorry that I do not understand the language well enough to give a sketch of some of the discourses on this occasion. At times I understood an expression of the first speaker, such as, "Let us well reflect and observe," or "Let us well consider" — expressions that were often repeated. As he was doubtless a farmer, and was speaking extemporaneously, it is not remakable that they were so.

When the preacher had taken his seat the congregation knelt for five minutes in silence. A brother then read aloud from the German Scripture concerning Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night, etc. After this another brother rose and spoke in a tone like that which is so common anong Friends— namely, a kind of singing or chanting tone, which he accompanied by a little gesture.

While he was speaking one or two women went out, and as I wished to take notes of the proceedings, I followed them into the washhouse or outside kitchen, which was quite comfortable. As I passed along I saw in the yard the wagons which had brought the people to meeting. Most of them were covered with plain yellow oil-cloth. I have been told that there are sometimes a hundred wagons gathered at one farmhouse, and that in summer the meetings are often held in the barn.

I sat down by the stove in the washhouse, and a very kindly old woman, the host's mother, came and renewed the fire. As she did not talk English, I spoke to her a little in German, and she seemed to understand me. When I wrote she wondered and laughed at my rapid movements, for writing is slower work with these people than some other kinds of labor. I suppose, indeed, that there are still some of the older women who scarecely know how to write.

I asked her whether after meeting I might look at the German books on the corner shelf— ancient books with dark leather covers and metallic clasps. She said in reply, "Bleibsht esse?" ("Shall you stay and eat?") Yes, I would. "Ya wohl," said she, "kannsht." ("Very well, you can.")

A neat young Amish woman, the maid or housekeeper, came and put upon the stove a great tin wash-boiler, shining bright, into which she put water for making coffee and for washing dishes.

I soon returned to the meeting, and found the same preacher still speaking. I suppose that he had continued during my absence, and if so his discourse was an hour and ten minutes in length. This was quite too long to be entertaining to one who only caught the sense of an occasional passage, or a few texts of Scripture. It was while these monotonous tones continued that I heard a rocking upon the floor overhead. It proceeded, I believe, from the young mother, the mother of the little one before spoken of. When the child had become restless before this, or when she was tired, a young man upon the brethren's side of the room had taken it for a while, and now it was doubtless being put to sleep in a room overhead, into which a stovepipe passed from the apartment where we sat.

My attention was also attracted by an old lady who sat near me and facing the stove, with her hands crossed in her lap, and a gold or a brass ring on each middle finger. She wore a black flannel dress and a brown woolen apron, leather shoes and knit woolen stockings. Her head was bent forward toward her broad bosom, upon which was crossed a white kerchief. With her gray hair, round face and plain linen cap, her whole figure reminded me of the peasant-women of Continental Europe or of a Flemish picture.

His Protecting Hand

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When the long sermon was ended different brethren were called upon, and during a half hour we had from them several short discourses— one or two of them nearly inaudible. The speakers were, I think, giving their views on what had been said, or perhaps they were by these little efforts preparing themselves to become preachers or showing their gifts to the congregation.

It is stated in Herzog's Cyclopaedia that among the Mennonites in Holland the number of Liebesprediger has greatly declined, so that some congregations had no preacher. (The word Liebesprediger I am inclined to translate as voluntary, unpaid preachers, like those among Friends.) I am in doubt, indeed, whether any such are now found in Holland. There seems to be no scarcity in this country of preachers, who are, however, in some if not all three of the divisions of Mennonites, chosen by lot.

When these smaller efforts were over the former preacher spoke again for twenty minutes, and several of the women were moved to tears. After this the congregation knelt in vocal prayer. When they rose the preacher said that the next meeting would be at the house of John Lapp, in two weeks. He pronounced a benediction, ending with the name of Jesus, and the whole congregation, brethren and sisters, curtseyed or made a reverence, as the French express it. This was doubtless in allusion to the text, "At that Name every knee shall bend." Finally, a hymn or a portion of one was sung, drawn out in a peculiar manner by dwelling on the words. I obtained a hymn-book and copied a portion. It seems obscure:

Der Schöpfer auch der Vater heisst,
Durch Christum, seinen Sohne;
Da wirket mit der Heilig Geist,
Einiger Gott drey Namen,
Von welchem kommt ein Gotteskind
Gewaschen ganz rein von der Sünd,
Wird geistlich gespeisst und träncket
Mit Christi Blut, sein Willen thut
Irdisch verschmächt aus ganzen Muthe,
Der Vater sich ihm schenket.

The book from which I copied these lines was in large German print, and bore the date of 1785. In front was this inscription, in the German tongue and handwriting: "This song-book belongs to me, Joseph B——. (Beiler—Byler). Written in the year of Christ 1791; and I received it from my father." Both father and son have been gathered to their fathers: the book, if I mistake not, was in the house of the grandson, and it may yet outlast several generations of these primitive people.

The services closed at a little after noon. From their having been conducted entirely in German, or in German and the dialect, some persons might suppose that these were recent immigrants to our country. But the B—— family just alluded to was one of the first Amish families that came here, having arrived in 1737.

It seems that the language is cherished with care, as a means of preserving their religious and other peculiarities. The public schools, however, which are almost entirely English, must be a powerful means of assimilation.

The services being ended, the women quietly busied themselves while I wrote in preparing dinner. In a very short time two tables were spread in the apartment where the meeting had been held. Two tables, I have said—and there was one for the men to sit at—but on the women's side the table was formed of benches placed together, and of course was quite low. I should suppose that this was a casual occurrence, had not an acquaintance told me that many years ago, when she attended an Amish meeting, she sat up to two benches.

Before eating there was a silent pause, during which those men who had not yet a place at the table stood uncovered reverentially, holding their hats before their faces. In about fifteen minutes the "first table" had finished eating, and another silent pause was observed in the same manner before they rose.

I was invited to the second table, where I found beautiful white bread, butter, pies, pickles, apple-butter and refined molasses. I observed that there were no spoons in the molasses and apple-butter. A cup of coffee also was handed to each person who wished it. We were not invited to take more than one.

This meal marks the progress of wealth and luxury or the decline of asceticism since the day when bean soup was the principal if the only dish furnished on these occasions. The same neighbor who told me of sitting up to two benches many years ago, told me that at that time they were served with bean soup in bright dishes, doubtless of pewter or tin. Three or four persons ate out of one dish. It was very unhandy, she said.

But while thus sketching the manners of my simple, plain neighbors, let me not forget to acknowledge that ready hospitality which thus provides a comfortable meal even to strangers visiting the meeting. Besides myself, there were at least two others present who were not members—two German Catholic women of the poorer class, such as hire out to work.

The silent pause before and after eating was also observed by the second table; and after we rose a third company sat down.

When all were done, I gave a little assistance in clearing the tables, in carrying the butter into the cellar and the other food to the washhouse. The dishes were taken to the roofed porch between the latter and the house, where some of the women-folk washed them. A neat table stood at the foot of the cellar stairs, and received the valued product of the dairy, the fragments being put away in an orderly manner.

I now had a time of leisure, for my driver had gone to see a friend, and I must await his coming. This gave me an opportunity to talk with several sisters. I inquired of a fine-looking woman when the feet-washing would be held, and when they took the Lord's Supper. When I asked whether they liked those who were not members to attend the feet-washing, I understood her to say that they did not. (I attended, not a great while after, the great Whitsuntide feet-washing and bread-breaking in the meeting-house of the New Mennists.) I had now an opportunity to examine the books. Climbing upon a bench, I took down a great volume, well printed in the German language, and entitled "The Bloody Theatre; or, the Martyr's Mirror of the Baptists, or Defenceless Christians; who, on account of the testimony of Jesus, their Saviour, suffered and were put to death, from the time of Christ to the year 1660. Lancaster, 1814." This book was a version from the Dutch (Holländisch) of Thislem J. van Bracht, and it has also been rendered from German into English. I was not aware, at the time, that I had before me one of the principal sources whence the history of the Mennonites is to be drawn—a history which is still unwritten.

The books were few in number, and I noticed no other so remarkable as this. Another German one, more modern in appearence, was entitled "Universal Cattle-Doctor Book; or, the Cures of the old Shepherd Thomas, of Bunzen in Silesia, for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Goats."

While I was looking over the volumes a little circumstance occurred which, although not flattering to myself, is perhaps too characteristic to be omitted. My "Dutch" neighbors are not great readers, and to read German is considered an accomplishment even among those who speak the dialect. To speak "Dutch" is very common, of course, but to read German is a considerable attainment. I have therefore sometimes surprised a neighbor by being able to read the language. I am naturally not unwilling to be admired, and as two or three sisters were standing near while I examined the books, I endeavored in haste to give them a specimen of my attainments. I therefore took a passage quickly from the great Martyr-Book, and read aloud a sentence like this: "Grace, peace and joy through God our heavenly Father, wisdom, righteousness and truth through Jesus Christ his Son, together with the illuming of the Holy Spirit, be with you." Glancing up to see the surprise which my attainments must produce, I beheld a different expression of countenance, for the attention of some of the thoughtful sisters was attracted by the subject-matter, instead of the reader, and that aroused a dentiment of devotion beautifully expressed.

I asked our host, "Have you no history of your society?"

→ → →

Love changes darkness into light
And makes the heart the "wingless flight".
Oh! Blest are they who walk in love,
They also walk with God above!
And when man walks with God again,
There shall be peace on earth for men.

"No," he answered: "we just hand it down."

I have since heard, however, that there are papers or written records in charge of a person who lives at some distance from me. From certain printed records I have been able to trace a streamlet of history from its source in Switzerland, where the Anabaptists suffered persecution in Berne, Zurich, etc. I have read of their exile in Alsace and the Palatinate; of the aid afforded to them by their fellow-believers, the Mennonites of Holland; and of their final colonization in Pennsylvania, where they also are called Mennists.

Nearly all the congregation had departed when my driver at last arrived. I shook hands with those that were left, and kissed the pleasant old lady, the mother of our host. △

Winter in the Valley

Winter came to the valley
In a flurry of snow today;
The earth wears a blanket of ermine
And the trees bear a crystal array.

Little creatures tumble in happiness,
Leaving tiny prints in the snow,
And the wind sings over our rooftop
Then sweeps down the hill below.

Winter here at our farmhouse
Is like no place else on earth;
It has a magic about it
Beyond all measure of worth.

Oh, the joy of hiking in the woods
On a sunny winter day?
What price for a ride down a rail-lined lane
In a horse drawn antique sleigh?

What would be the cost of a holly hunt,
Or a chance to skate on the pond?
Or how much would you sacrifice
If you had a fairy wand?

That you could wave and return once more
To the childhood haunts you knew?
And the joy that you remember
When winter winds then blew.

Oh, yes, give me my farmhouse
With its special winter fun.
There is an enchantment about it
That speaks to everyone.

-Selected by Mrs. W. Hershberger

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on inside back cover)

1.	**anders**	A. underneath B. otherwise C. exceptional D. twice
2.	**Arbeiter**	A. worker B. arbiter C. peacemaker D. doctor
3.	**arg**	A. ah B. ark C. evil D. coffin
4.	**äuserſchte**	A. nearest B. outermost C. set aside D. inner
5.	**erkennen**	A. able B. unable C. recognize D. confess
6.	**erſcholl**	A. shell B. surrounding C. shall D. spread
7.	**Fieber**	A. feeble B. fiber C. fierce D. fever
8.	**Gaſſen**	A. gasify B. streets C. gossip D. bridge
9.	**getroſt**	A. comforted B. entrust C. benign D. contrary
10.	**Getümmel**	A. echo B. tumult C. stormy D. rumble
11.	**Gewäſſer**	A. weather B. wastes C. flood D. to whittle
12.	**iſſet**	A. insel B. eat C. isle D. gusset
13.	**Mammon**	A. mammal B. mammoth C. evil D. worldly riches
14.	**Qual**	A. storm B. measure C. torment D. wrath
15.	**ſauer**	A. savor B. sour C. sower D. delectable
16.	**Schätze**	A. clothing B. prepared C. before D. treasure
17.	**trachtet**	A. strive for B. plow C. lavish D. faith
18.	**Trauben**	A. drive B. trust C. grapes D. birds
19.	**um**	A. about B. beneath C. sum D. hum
20.	**Weide**	A. width B. distance C. length D. pasture

Editorielles —

Meiner Seele Bräutigam

Kennſt du Jeſum mein Verlangen
Mein Geliebter und mein Freund,
Der in allem was Er ſendet
Es ſo gütig mit mir meint?
Wenn auch Stürme um mich toben,
Mich verſucht der Erde Land,
Kann ich ruhig Ihm vertrauen
Leib und Seel in ſeine Hand.
Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Lamm,
Meiner Seele Bräutigam.

Kennſt du Seiner Liebe Fülle,
Was Er viel für mich getan?
Er vergab mir alle Sünden,
Liebt mich innig himmelan,
Konnt' ich anders als Ihn lieben,
Weihen Ihm mein Leben all?
Er, der jeden Tag mich traget,
Trägt mich in den Freudenſaal.
Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Lamm,
Meiner Seele Bräutigam.

Haſt erprobt der Himmel Kräfte?
Weißt du was Er hat für dich?
Sieg für jeden Tag und Stunde,
Völlig Sieg für dich und mich.
Troſt wenn deine Seele blutet
Hart von Feindes Hand berührt;
Heiland' Balſam gibt der Tröſter,
Und das Herz den Herrn verſpürt.
Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Lamm,
Meiner Seele Bräutigam.

Wenn auch kommt die Todesſtunde,
Wenn dann lacht der böſe Feind,
Schau ich freudig hin nach Jeſum —
Köſtlich iſt's mit Ihm vereint;
Sanft getragen von den Engeln —
Himmelslüfte, o wie ſüß —
Ewig bei dem guten, lieben,
Ewig ſein im Paradies.
Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Lamm,
Meiner Seele Bräutigam.

— J. S. Walkof

Kennſt du Jeſum?

Geliebter Leſer, iſt es eine Frage zu uns, ob wir Jeſum kennen? Jeſus kennt uns, wenn wir Kinder Gottes ſind. Er konnte ſagen: „Ich bin der gute Hirte, und erkenne die Meinen, und bin bekannt den Meinen.“ Joh. 10, 14.

Wenn wir jemand antreffen wo wir noch nie zuvor geſehen haben, dann ſagen wir: Ich kenne der Mann nicht. Warum kennen wir der Mann nicht? Es iſt nur dieweil wir noch nicht um ihn herum waren, wir ſind ihn nicht bekannt worden. Wenn wir öfters ihn ſehen, oder beſſer geſagt, wenn er in unſere Gegen einziehen würde wo wir ihn oft ſehen und reden mit ihm, dann kennen wir der Mann. Wir können aber nicht Morgens aufſtehen und Jeſum antreffen und mit Ihm reden wie die Jünger Jeſu zu derſelbigen Zeit konnten. Wir müſſen Ihn dann in einem ganz andern Weg bekannt werden.

Wir müſſen leſen in ſein Wort, in dem heiligen Bibel Buch, wie Er ſeinen himmliſchen Throneſitz verließ und kam auf dieſe fluchbeladene Erd um die Menſchen zu erlöſen und ſie befreuen von dem Sündenfall Adams, nach des Vaters Rat und Willen. Wenn wir dann verſtehen aus ſein Wort was wir tun ſollen und was wir nicht tun ſollen ſo müſſen wir beten für Kraft nach demſelbigen zu leben. Wir ſind zu ſchwach von uns ſelber, das finden wir bald aus, denn Jeſus konnte ſagen: Ohne Mich könnet ihr nichts tun. Ohne Zweifel hatte ſchon ein mancher Menſch geſucht ein Kind Gottes zu werden durch ſeine eigene Kraft oder verdienſt und hat ein Fehlſchlag gemacht davon.

Wir haben ein wenig gemeldet von andere Leute kennen. Wir kennen bald ſie von Angeſicht kennen, wenn wir einer ſchon etliche Mal angetroffen haben möchten wir ſagen, ja das iſt der John Speicher, ich kenne ihn; aber innerlich bin ich vielleicht ihn noch recht bekannt. Je mehr ich um ihn her bin, wie mehr Handelſchaft und Redensart ich habe ihm, wie beſſer ich ihn bekannt werde. Das iſt nur ſo wie wir untereinander ſprechen von einander kennen; aber wir wollen es herüber drehen im Geiſtlichen. Wie, lernen wir Jeſum kennen? Iſt es nicht alſo, wie mehr wir um Ihn her ſind, je mehr Handelſchaft wir haben mit Ihm, uns üben in ſein Wort zu ſehen was für ein Leben wir führen ſollen um ein Kind Gottes zu werden, und Ihn bitten für die nötige Kraft es auszuführen, ſo nach und nach werden wir Ihn als beſſer bekannt. Wenn wir denn Jeſus ſo lernen kennen dann kommen wir aus der Finſternis in das Licht, aus dem Tode ins Leben, und auf dem Wege des Friedens.

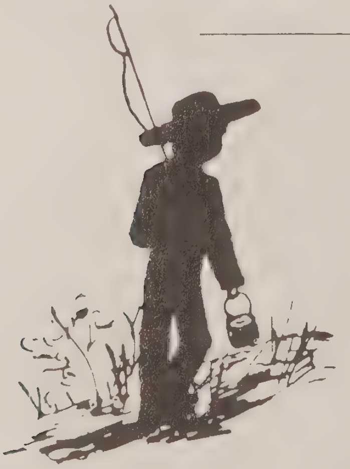
Wir wollen uns ein wenig weiter erinnern, ob wir Jeſus ſeine Liebe recht kennen. Denken wir dran wie viel Er für uns getan hat? Er ließ ſein Leib brechen und ſein Blut vergießen durch ſeine große Liebe für uns Sünder. Niemand hat größere Liebe denn der ſein Leben gelaſſen hat für ſeine Freunde. Wenn wir dann an ſolchem denken, wie können wir anders als wie Ihn lieben der uns zuerſt geliebet hat. Wie unſer Gedicht ſagt: Wie, „Konnt' ich anders als Ihn lieben, weihen Ihm mein Leben all?“

Jeſus iſt derjenige wo alle Tag uns traget auf Adlersfliegel, wie Gott ſchon geſagt hatte zu die Kinder Iſrael. Er hat einen völligen Sieg für uns jeden Tag. Er hilft uns durch die Sturmwinde, ja durch des Satans Stricke und Netz wo er geſtellet hat. Es iſt unausſprechlich und unbegreiflich wie viel Jeſus uns hilft durch dieſem Leben. Ja Er hat Sieg für jeden Tag und Stunde, Er giebt Troſt wenn unſere Seele blutet weil ſie ſo hart berührt wird von des Feindes Hand. Er der Heiland hat Balſam zu heilen unſere arme Seele.

Jeſus der Heiland iſt ein Tröſter für alle unſere Trübſalen die kommen werden, wo auch viele ſein werden in dieſem Leben. Wenn wir ſcheinen ganz aus und all zu ſein kommt Jeſus nach und hilft uns. Er ſtreckt ſeine Hand aus und hilft ſo gern: Stehe auf, habe geduld, Gott wird dir bald helfen. Müſſen wir uns nicht oftmals ſchämen, daß wir ſo bald ungeduldig werden. „Geduld iſt euch not, auf daß ihr den Willen Gottes tut und die Verheißung erlanget.“ Ebr. 10, 36. Vielleicht iſt Heut der letzte Tag, das iſt uns wohl ganz unbekannt. Darum laſſet uns laufen durch Geduld in dem Kampf der uns verordnet iſt und aufſehen auf Jeſum, den Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens; welcher, da Er wohl hätte mögen Freude haben, erduldete Er das Kreuz, und achtete der Schande nicht, und iſt geſeſſen zur Rechten auf dem Stuhl Gottes. Ebr. 12, 1.2.

Ja, wenn wir mehr an Jeſum denken würden wäre es wohl oftmals beſſer beſtellt mit uns. Wenn wir denken an all das Widerſprechen wo Er geduldet hat gegen ſich ſelbſt von die Sünder, und iſt doch nicht ungeduldig worden. Der Schreiber geht weiter: „Ihr habt noch nicht bis aufs Blut widerſtanden über dem kämpfen wider die Sünde.“ Nein, wir ſind noch gar nicht ſo weit gekommen, haben wir nicht viel Urſach dankbar zu ſein gegen ein ſolcher Jeſum? Wir vergeſſen vielleicht des Troſtes, der wo zu uns redet als zu den Kindern, wie Er weiter ſagt: „Mein Sohn, achte nicht gering die Züchtigung des Herrn, und verzage nicht wenn du von ihm geſtraft wirſt; denn welchen der Herr lieb hat, den züchtiget Er, und Er ſträubt einen jeglichen Sohn, den Er aufnimmt.“ Das meint, Er tut uns ſchläg geben, ſo wie wir Kinder tun wenn wir wollen daß ſie uns gehorchen, und das ſoll ihnen zum Beſten dienen. Und dieſe Züchtigung wenn ſie da ſind, dünken ſie uns nicht Freude, ſondern Traurigkeit zu ſein, aber hernach folgt eine friedſame Frucht der Gerechtigkeit, aber es heißt wenn wir dadurch geübt ſind. Ja, ohne Zweifel finden wir es ein manches Mal ſo in dieſem Leben, aber wenn wir darin geübt ſind tun wir wieder aufrichten die müde Kniee, wir wollen wieder uns ſtärken laſſen und als noch ſuchen weitere Fortſchritten zu machen, wir wollen acht geben daß wir nicht ſtraucheln und vielleicht meinen wir haben uns wenig weh gemacht und nichts drum geben ob wir wieder aufſtehen oder nicht.

Jetz wollen wir wieder ablaſſen, mit abforderung das Gebet. „Betet ohne unterlaß, ſeid dankbar in allen Dingen, denn das iſt der Wille Gottes in Chriſto Jeſu an euch, den Geiſt dämpfet nicht, die Weisſagung verachtet nicht, prüfet alles und das Gute behaltet, meidet allen böſen Schein.



Der Hahne ſeine wüſte Füß

Sammy lähnt ſich über dem Tiſch und guckt gegen ſeine Mäm. Es war Samſtag nachmittag. Auf dem Tiſch liegt ein Muſter (pattern) und große braune envelopes mit mehr Muſtern.

„Sammy ſteh ein wenig zurück,“ ſagt die Mäm, als ſie ein Hoſen-Muſter ausſtreckt vorne ihn. „Nau dies do,“ explaint ſie zu die Betzy der Yoſt Gingerich ſeine Mäm, „iſt das Muſter es ich zuletzt genommen hab für der Sammy ſeine Kleider machen.“

„Dies guckt ein wenig klein für der Joſt,“ ſagt ſie als ſie mol das Papier meßt mit ihre Augen. „Der Joſt wachſt ſo ſteig.“

„Ja, er iſt wenig länger es der Sammy. Vielleicht wird der Amos ſein Muſter beſſer fitte. Der Joſt braucht ſo notwendig ein paar Hoſen für an die Spelling-Conteſt geh.“

„Dann iſt er auch am ſich bereiten für dies,“ ſagt die Maud Miller.

„Ja, er iſt ſehr hitzig aber ich weiß nicht verwaß. Der Teacher . . .“ Sie ſtoppt als ſie gegen der Sammy guckt.

Die Mäm nimmt der Hint es ſie nicht es ſagen will wann der Sammy es hört. „Sammy, geh du naus und helf der Dat; die Anna iſt auch draus,“ gebiet die Mäm.

“Ja, aber es iſt nichts fa du draus,“ antwort der Sammy, denn er hat auch wiſſen wollen was die Betſy ſagen will wegen der Joſt.

„Ach es iſt etwas es du ſchaffen kannſt,“ drängt ſie. „Geh und guck wo die Anna iſt und bleibet draus und ſpielet; aber am erſten frag der Dat ob er etwas hat zu ſchaffe.“

Sammy ſtreckt ſich aus und geht langſam in die Stube für ſeine Kleider holen. Er ſpitzt ſeine Ohren zu hören was er kann in die Zeit es er ſeine Kleider an tut.

„O, ich ſehn es der Amos ſein Muſter iſt aber zu groß für der Joſt,“ hört der Sammy die Betſy ſagen.

„Du kannſt es kleiner ſchneiden,“ adviſed die Maud. „Du kannſt nur ein Fald machen in das Papier.“

„Ja, und es iſt nicht lang zu groß; der Joſt iſt am wachſe. Ach, ſie wäre ganz zu geſchwind groß. Ich glaub aber es ich der Amos ſein Muſter will.“

„Ja, die Kinder dien zu geſchwind aufwachſen,“ ſpricht die Maud. Sie fängt an das Muſter abmarken. „Wollt ihr alle an die Spelling gehen?“ fragt ſie.

Der Sammy hebt ſich ſtille weil er die Zipple-Kap auf ſein Kopf tut und horcht was geſagt wird.

„Ach ich ſchäme mich ſchier fa geh, weil der Joſt iſt ſo hartlernig. Ich weiß es er bald grad ſein Sitz nehmen muß. Gehn dir?“

„Ich glaub. Es iſt ein wenig weit aber es hat nicht viel Spelling-Conteſts wie dieſe wo es zwiſchen zwei Schulen iſt.“

Die Weibsleut haben ganz vergeſſen wegen der Sammy in die Stubbe,ſie meinen er war naus gegangen.

„Ja, du brauchſt dich nicht ſchämen weil der Sammy iſt eaſylernig.“

„Ja er iſt,“ hört der Sammy ſeine Mäm antworten, „Er iſt mehr ſo als der Andy oder der Amos. Er braucht bald nicht ſtudieren und kriegt doch ein Hundred.“

„Ich glaub es der Joſt hart probiert aber es nimmt ihn lang bis er mol etwas hat . . . aber no vergeſſet er es nicht g'ſchwind. Der Joſt hat auch geſagt es der Sammy nicht viel ſtudieren muß. Es dinkt mich alſomal es der Teacher kann es nicht verſtehen es der Joſt nicht lernen kann wie der Sammy.“

„Der Sammy hat bald alle mol ein Hundred gehabt in Spelling das letzte Jahr.“ Die Maud probiert es ſagen in ein demütiger Weg, aber ſie wollte es doch ſo gern ſagen. „Der Sammy tut recht gut in allem. Ein Taler kriegen in an Spelling-Conteſt iſt eaſy für ihn. Der Teacher hat geſagt es er hätte keine Arbeit wann all die Kinder ſo gut wäre wie der Sammy.“ Die Maud lacht ein wenig. „Ich weiß nicht was ich tun werde wenn ich ein hartlernig Kind hätte. Ich habe nicht genug Geduld wie es iſt.“ Sie lacht noch mehr.

Bei dieſer Zeit wünſcht der Sammy er wäre in die Scheuer. Er ſchämt ſich wann ſie ſehne es er am abhorchen war. „Die Buben dien oftmals der Joſt dauern es er ſo hartlernig iſt,“ hört er ſeine Mäm ſagen als er die Stubbe-Tür an die Porch probiert leichtſam aufmachen. Die Tür krechſt. Er ſieht zurück als er naus geht und ſehnt die Mäm von die Küch in die Stubbe gucken. Sie hat ihn geſehen.

Montags in die Schul waren die Kinder excited. Bald alles es ſie ſchwetzen kannten war wegen die Spelling in die Hamilton Schul. Der Teacher hat geſagt es der beſt Speller von die ſechs höchſte Grades werden ein Taler kriegen.

Sammy wünſcht es die Spelling wäre auf Montag aber ſie war nicht bis Freitag in ein Woch. Noch zwölf Tag mehr, denkt er, dieſe Zeit kommt ſolange nicht. Wann ich dieſer Taler kriege dann werde ich neun- bald neun- Taler haben, denkt er weiter. Und ich kann es kriegen ohne viel ſtudieren.“

„Wir wollen nicht ſo viel Zeit nehmen an Noon,“ ſagt der Teacher. „Wir wollen practicen ſpellen alles es wir können.“

„Ich brauch bald nicht ſtudieren und krieg doch ein Hundred,“ geht wieder durch der Sammy ſein Kopf. „Ich brauch bald nicht ſtudieren in keine Subject.“ Er guckt gegen der Joſt und ſieht es er ſein Kopf bald auf ſein Deſk hat und war am ſchreiben. Sein Speller war auf. „Ich bin aber froh es ich nicht hartlernig bin wie der Joſt Gingerich,“ denkt der Sammy.

Am Abend kommt der Andy heim von Schul mit ſein Speller und ſein Arithmetic Buch.

„Ho“ lacht der Sammy. „Willſt du der ganze Abend ſtudieren? Spelling und Arithmetic iſt eaſy.“ Er macht an G'ſicht gegen der Andy.

Andy gebt nichts um der Sammy. „Ich will ein Taler g'winnen und will ſtudieren.“

„Tuſt du nicht wünſchen es du wäreſt ſo eaſylernig wie ich, dann müßteſt du nicht ſo viel ſtudieren.“

Der Amos war in's Haus und höret was der Sammy geſagt hat. „Der Sammy ſehnt nur ſeine Geſchicklichkeit und nicht ſeine Dummheit,“ ſagte der Amos zum Andy. Amos geht in die Scheuer und ſagt ſein Vater wie der Sammy geſchwetzt hat.

„Verwas tut er ſo ſchwetzen?“ antwortet er mit ein traurig Geſicht, „Er weißt doch es ein groß Geſchwetz nur ein leerer Wind iſt und zum Grund geht.“

„Haſt du dein Spelling-Worten gut ſtudiert?“ Fragt der Vater der Sammy auf Freitag Morgen wo ſie weg gange ſind vom Tiſch.

„Gut genug, ich weiß ſie alle,“ antwortet der Sammy als er gegen die Stubbe lauft.

„Laß du der Andy ſie ſagen für dich ob du in die Schul gehſt,“ ruft die Mäm ihm nach als ſie der Tiſch abräumt. „Und du kannſt der Andy ſeine ſagen für ihn.“

„Ach, die Fourth Grade Worten ſind ſo eaſy es macht mich ledig ſie ſagen,“ antwortet der Sammy.

„Du ſollſt ſie doch ſagen für mich denn ich will nicht haben es unſer Schul die Spelling-Conteſt verliert,“ ſagt der Andy als er's Speller kriegt.

„Pronounce ſie für ihn,“ gebiet Vater der Sammy.

„Ich wollte es tun aber wann die Mäm und ich zu de Uncle Joes geh wollen für das Mittag dann müſſen wir unſere Arbeit tun.“

„Wollen wir nicht in die Hamilton Schul gehen?“ fragt die Anna mit Betrogenheit in ihre Augen.

„'S Joes wohnen nicht weit von die Hamilton Schul,“ erklärt die Mäm, „Wir gehen dann an dies Schul Haus nach dem Eſſen. Vielleicht gehen's Joes mit uns.

„Ich bin ſo froh,“ lacht die Anna als ſie herum tanzt.

„Ich bin auch froh wann des Joes an die Schul kommen,“ ſagt der Sammy zum Andy. Noh iſt der Uncle Joe dort für mich ſehne der Floor kriege, denkt er weiter, aber dann ſagt er zum Andy: „Du brauchſt die Worte nicht laut ſagen für mich, ich weiß ſie alle, und ich will mei Buch wegen der Benjamin Franklin fertig leſen.“

Der Dat hört der Sammy ſchwetzen. „Laß dein Buch weck und ſpell du deine Worten,“ ſagt er.

Wo der Sammy am ſpellen war und der Andy die Worten ſagen, hat der Sammy ſeine Gedanken bald nicht an die Worten halten können . . . aber er ſpellt ſie alle und kriegt keine letz.

Die Hamilton Schul Kinder waren fremd zum Sammy. „Kennſt du die Buben?“wiſperte er zum Joſt als ſie in das Schul Haus gehen. Die Excitement war groß weil viel von die Eltern waren dort und von die Schuler ihre G'ſchwiſtern.

„Nur ein wenig. Der Bube in das Grün Hemd iſt der Jecky Abe's Davy ſein Henry. Ich weiß es weil ſie waren mol bei uns.“

Sammy und Joſt ſitzen neben einander. Sammy ſein Deſk war bald zu klein. Die andere Leute waren auch an ihre Sitz nehmen und es war bald zeit für der Conteſt anfangen.

Sammy guckt h'rum und ſieht wo ſein Dat und Mäm ſitzen. Anna war neben die Mäm. Sammy ſieht Joſt ſeine Eltern, s' Uncle Joes, und viele andere Leute es er nicht bekannt war. Er wünſchte er hätte ſeine Leſſon mehr ſtudiert, aber es war zu ſpät jetz.

Die Teachers fangen an mit die Third-Grade Spelling. Das war glei vorbei. Die Hamilton Schul hat gewonnen. Nun war es zeit für die Fourth-Graders.

Andy ſtellt ſich auf die rechte Seit von die Schul-Haus Wand zu die andere Fourth-Graders. Die Hamilton Schuler waren auf die linke Seit. Andy guckt es wann er keine Furcht hätte. Er hatte ſeine Spelling gut ſtudiert.

„Camel,“ Pronounced der Hamilton Teacher zu ihm.

Andy denkt ein wenig. Er weiß daß er nur einmal probieren darf.

„C-a-m-e-l,“ ſpellt der Andy.

„Money,“ ſagt der Teacher zu eins von die Hamilton Mädchen. „Money brauchen wir.“

An und an ſpellen ſie bis der Andy und ein Mädchen es Dora heißt allein ſtehen am ſpellen. Der Sammy war excited.Er wünſcht er darft winken gegen der Andy ſo daß er es g'winnen wird. Aber Sammy weiß es das nicht fair wäre. Andy aber ſieht der Sammy und die andere Leute nicht an. Er ſteht dort es wann er gar nicht weiß es andere in das Schul-Haus wären.

„S-u-r-p-r-i-ſ-e,“ ſagt der Teacher zu die Dora. „Wir haben ein ſurpriſe.“

„S-e-r . . .“ tut die Dora anfange, dann dreht ihr G'ſicht rot weil ſie letz war.

„S-u-r-p-r-i-ſ e,“ ſpellt der Andy.

Viel von die Leute tun ihre Händ zuſammen ſchlagen. Sammy klappt ſeine Hände laut und lacht als der Andy ſein Taler nimmt vom Teacher.

Sammy ſein Herz klopft hart als er die Announcement hört für die Fifth-Grade Spelling Conteſt. Er guckt gegen ſeine Mäm und Uncle Joes und lächelt als er zu die Seite der Stubbe lauft. Es waren ſieben Kinder es gegen ihn gucken von die andere Seite.

Wo es der Sammy ſeine Zeit war zu ſpelle dann guckt er gegen 's Uncle Joes von das Eck von ſein Aug für ſure machen es ſie ihn am watchen ſind. Er war g'ſatiſfied; ſie waren ihn am watchen.

„Spread,“ pronounced der Hamilton Teacher. „Spread der Blanket auf dem Gras.“

Ach, 'das iſt eaſy, denkt der Sammy. „S-p-r-e-a-d,“ ſpellt er.

Der Teacher ſchmeild und gunckt ſein Kopf.

Sammy guckt wieder aus dem Eck von ſein Aug gegen die Leut. Sie haben geſehen es er es recht geſpellt hat.

Es war nicht lang bis der Joſt ſein Sitz genommen hat. Seine Eltern gucken traurig gegen ihn. Aber der Joſt hat gewußt es er es nicht gewinnen wird, ſo war er nicht betrogen.

Etliche andere Kinder haben auch ihren Sitz genommen. Ein wenig von jede Seit, Eins bei eins gehen andre für ihr Sitz nehmen, bis niemand bei der Sammy war am ſteh als der Larry Troyer. Zwei Buben von die Hamilton Schul waren auch noch am ſteh. Sammy lächelt gegen ſeine Mäm mit ein „Ich - zehl - es -winnen“ auf ſein G'ſicht. In ſeine Gedanken hört er Schon das Klappen der Händ für ſich.

„Ich will ein Flaſhlight kaufen mit dem Taler wann ich es krieg,“ wiſpert er zum Larry. Eins von die Hamilton Schuler war am ſpellen. Sammy lacht gegen der Larry und hat eine kurze Zeit vergeſſen es er 's nächſt war für ſpellen.

„Sammy!“ vermahnt der Teacher.

Sammy guckt geſchwind herum. Er fängt grad an zu ſchwitzen, denn er weiß nicht ob der Hamilton Bube das Wort recht geſpellt hat, oder hat der Teacher ihm ein ander geſagt. Er guckt gegen dem Boden und blinzelt ein wenig. Er war zu erſchrocken für denken.

„Receipt.“ pronounced der Teacher. „Ich habe ein Receipt g'ſchrieben.“

Sammy ſeine Gedanken waren verſchittelt, „Receipt,“ tut er repeate, „R-e-c-i-p-e.“

Der Teacher ſchittelt ſein Kopf.

Wo der Sammy das ſehnt iſt ſein Geſicht worden wie ein roter Delicous Apfel. Sammy hat dran gedenkt es er das Wort letz geſpellt hat. Er ſchämt ſich und guckt nicht gegen ſeine Mäm oder 's Uncle Joes wo er ſein Sitz genommen hat. Er wünſcht er könnte grad Heim ſpringen, aber er war ſechs Mile von Heim. Die Tränen kommen bald in ſeine Augen als er die Leute höret klappen. Der Larry hat gewonnen. Ich hab alle von die Worte ſpellen können, denkt er. Das iſt nicht fair. Ich glaub nicht es ich es recht verſtanden hab. Verwas hab ich verloren?

Sammy war ein ſtiller Bub als er mit ſein Vater und Mutter heim gangen iſt auf dem Buggy. Die andere waren am lachen und ſchwetzen; von die Kinder und von die Spelling. Sammy hat nicht gelacht mit ſie. Er guckt neben naus ſo die andere nicht ſehen es er nicht lachen tut.

Aber der Vater und die Mutter haben geſehen was letz war mit der Sammy.

„Ich habe gedenkt es der Sammy wird es gewinnen anſtatt der Andy,“ ſagt der Amos.

„Ich hab hart g'ſtudiert aber ich hab doch nicht gedenkt es ich es gewinnen kann,“ antwort der Andy.

„Ich hab auch gedenkt der Sammy wird es gewinnen,“ kreiſcht die Anna von dem Hinter-Sitz, „aber ich denk der Larry iſt ein wenig beſſer es der Sammy.“

Wo der Sammy das gehört hat ſitzt er noch härter in ſein Eck vom Buggy und blinzelt die Tränen zurück.

„Sammy hat auch gut getan,“ tut der Vater ſein zweiter Sohn defenden.

"Nicht ahrig gut,“ ſagt die Anna wieder.

Dies war zu viel für der Sammy. „Ich hab all die Worte ſpellen können,“ ſagt er bitterlich.

„Verwas haſt du dann es letz g'ſpellt?“ fragt die Anna.

„Ich hab es nicht recht verſtanden,“ antwort der Sammy. Er weiß es ſelber daß dies ein ſchlechte Ausred war, weil der Teacher es öfters pronounced hat. Es war aber wahr, er hat das Wort letz kriegt in ſeine Gedanken weil er nicht am acht haben war.

„Sell iſt genug,“ ſagt der Vater in eine mitleidige Stimm, „ich glaub es der Sammy nervous war, aber es war doch gut es ſei Poch-Hahna (Peacock) ſeine wüſte Füße geſchen hat.“

„Wo iſt an Poch-Hahna? Was für Poch-Hahna? Hat der Sammy ein Poch-Hahna? Wie guckt er?“ Kreiſcht die Anna mit große Augen als ſie aufſteht und lahnt ſich über der vörderſt Sitz.

Die Eltern lachen über ſie und heißen ſie wieder ihren Sitz nehmen.

Sammy weiß auch nicht was ſein Vater gemeint hat wegen der Poch-Hahna, aber denkt er hat das geſagt ſo es ſie ſchwetzen wegen etwas anders und vergeſſen wegen die Spelling mol für ein weil.

Am Abend wundert der John Miller verwas der Sammy ſo lang in dem Hinkel-Stall iſt an die Eier ſuchen. Er geht an der Stall und findt der Sammy am weinen. „Wei, Sammy, was iſt letz?“ fragt er als er die Tür hinein geht. Er ſchwetzt es wann er nicht wußte was die Urſach iſt es der Sammy traurig iſt.

Wo der Sammy ſein Vater's Stimm hört dann ſpringe noch viel mehr Tränen über ſeine Backen nunter.

„Sammy, geht es dir ſo hart für ein Conteſt verlieren?“ fragt er. Wo der Sammy nicht geantwortet hat, geht der Vater an, „Denkſt du nicht weil du eaſylernig biſt dann wareſt du zu ſure von dir ſelber?“

„Aber ich hab gewußt wie das Wort zu ſpellen,“ weinte er. „Ich hab gewußt wie Receipt ſpelle.“

„Ja, aber du warſt nicht an dein Buſineſſ minde. Die Mäm und ich waren auch diſappointed es du es verfehlt haſt, aber wir waren mehr betrogen es du nicht gehorcht haſt.“

„Die Mäm ſagt doch ‚Receipt‘ für ein ‚Recipe‘,“ ſagt der Sammy zurück.

Dies lächelt der Vater. „Ja, ich weiß das, und es hat mehr Leute wo es letz ſagen. Ich denk das iſt eine Urſach es du es letz vernommen haſt, aber ſtopp dein Weines. Denkſt du es all die Kinder es verloren haben ſind daheim in dem Hinkel-Stall am weinen?“

Sammy hat nicht an des gedenkt. Er mußte ein wenig lächere wo er gedenkt hat wie das gucken wird wann all die Kinder daheim wären am weinen. Seine Tränen ſtoppen mol geſchwind. Er denkt daran wie kindiſch es iſt für ſich ſo anſchicken. „Aber ſie waren nicht ſo diſappointet wie ich bin," ſagt der Sammy als er ſeine Hand über ſeine Backen reibt und läß ein ſchwartzer Strömen.

„Ja, aber verwas biſt du mehr diſappointet es die andere?" fragt der Vater.

Sammy antwortet nicht.

„Ich weiß verwas," geht der Vater an als er ſein Sohn anſieht. „Du haſt dich ſo hoch gehoben und warſt ſure es du es gewinnen kannſt ohne ſtudieren, nicht ſo?"

Sammy ſteht mit dem Eier-Korb und guckt traurig gegen dem Boden und antwortet nicht. Er weiß es der Vater recht war.

„Es iſt ſo, und ich bin froh es du verloren haſt," ſage der Vater.

„Froh es ich verloren hab?" Sammy glaubte ſeine Ohren nicht. Verwas wäre ſein Dat froh es er das Wort nicht recht geſpellt hat.

„Ja, ich bin froh," tut der Vater ſeine Worte bekräftigen."Mindſt du nicht es ich geſagt hab es war notwendig es der Poch-Hahna ſeine wüſte Füß ſehnt."

Sammy gnuckt ſei Kopf.

„Die Leute ſagen als es wann an Poch-Hahna ſeine Federn ausſprutzt und fühlt ſtolz, dann muß er nur ſeine Füß gucken und ſehne wie wüſt und kruſtig ſie ausſehen, dann fühlt er nicht mehr ſtolz. Nun haſt du dein Kopf zu hoch gehoben und deine Federe aufgeſprutzt. Jetzt iſt es gut es du deine wüſte Füß geſehen haſt, und geſehen es du nicht vollkommen biſt."

Der Sammy verſteht jetz was ſein Vater ihm ſagen wollte, aber es war hart für ihn zu denken es dies gut war es er die Spelling-Conteſt nicht gewonnen hat. Er ſchämte ſich es er geweint hat dawege. Wo der Vater naus gange war dann ſtellte der Sammy ſein Eimer auf dem Boden. Er geht an dem Waſſer Fountain und wäſcht die Tränen ab von ſein G'ſicht. Die Hinkel ſtehen zurück und gucken es wann ſie ſich erſtaunen würden von wegen ſo ein Angeſchick.

„John," ſagt die Maud Miller wo die Kinder mol im Bett waren,"es dünkt mich wir müſſen nur ein gut Wort ſagen wegen unſere Kinder dann tun ſie etwas es wir uns ſchämen müſſen."

„Was iſt letz, was meinſt?" fragt er als ſein Strumpf abzieht von ſein Fuß.

Sie ſtellt ſich an dem Ofen, und guckt nunter gegen ihren Mann. „Sammy hat das Wort ſpellen können, ich weiß es er hät könne, aber er hat nicht acht gebe was der Teacher geſagt hat. Ach, ich hab mich ſo ſchämen müſſen."

„Aber verwas ſagſt du es du nur ein gut Wort mußt ſagen für die Kinder, dann müſſen wir uns ſchämen," fragt er als er gegen ſie guckt.

Die Maud ſchämt ſich bald ihrem Mann ſagen was ſie geſagt hat. Sie fangt an ſchloh zu reden: „Wo — wo Joſt Gingerich ſeine Mäm do war für an Muſter kriegen, dann ſagt ſie wie hartlernig da Joß iſt . . ."

„Und ich denk du haſt noh g'ſagt wie ſchmärt der Sammy iſt?" gueſſt er, aber er hoffte er iſt letz.

Sie gnuckt ihr Kopf und guckt traurig als ſie ein wenig Staub von dem Ofen butzt mit ihrem Finger. „Ich glaub es der Sammy mich gehört hat des ſagen."

Vater guckt mol eine lange Zeit gegen ſie und ſagt nichts. Er war ſehr ausgeboten mit ſeine Frau. „Ich habe g'meint," fangt er an, „es wir haben als geſagt wir wollen nicht unſere Kinder hoch loben, aber wenn ſie gut tun dann wollen wir andere laſſen ſie loben. Wir wiſſen nicht was unſere Kinder tun wann ſie nicht bei uns ſind. Wir haben nichts für bräggen dawege."

„Aber ich hab nicht gebräggt," ſagt ſie geſchwind ohne denken.

Er lächelt ein wenig gegen ſie. Seine Augen waren aber ſcharf und er guckt gegen ſie wie er als tut gegen ſeine Kinder wann ſie nicht gehorchen.

Die Mäm ſchämt ſich ſehr. Sie weiß es er recht hat. „Wel, ich — ich hab es aber nicht ſo gemeint . . ."

„Du haſt 's aber gern geſagt." Er ſtoppt ein wenig, dann geht er an, „Es iſt nicht fair zu unſere Kinder für ſie aufheben, ob ſie es hören oder nicht. Sie dien niemals aufmeſſen zu unſere Worten."

„Ich hab aber nichts anders gedenkt es der Sammy kriegt der Floor. Ich kann nicht verſtehen . . ."

„Ich kann es gut verſtehen," ſchwetzt der Vater neu, „es iſt alsmol notwendig es der großen Poch-Hahne ſeine Füß auch ſehnt."

△

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THE BURDEN-BEARER

We wait the postman's coming;
We see his smiling face
As eagerly we wait for what
He might take from his case.

"A letter with black edges,
It makes me very sad
To have to give a message thus—
I'd rather see you glad."

I know you'd not accuse him
For bringing you such mail;
Though he'd refuse to give this one
The fact would still prevail.

'Twas not the message bearer
Who sent this mail for you,
'Twas one who knew it must be told
Because the thing is true.

There're other message bearers;
We think of those ordained
To bring the message from our Lord,
That souls for Him be gained.

The minister has burdens
Far more important though
Than all the postman ever had—
Concern for souls, you know.

We see him present with us,
With perhaps a smiling face;
But he must give the message all,
That he might fill his place.

Sometimes it may be pleasant,
Though it isn't always so
For by our God's authority
He tells of joys, and woe.

—Selected

CHILDREN'S SECTION

TAKE TIME, TAKE TIME!

-Elizabeth Miller

> Susie bit her lips together and did not answer. It was no secret that she and Grandmother didn't get along.

SUSIE FISHER HAD JUST STEPPED outside when she heard Grandmother call, "Susie! Suuuuusieeee!"

Susie stopped in her tracks. "I could have known Grandmother was going to want something," she muttered. "She always does when we're in a hurry." She opened the door and stuck in her head. "What do you want?"

"Oh, were you outside already?" Grandmother apologized. "I just wondered if you would have time to bring me a good, fresh drink of water."

"I guess I can take time," Susie said, her voice sounding anything but willing. "I was on the way to the barn. Mom's going to have half of her cows milked before I even get started."

"Oh," Grandmother said. "Well, if you're in a hurry, I can wait until you come back in. Take the pitcher along and leave it in the springhouse. That will save you some steps."

"But I'm not going to the springhouse; I'm going to the barn," Susie said, feeling warmer and warmer on the inside with each passing minute. "I'll bring you some water now." She grabbed a pitcher and ran out the door.

A short time later Susie was back, the pitcher still dripping from being dipped into the spring. Without stopping to wipe it, she set the pitcher and a glass on the small table beside Grandmother's rocking chair.

"Look at the mess you're making," scolded Grandmother, grabbing a book out of the way and wiping two big drops of water from it. "You'll have to get a rag and wipe it up."

Susie went for a rag, grumbling to herself. "That's her way of showing her appreciation," she fumed. "Always grumbling and finding ways of taking up more time." Susie grabbed the towel from the rack and went to clean up the water.

"There's some on the floor, too," Grandmother said, pointing with her cane. "Clean that up, too, or my cane will slip."

Susie didn't say anything out loud, but to herself she said plenty. "She knows she's not supposed to get out of her chair while she's alone in the house, but if she thinks a few drops of water on the floor will hurt her, I'll clean them up, too." Getting down on the floor, she started scrubbing vigorously.

"Oh, you shouldn't have used that clean towel on the floor," gasped Grandmother. "You should have gotten a dirty one in the clothes hamper."

"I'm in a hurry," snapped Susie. "This towel wasn't very clean anyway."

"I saw your mother take it from the drawer just this morning," Grandmother insisted.

Susie didn't argue, or stop to listen if Grandmother had anything more to say. She shot a glance toward the clock, then ran from the house. "Only two hours until the singing starts," she muttered. "We'll never make it on time." There was to be a singing at the schoolhouse for young and old that evening and the Fishers were all going except Mom. Mom had to stay with Grandmother.

"Where have you been all evening?" asked Susie's brother, Jonas, as she came into the barn. "I'm on my second cow already."

"You didn't have Grandmother to cope with like I did," Susie said curtly.

"What did she want?" asked Mom, who was milking at the other end of the stable and stopped to listen.

"First she wanted a drink, then when I brought it, I got a few drops of water on the floor and on her table, so that had to be wiped up just so-so," Susie said.

"I hope you didn't lose your temper again," Mom said, sounding a little worried.

Susie bit her lips together and didn't answer. It was no secret in their family that she and Grandmother didn't get along. Grandmother was too demanding and Susie was too quick-tempered, and short of patience. Dad and Mom had reprimanded Susie many times already, and even made her go back and apologize to Grandmother for being quick-tempered, but Susie still found it hard to stay on good terms with Grandmother for any length of time.

As Susie sat down to milk, trying to make up for lost time, her thoughts were in a whirl. "Grandmother was just trying me out again; I know she was," she thought. "Anyone else could have brought her water and spilled half of it on the floor, and she wouldn't have said anything about it."

Even though Susie milked so fast that her arms ached, she was still behind when the rest were done. Dad milked her last cow and sent Susie to the house to help Mom get supper ready. When Susie got to the house, Mom had a kettle of chili soup on the stove, and a small saucepan in which she was browning a little butter.

"What are you making?" Susie asked suspiciously.

"Grandmother isn't feeling well, and she doesn't want chili soup for supper," Mom said calmly. "Would you please get the milk out of the pantry for me?"

"If Grandmother has to have something special for supper, why can't she wait till after we've had our supper?" Susie asked. "Dad and the others will soon be coming in, and we won't have our supper ready."

"This won't take long, and Grandmother likes to have her meals at the same time we have ours," Mom explained patiently.

Susie set the table, banging the plates down with extra force.

"Suuuuuuu-seeeeee!" came a call from Grandmother's bedroom.

Susie kept right on setting the table as if she hadn't heard.

"Suuuuuu-seeeeeeee!"

"Grandmother wants you, Susie," Mom said. Then seeing the dark look on her daughter's face, she said, "Take it easy now."

Susie went to Grandmother's room. "Yes?" she said.

"You know that letter I got from Freds last week. Have you seen it?" asked Grandmother.

"I read it the day it came, but then I gave it back to you," Susie said.

"Would you have time to help me look for it? I'd like to read it again."

"Do you have to have it *now*?" asked Susie impatiently.

"Well, yes, I wanted it," Grandmother said. "Where was it when you last saw it?"

"In your hand," snapped Susie. "I didn't put it away, and I don't know where it is, and I don't have time to look for it." With that she turned and walked out of the room.

The minute Susie saw the look of disapproval on Mom's face, she felt her anger mounting. With it was mingled a feeling of shame and embarrassment. She had done it again. She had snapped at Grandmother. "She—she's just trying me out," Susie said in a low, tense voice. "She wants to get me in trouble, that's what." She was close to tears.

For once Mom didn't scold Susie for her impatience. All she said was, "You'll have to learn to keep that temper under control sometime, Susie. Working with Grandmother is good practice for you."

Soon supper was on the table. Susie bit her lips and didn't complain when Grandmother asked Mom to help her to the bathroom just as they were ready to sit down and eat. She even managed to keep quiet when she asked for a clean towel to lay on her lap when Susie took in her supper tray. For once Susie was taking Dad's advice. He had often told her to take time to count to ten before she spoke. And by taking time to get over her first surge of anger, she managed to keep still and not say anything.

IN SPITE OF ALL the delays, the Fishers got to the schoolhouse before the singing began. Susie enjoyed the singing, but she couldn't help but wish Mom could be there, too. She was sure Mom would have enjoyed coming, yet she hadn't been upset or impatient with Grandmother at all. Thinking of Mom made Susie remember what Mom said that evening about learning to keep her temper under control. Was it really true, that instead of being hard on Susie's temper, Grandmother's demanding ways could be a help to her?

After that evening, Susie tried even harder than ever to be more patient with Grandmother. Grandmother had an old clock in her room that ticked loudly just like most of the old-fashioned clocks do. One evening where Grandmother was being very trying again, Susie found herself saying, "Take time, take time, take time," over and over to herself. Then she realized she had been saying the words in time with the ticking of the old clock. Ever after that, the clock always said the same thing to Susie—"Take time, take time..."

To her surprise, Susie found the "Take Time" rule also worked with the rest of the family. And it worked with her classmates in school. Whenever someone or something crossed her will, instead of flaring up like she had before, she force herself to take time to think before she answered. There were times when she forgot, but she always felt sorry afterwards, and resolved once again to try and do better.

ONE AFTERNOON TEACHER DAN had an announcement to make before he dismissed his pupils. "How would you like to have a spelldown with another school?" he asked his seventh and eighth graders.

Sighs and gasps of surprise were heard in the classroom, then the questions started coming. Would the spelldown be in English or German? What other school would take part? Would they go visit the other school, or would the other school visit them? Would there be any prizes?

Teacher Dan asked for order, than he answered the questions slowly and in detail. The spelldown would be in English and there would be three schools taking part. The words would not necessarily come out of a certain spelling book; each of the three teachers would compile a list of words which he felt seventh and eighth graders should be able to spell. The spelldown would take place at the Frogpond School on Friday in a week, which meant they had about ten days to brush up on their spelling. There would be a prize for the winner, and Dan would be happy if one of his pupils won the spelldown. But even if they lost, he would still be happy as long as they showed good sportsmanship in losing.

As soon as the teacher dismissed his pupils, the girls flocked around Susie. "I hope you win that spelldown for us," Rhoda Lapp whispered to her. "You haven't missed a spelling word all year and I'm sure you can do it."

Susie, however, wasn't quite that sure of herself. "Writing the words on paper is one thing; spelling them orally in front of a roomful of people is going to be something else," she said. Just the same, that evening she took her spelling book along home. Even if she didn't win, there was nothing wrong with trying.

Susie studied all the words in her spelling book, then she borrowed a seventh-grade book from her brother and reviewed those words, too. She checked over sixth and fifth-grade lists, too, just to make sure there were no tricky words in them she had forgotten.

For the next week and a half, the pupils at Green Meadow studied spelling as if their whole future depended on it. Teacher Dan helped them by having spelldowns in the afternoons, but instead of taking their seats when they missed a word, the children stayed in line and kept on spelling. "You're the ones who need the most practice," Dan told the pupils who misspelled words.

The day of the spelldown finally came. Soon after two o'clock Susie found herself lined up next to the wall, along with about 30 other seventh and eighth graders. The three teachers would take turns pronouncing words, while the other two sat listening, each with a duplicate copy of the list of spelling words.

The Frogpond teacher, Becky Beiler, pronounced words first. The rules were that there would be two chances to spell a word until only the ten best spellers remained. After that, there would be only one chance.

Some of the pupils were very obviously nervous and went down on their first turn. Susie's heart beat faster as her turn came closer. But then she got the simple word Saturday and spelled it easily, even remembering to mention the capital "S" on her first trial.

After that Susie found herself feeling more and more relaxed. One after another the spellers went down until only ten remained. Susie counted four of her classmates among the ten.

"From now on, only one chance," said Teacher Dan, who was pronouncing words just then. "Please spell clearly and loudly, so there will be no question of hearing you."

Susie spelled occurrence, Colorado, attendance, and hymnal. More pupils went down and suddenly Susie realized she was the only Green Meadow pupil still in the spelldown. Frogpond still had one and Pleasant Ridge had two. "If Green Meadow wins, it will have to be me," Susie thought. Her turn came more often now, since so few spellers went down on the word synonym. Only three remained, one from each school. Susie felt nervous and jittery inside. She glanced at Teacher Dan. He smiled encouragingly. Susie forced herself to calm down. "It's only a spelldown, and we can't all win. The others would like to win just as much as I do," she told herself.

The two girls and a boy remained in the spelldown for quite a while, then the boy from Pleasant Ridge went down on the word conceit. Susie fought to remain calm. It was between Green Meadow and Frogpond now—between herself and Lucy Lapp.

"Interruption," pronounced Teacher Becky.

It was Lucy's turn. "Interruption— i-n-t-e-r-u-p-t-i-o-n," she spelled.

Susie heard that Lucy had missed a letter and caught her breath. Her heart beat rapidly against her ribs. Had she really, really won? Had she really won the spelldown for her school— for Teacher Dan and her classmates?

"Interruption," pronounced the teacher again, looking at Susie.

Susie took a deep breath, swallowed, and spelled, "Interruption — i-n-t-e-r-r-u-p-t-i-o-n."

A sigh rippled through the classroom. The spelldown was over.

Lucy quickly raised her hand. "That's the way I spelled interruption," she said.

Susie felt the color drain from her face. She couldn't believe she had heard right. Would Lucy really cheat to win the spelldown?

"Did you have two 'r's' in your spelling of the word?" asked the teacher.

Lucy nodded. Susie glance at her sideways and saw that her lips were quivering and she was fighting back tears.

Teacher Becky still looked doubtful. She glanced at the other two teachers. The pleasant Valley teacher shrugged her shoulders. Then she heard Teacher Dan say, "I'm not sure enough to say whether she had one or two 'r's' in her word. There could have been two, sort of run together to sound like one."

"You think, then, that we should go on?" asked Teacher Becky.

"Yes, I think so," Teacher Dan said. Then turning to the pupils in their seats, he said, "Could we please have it a little quieter in here? It's hard to hear the girls spell."

If Susie had ever been angry in her life it was now. She wanted to scream— to stamp out of the room and slam the door! The very idea— Lucy had cheated and her teacher was sticking up for her. And even Teacher Dan had taken Lucy's part. She wouldn't spell another word. What was the use to keep on spelling if the others were going to cheat until they had won?

In the short moment of quietness that followed before Teacher Becky pronounced another word, she heard it— the ticking of the schoolhouse clock. "Take time, take time, take time," it admonished solemnly.

"Resistance," pronounced Teacher Becky.

Lucy spelled resistance without any trouble.

"Independence," pronounced the teacher.

Susie swallowed hard, wondering if she had enough moisture in her throat to manage such a long word. "Independence— i-n-d-e-p-e-n-d-a-n-c-e," she spelled. Then as soon as she had finished, she realized her mistake. "E-n-c-e," she corrected herself quickly.

Teacher Becky shook her head. "Sorry, the rule is one chance only," she said.

Somehow Susie managed to take her seat. Her legs shook and tears of disappointment pushed at her eyelids. She had won the spelldown, and yet the honor was going to another girl— a girl who had cheated. Once more Susie bit her lips and forced herself to stay calm. She steeled herself as Lucy was called up front to receive the prize— a box of chocolates.

That evening when Susie and two of her classmates were on the buggy ready to leave, Teacher Dan came walking over to them. "Too bad you didn't win, Susie, as hard as you worked," he said understandingly. "But you almost won and you were a good sport, and that's just as good as winning."

Susie felt better after that. She even managed to convince herself that maybe Lucy hadn't cheated after all. Maybe she had spelled the word with two "r's", and had run them together as Teacher Dan had suggested.

AFTER THE SPELLDOWN, life at Green Meadow School returned to normal once more. The teacher and pupils no longer put special emphasis on the study of spelling. They just followed a day-after-day routine that threatened them all with a dose of boredom.

Then one day Susie had a surprise that made her boredom symptoms blow away like feathers before a strong wind. One morning when she came to school a little earlier than usual, Teacher Dan called her to his desk. "Susie, the other Friday at the spelldown, did you hear that Lucy Lapp had spelled interruption wrong?"

Susie quickly looked at the floor. "I was pretty sure," she said.

"Then why didn't you say so?" asked Teacher Dan.

"Well, I-I," Susie stalled, finding it hard to put her thoughts into words. "Lucy insisted she had spelled it right, and her teacher thought she did, too, and then you suggested we just go on spelling. I-I thought if she wants the prize so badly that she will cheat to get it, there wouldn't be any use to argue."

A slow, satisfied smile spread over Dan's face. "Lucy got the prize and the honor of winning the spelldown that day, but she got a troubled conscience with it," he said. "She was so unhappy the next few weeks that her teacher questioned her, and she admitted she had spelled the word wrong the first time."

Susie stood looking at the floor, trying to soak in what Teacher Dan was saying. And then he was talking again. "There's a verse in Proverbs that says a person who rules his spirit is stronger than one who captures a city. And I'm sure it also means a girl who manages to take an injustice like you took is stronger than the one who won the spelldown."

Teacher Dan opened his drawer and took out a package. "Here's a gift for you from Lucy Lapp and her teacher— another box of chocolates."

Susie carried the box of chocolates back to her seat. It seemed as if she were walking on air. She knew it wasn't the chocolates that made her feel so happy. The praise Teacher Dan had given her meant more to her than ten boxes of candy.

Susie lifted the lid and looked at the chocolates. But she didn't eat any. "I'll take them home and share them with Grandmother," she thought. "After all, they are partly hers. She's the one who's been giving me practice in keeping my temper under control."

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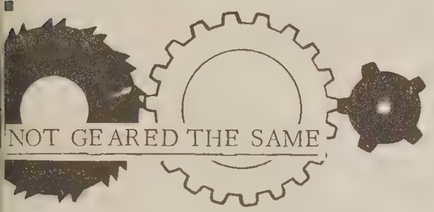
ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 2

Maturity in Marriage



NOT GEARED THE SAME

William and Ada Mast were overheard arguing and yelling at each other. Someone decided that William and Ada didn't get along well in marriage simply because they weren't geared the same— William was a go-getter, up early, fast worker, always on time, but his wife Ada was just the opposite. So our second "Maturity in Marriage" question asked, "How important is it that people are "geared the same" in marriage?"

We had an overwhelming response to the first question, "Does the Honeymoon Last?" and I was curious to know what the response would be to this second question. I was a bit disappointed when I saw the small stack of envelopes, only 21 letters, barely a quarter of what we had the last time. But I soon discovered that what we lacked in quantity, we made up for in quality. The envelope on top of the stack, bearing a Wisconsin postmark, caught my eye. One of the other editors had read the letter, and on this one he had written with a marking pen, "This is a gem." That was the first one I read, and heartedly agreed. It was indeed a gem, so we'll give it a place of honor— will print it first. Here it is:

"When I read the problem about married partners being geared the same, I felt compelled to answer. You see, before we were married we discovered we both loved pizza, so we decided we had a lot in common (of course, we didn't base our marriage on that). Now after 14 years and 6 children, there have been times I have wondered, do we have anything in common beside that? But in my more sane moments I know we do— first, we love each other. Proverbs 10:12 says love covereth all sins. In another place the Bible says, charity covereth a multitude of sins. But there was a time when I didn't realize that, and how I tried to reform my husband (the poor soul). He likes to get up late in the morning, start the day very slowly, then commence to really get on the ball around 11 a.m., sometimes not until after dinner. By then, he may have decided which of his numerous jobs which he has begun that he will work on that day. (Some of the jobs have been started for days, some for weeks, some for years, for you only work on something until you get tired of it.) Then he works slowly, steadily, and very neatly and thoroughly until way late after supper. He loves to work at night. He is never excited or upset. He takes everything as it comes. He has no concept of time. If left to himself, he comes for dinner around 2:30. He is never in a hurry, and often late. He is very, very forgetful, and sometimes is sure it's Tuesday when it's really Friday. He loves to go away anywhere, day or night. And oh, he loves popcorn.

Now the extreme opposite— ME. I get out of bed with a hop and a skip, the earlier the better, ready to tackle the job which I have planned already the night before. I work at it very diligently until it is finished— why, I would never leave one job and start another one! Not me! I work full speed all morning, and into the afternoon. Then toward supper time, I start slowing down and by 8 p.m., I'm ready for bed. As you might surmise, I get quite high-strung. I am prone to outbursts of alarm, distress, or even anger, and sometimes I resort to a childish habit I haven't overcome of pouting or sulking or weeping— sometimes out of sheer frustration. I continually watch the clock and everything must be on time— I despise being late, especially to church, which I enjoy going to, otherwise I'm very happy to stay at home. And I dread popcorn.

By now you're wondering how we can stand each other. It took a while, but one thing we have always been able to do is talk things over and that's one of the keys— communication. I remember well the time he told me, "How would you like to be like I am?" "Impossible," I answered. He then explained to me that that is what I am trying to do to him, trying to make him like I am, and he said that's impossible, too. I thought that over for a long time, and I decided if it's that way, then my "reformation program" might as well end. The same thing that makes me tick fast, set his pace a little slow. I began to realize we can complement each other. What if we were both like I am? Life would be pretty hectic— he is exactly what I need to calm me down. "The work won't run away— it will wait until tomorrow— sit down and relax awhile." These are some of his words of advice. If dinner might happen to be late he doesn't say a word, simply picks up the baby and plays with him, or helps dish things out, or reads awhile. Never has he bawled me out for not having a meal ready. In many areas we compromise—I go away at times when he wants to, and sometimes we stay at home when I want to. It is very essential to give in to each other, but it is not necessary to lose ones individual identity. He is never too busy to give me a helping hand, should I need it, or anyone else for that matter. He is very generous in every way, and believes in laying up treasures in heaven, whereas I would be more inclined to build up an earthly storehouse if left to my own inclination.

Mechanical devices and scientific facts leave me feeling very helpless and ignorant, while he understands these things perfectly. Yet I may understand another subject which he doesn't at all. So you see, even if we are extremely opposite, it seems we have exactly what the other needs to make a well-rounded union of two personalities combined in one.

But the very thing which gives us this understanding of each other, the very vital part of our marriage is praying together. How sad we didn't always do this. But, oh, when man and wife kneel down and pray before the one and some heavenly Father, there is peace. Come what may, we have an anchor for our souls. The differences come and they go, but we are one at heart in our love to our heavenly Father, and in studying the Words which are written for us: "Wives, be in submission to your own husbands. Husbands love your wives as your own flesh..." They are precious words. Even if there are stormy times, we know we have a sure foundation. (I don't even begrudge him his popcorn once a week, but please, not every day.)"

WOULDN'T CHOOSE TO BE THE SAME

Are any couples geared exactly the same in every area? Before marriage, it may seem like it, but few mature marriages have not stumbled upon many differences. We did not receive a letter from any couple who claimed they are geared exactly alike. All admitted their differences. Some, such as the following, not only admitted they were different, but said they wouldn't want it any other way:

A Husband, Iowa: "I agree that it is important to be in harmony on spiritual matters, but as far as personality, character traits, are concerned, I feel from our own experience and from observation that the people that are natured differently often get along the best. I'm the slow type in most areas, my wife is just the opposite, sort of the hurry-hurry type. Some of her hurry has rubbed off on me, and some of my slowness has rubbed off on her, and we have reached a happy medium. How would two people get along that were natured the same in that they were both quick-tempered?

After all, one of the important things in making a marriage successful is being able to give and take. Not that one should do all the giving and the other all the taking, but rather each needs to give a little and take a little."

A Wife, Mena, Arkansas: "Being geared the same is not the solution to a happy marriage. If people with extremes always mated with those of similar traits, there would be too many extremes and not enough opportunity to help each other. I once read a letter a woman wrote that I think is worth passing on. She said that in her childhood she had acquired the bad habit of telling lies. When she grew up, she still had that bad habit. After she was married, her husband seemed to know when she said something that wasn't true, but he didn't say a word, he just looked at her in a way that she could tell he knew, and it helped her to break that habit. I think they were both to be commended, the husband that he didn't scold or belittle her, but just let her know that he knew it wasn't true. And the wife that she cared enough for his respect that she broke her habit, a habit she had all through her growing years.

With God's help, and that kind of love and respect, a marriage can be compatible, even if they don't have the same likes and dislikes. By seeking God's will, they can conquer the problems that come with marriage."

TRIBUTE FROM THE HIRED GIRL

We even got a letter from a hired-girl, viewing the problem from an unexpected angle. "Yes, I discovered that two people can lead very peaceful lives together, even if they aren't geared the same. I worked in a home where the man was always 'instant in season.' His crops were cared for at the proper time. The barn and other buildings were constantly kept in shipshape. But his wife was the opposite. The house always seemed to be untidy and disorderly. It wasn't unusual to get there in the morning to find last evening's pans still soaking in the greasy, grimy dishwater. The sink in general was cluttered. It must not have always been easy for him to be patient when unexpected company came and the house was in such a mess. However, not once did he 'snap her off' in my presence all the time I worked for them."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

But couples with differences don't always hit it off, at least not at first, as the following letter shows. But what it also shows, and which is even more important, is that even if a marriage is stormy, there is no reason it can't change for the better if we want it to badly enough.

Orwell, Ohio: "I myself was brought up in a home where it sounded like it did at the 'Masts.' I always said, 'When I'm married I won't yell at my husband like my folks do.' But after you're so used to a thing like that, you find out you've slipped in the rut whether you like it or not. What you teach a child when young is what he'll be when grown, or so the saying goes. It's also true for a lot of things that you don't teach the child, but that they 'pick up' just from being around people. After we were married we didn't really realize how it sounded to argue like that until we heard the neighbors at it right in front of us, and they didn't even seem to mind. After seven years of marriage, we decided we didn't want to go through life like that, so with the Lord's help and prayers we tried to do better. Was a lot harder for me to quit as I'd been brought up like that, and my husband's home life was never like that. We aren't geared the same, either, as he's an early bird and I'm not, he likes to stay home, and I like to go, he's calm and I'm nervous, but with God's help, these things can be overcome without yelling at each other.

So now after ten years of marriage and the good Lord's help, I am glad to say we very seldom have an argument. We don't always agree but mature people can discuss problems without arguing."

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THE SOBERING SIDE

And then there are the letters from those who seemingly try to adjust to each others' differences, and never succeed.

Mrs. Tennesee: "We who are not geared the same get along the same as those who are married to avid deer and coon hunters and drunkards. We try to cast all our cares upon Him who forsakes no one, and we try to escape publicity as much as possible. We are to tell our troubles to the Lord, which asks to have all our cares cast upon Him. To go tell about others is not helping—try silence and prayer."

Mrs. Virginia: "For myself, I could write many happenings that have caused unhappiness in our home, and if you go back to the root of it, it would be because I am geared too slow. Even though I have tried to use much patience, stay cheerful, and give a helping hand. I have tried not to get discouraged, but I'm afraid I'm coming to the place where I'm falling in this.

I've had to learn to let things go in one ear and come out the other. The good Lord gave me a slow talent and this was what I have to work with. I often shed many a tear because I know my companion is not happy with me, and I constantly have to carry this burden, which is not an easy one. We seldom go visiting or have company, because I'm too slow."

BLENDING TOGETHER

The majority of the letters we received were from the people in the middle, people who aren't failing in their marriage, but neither is it all honey and pie. By adusting to each other, by giving and taking, by being reasonable and mature, they have worked out a solid and pleasant relationship, a blending of differences into a balanced whole.

Mrs. M., Topeka, Indiana: "I'm glad we aren't all geared the same in every area. My husband is cool and calm, whereas I'm nervous. I'm easily upset and start rushing about, but when he comes in, he always is reassuring me. 'There's always time for everything, so take it easy or you won't get done for sure,' he'll say. Oh, how his calm ways can help. I'm afraid if he'd start yelling and shouting at me, we'd be another Wiliam and Ada!"

Aylmer, Ontario: "I would think it would be best not o be geared alike. Then we can help each other better. The sloppy person can help the neat, as usually a very neat person has a hard battle with pride. The calm person can be a great help to a nervous person. If I'm nervous and on edge when my husband comes in the house, it's just like a bottle of medicine. It gives me courage to try so much harder to stay calm."

Ephrata, Pennsylvania: "I think you answered your question in your second sentence, where you said it's important that husband and wife are in harmony on spiritual matter, in faith, in doctrine, and in conviction. If they have that, they can face the difference of their natures with a sacrificial love. Of course, there are imes of stress, and trials, but marriage isn't a oneday job; it's for as long as both live. Your question about what if one is neat by nature and the other sloppy made me think of a couple that the wife was so sloppy her husband could hardly endure it at times. Then someone said, 'Well, he didn't walk into it blindfolded, beause when they were dating, his girl didn't bother to keep the room neat and clean where they did their isiting before marriage.'

A minister, Ontario: "I can't feel a couple has to be geared alike in speed, character, and personality to make a success of marriage. If we can with love and patience overlook the weakness or differences of our partner, our marriage can still be a joy in the Lord. I can think of marriages just like this, and in the area where one is lacking, the other partner fills in nicely, and also the opposite, and they seem happy together. Being members of a church where strict discipline and Biblical standards are stressed is without doubt a great help to a couple's happiness together. In these days, too many young couples are the victims of circumstances where the two sets of parents are divided in their opinions on church matters, and this at one time or another in the young couple's life brings sadness and hard feelings not easily settled. Such differences are, in my opinion, much harder to find a peaceful solution for then natural-born qualities or differences."

A Husband, LaGrange, Indiana: "I don't agree that people who are geared different shouldn't get married, although maybe in some cases they shouldn't. We have been married seven years, come from families geared the opposite. My wife was sued to taking as much time to do something as she wanted, and I was used to doing something as fast as possible. At first this caused many problems when we went to town, or to church, and even in housekeeping. I would be ready and wait and become impatient. It was hard on both of us at first until we talked about it and decided each way has its good points. She tries not to make me wait long on her, and I in turn try not to be impatient with her. I have often told her I'm glad she is not geared like I am."

Mrs. Lancaster County: "We're not geared the same either, and I believe God hasn't meant us to be geared the same, as we all need work to do. We must be tested to see what we make out of it. We must learn to change gears so our gears are shifted down until the two go together close enough that we can work in one gear and go hand in hand. I found myself more particular than my husband. Some people may call him sloppy, but I can't since I learned to know him. I had found myself feeling bad at him at times, and finally I came to the conclusion he was this way before we were married and I loved him anyhow. Even if someone had pointed it out to me then, I could have cared less. (It's only since I learned to know him better after marriage that the devil wanted to come between us and cause trouble.) He hardly ever washed his buggy; I noticed this while we were dating, but I tried not to care. And this is exactly how our carriage looks now. So if we drive into the churchyard and see all the carriages lined up spic-and-span, I still feel content, because I can't find time to do it myself, and he feels it's pride if everybody is fussy with things just to have them nice-looking. Having a family of 13 often found me with things undone that I had planned to do. So it really put me at ease to know he was satisfied with my housekeeping. I feel sad for Ada and William. If they would only know it, they could have the nicest life under the sun. But if they can't agree, it can be the worst life under the sun."

TALK IT OVER

Differences in the likes and dislikes of marriage partners seems to be normal, then, and most agree that it takes a certain amount of tolerance with each other to get along. And yet, the solution lies in facing the differences openly, accepting them, and working together to help each other. Looking the other way, and pretending the differences don't exist, probably won't build a happy relationship. As a wife in Lancaster pointed out, "I think the happiest couples are those who can discuss their problems freely." A friend told me once, 'Mrs. So and So should be the happiest woman in the world because her husband lets her do exactly the way she wants to.' But it just didn't work out that way. Mrs. So and So appeared to me to be very unhappy at times."

Of course, discussing our differences, doesn't mean that we should go all out to change our partner. Instead there has to be a certain amount of acceptance and adjusting. A husband from Waterloo, Ontario, writes, "To me the solution is not to find a partner geared and natured the same, but to be able to adjust ourselves to the personality of another. My wife and I are not geared the same. I am more sloppy, impatient, and quick with my work and get filed up to a point where waiting a few seconds can be a long time. My spouse is slower, more particular, and patient, but we get along fine. The secret is, in marriage it's important to avoid slowing an individual in high gear down to a snail's pace; this is almost as hard for one to do as for a slower person to match one in high gear. Both are almost impossible. I am afraid if my partner were natured just like I am, we would have the most unbalanced home on earth."

From a wife in Kalona, Iowa: "I don't feel it matters so much how we are geared as how we accept each other's gears. If one is slow, and the other swift, it only gives the fast one more opportunity to help the slow one. My husband was used to having a place for everything, and everything in place. I have a natural weakness (partly habit), to leave things where I used them. He constantly (and usually patiently) reminds me and the children to put things away so they can be found easier. As long as I accept it willingly, it does not mar the happiness in our marriage."

DIFFERENT, YET ALIKE

With all the attention being given to the differences in partners, some young person may get the idea that marriage is nothing but adjustments to make. Although it is true that everybody is different, and no two people are exactly alike, at the same time, there are no two people who do not have something in common. There are always differences, but there are also many things that any two people will have in common with each other. A father in Pennsylvania pointed this out: "People are individuals. No two persons are exactly alike in every respect, nor are two people of opposite natures in every respect."

MORE THAN "GEARING"

For all the talk about whether partners are geared the same or not, is that really what matters? A husband from Kalona, Iowa writes, "I think the main thing is that both come from a godly home, that they are brought up to stay by the rules of the church, and don't want things that are against the church, and have love for God and each other. Then I think the geared part will work out, even if they are different. I and my wife get along real good, and I'm not geared the same as she is. She likes to keep the house nice and clean, and I sometimes am a little sloppy. She reminds me of it, which I am glad for. At night she hears the children and I sleep all night and don't find out anything. That is another of my weaknesses. But we sit down and reason and don't fight. She even helps me in areas I would not expect. I wanted to buy a new piece of machinery once, which would have been a large expense. My wife said, 'No.' I didn't buy it, and am thankful I didn't. Now don't think my wife is bossy, because she is the Best."

Finally, in conclusion, here is a letter from Wisconsin: "We feel there is something far more serious wrong than the 'gearing' in this problem of William and Ada arguing. Where is their love and respect for each other? That lacks more than the gearing."

WHO'S THE BOSS?

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

PROBLEM NO. 4

"Mom, where's the denims pants I had on to town last week?" Abe Troyer stood in the doorway, looking at his wife, Ruth.

Ruth put the teakettle down. Now what was up? "Are you going away?" she asked bluntly.

"Why, yes, didn't I mention it? Thought I would go to that farm sale beyond Burrsville. I notice they have some real good Holstein cows listed."

Ruth put her hands on her hips, the muscles in her face tightening. "Now, Abe," she began, "you know the last thing we need around here is another cow. We already have more than we can milk. It makes us so late choring every morning, and in the evenings, too. If we want to go away—well, you know we've been late in church the last three times, and that's simply not right."

"We'll just have to get up earlier," Abe said. "We wouldn't have been late last Sunday if we hadn't had a fresh cow that morning. And the Sunday before it was a sick calf. Those things couldn't be helped."

"I know, I know," Ruth said wearily. "You always have some explanation, but just the same, we keep on being late, and I'm tired of it. I just won't put up with you buying another cow when we already have too many. I think we should sell a few, instead of buy more."

"You just worry about the work," Abe retorted, a bit huffy, but then he said more calmly, "I know we have a lot of work, but I also have to think about our debt. We'll never get the farm paid off sitting on the rocking chair. I don't like to be in debt so deep, and the milk check is the best income we have."

"When we both collapse from overwork, and have to be in the hospital, it won't seem like we're paying off the farm so fast then," Ruth said.

"Then you absolutely won't let me get another cow?" Abe asked.

"No," Ruth said, turning and walking away. "Enough is enough," she said to herself. "Somebody has to put his foot down around here, or we'll all end up in the crazy house."

Abe's feelings were hurt. He knew he wasn't going to the sale that day, not if his wife felt like that about another cow. If she had only tried a little harder to see his viewpoint. He stumbled out the door, muttering to himself, "Who's supposed to be the boss around here, anyhow, is what I'd like to know."

How about it, who should have been the boss? Who was in the wrong, Abe, or his wife? How would you have resolved the above problem if it had come up in your home? What about other decisions? Who makes them in your home, the husband or the wife? What is the wife's role in an ideal marriage? What is the husband's?

If you feel that you have any experience or viewpoints that may be helpful in a discussion of the above questions, sit down and write us before you forget. Especially interesting and helpful would be any experiences you can tell about where you either succeeded or failed in coming to an agreement on a difficult decision. Or maybe you have observed other people's homes where you feel either the wife or the husband is out of his place, and has too much or too little say about how things are run. This should be a worthwhile discussion if everyone chips in. Don't wait too long, we have trouble that so many of the replies in past questions have come in too late to be used. Your reply should be postmarked not later than March 3, 1975. Your name and address will be kept confidential.

Address your letter to:
Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

FARM & FIELD

ROUGHAGES

Can Make Or Break You

Did you know that a pound of wheat straw contains as much gross energy as a pound of corn? But wait, this does not mean that they are of equal value for feeding livestock. There are other things that need to be considered.

The energy value of feed is measured by the number of therms of heat it will produce. One therm of heat will raise the temperature of 22 pounds of water from freezing to the boiling point. This is the same kind of heat as that which is produced in the body of an animal when food is digested and "burned up" to keep its body functions going. It is the same kind of heat which cattle use to produce meat and milk. It is the same kind a horse uses to pull the plow all day.

The reason why corn is worth more per pound than straw is because the animal is able to use up a much greater portion of the energy in the corn than in the straw.

Let us suppose a cow eats 10 pounds of corn and then see what happens to the energy in the corn. This amount of corn will contain about 18 therms of gross energy. But first the cow has to chew and swallow it. The stomach churns it around and produces gastric juices which help with the digestion. The cow needs to breath, her heart must keep on pumping blood all over the body and many other body processes must keep on going in order to keep the cow alive. All this will take about 5 therms of heat energy.

But the cow is not able to extract all the nutrients from the feed. About 2 therms worth of heat energy are passed off in the feces (solid part of the manure). One therm worth is thrown off in the urine and about 1 1/2 therms are given off in gases, either belched up or exhaled into the air with the breath from her lungs. In other words about 9 1/2 therms of energy is lost, leaving only 8 1/2 therms of heat energy to produce milk with.

Now let us suppose we feed the same cow 10 pounds of hay. Here again there would be about 18 therms of energy. But of this amount, she would use about 4 therms in the process of digestion, 8 therms in the feces, 1 therm in the urine and 1 therm in gases, leaving 4 therms to produce milk with.

Now let us suppose we feed this cow 10 pounds of wheat straw. Out of the 18 therms of energy, she would lose 5 in the process of digestion, 10 in the feces, 1/2 in the urine and 1 1/2 in gases, leaving only 1 therm of heat energy to produce milk with. From these figures we would have to conclude that hay is worth half as much as corn per pound and straw is worth one-eighth.

As far as milk cows are concerned another factor must be considered. Since a cow is able to digest only so much feed in a day, and because it takes about same long to digest wheat straw as it does corn she would give a lot less milk on wheat straw than on corn no matter how much straw she had because she would not be able to get enough energy out of it to produce much milk. It is easy to understand that straw is not a good feed for dairy cows.

But for wintering beef cattle or dry cows it is an entirely different story. For such animals, the heat which is thrown off in the process of digestion is used to supply body heat which makes these roughages worth two or three times as much for them as for milk cows. This is also the reason why beef cows which have an ample supply of roughages, do not need any protection against the cold as enough heat is generated inside their bodies in digesting their feed to keep them warm. All they need is a dry place to sleep.

ROUGHAGES FOR HORSES

Horses are not ruminants (they do not chew their cud) so they are not quite as well suited for large amounts of roughages as cattle. But they can still use roughages to good advantage, especially when idle, because their stomach is divided. The first half of the stomach. (where the food enters) only grinds and churns the food around. The other half secretes gastric juices which help in the process of digestion.

During the winter, horses can pretty well live on roughage as long as it is not dusty or moldy. Oat straw is excellent since there is nearly always some oats left in it, but wheat straws should not make up more than half of the ration. Horses should not be fed straw when they work, because hard labor requires a lot of energy. In fact, wheat straw has a negative value for work horses, the more straw they eat, the less they are able to work.

SAVING EXPENSIVE GRAIN

There is no reason why horses need to be fed expensive grain during the winter. The same holds true for beef cattle and dry dairy cows and heifers, provided their rations are balanced with a protein supplement. Large quantities of low-grade hay, oat or wheat straw, and corn fodder and stover can be used to good advantage, thus saving valuable grain for the milking herd or for the hogs. Shredded corn fodder can be fed to stock and what they leave over used for bedding. When corn is husked, many of the stalks remain standing and can furnish a good supply of feed during the winter. It is estimated that two acres of corn stalks is enough to keep one cow or horse over the winter. It is hard to understand that many bushels of valuable grain can be saved by using up these low-class roughages.

Advocates of tractor farming emphasize the fact that a tractor does not consume any fuel while it is idle during the winter while horses must be fed whether they work or not. This is true but there is no reason why low-cost roughages cannot be used to cut down on expenses during the winter. (It might also be pointed out that there are other points, which need to be considered in this respect. For example, a horse can make his own repairs whereas a tractor must have his parts replaced when they become worn. ■■

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

I sympathize with mothers who have trouble with their babies becoming "sore" (an-gewachsen) from traveling a short distance. Being in a draft can also cause this discomfort to the child. I discovered a remedy one day when I hardly knew what to try next. We only had the one child and she had this trouble until she was seven months old. I put her in a tub of as warm water as she could bear and held her there for 3 to 5 minutes. Then I quickly wrapped her up in a warm blanket and let her sweat it out. After that I hurried and dressed her and then I nursed her. The warm bath helped almost immediately and proved to be more effective than massaging or anything else I had tried. Mrs. J. K. S.

ALLERGIES

If you're bothered with stopped up and dripping nose, sneezing, or other allergies, try chewing honeycomb. This works much better and quicker than the regular honey. -A Reader

SINUS

For sinus trouble relief, take 1 cup warm water. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt and listerine. Clean out nasal passages with this and use as a gargle. -Mrs. M. Z.

ADVICE TO THE SHUT-INS

Shut-ins at times experience things which always-healthy people cannot imagine (but they have trials in other ways). We shut-ins should never discard someone's well-meant advice and words to encourage and cheer us, by saying he doesn't understand. We do not know how many hours or nights he wept and prayed for us. Our friends do their best to express their sympathy. Let us help one another. -A. W., Pennsylvania

DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS: Mar. 5th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

Question:

More and more we see that mothers and grandmothers go to work for wages. Sometimes they can earn enough money to buy the groceries or for other expenses. But in Titus 2:5 we read that women are to be "keepers at home." What does this mean? Are there other jobs which such women ought to do in the home and community which might be neglected if they went away to work?

-Wondering how it is

REMEMBER THE PEOPLE WHOSE NEIGHBORS BORROWED THEIR WAGON SO MUCH WITHOUT KEEPING IT IN SHAPE. WOULD THERE BE A BETTER WAY OF HELPING THEM THAN TO LET THEM HAVE THE WAGON ALL THE TIME?

I think it is important that we as Christians try to return any borrowed item in as near the condition we received it as possible. In the case of the borrowed market wagon, you might have told him the wagon will have to stay where it is until it gets repaired. This way he might have thought of his responsibility to stand the cost of repairing the wagon than if nothing were said.

A borrowed item is something we should use with care. If we put much wear on something or break it, we might be required by moral law to replace it with a new one rather than take advantage of a kind-hearted neighbor. -Trying to Be A good Neighbor, Ontario

Wouldn't it have worked better if you had asked your neighbor to bring back the wagon every evening? Then you could have seen it if repairs were needed. A stitch in time saves nine. Furthermore your neighbor wouldn't be tempted to use the market wagon at times when he could use something else. You will find it harder to make this request now than if it had been done at first. Be generous with your neighbor but not overly generous or it can destroy your good will. -Ohio Neighbor

I wish I could tell you how often the same question has been in my mind. I'm looking forward to reading the answers. It wasn't always a wagon that was borrowed from us, but many little things and many times misused and returned that way. The hardest thing for me to take was our neighbor's approach. Very seldom did he ask whether he may have this or that, he just said, "I'm taking it."

Friends told us not to let him have anything anymore and I have pondered and pondered which is the right way. I want to try to keep a right attitude between trying to do our duty in being a Christian example in showing love and patience, or in being too weak to reprove someone if they "walk all over you" or take advantage?

-Also wishing for my Wagon

This is a very touchy subject indeed. If only we could become more like little children, for Christ said, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. I think you did the right thing in loaning out the wagon for the Bible tells us we should not turn away from those who want to borrow from us.

- A Reader

It sounds as if the young couple had their minds mostly on making money and getting ahead, but as I look back I can see that I have at times been that way too much also. Now I realize a good neighbor is worth much more than getting ahead. The question is a delicate one, especially since you want to keep on being goodhearted. Perhaps you could tell them that since they use the wagon more than you do, you'd be glad if they would keep it in running order. Maybe you could tell them you'd like to have it home again since you only wanted to loan it out to them until they could find something for themselves. No, I don't think you are being selfish, but do keep up the right attitude toward them and you'll be glad you did sometime.

-Trying to Keep The Golden Rule

You asked whether you are doing the right thing in allowing your neighbor to act like this. Have you tried Matt. 18:15, "Moreover if thy brother trespass against hee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother." Don't you honestly feel it would have been better if you had done this in a Christian way when he came after the wagon again after you fixed the wheel? Why not tell him you are not so much concerned about your equipment as for their reputation. After all, being newly married, they would probably be corrected gladly if it were done in a nice way. But this takes love and here is where we all fail so miserably including myself. I have to agree that apparently your complaint was well-grounded.

-Wishing You The Best And Your Wagon.

Your story sounds a little like my grandfather. He vas always giving and never got. But isn't it better to give than to receive? Don't you feel it is more rewarding to have done a good deed than to get one in return? Grandfather was a well liked man in the community, in other words, he had good neighbors. When they came o borrow, he was willing to give. Sometimes the nachinery was broken when it came back and they didn't offer to fix it or to pay for the use of what they had borrowed.

Once Grandfather's corn needed cultivating. He had wo teams but only one cultivator so he sent his son over to the neighbors to see if they could borrow his ultivator. They got the cultivator, and when they were inished took it home again. He told his son to ask what he wants for the use of the cultivator. "Well, how many acres did you cultivate?" the neighbor asked. He old him how many and he said he wants so much per cre. Grandfather paid him and never mentioned anything about the many things he had borrowed. I think his might have been a little hard to swallow.

Grandfather never complained. He told his children, We have always had plenty to eat, clothes to wear and roof over our heads. What else should we ask for?" could always feel for him and like to think of the reward waiting for the poor and humble-minded.

-Trying To Be Like Grandfather

When I was at h[illegible] borrow of my father's equipment and he loaned it willingly. One man in particularly I remember w[illegible] brought things back with broken pieces. Understandably, this was not very much appreciated by my [illegible] man had the money to fix whatever was broken and [illegible] was also a brother in the church. We were alwa[illegible] taught to return things in as good or better shape than we got them.

I think we should definitely follow the Bible way and "Give to him that asketh" but if the man continues to use the wagon and doesn't attempt to get one of his own I don't see it would be anything wrong to explain to him in a charitable way that you can't continue to fix the wagon and eventually buy a new one for him.

Probably he never received proper training in this particular subject while at home and doesn't realize how it is. I think it would most certainly be a "help" to him to talk it over.

-An F. L. Reader

Your problem sounds like an exception. The average person who borrows will also freely lend. Somehow, I feel that you have not really suffered for your kindness and forbearance with your neighbor. If you have not done it grudgingly, but willingly as unto the Lord then chances are the Lord has blessed you in a material way and also in spiritual blessings.

My mind goes back about 35 years when we started farming in the depression years. We borrowed from and loaned to our neighbors without any thought of pay. Sometimes we borrowed from neighbors who were better off than we and I can't recall that they ever accepted pay if it was brought back in good shape.

Since then we have moved to another community and I think back to those years and wonder if I, too, may sometimes have taken too much for granted. It gives me a warm feeling for those kind neighbors, some of whom are now in eternity, for their forbearance with me. I can never repay them but I can pass it on to someone else. This is what I think of expecially when I am tempted to feel that someone is taking advantage of me and I praise the Lord for the privilege of doing it.

But this doesn't answer your question whether there could be a better way to help your neighbor. First I would say take it to the Lord in prayer and ask Him to give you a right feeling of love for your brother and neighbor, and ask the Lord to do the same for him. When a good opportunity presents itself such as if he comes to borrow again tell him you want to help him in any way you can but that you understand he charges for the use of what he loans out. If you wait, he will tell you whether he does or not. If he does you might ask him whether it would make him feel better to do the same thing with what he borrows from you, that you would accept pay, or he could help you sometime when you needed help. But let him make the offer and tell him you know he wants to do what is fair and right and you will be satisfied with whatever he thinks is right. This may solve your problem or at least should show that you stand for good principles and you can still be good neighbors.

The Bible says, "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee; rebuke a wise man and he will love thee; Give instructions to a wise man and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man and he will increase in learning." Proverbs 9:8,9.

-Glad For Those Who Have Had Patience With Me △

Across the Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

My Portrait

an artist should ever paint a portrait of me
And should ask me to be at my best,
I would go and sit down in a great rocking chair
With a child cuddled close to my breast.

Then I'd say to him, "Please just paint what you see,
Don't try to add touches not real,
Though my face may be plain, I know it must show
All the love that my heart and soul feel.

'Catch the peace of the child now asleep in my arms.
Oh, make this a great piece of art.
Paint the sweet little head on my shoulder at rest
With the soft little hand o'er my heart.

"And make it so real that the viewer may sense
The emotion so strong, yet so mild,
That they almost can see those strings round my heart
Which are held by this innocent child.

"And when you have painted this portrait of me
Though simple and plain it may be,
Don't have any doubts 'bout the job you have done,
You have captured the best part of me!"

-A Reader

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Throw it in the trash!" seems to be a common phrase among the people today. The trashpile, which belongs to the "slum section" of the farm, may be on the way out since zoning has come in. Through the years it has been an unsightly spot which most people tried to keep hidden from the passersby. But I'm not ashamed of a trashpile. As a child, it held a certain magnetic power over us. It was such fun to hunt out "valuables" that other folks had discarded. We were not well-to-do and were only too glad for anything worth salvaging. Although I must admit that some of the things children think of as worth saving IS just plain trash. But trash piles are outdated for in many areas furniture, clothing, food and many good products which go into the garbage, have to be destroyed immediately. Not even the poor may seek out the not-worn-out things.

An elderly English man in a distant state, who is thought of as having plenty of money, does not like to see this waste; so he salvages furniture, clothing and many other items his extravagant friends have discarded and brings them to his Amish friends. Every community should have a man like this. We know not what the future holds; we may find ourselves wishing for the things we have wasted even before the end of this year.

A READER FROM Meshoppen, Pennsylvania wondered if any of the friends know if chocolate chip bits can be made made at home.

Another friend wrote: "African violets take more water than you think. Give them warm water in winter."

The following is a tonic for flowers and is especially recommended for violets: Mix 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon epsom salts, 1 teaspoon salt petre, 1/2 teaspoon household ammonia into a gallon of water. Water the flowers once a month with this.

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Dish Washing Hints

I WONDER IF other mothers can wash their dishes right after meals or are they like me, always having little ones to care for first. Then what a chore to come back to dried-on food and maybe an extra mess where the 2-year-old sneaked back to the table for a drink or to play.

Since our boys are big enough to clear the table, I have them stack the plates and flatware in the dishpan and run water over them to keep them moist. The stainless steel pans I have found wash easier if the lid is put back on. At times I put them upside down over the plates. When I'm finally ready to wash, I add soap and hot water from the tea kettles, and I'm in business. If I have a lot of pans I fit them into each other on the counter, then wash them in order to save space on the drainer. But maybe others don't watch for small helps like this. A half teaspoon "Try It" (a Stanley product) added to water in meat cans makes them easy to clean.

Happy dishwashing! -E.M.

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The closest we have come to orio cookies is the following recipe:

DOUBLE CREAM COOKIES

1 cup soft butter 2 cups flour 1/3 cup heavy cream

Mix together. Chill well. Roll 1/8 inch thick and cut in 1 1/2 inch rounds. Coat top with sugar. Place on cold baking sheets. Prick tops of cookies with fork in 3 or 4 places. Bake at 375° until puffy but not browned. Cool. Put together in pairs with frosting.

FROSTING:

Blend 1/4 cup butter, 3/4 cup powdered sugar, 1 egg yolk, and 1 teaspoon vanilla or 1/4 teaspoon almond extract. -M.S., Ohio

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QUITE A FEW RECIPES came in to explain how hominy can be made with lye. Most of the recipes are along the same line, so to save space only a few will be used. They are agreed that hominy should only be made in stainless steel, iron, or enamelware, and several mentioned that it should be stirred with a wooden spoon. One mother said she rubs the cooked corn and a piece of cloth on a washboard to remove the black ends; while another advises using a churn for this. A friend from Indiana warns about not inhaling the steam from the lye water. And our friend from East Earl tells us: "I do not know anything about making hominy with lye, but I do know that if you cook your corn for 2 hours in lime water— using the regular household lime— the skins will wash off the kernels."

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HOMINY #1

Put one tablespoon lye to a gallon of water so water feels slippery. Cook very fast until skins loosen. After washing and rinsing several times, let it set in clear water overnight. Then cook very slowly. That was the secret of making good hominy. 1 quart of shelled corn makes about 3 or 4 quarts of hominy.

-Emma Hochstetler

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HOMINY #2

Dissolve 1 large tablespoon lye in a quart of boiling water. Pour this into a gallon kettle to which add shelled corn from 2 large yellow ears. Boil and stir constantly, as the hulls will come off and the mass will thicken. Cook from 15 to 30 minutes until the black spots or eyes at the ends of the kernels loosen. Add boiling water occasionally if it thickens too much. Take out a few grains. Put in cold water to see if the eyes come off easily when tried with the thumb. Remove from the stove; add cold water and stir; then pour off the water. Do this several times. Then take a wire potato masher and churn it, adding and pouring off water frequently until the corn is clean. Place it on the stove again and let it come to a boil, then drain it. Add water again and let it cook slowly. After the hulls are off, the corn can be dried and kept in a cold place for a long time before it is cooked for eating.

-Mary Summy

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HOMINY WITH SODA

Weigh your shelled corn and soak in water overnight. Next morning add 2 tablespoons soda to a pound of corn. oil till soft and skins come off (keep adding water while ooking). Then wash often in fresh water. Change waer a couple of times during the day. In the spring I ook hominy in the feed cooker and can it to use in sumner. To can, put soft-cooked hominy into jars and cold ack for 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

-A Mother

* * *

ANNING HOMINY

oil hominy until about half tender. Fill jars to 3/4 ull, add 1 teaspoon salt, then fill with boiling water. rocess 3 hours in the boiler, or 90 minutes in the ressure cooker.

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RANDMA'S QUICK APPLEBUTTER

ut into a kettle: 1 gal. unpeeled apple snitz, 2 quarts ater or cider, 1/2 pint vinegar (or less), 3 1/2 lb. hite sugar. Cover and let boil 2 hours or longer then ut through a sieve and its done.

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UMMER BOLOGNE

0 lb. beef
0 lb. pork
lb. tender quick
3 to 4 oz. black pepper
1 1/2 oz. coriander
1 oz. mace

ix and grind. Leave 48 hours then stuff and smoke. ook 1 hour. Start with cold water.

-Mrs. Enos Burkholder

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ANNING HAMBURGER

When canning beef, I take raw hamburger and brown it s if I would use it right away. Add salt, pepper, and asoning— whichever you prefer (I do some with parsley, diced celery, or onion and some plain). Put in jars and cold pack 1 hour.

This is very handy to use in many different dishes.

-Mrs. Dan D.Y.

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BAKED BERRY PUDDING

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
pinch of salt
2 teaspoons baking powder

Mix together the above ingredients. Then spread in a baking dish and pour 2 cups sweetened berries on top. Add 2 cups boiling water. If canned berries are used, use berry juice instead of hot water. Bake at 400°.

-Mrs. Jacob Stutzman

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LUNCH BOX SUGGESTIONS

1. Sliced pickles, or relish on a bologne sandwich.
2. Lettuce wedges with a dab of mayonnaise; put in a plastic box. This stays crisper than when in the sandwich.
3. Peanut butter in apple cavity.
4. In summertime, put ice cream in wide mouth thermos; serve with a piece of pie. This makes a delicious lunchtime dessert.
5. My husband's favorite lunch soup: Dice and cook potatoes with parsley and onion as for potato soup; while this is cooking, in another pan melt a few tablespoons margerine or butter. Add flour till very thick. Brown slowly. Add milk, stirring all the time. Let boil then pour over soft potatoes. Grated hard-boiled eggs may be added. For variation I use bacon. Remove fried bacon, then use fat to make sauce. Proceed as before. Add bacon to soup when ready to serve.

-New Holland, Penna.

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Some Mothers Write

Do you ever wonder how to keep those pre-schoolers busy on cold days when they can't go outside? Our 5-year and 3-year-old love to paste, so I save old seed and flower catalogues and let them cut out pictures and paste them on old farm magazine books and soon they will have a book full. Animals from old coloring books are also nice. This can be messy so I give them a wet rag to wipe hands.

-Dalton, Ohio

This fall while I was planting some tulip bulbs, my little 3-year-old granddaughter was watching me. She asked, "Mommy, do you cover them up with dirt so nobody will steal them?"

-A Grandmother

• • •

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

If you want
to see how ex-
travagant your
neighbor is,
look at his
trashpile.
Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

THE LOST CHORD

There was a time not too many years ago
That I could sing and talk like other people
that I know.
Then one day the doctor said,
"You must have a test."
Well, I thought, that would be for the best.
Now what they found was not nice,
But it came not as a surprise.

Then with his steady hands
The doctor removed the damaged glands
And said, "You must learn to whisper."
When I came home I was filled with disgust
But learn to whisper I thought I must.
Then one day as I sat at the kitchen table
Sure enough I found that I was able
To whisper.

My dog and I go out to run and play;
This we do almost every sunny day.
One time he almost ran out of sight,
Then I tried to shout with all my might.
I forgot I can only whisper.
And then I loudly clapped my hands
Because I knew that he understands
That I can only whisper.
Then he came running as though in a race
To sit beside me and lick my face.
Then he looked at me as if to say,
"I know you can only whisper."

Now that it is all over, I don't really mind
Because it could be worse if I were blind.
One thing I'm sure, we take for granted
The many blessings which to us are sent
Because I still can whisper.
Now when my race is run
And I'm called home with a thunderous shout
I hope the door will open so I won't be left out
Because I must answer and say,
"Dear Lord, I can only whisper."

-Willis Horning

The affliction of the people of God is often deepest just on the eve of their deliverance.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. Revelations 2:10.

I Remember Our Visitors

My aged father is living with us; and being this is the month my mother died 31 years ago, my mind has been going back quite often to the years when she lay helpless in bed. At that time and even now we have many visitors, and what a contrast!

There was one couple who always came for a meal, and another couple who always refused to stay for dinner. Others came sometimes for a meal and then at other times to make just a call.

Once our neighbors came so late one Sunday that we had started to prepare dinner already. She said, "We knew you have to be prepared for company every Sunday so we thought it makes no difference even if we are a little late."

A few Sundays later another couple, who lived farther away, came to visit. They arrived in plenty of time. And not only that, they brought along two broilers which were ready to cook, saying, "Being you have to be at home so much of the time, we brought these along for you." That was a big treat for us.

One Sunday afternoon a family with nine children came in the lane. The oldest one was eleven. We didn't know what to expect. But the children all came in, sat in a row on the couch and were very quiet. While they were there the baby started fussing but the father soon left the room with her. The mother said the children wanted to come and were warned beforehand that they would have to be quiet, and they were.

Then one day a couple with one child came. He was about two years old. The child wanted something to eat so we got crackers for him. Not wanting these, he became angry and threw himself on the floor, kicking and screaming. The mother kept saying, "What do you want? Do you want bread?"

My sister and I, not being mothers, knew just how such children should be handled and thought, if he isn't hungry enough to eat crackers he's not getting anything else.

We had a lot of visitors the years Mother was in bed but these four instances made such an impression that they were never forgotten. -One of Mother's girls

Do We Appreciate Our Health?

Today I talked with a mother who had been in the hospital five times in 1 1/2 years time. Each time the bill was over $1000. I am wondering, do I appreciate my health as I should? Am I thankful enough for strength to do my work? I can't realize how it would be to be sick constantly— in one way and then another. Those people surely need the prayers of others and many prayers at that. Oh, that I might do my part in praying and supporting those who are sick! It was very good for me to talk to that mother today. -Mrs. J. Weaver

Dear Shut-ins,

May we all look to God where all our help comes from. I have a special interest in this page the last 2 1/2 years. I was hit by a car — a drunken driver— while driving on the shoulder of a highway only 65 rods from our lane, in December 1970. I was in the hospital six months and am on the wheelchair since then because of a spinal injury.

I have always loved the outdoors, especially unspoiled natural scenery as it was created by our heavenly Father. Because of this, the song, "How Great Thou Art," is a favorite of mine.

The policeman that was in charge at the scene of the accident, comes to visit me at times. He said my accident was not just a happening, it "was planned." Two seconds one way or the other and it would have been avoided. It makes a person feel good to find so much faith in authority. I have been to the barn four times and have missed church only once this winter. A kind neighbor takes me with a covered "dachwegly" and it takes three men to lift me in and out. -Orvie Schantz

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ANSWERS TO "KNOW YOUR GERMAN" from page 22

1. ANDERS B. otherwise, else, differently. "...ihr habt anders keinen Lohn bei eurem Vater im Himmel." Mt. 6:1.
2. ARBEITER A. worker, workman, labourer. "...dasz er Arbeiter in seine Ernte sende." Mt. 9:37.
3. ARG C. evil, bad, severe, utter, sad. "So denn ihr, die ihr doch arg seid, könnet dennoch euren Kindern gute Gaben geben..." Mt. 7:11.
4. AÜSERSTE B. outermost, extreme, uttermost. "...ausgestoszen in die äuszerste Finsternisz hinaus.." Mt. 8:12.
5. ERKENNEN C. recognize, know, understand. "Darum an ihren Früchten sollt ihr sie erkennen." Mt. 7:20
6. ERSCHOLL D. spread, resound, let hear. "Und dies Gerücht erscholl in dasselbe ganze land." Mt. 9:26.
7. FIEBER D. fever "...dasz seine Schwieger lag, und hatte das Fieber." Mt. 8:14.
8. GASSEN B. streets, lanes, alleys. "...wie die Heuchler thun, in den Schulen und auf den Gassen..." Mt. 6:2.
9. GETROST A. comforted, of good cheer, confident, hopeful. "..Sei getrost, mein Sohn; deine Sünden sind dir vergeben." Mt. 9:2.
10. GETÜMMEL B. tumult, bustle, turmoil. "...und sahe die Pfeifer und das Getümmel des Volks," Mt. 9:23.
11. GEWÄSSER C. flood, waters. "Da nun ein Platzregen fiel, und ein Gewässer kam..." Mt. 7:25.
12. ISSET B. eat. "...Warum isset euer Meister mit den Zöllnern und Sündern?" Mt. 9:11.
13. MAMMON D. worldly riches, lucre. "...Ihr könnet nicht Gott dienen und dem Mammon." Mt. 6:24.
14. QUAL torment, agony, pain. "...und ist gichtbrüchig, und hat grosze Qual." Mt. 8:6.
15. SAUER B. sour, acid, cross, morose, bitter, peevish. "Wenn ihr fastet, sollt ihr nicht sauer sehen wie die Heuchler;" Mt. 6:16.
16. SCHÄTZE D. treasure, wealth, store, stock. "Ihr sollt euch nicht Schätze sammlen auf Erden..." Mt. 6:19
17. TRACHTET A. strive for, endeavor, aim. "Trachtet am ersten nach dem Reich Gottes und nach seiner Gerechtigkeit..." Mt. 6:33.
18. TRAUBEN C. grapes, bunch or cluster of grapes. "Kann man auch Truaben lesen von den Dornen..." Mt. 7:16.
19. UM A. about, around, near, for, by, after. "Und da Jesus viel Volks um sich sahe..." Mt. 8:18.
20. WEIDE D. pasture, meadow, pasturage, also willow. "..eine grosze Heerde Säue an der Weide." Mt. 8:30.

(FOODS— Continued from back cover)

back up again and continued its climb.

In tests with human volunteers, butter was added to the diet which increased the cholesterol levels. When ample fiber was added to the diet, the cholesterol levels fell off 20%. In another test a group of men were given 5 oz of rolled oats per day, which is high in fiber, and their cholesterol level dropped 33 points.

The Difference In The Diet

Why is the American diet lacking in fiber? The answer is simple for many of our common foods have the fiber refined right out of them. Milk and all milk products (cheese, ice cream, etc) contain no fiber at all, nor do meat, fish, eggs, gelatin, sugars of all kinds or starches. White bread or anything made from white or cake flour contains very little. Many people eat three meals a day without getting enough fiber to keep their digestive tract going.

What To Do About It

What can be done to increase the fiber content of our diets? The answer is really very simple, namely, eat foods rich in fiber. In a test at a boarding school, students who received two heaping teaspoons of bran a day plus two slices of whole wheat bread, showed a marked improvement in three weeks time. Their passage time was decreased by one third and the stool weight increased by one-fourth.

Whole wheat bread, plus grain cereals for breakfast, plenty of leafy vegetables and fruit every day, as well as nuts and other high fiber foods will guarantee plenty of bulk in anyone's diet. Following is a table showing the fiber content in some common foods.

Apples	2.5
Apricots, raw	2.5
Asparagus cooked	3.
Bacon	0.
Bananas	3.
Beans	4.5
Beans, green, cooked	4.5
Beef, all kinds	0.
Beets, cooked	3.5
Biscuits, white flour	.2
Blackberries, raw	18.
Blackberries, canned	12.
Blueberries, raw	6.0
Blueberries, canned	4.0
Bran cereal	3.5
Bread, white	.3
Bread, whole wheat	3.
Bread, rye	.7
Cabbage, raw or cooked	3.5
Cake	.2
Candy, hard	0.
Cantaloupes	1.5
Carrots, raw or cooked	4.5
Cashew nuts	1.5
Cauliflower, raw/cooked	4.
Celery, raw or cooked	2.5
Cheese, all kinds	0.
Cherries, red, raw	1.
Cherries, sweet, raw	1.5
Cocoanut, shredded	4.
Corn, sweet, fres/cooked	2.5
Cornbread. from cornmeal	1.5
Cornbread, degermed meal	.5
Corn flakes	.5
Crackers, saltines	.0
Cranberries, raw	6.
Dandelion greens	7.
Dates, fresh and dried	2.5
Eggplants	4.5
Eggs, whole	0.
Farina	0.
Figs, raw or dried	5.0
Filberts (hazelnuts)	3.0
Gelatin (jello)	0.
Grapefruit, raw or canned	1.
Grapes, raw or cooked	2.5
Kohlrabi, raw or cooked	5.
Lettuce, leaf or head	3.0
Milk, cream, etc.	0.
Mushrooms, raw or canned	3.0
Noodles or macaroni	.3
Oats, rolled, cooked	1.0
Oranges, peeled	3.
Pancakes, regular	.3
Pancakes, buckwheat	1.0
Peaches, raw or cooked	3.0
Peanuts	2.5
Pears, raw with skin	6.0
Pears, peeled	3.0
Peas. fresh or canned	8.
Peppers, raw or cooked	6.
Pickles, all kinds	2.5
Pineapples, raw or cooked	2.
Plums, raw or cooked	2.5
Potatoes, peeled	2.
Pumpkins, canned or cooked	5.5
Raisins	1.
Radishes, raw	.2
Raspberries, raw or cooked	15.0
Rhubarb, raw or cooked	3.
Rice, white milled	.3
Rice Krispies	.1
Soup, tomato or vegetable	.8
Soybeans, cooked	7.0
Spinach, raw or cooked	3.
Starch	0.
Sugars, all kinds	0.
Sweet potatoes	2.5
Tomatoes, raw or cooked	2.5
Turnips, raw or cooked	4.
whole wheat	2.
Wheat flour, regular white	.3
Whole wheat	2.5
Wheat, shredded or puffed	2.0

NOTICE: Vegetables, fruits, soups, etc are high in moisture often containing 80% or 90% water. To compare them with dry foods this water must be disregarded. For this table, these foods have been calculated as at 20% moisture.

What's Missing In Our Foods?

For years and years "organic minded" people have been telling us that whole wheat bread is vastly superior to white bread and that the way to find health is to live on an old-fashioned diet such as corn bread, vegetables, fruits and nuts. Scientists are now coming up with evidence that these people were right all along even though they may have based their arguments on the wrong reasons. Advocates of organic foods have based their arguments on such highly controversible points as the use of "chemical" fertilizers or garden dusts. Recent tests indicate that the real reason the modern diet does not compare with that of fifty years ago may be because of the lack of a very common ingredient, namely fiber.

Everyone knows that our health is closely connected to the food we eat. It now appears that the deciding factor is how this food moves along the digestive tract. A slow, sluggish movement through the digestive tract brings on a multitude of problems beginning with constipation, and progressing to intestinal polyps (small non-cancerous growths), appendicitis, diverticular disease and ending up with cancer of the colon and rectum. In fact cancer of the colon and rectum have become one of the most common types of cancer, second only to lung cancer. There is also some startling evidence indicating that heart disease is also connected with a lack of fiber in the diet. These statements are not merely someone's idle dreaming, they can be proven and are being proven.

Researchers have found there are two keys which will unlock the mysteries of the workings of the intestinal tract. The first one is Passage Time. This means the length of time required from the time food is first eaten until it passes through the digestive tract and the waste is excreted. The second is Stool Weight which simply means the amount of waste material which is excreted or thrown off by the bowel movement. Both of these two points are connected.

In our intestines are found certain kinds of bacteria which produce deoxycholic acid. This acid is corrosive when it comes in contact with the lining of the intestines and produces inflammation as well as polyps. It has been estimated that 25% of the adults have some of these polyps. As time goes on they grow and may turn malignant or cancerous, although only a small percent ever do.

With slow passage time, these bacteria have ample time to multiply and produce an abundance of acid. When there is ample bulk the bacteria will be diluted and kept away from the walls of the intestines, thus rendering them comparatively harmless.

This also has a bearing on the appendix. With slow passage time and constipation, the intestines become clogged, exerting pressure on the appendix. This causes the appendix to become inflammed and eventually to burst. How can all these statements be proven. Really very simple.

Fifty years ago colored people in the United States had only half as many cases of intestinal disorders as whites. Today there is no difference. Researchers reasoned that this must be because fifty years ago their diets were not the same whereas today it is. To prove this they went to Africa and started investigating.

Rural Africans are seldom affected by intestinal diseases. Their diet consists of coarsely ground grains and such cereals as maize and millet which is high in fiber content. They also eat fiber-rich foods like sweet potatoes, and plantains. They take in about 25 grams of fiber daily— that is until they adopt Westernized diets.

Tests were conducted with the Africans and compared with persons on a standard American diet. They were given radiopaque plastic pellets along with their foods which could be detected by X-ray. (A simpler way for the average person is to eat tomatoes with the skin, sweet corn, or blackberries.) The results are startling. Average passage time for Africans was 30 hours compared to 75 hours for normal Americans. Stool weight was twice as heavy.

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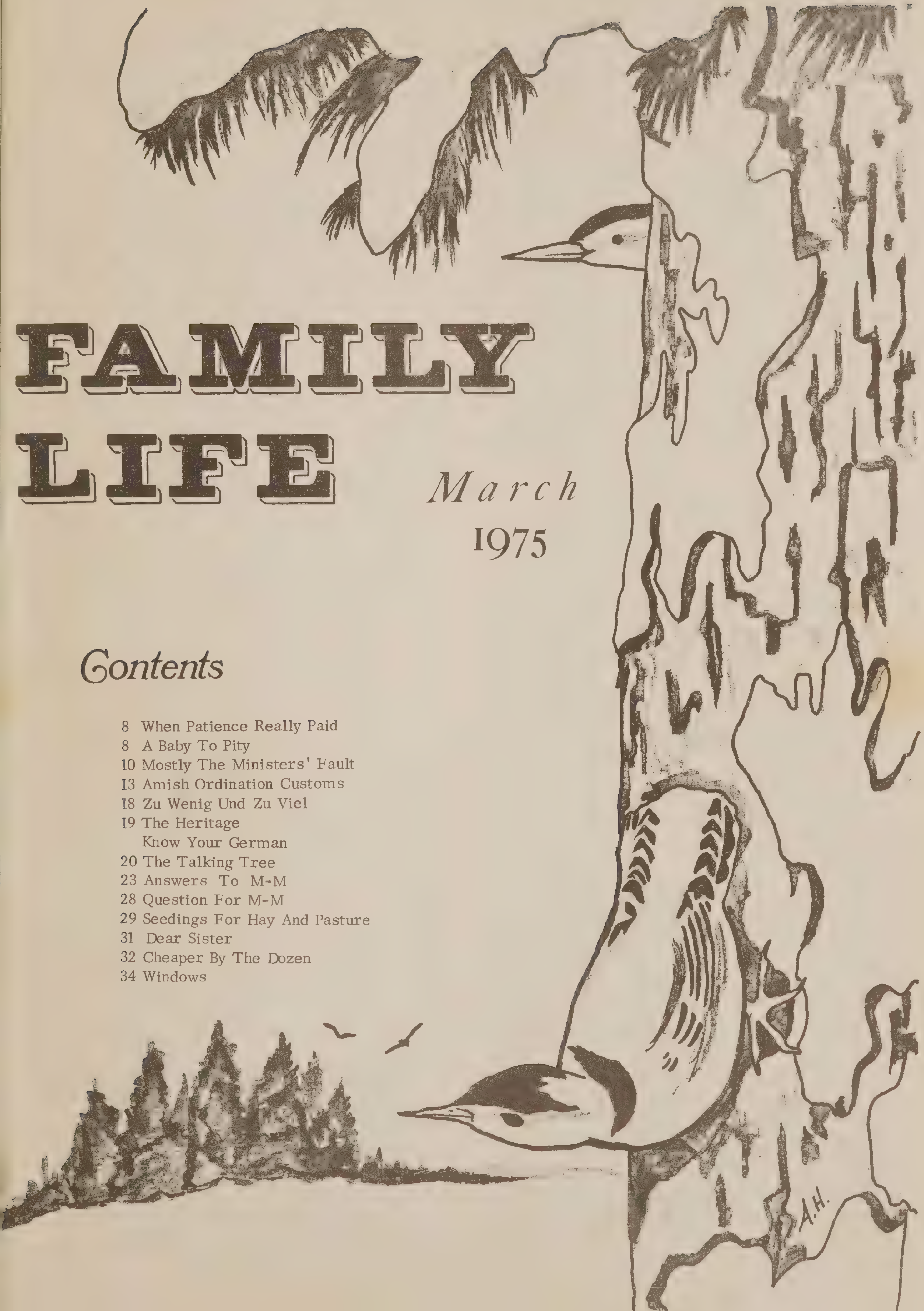
It was also discovered that Africans are very rarely afflicted with appendicitis. In fact the common opinion in Africa is, "You don't get appendicitis unless you speak English." Anyone knows there is no difference in the language spoken, the difference is in the diet.

Heart Disease And Cholesterol

Tests with the Africans indicate that their cholesterol levels are significantly lower than Americans. In Great Britain heart disease (IHD) was on the increase until 1939. At that time wartime rationing brought on a greater use of whole wheat flour. The mortality rate from heart disease went down. After the war it went

(continued on inside back cover)



FAMILY LIFE

March
1975

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Letters TO THE EDITOR-

MUCH MORE CAN BE INCLUDED

The article on Modesty and Consistency (January issue) is only too true of many who profess Christ but deny Him by their outward appearance. Much more could be included than was mentioned in the article such as things that pertain to sports wear, shaggy hair styles for men or women or anything that pertains to the modern styles in the world.

I would like to see a discussion on whether any man or woman who is born again can appear in public dressed as many do. Will Christ recognize these when He appears to gather up his Bride? Our hearts are torn with grief to see how Satan is using apostate leaders into deceiving the innocent. Surely being born again means more than mere lip expression.

-Concerned from the East.

FOLLOWING TOO CLOSELY TO THE WORLD

I can say amen to the article on Modesty and Consistency. It is nice to know that even some of the younger generation can see where we are going and are concerned in doing something about it. I am afraid we as professing Christians are following too closely to the world in fashions. No wonder God is letting things happen like are happening to teach us that it takes a willingness to live for Jesus. God can still supply all our needs if only we ask Him and are willing to do His will.

It is true as the article points out that we Amish do drive in cars too much. But of course we must consider that it is not like it used to be to get around. There used to be lots of street cars, buses and trains and it is not that way any more. But it is hard on us older folks to see how things are going. We must have failed somewhere along the way or God would not let all this come as it is today. -B.T., Indiana

NOT BACK BITING

"Modesty and Consistency" gave me something to think about. Probably there are many more non-Amish people around us who feel the same way. Shame on us. I think the article was well written, no backbiting, just concern. -Orrville, Ohio

RULES ARE THE ZUCHTMEISTER-

I read the Modesty and Consistency article with interest. We are not Amish, but Old Order Mennonites. Our problems run parallel with those of the Amish but are not always the same. The rules of the church can be likened to the law of Moses, which was a "Zuchtmeister." The term is not quite used in the English the same as in the German but it means a master to teach obedience, to bring humanity to Christ. Before we come to Christ, we are somewhat bound by the law. In other words, we who have inherited our plain religion have in part automatically become one of us. But faith cannot be inherited but comes only through the new birth and accepting the will of God. When we are united with Christ, He becomes the end of the law for us and we are obedient to Him because he is not only our Saviour but also our Lord. Then we obey Him not because of the rules of the church, but because we want to serve Him with all our heart.

Part of the reason that modesty and consistency are not what they should be among us is that even after the new birth, we still have a thorn in the flesh. We at times pray that God might remove this thorn from our flesh, but our answer is the same as Paul's answer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee for my strength is made perfect in weakness." -I.R.M., Elmira, Ontario

IF WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN

We received our Family Life yesterday and this morning I read the column on modest apparel. It seems in every age, the church has its problems. When we see our young boys come to church with their long hair and long sideburns it grieves us to the heart. The young girls have their coverings so small we can't see them from the front. Capes are so shrewdly made you can't tell they have capes on and the young boys have things that belong to the world which they shouldn't have. We are supposed to be a separate people and yet we have so many of these things in the church. On talking with an older brother it was said that we must be long suffering. It makes us think of the poem, "The Church And The World." It is true our children are not fully grown yet but if we do not show concern for them now, what will their future be? But again there are married men who do not hold to the standards of the church. Do they realize the accountability which will be required of them?

If we love our children then we will draw them closer to Jesus and his kingdom. If we dress them as the world when they are young, what can we expect in future years? It is true that plain clothing alone will not get us into Heaven but if the heart is right, plain clothing will come naturally. I believe a person with plain clothes will or at least should be ashamed to go to movies, taverns and many other places where a Christian will not go.

-Still Thankful for those who are obedient, Mo.

HOW DO CHILDREN FEEL

Was glad to see the letters from parents in the January issue, "How Do Others Feel?" I can feel for those parents. I have often wondered if those children who have gone to a more liberal church have ever stopped just for one moment to think, what if they were in their parents' shoes? How would they feel, anyway if they cared for their own children? Have seen so often where

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

the next generation is out in the world and belongs to no church, or have married and had wives with miniskirts and their children dressed so stylish. Can this be pleasing to God? Of course this can happen even when brought up in the church, but have we done our duty if we help them have their hearts' desires to live in the ways of this wicked world? How can we have peace with God if we have never tried to teach them what is right?

Young mothers, pray to God to help you care for those sweet little children. Don't dress them in pride to see how pretty you can make them look in bright colors and fancy stylish materials. They can see even at a young age how they're dressed. Once there was a family who moved from one community to another and they had a three-year old daughter who said, "Mother, there where we used to live, they could wear any colors they wanted to, couldn't they?" Even at that age, she noticed that the children wore brighter colors. Isn't it something to be concerned about? -Just Concerned

THAT FEELING STARTS YOUNG

Concerning the letters, "How Do Others Feel", to the one who wondered why some children left home, I wonder if that feeling doesn't often start young. I've never run away from home but at the age of 10 to 14 I felt awful. I wished someone would like me, or think I was worth something. At school I was ridiculed, at home my parents couldn't seem to be able to see any good in me. My brothers and sisters belittled me and wished I could have some friends. How I wished I'd be somewhere else and I daydreamed what I was going to do when I am older.

Now I am married and have children to care for. One thing that is strictly forbidden is for one child to ridicule another, even if they do make blunders. We can't all be the best in working our arithmetic problems, or sing the best. The woods would be so quiet if no birds would sing except only those that could sing the best.

-Thankful now for What I've got.

OUR HOMES WHAT THEY OUGHT TO BE?

In reading over the letters, "How Do Others Feel" I was moved by the concern that parents have for their wayward children. Could it be a reflection on our homes, churches, schools, etc? Are our homes what they ought to be? Is the father the spiritual priest in the home? Is there love for God and His word, and is there harmony and a good relationship between husband and wife?

How about the church? Are the messages we hear convincing and convicting by the power of the Holy Spirit? Our schools, are we concerned about the Biblical standards and spiritual emphasis? All these things are a help in raising our children. -Ontario

EFFECT OF MOTHER'S ATTITUDE ON THE HOME

The story "I Can't Stand The Smell" (Dec. issue) was a very worthwhile one. Surely many could write from experience the effect of Mother's attitude on the family good or bad. Fathers can have wrong attitudes , too, which will affect the outcome of their children such as being choicy about food, careless in work, talking over neighbors, preachers, teachers, etc.

If Mother is kind to Dad and talks to him and shows concern about his worries, his work, the payments, even his health, then the children soon notice it. If she respects him and tries to have the children together and ready for devotions or when there is work to do, it will make for a much more willing, happier family. If on the other hand, she resents Dad and most everything he does, the children will follow suit and it will end up in chaos and an unhappy family.

When people mis-use Dad or say bad things about him, it makes such a difference whether Mother is kind and considerate or whether she is glad to hear it and jumps on him, too. When a woman disrespects her husband, she doesn't have to say it, the children sense it and do likewise and later also to the mother. The sad part of it is that the damage is usually not noticed until it is too late to mend. -Heart Broken Father

THE OTHER WAY ROUND

I was glad for the article, "I Can't Stand that Smell". Maybe it's about time that many of us young mothers do differently than what we have been doing if we want our children to love and stay on the farm. I don't mind the smell as much as the barn dirt the children drag in on their shoes and clothing. In thinking over this matter something rather amusing comes to my mind. The men don't mind to handle the manure but why do they have to object so much to a soiled diaper? My husband usually moves to another room or goes outside when I change the baby's smelly diaper. He wouldn't near think of tackling that job! May we pray for more patience in all things. -Pennsylvania

BE READY TO GIVE AN ANSWER

Thanks for the story "One Way That Works" in January issue. I thought it had some much needed points. But isn't there also a danger in just comparing ourselves with those people who can quote a lot of Scripture while not living up to it, who say that if the heart is right, other things don't matter? Isn't there a danger of going the other extreme and feeling if we live up to the ordnung of the church then we don't need to be concerned about what the Bible says or to read the Bible?

Peter says, "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." I Peter 3:15. Wouldn't it be good to stress this a little more in your stories?

-Gerald Hochstetler, Ontario

LOVE INSTEAD OF GOSSIP

I liked the article about "Loving The Sinner" (Dec. issue). If people would pray as much as they now talk and gossip about some of the young people's mischief, it would help so much more. I even saw a minister's wife laughing about it. Still she is the very one who thinks it is so awful. After I heard her laugh about it, I doubt if she cares at all for how can anyone with a right spirit laugh at sin? I would much rather see a quiet and humble person with a prayer in the heart than always hearing so much talk and gossip. Seems some people have to tell others what they know. Why not be a better example? -Praying for The Sinner, Pa.

PARENTS ARE NOT PERFECT

To the twenty-year-old (Why I Am Sometimes Disobedient, January issue) I would like to say, you see where your parents have made mistakes. Remember your parents are not perfect either. Perhaps they wanted to do what was right but didn't always know what was best. Now that you see what is wrong, get busy and correct yourself. With God's help you can do it. After you are a parent, you will see things differently.

Somewhere along the line they must have taught you something or else you would not be able to see all this now. You may wonder, how do I know this? I, too, have made mistakes and now that I am older I can look back and see them better. -A Grandparent, Mo.

STILL TIME TO START

A few lines for the twenty-year-old who is sometimes disobedient. My heart aches for you. Please forgive me for failing you in your younger years. I did love you but also had other little ones of different sizes to look after and I see now that I must have neglected some of my duties. We did not have Family Life paper to give us advice on child training when you were little.

But now that God spared your life to the age of twenty and gave you a good mind to reason with, please do your best. You are not too old to start listening if you will ask God for help. If you are blamed for things and are innocent, God knows and will judge rightly.

-Parents of a Twenty-Year-Old, Indiana

ONE MAN CAN DO TOO MUCH

The article, "One Man Can Do Something" (Dec. issue) was very worthwhile reading and I wish it could be read in every home. However, there is also a danger of doing the wrong thing. Years ago there was a man in our community who became dissatisfied with the church. He didn't accept the ordnung as a safeguard to keep the church from drifting into the world. He likened the traditions of the church to the Jewish traditions which Christ condemned. Needless to say, he soon had followers. He finally decided that all tradition is wrong and left the church, taking his followers with him out into the world. Yes, one man can do something but we should carefully measure our actions with the Word of God. -D.B.

THE FIRST FIVE YEARS

There was a request in the January issue of Family Life about reverence in church which prompted me to write. I feel almost too poor to write for our children are not yet grown so we don't know what fruits our teaching will bring. But I would like to write some things I have experienced and observed.

I have seen some things in church exactly like that writer described. I can't help thinking maybe the mothers need a spanking more than the children do. Think of all the mothers before you who have sat where you are now sitting and to each one her little one was just as special and precious as yours is to you. This always gives me a humble feeling and I realize it is neither cute nor smart if a child isn't quiet during services.

Before we leave home we should pray earnestly that our little one will behave and that we will be able to receive the message with an open heart and mind. Children learn as much by watching our actions as by what we say which makes it very important that we show proper respect and reverence. It should not be necessary for us to speak to our neighbor from the time everyone is settled until after the service is over.

We should never underestimate how much a child can understand. By the questions they ask we are frequently reminded they grasp more than they are often given credit for. I have found that for those who are even quite small and have difficulty sitting still, it helps to explain to them we go to church to hear God's word explained to us so we can grow up to love Jesus. Also that we are in His Presence in a special way when we come together for church services.

I have never put my child on the floor for I feel they should sit on my lap until they are old enough to sit beside me. If the child is on your lap, unnecessary noise can be stopped before it gets disturbing. If they get used to sitting on the floor they will not be content to sit quietly when they learn to walk. By the time a child is old enough to want to sit on the floor, it is old enough to understand it mayn't Allowing a child to sit and walk as they please does not make them more content and it only makes it harder for the children who must stay sitting. It does make a person tired to hold a child all morning but I would rather endure physical pain (which I have at times) in the hope my children will learn respect and reverence for God's word than to let them go, and think I can teach them later.

A child's character is mainly formed by the time he is five years of age. This makes it very important to teach respect and reverence when they are small so there will be a firm foundation to build on later on. Do we try hard enough to teach our little ones or are we too often guilty of thinking they are too small to understand? Let us pray without ceasing for this is the only way we can do our responsibility in teaching these little ones entrusted to our care. -Elmira, Ontario

AN APPOINTMENT WITH GOD

I was glad for the writer who wanted to see more reverence in church. It is indeed a serious thing. Church is a house of prayer and Jesus said where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I also be. If we believe that our Lord is there, will we not try to get our children to sit quietly and listen. If we are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, we will be praying for the living Bread and Water. How much more power our ministers would have if the whole congregation would be in silent prayer instead of visiting and joking before church. Remember, our appointment is with God. -F. L. Reader, Tennessee

MAGAZINE FOR THE UNMARRIED

I feel that the unmarried are being neglected. They are often looked down upon by their married brothers and sisters and even made fun of. I suggest that you at least start a circle letter for them. Maybe later on they could have a paper of their own. Many of them are in business for themselves. It would be interesting to hear of their problems. They, too, have their trials. Some are at home taking care of their parents or caring for other people, and some teach. I think such a paper would be worthwhile to them.

-Mother of some Unmarrieds.

RECIPES SHOULD BE SIMPLER

Usually I appreciate the worthwhile recipes you print but in the December issue I was disappointed for several reasons. Of the recipes printed that month, 71% wouldn't be worth our time and money to make and eat. Sugar is high priced and butter and cream are not health foods. -Mrs. Abner Stoll, Honduras

CHURCH SERVICES ON CHRISTMAS

I was thankful for the Editor's opinion about not making with the world in observing Christmas and also about not going the other extreme by not keeping it at all. We always have services on Christmas day and I am thankful for the thoughts the ministers bring out. This year, due to ill health. I couldn't be there so something seemed to be missing for me on Christmas Day. Years ago a group left our church and now we can see them working like hauling manure when our folks go to church. I have heard it said that in Russia no church or any observance of Christ's birthday is allowed. I think we can be thankful we live in a land where the day is recognized.

-Mrs. C.S., Pa.

TROUBLES COME FROM THE SAME PLACE

In the December issue was printed the article on problem farmers. I think you had given one answer for it already in the October issue. In the article about the Hutterites it said they have the answer to some of the problems like young people getting started farming or that some are not qualified to manage a farm. The question was once asked of an old Hutterite minister if they do not have any problems. His answer was, "Yes, we do, and they come from the same source as your problems do." -A.B.M., Pa.

THE NEEDY FARMERS

Your article on problem farmers in December issue made me realize that we are one of them. We would prefer to be called needy farmers because we need more help than some.

It was not always like this. When we first started farming, we thought if we work hard and spend carefully, we will be able to pay for the farm. But the Lord had other plans. The doctors got the money instead of the farm. For a time neither one of us could work much. We are thankful the wife can do a days work again but the doctor thinks the days of real work are past for me.

Maybe you wonder why we stay on the farm if I cannot work much. We feel the farm is the best place to bring up our children. If the Lord be willing, in a few more years, our children will be able to help more. Until they are older, we will likely need more outside help.

Some of you have come and helped us a day. Also some have helped financially. We tried to thank you at the time but words cannot really express how we appreciate you help. First it went hard to think we have to get other people to help with our work at times. But I guess someone has to be on the receiving end or no one could give. -Still Hoping To Help Others Someday.

CONVICTIONS IS WHAT WILL HELP

To the Indiana Reader who quit using tobacco, I quit four years ago after having used it for fifteen years. The reason I quit was because I believed what the doctor and others say about people developing cancer from the use of tobacco. I well knew that my stomach was upset many times and my throat and lungs were sore. I have a brother who said it's just the dust from the planing mill but after he was in the hospital twice and had to quit because of his lungs, he doesn't say it's just the dust.

The thought came to me, "Will I be able to stand before God on the Judgement day after having wasted money and time on tobacco while my family had gone without needed clothing and food?"

Or how would it be to be slowly but surely dying of cancer while the doctor bills are piling up. Since we are a poor family, I knew well enough we wouldn't be able to pay. I could picture myself lying in bed, my wife worrying and the children asking, "What will we do?" Such things have happened already.

There was a healthy man who lost his health, his job, his home, his family, and last of all his life, and what about his soul? The doctor said it was all because of his cigarette smoking.

It wasn't so easy to quit and I did suffer a lot for a short time. Now I have a clear conscience, knowing that I should never have started the use of tobacco. My relatives and my wife's relatives are much in favor of the use of tobacco. I try not to start anything when I am with them. I have found out I can't change people's ideas. They have to change their own.

These convictions will help God-fearing people to quit smoking. Without them, I fear you will not stop.

1. That it is an unnecessary, unhealthy, unclean habit.
2. That it is pleasing in the eyes of the Lord not to use tobacco.
3. That you are able to stand the mocking of those who favor the use of tobacco.

-Name and Address withheld.

FIRST INTO THE KITCHEN

I enjoyed that story about Greedy Gertie in January issue. I remember when I was still going to school when we came home that I would always try to be the first one to get into the kitchen to see if Mom had anything for us to eat. One day Mom baked something which I didn't like but I was the first one to say I wanted some without knowing what it was. Mom made me eat it so I would learn my lesson to not always try to be the first to get something.

-Thankful For Mom, Burr Oak, Michigan

THE DARK, DARK DAY

I read in January issue about the overcast skies on Sept. 5, 1881. Recently I came across some more information which I thought might be of interest to Family Life readers.

"The sun rose as usual, not a cloud in the sky; all the people were busy with their daily work and the children in school. Little did they realize that within a few hours they would be in the midst of a strange happening. About 1:30 the atmosphere took on a peculiar color as if a terrific rainstorm were approaching. As it became darker, schools were dismissed, the lamps were lit and by 2:30 it was as dark as night. The environment was eerie, and even the animals were aware that something unusual was taking place.

The children were afraid and crying while their mothers tried to comfort them. In front of business places groups gathered and the questions which were on everyone's lips were, 'What can it be? Will the sun

WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?

Evil men could not have written the Bible for it condemns them and their work. Good men or angels could not have written it for in saying that it was from God when it was their own invention, they would have been guilty of falsehood and could not have been good. The only remaining Being who could have written it is God.

rise tomorrow? Is it the end of the world?'

The afternoon slowly passed and when evening came, word was flashed over the telegraph wires that terrific forest fires were raging in Michigan. The wind was blowing the smoke across Lake Huron. This was on a Monday and housewives who had wash on the line had to wash the clothes over again. The river turned a brown color, thousands of fish died because of the ashes which dropped into the river, forming lye. Nothing like this had ever taken place before and no one could imagine that forest fires in Michigan could cause such an excitement on the other side of Lake Huron."

-Ruth Nolt, Belgrave, Ontario

NOT GOOD FOR THE HIRED GIRLS

This is not a hired girl story but a hired girl's mother's story. I'd like to give you some advice if you have a hired girl and want to give her a gift. Please give her something you know is not out of the ordnung. Even if the girl thinks it would be very nice, don't get it or give it to her if it might be against her parents' wishes. I sometimes have to wonder which is the worst, to have our girls work in the factories or in homes where they get such stuff.

-A Mother Of Young Girls.

WHY MY HUSBAND FIXED THE DOOR

The letters in the December issue about how to get your husband to fix things around the house reminded me of something that once happened to me. My sink where I wash my dishes is a metal sink and with years and years of use, the hinges rusted off of one of the doors. I knew my husband was extra busy at the time so I assured him I'd try and manage it until he gets around to fixing it. I took the detergents and things I had in that door and put them into the door just next to it, and stuck the door back in. It stayed in place as long as we wouldn't forget ourselves and open it. I didn't remind him of it once that I can remember. This worked all right but if someone forgot and opened the door, it would fall to the floor with a clatter of metal which could be heard several rooms away. If my husband happened to be around, he'd give me that sort of smile that told me, "I'm sorry, and I'll try to get it fixed."

As time rolled by, the girls and I got adjusted to it. In fact, I hardly missed not using the door at all. But one day my mother-in-law came to visit us and she's a great hand to wash my dishes. After letting the dishwater run, she quickly opened the hingeless door and there was a loud "BANG" as it hit the floor. The sound of it was enough to scare anyone by surprise. She turned to my husband and exclaimed, "Why don't you fix this door for your wife!"

My husband glanced at me with a twinkle in his eye and told his mother that he was thankful for such a patient wife. But -you can guess her visit was successful— my door was fixed soon.

-Ohio

STRANDED IN EPHRATA

After reading about the cold winter of 1917-1918 (January issue) it reminded me of an experience I had at that time. My home was near Reamstown, Pa. and I worked in Lebanon, Pa. Each Sunday evening I took the trolley to go to work and came back on Friday evening.

One Sunday evening I started off on the trolley just outside of Reamstown, but the trolley hit a man and was delayed enough that I missed the trolley at Ephrata and had to wait until Monday morning. The only place I could find that was warm was in the electric plant.

It snowed during the night and the next morning at 5 o'clock I took the Lebanon trolley and went about ten miles when the trolley got stuck in the snow and could get no farther. A trolley started out from Lebanon and it got stuck about ten miles from Lebanon, leaving about ten miles between us.

Some of us considered walking to meet the other car but it would not wait so there was nothing to do but go back. We got back to Ephrata about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I was stranded in Ephrata until Wednesday morning. All roads were drifted shut, not even the train could get through. I shared a room with another man who was stranded and waited for the trolley. We started off on Wednesday morning and got to Lebanon on Wednesday evening a trip that should have taken only one and a half hours.

-Noah Wenger, Mo.

NOTHING LIKE A CIRCLE LETTER

I want to thank you for getting those circle letters together about a year ago. I'm in a circle letter with writers and we're having the time of our life getting acquainted through writing. Even though it's less than a year we feel as if we know each other quite well in spite of the fact that not many of us have met in person. Others who happen to read our letters all exclaim how interesting it is and say it's something unusual — and it is. We are even wondering if there is any other circle letter in the world as good as ours.

-N.S., Pennsylvania

HUNTERS' WIVES CHEER UP

Here's a word of cheer for the hunters' wives. I see you usually write about being alone with the children. When my husband is away, I have to be alone with myself as we have no children. I sometimes go along if it suits but would rather not.

Maybe I don't know what you have to go through but I do know what it is to be lonesome. So please be thankful for the children and appreciate how they shorten the time for you. It might even be that if your husband sees how you are enjoying the children, he will want to start enjoying them more, too.

-Only a Wife, Pa.

HUSBANDS DO CHANGE

I read the letter entitled "Widow For A Week" in the January issue. It made me think back of how I used to dread the deer season when I was first married. Much against my wishes, my husband used to leave on Sunday afternoon. Before I was married I lived in another community and could hardly believe that these people would act this way. I kept saying enough that he knew I don't like it and then after four years he no more left on Sunday afternoons. Now he never leaves me alone at night, so young girls, they don't always keep going on and on. But they need your help to get away from the habit. I thought I'd be one of those whose husband would never change but thank the Lord, he has and hope He will always grant me wisdom enough to have patience and love in all our trials with our children as they aren't grown yet.

-Still Hoping and helping.

A HEAVY LOAD

I just wonder what kind of a car the man had that got stopped at the border with $100,000 in quarters? That would be 400,000 quarters which would weigh more than two ton. His springs must have been very strong to carry that weight. -Andy R. Miller, Arizona

EDITOR'S NOTE: That story must have gotten stretched somewhere. We took it out of a news item. We weren't there to see it. △

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

The February issue of Family Life was gotten ready the earliest of any issue for a long time and this time we were very glad it was. Usually we get it ready in two parts; and the first part (usually the center half) is gotten ready to make the negs around the 17th of the month. Once the negs are made, the printing can get started. The last part is usually finished around the 25th of the month. But this time we had the entire magazine ready to make negs by the morning of the 18th of January. That afternoon, we got word that my brother-in-law, Bishop Peter Yoder, is critically ill in the Columbia, Mo. University Hospital. Pete takes care of the German part of Family Life and writes the editorielles.

The next day we left for Missouri and stayed at the hospital for a number of days until he made a slight change for the better. At last reports he is considerably improved and at his home again. This was a very sobering experience, and bears out what Pete has often written in his editorielles, that our life is very uncertain. It is as if it were suspended by a thread that can snap at any time. The human body is frail indeed, yet it is wonderfully made and can repair itself at times when there seems to be little hope for recovery.

There is no editorielle in this issue but another brother has written a nice article to take its place. We hope Pete will soon be able to continue with his articles.

Quite a few readers pointed out to us that the January issue was dated "January, 1974" at the bottom of the pages, which would make it a year late. We had seen the mistake, too, but of course it was too late to do anything about it.

The item in the January issue that brought the most comment was a Letter To The Editor entitled "Modesty And Consistency." The writer of that letter had spoken out pretty plainly and clearly touching some weighty matters. Apparently the readers heard and understood what he said. This is the kind of material we like to print, something that leaves an impression on the reader. However, we have no way of knowing what our readers like or don't like unless they write and tell us. When we get no comments on a letter we decide it was neither real good or real bad, or we would have heard from someone.

We did not get as many answers to this month's "What Do You Think" question as usual. The subject of hymns and tunes is a difficult one, something that's hard to put down on paper how or why we feel as we do. Maybe part of the reason is because we don't always know ourselves exactly why we feel as we do.

Our historical library has just lately obtained copies of several extensive writings on the tunes of our forefathers. These were written by persons who don't use the slow tunes in their church services, but sometimes others can make a better analysis of such things than we ourselves can. At any rate we hope that someone will have time to go through those writings rather thoroughly and maybe come up with a report within the coming year.

Last month we made mention of the Heifer project for needy people oversees. We are happy to say that there are prospects that a shipment of heifers will be going out of Ontario this coming summer. If you live in Ontario and would like to participate in this project at this time either by contributing funds or an animal, write to Heifer Project, c/o Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3.

Remember the write-up which appeared in the last summer issue of Family Life on "Inferiority Complex?" We had hoped to hear from readers who would be able to offer helpful advice in overcoming this condition, but the response was disappointing, for we received only a few answers. This was hard to explain but recently we have found out why. Apparently people who have a touch of inferiority complex would much sooner let other people do the talking than to get involved themselves. They were breathlessly waiting to read the discussion in Family Life about inferiority complex but forgot that before there can be reading, there must also be writing.

Just lately we have received a few more letters on the subject, some of them very good. We have decided to put in another appeal to the readers. If you are one of those who was anxiously waiting to see what we get on the Inferiority Complex subject, then do you part; send us any experience you have had in this matter which you think may be of interest to others. Address to "Inferiority Complex," Family Life, Aylmer, Ontario. But do it right away, before the first of April. △

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

DON'T MAKE A GLUTTON OF YOUR CHILD

When children refuse to eat at the table, parents often try to force them to. Doctors now say a child should never be forced to eat for he is a good judge of how much he wants to eat. By forcing a child, he may overeat and become a glutton. Because of this, many become overweight.

Dr. Malcolm M. Martin, professor of pediatrics and medicine at Georgetown University in Washington reports that overweight children are very likely to show signs of chemical diabetes. For some reason their bodies do not tolerate sugar.

To prevent obesity in children teach them to like vegetables and keep their intake of sweets and starches at a minimum. It takes tactfulness to teach a child to like vegetables.

A child learns to dislike vegetables when he hears his parents make remarks about food that it isn't good.

→ →

Children become snooty about food when they eat cookies and other sweets and starches between meals... and snack just before dinner, and then are not hungry when they come to the table.

PEANUTS MAY REPLACE TOBACCO

Crop scientists say that some day peanuts may be grown on the tobacco lands of Southern Ontario. Last year a total of about twenty acres were planted on an experimental basis on the area farms. Reports were very favorable in spite of the northern climate. Peanuts furnish valuable food in the form of peanut butter as well as in eating the roasted peanuts. A new variety called Starr has given a high yield and is suited to the climate and soil conditions. Perhaps someday in the near future, many of the acres which are now being used to grow tobacco will be furnishing a healthful and nutritious food instead of a product which is detrimental to health and furnishes no food value.

△

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHEN PATIENCE REALLY PAID

Several years ago we moved to another settlement and since our farm was located on the edge of the settlement, we had non-Amish for neighbors. A creek runs through our farm coming in from the west side and flowing out on the south side. During the winter the fences would wash out and would have to be repaired in the spring. The neighbor on the west side wasn't very friendly and he didn't come over to talk about repairing the fence. So I decided we would go ahead and repair it before turning our catttle on pasture. But real early in the spring before we thought of turning our cattle out, he turned his out without doing anything about the fence. He just had a small pasture and soon his cattle were over on our side. So the boys and I went down and ran his cattle back into his pasture and repaired the fence.

The next year I expected he would fix the fence before turning out his cattle but he didn't so we went down again and fixed it. The same thing happened again the third year and the fourth year the fence was washed out real bad. I talked it over with the boys and we felt we should go and tell this man to come down and repair the fence or at least to help repair it. But on second thought I told the boys that I had heard of different times that neighbors have had fallouts over line fences and that maybe it would be better to just go ahead and fix it, so we did.

Now on the fifth year we heard some hammering going on so we looked and there was this neighbor repairing his fence before turning his cattle out. We lived on that farm for three more years and he would always go down and repair the fence before turning his cattle out. Now this is the ending of the fence incident and we felt good about it but there is another incident which was connected to this that I would like to relate.

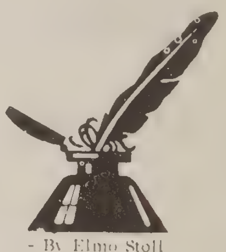
About the seventh year we lived there, one of the boys got a notice from our local board to appear at an attorney's office several miles from home. It was about our son's request for conscientious objector classification so I went along. This attorney was to interview the boy to see if he thinks he is sincere in the stand he was taking. During the interview the attorney said to me, "I see your neighbor back home thinks the boy is all right."

I asked him what he meant by that since I knew he was not acquainted with our neighbors. "No, I don't know your neighbors," the attorney said, "but the F.B.I. was sent out to interview your neighbor and was asked if he thinks you and your boys are sincere Christians. He said, 'Yes, I think they are.'"

Then he showed me a statement and it was signed by our neighbor, the one we had this fence deal with. So I feel we were repaid in more ways than one for having patience with him over the fence deal. -Iowa

△

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

A Baby To Pity

Freda Bender propped herself up on her left elbow and surveyed the hospital room where she lay in bed. Two of the four beds in her ward were empty; the only other occupant in the room was Mrs. White. "And I wish she were a bit more friendly," Freda mused to herself. "She just answers the questions I put to her, and that's all. She doesn't seem interested in making conversation at all."

Freda lay back on the pillow, resting. The baby had only been born the evening before, so Freda still felt weak and tired. Yet, though her body was tired, her spirit felt happy— glad for the new life entrusted to her care.

Out of the corner of her eye, Freda noticed that Mrs. White was watching television again— it seemed she did that a lot. She seemed like such a worldly woman, not wicked and rough and wild, particularily, but still so very much a woman of the world. She spent quite a bit of time at her mirror, making sure she was all dolled-up and pretty, and getting her make-up on. Freda could just picture Mrs. White's home— a modern apartment in the city, wall-to-wall carpets, furnished with the best appliances and furniture. And a color TV, of course.

Freda turned her head toward the door as a nurse walked in with her baby boy. A second nurse followed the first with Mrs. White's baby. Mrs. White took her baby and without taking her eyes from the television set for more than a brief second, poked the nipple of a bottle into the infant's mouth. The baby began feeding, and Mrs. White continued watching the program.

Freda held her baby close for a few minutes, just to feel the tiny life next to her. And then as she nursed it, she suddenly found herself feeling sorry for Mrs. White's baby. The poor little boy. What kind of a world would he be taken home to in a few weeks? How could a boy grow up surrounded by dancing pictures on the TV screen, a world of smoking and drinking, a world of gadgets and switches and concrete sidewalks. Poor boy, who wouldn't feel sorry for him. What chance did he have of growing up and really amounting to something?

Suddenly Freda stopped, seized by a new thought. Was it possible that Mrs. White was also pitying Freda's little son? Was she saying to herself, 'Poor little baby! He's doomed to grow up in that primitive way of life. All he'll ever have a chance of being is a common farmer, toiling with his hands, sweating all his life, deprived of so many enjoyments—no car, no TV, no chance to go to college. No chance that the poor fellow will amount to much."

The thought had taken her by surprise at first, but the more Freda thought about it, the more she realized that it was indeed quite possible, in fact, very likely, that Mrs. White was feeling this way. "Here I've been feeling sorry for her baby, and she's been feeling sorry for mine."

There was no doubt that the two babies were born into homes that were different from each other. Mrs. White and her husband would do their utmost to make sure that their son would be given every chance to get ahead in the world. They would send him to a good school, and encourage him to go on to college. From boyhood he would be pushed by parental pressure, challenged to develop his brains, to soak up knowledge, to be sharp and shrewd, to get ahead. They hoped he would grow up to get a good-paying job, or be a great writer or doctor or politician, or some famous man.

The Bender's son would play on an uncarpeted floor, or dig in the sand box. He would wear his homemade clothes, and learn to work and run errands long before he would go to school. Instead of movies and TV programs, he would learn about milking cows, and tending the hens, and filling the woodbox. Instead of being urged and prodded and pressured to excel and get ahead of others, he would be trained to play peacefully, to share his toys, to be slapped in the face and not slap back. He would listen to Bible stories of Joseph and David and Daniel and Jesus. He would go to church, and learn to sit on a hard bench and not mind it for three hours, absorbing patience, trust, respect, honesty, and obedience.

In short, Baby White would grow up in a world that put a premium on good looks, on brains, on money, on recognition, and pleasure. Baby Bender would grow up in a world that put a premium on character and conscience, and morals and serving others in love rather than trying to get on top of them.

Two babies in the same ward, both of them were pitied. Each mother considered her own baby fortunate not to have been born into the other mother's home.

Which baby actually was to be pitied?

The answer depends upon the values we hold. It depends upon what is important to us. It depends upon whether we are seeking greatness, fame, wealth, pleasure, ease, and honor for our children, or whether we seek deeper, more lasting values—building character and morals and conviction.

The Bible tells us a story which is similar in a way to the story of Mrs. White and Mrs. Bender. Jesus was eating a meal, a guest in the house of Simon the leper. Suddenly a woman entered the room carrying a container of expensive ointment. Before anyone could stop her, she broke the seal and poured the liquid on Jesus' head. Most of the people standing in the room gasped in disbelief at what she had done.

Someone was present who knew the price of the ointment. It wasn't some cheap, imitation stuff.

"What's the idea of this waste?" a voice cried out.

Another voice added accusingly, "Think of it. That could have been sold for a small fortune and the money given to the poor!"

All that money just to anoint Jesus' head. What a waste!

But Jesus saw the beauty of her act. He saw the love she poured out along with the ointment. He knew how long she had skimped and saved and worked in order to buy that container of ointment. Nothing but the best, the very best, was good enough for the Master she loved and admired and worshipped. He saw that she longed only to do what she could, seeing with eyes of faith that his time on earth was short.

Jesus saw beauty and devotion. The other onlookers saw only waste. Why? Because Jesus wasn't that important to them. They valued money more than Jesus. If Jesus had seemed important enough to them, the annointing would not have seemed a waste. Then they would have realized that the most expensive ointment earth could produce was still too cheap for One who was preparing to pour out his blood as gladly and freely as she spilled the precious ointment.

"Mr. Troyer," said a public school teacher a few years ago to an Amish father. "Do you realize that your son, Bennie, has an exceptional mind? He always gets straight A's without even working. You should certainly see that he goes on to high school and college. It would be a shame, a terrible waste if he didn't."

But the Amish farmer shook his head.

The school teacher shook his, too, though for a different reason. He went home, muttering to himself, "A terrible waste. All that talent—and all he'll ever amount to is an old-fashioned farmer, sweating in the field, tilling the soil with his hands like a common peasant, when he might be a doctor or a dentist—who knows, maybe even an artist or a poet."

A waste? Yes, Bennie might get on in the world, he might well reach fame, wealth, and pleasure. But what if he lost his soul? Would that not be the greatest waste of all?

△

WHEN THE SUN SHINES AGAIN

After days of winter snow and overclouded skies,
After we get used to days of snow mingled with ice;
Then when the sun does shine again, and melts away all this
We find that after winter blues, we live in springtime bliss.

After days of sorrowing tears, and days of loneliness,
After weeping through our trials, with happiness amiss,
Then when the sun does shine again, Oh! blessed Lord above!
We find that after tears are shed, there's heightened joy and love.

Yes, when the sun does shine again, after the rain and storm,
There's thankfulness afresh and new, which in the past was worn;
We see the radiant face agleam, as was not seen before-
The sun went under clouds of rain, God our faith restored!

-Joanna Schmidt (16)

-The Writer Wishes To Remain Anonymous

"Sometimes I talked about the ministers and church matters in front of my children," thought Ben, "they had a right to know how I felt."

Mostly The Ministers' Fault

THE FLAMING SUN had sunk behind the western horizon and already the evening shadows were creeping across the land. Bishop Dan Coblentz sat on the steps of the porch and pulled off one shoe and then the other. It felt good to rest his tired feet in the cool evening breeze. "I'm glad the haying is finished," he thought to himself. "Haymaking always makes me tired, especially my feet."

Just then a sound in the driveway caught his attention. A buggy had turned into the lane and was now in front of the hitchrack. "Looks like Abe Miller," the bishop thought to himself. "Wonder what brings him here?"

Abe tied his horse and was soon sitting beside Dan on the steps. For a few minutes they talked about the crops and the weather. Then Abe brought out what was on his mind. "I was coming by here anyhow so I thought I would stop," Abe said with a serious look on his face. "It's about my son, Mark. Yesterday morning Mose Mast stopped in and told me he saw Mark and Steve Nisley walking into the tavern last week. He also said he had heard that Mark and Steve appeared to be under the influence of strong drink at the singing on Sunday evening. I asked Mark about it and he owed up to it. Mark's a member of the church and I am very much concerned about the matter. Not only for Mark's sake but for the church. I had hoped my boys would help build up the church."

Abe paused and when Dan did not say anything he went on. "Mark is at Joe Millers this week helping to put up hay but he'll be at home on Friday evening. I wondered if you could stop and talk with him before long? Mose also said he stopped at Ben Nisleys and told Ben about Steve."

Dan stared at his feet for a moment as he slowly answered, "Yes, I guess it would be in our place to talk with Mark and also with Steve. We have some other matters we want to look about on Friday evening and will probably be coming past your place anyhow. I guess it would suit to stop in and talk to Mark then."

Dan sat on the steps and listened to the fading sounds of Abe Miller's horse on the gravel road. His thoughts went back over the twenty-five years since the burden of leading the church was placed on his shoulders. He had seen encouraging as well as discouraging times. When a report such as this came, he felt his responsibilities keenly. But he was thankful for members like Abe Miller. Abe was always willing to work with the ministers and was not ashamed to ask for help when it was necessary. Yes, he appreciated members like Abe.

Then his thoughts went to Ben Nisley and a sigh escaped his lips. How he hoped and prayed that they wouldn't find it at Bens like they too often had already.

Friday evening came. The sun was sinking low in the western sky as Dan hitched up his horse. He drove a mile down the road and picked up Jonas Yoder the deacon. The two men chatted as the horse trotted down the road. Then Dan told the deacon of Abe Miller's visit a few evenings before.

"It looks like we should also talk with Steve Nisley so we might as well do that first," Dan said as he slowed his horse and turned in at Nisleys. As they drove into the long lane, the two of them breathed a silent prayer for strength, guidance and wisdom. Talking to an erring member was no light matter. It was often one of the most unpleasant tasks of the ministry and they both realized it should only be done with a prayerful heart and out of a spirit of love.

As they drove into the barnyard they saw Ben standing beside the tool shed. He had just finished digging up a field tile and was cleaning off the shovel. Ben eyed the ministers suspiciously as they drove up beside him. "It's a nice evening, isn't it?" Dan greeted Ben with a smile. Ben nodded his head and kept on scraping the shovel with the putty knife. After a few moments, since Ben didn't say anything, the bishop began rather cautiously. "We were just coming past here and wondered if we could talk a few words with Steve. Is he at home?"

Ben put his shovel down. He hooked both of his thumbs into his suspenders as he turned and faced the ministers on the buggy. "Yes, he is at home. He's in the house. I suppose you want to talk with him about this matter Mose Mast was telling around."

Dan nodded his head. A dark frown crossed Ben's face as he kept on talking. "It looks to me like it won't do much good to talk to Steve until you ministers and some other people in the community straighten up and make some changes first."

A questioning look came upon the ministers' faces.

Ben jerked his head to one side as he continued, "For example, you're always finding fault with the young folks, especially mine. When you do talk with them, you don't come with a spirit of love, you come because you have a grudge against them and want to criticize."

Ben's eyes flashed and he was talking faster. "Now I want you to understand, I don't stick up for my children or take their part. It's true they are sometimes disobedient and they do things they shouldn't but they're also often blamed for things they aren't guilty of. It's just like I told my wife this morning, if you ministers would work as hard to help the young folks as you do to pick on them, things might be different."

Ben kicked a small pebble with his foot as he went on talking. "There are different things in the church that should be worked on first. But it seems you don't see those things and only work on the young folks. You don't even notice things in your own family." As he said this he looked at Dan.

"For example, your son John bought that English farm two months ago and he still hasn't taken the electric wires down." Ben coughed and stopped to catch his breath.

Seeing an opportunity to answer, Dan said, "You're right, the wires aren't down yet. But John did shut off the electric the day he moved on the farm and hasn't used it since. He told me the other day that a man has bought the wiring and the fixtures and is coming next Monday to take everything out."

"It's still a poor light to the world," Ben retorted. "How would people who drive past know that John isn't still using the electric if they still see the wiring? And another thing, your Lydia spent last summer in Colorado and you know the church disapproves of those western trips. At the same time you found fault with our Lizzie working only 20 miles from home at the rest home."

The bishop nodded his head, "You're right, Lydia did spend six weeks in Colorado. But she had a good reason for being there. She took treatments at Spears hospital to help correct a polio defect."

But Ben wasn't listening for now he was saying, "There's another thing you must remember. The young folks don't act any worse now than you did when you were young."

A painful look crossed Dan's face. Why did Ben have to talk about Dan's past life, something which should no longer be mentioned. Dan's thoughts went to what an elderly brother once had said, "Never criticize another person unless you have a heartfelt desire to help him become a better person. If you bring up a person's past mistakes just for the sake of rubbing it in, you are not only hurting the other person, but also hurting yourself by displaying an unchristian attitude."

It was true that Dan had lived a carefree life when he was young. Dan longed to tell Ben of his deep regrets for at one time having lived in sin. The wound had healed but the scar remained. He longed to tell Ben of his love and concern for the young folks. Oh, if he only could save them the grief of living with what he now had to live with, the deep regrets, the unpleasant memories of having spent his days living in sin. Yes, Dan had travelled that road himself and he knew it was a hard road. Dan longed to tell Ben these things but for the present it was useless. It would be better to remain silent and let Ben talk.

"You ministers don't have enough patience," Ben was saying. "Our Henry didn't have his car four months until he was put out of church. You could have given him more time. I've told you before, you are at fault but it seems you never want to listen to what I say." Ben kicked another pebble with his foot and added, "And yet you want everyone to listen to what you say."

Ben fastened his eyes on the deacon as a new thought entered his mind. "And you, — I saw you the other day riding around with a banned church member. You were riding around in the buggy with Little Jake and everyone knows he's in the bann."

Jonas smiled, "You're right. I was driving down the road and Jake was walking home from his neighbors. Out of love and Christian duty, I offered him a ride. We should always be ready to show kindness to banned members. On the other hand if I had been walking and he would have offered me a ride, I would have refused. We can help them but we should not accept help from those who are banned. There is a difference, you know."

"Hummpf," Ben snorted, "it's all the same as far as I can see. You ride with him or he rides with you. It just goes to show how you ministers can twist the Scriptures to suit yourself. There's only one way to help the young folks that I know of and that is to be a better example yourself. But what you are really doing is driving them away from the church, yes, driving them out into the world!" Ben shook his head.

Minutes later the ministers were driving out the lane, each one absorbed in his own thoughts. Dan fought a feeling of discouragement and defection. They had not even accomplished their reason for coming in the first place — talking with Steve. Ben had seen to that. But they realized they would not have accomplished anything by talking to Steve, being as Ben's attitude was as it was. They had tried to reason with Ben but found it impossible. Both of them had tried to tell him of their love and concern for the young folks and their desire to help them. "On the other hand, there are some things Ben will never know," Dan thought to himself. "He'll probably never know what it's like to be a minister and be criticized no matter what you do. He'll never know the disappointments, frustrations and nervous tensions ministers suffer. He'll never know what it's like to discipline an unwilling, erring member, what it's like to lie awake at night thinking of the conditions of the church."

Then another thought entered Dan's mind. "Ben will never know of the joy that ministers feel when someone makes a change of life and becomes willing to work for the good of the church. Yes, there are many things Ben will probably never know."

Then the bishop's thoughts went to Abe Miller's visit a few evenings before. What a contrast to Ben Nisley. Abe had brought the matter to the bishop himself about the conduct of his son, and had been deeply burdened. Not once had he criticized the ministers or anyone else. He had admitted his own mistakes and failures and expressed a desire to work with the ministers to improve matters. But Ben had shown a the-less-you-know-the-better-off-you-are attitude. Ben had criticized them for not having enough patience with the young folks, never realizing that other people in the church were criticizing them for being too easy-going and waiting too long to work on matters. Yes, there were many things that Ben Nisley would never know.

NOW THE SCENE changes to twenty years later. Old

Abe Miller is sitting in his rocking chair slowly rocking. He is gazing through the window at the scene outside. A half dozen buggies are parked neatly in front of the barn. It is Thanksgiving Day and some of the children and grandchildren have come home for a visit. Old Abe's eyes move to the group sitting in circle around the room as he listens to their conversation. They are recalling some of their childhood experiences. And there is Mark, his son, Mark, the one who at one time had gotten into bad company and started to stray. The experience flashes into Abe's mind as if it had been only yesterday — the prayers, the admonition and the discipline it had taken before Mark had changed for the better. It was a hard battle and the discipline was severe, but without the help of the church and especially with out the full support of his wife, the victory could not have been gained. Abe was thankful for his wife's attitude, for she never criticized him in front of the children.

Now Mark had a family of his own and he was a minister and a very concerned one at that. Abe was glad for Mark and so often he had been a comfort to him, especially later when one of the other children had gone astray.

As Old Abe Miller thought back over the years, he realized that he had made many mistakes and had often failed. But one thing he was thankful for was for the help and support of the ministers. He had always found them sincere, dedicated and devoted men who sacrificed much time and effort for the good of the church. Now Abe could see the fruits of his labor. It filled his heart with joy to see these children and grandchildren who respected the Word of God and were living according to the teachings of the church. But the battle against the evils of the world was not yet over. It would go on as long as he lived. The family was still growing with more grandchildren and now great-grandchildren. Abe was still kept busy praying, admonishing and giving advice. That was something he could still do and that he wanted to do. Abe humbly lowered his head and wiped away a tear of gratitude. Yes, he certainly had much to be thankful for. It was only through the Grace of God.

IT IS ALSO Thanksgiving Day at Ben Nisleys. With the coming of old age, Ben's shoulders are stooped as he also sits in his rocking chair. He gazes for a moment out the window at the scene outside. Electric wires are strung to all the farm buildings. Alvin, the youngest son, is now married and lives in the big house and farms the place. Alvins recently joined a modern church so Alvin has installed electricity in all the buildings except Ben's grandpa house.

As Ben gazes out the window he notices the half dozen cars parked beneath the big maple tree. Some of his children and grandchildren have come to spend the day. Ben's gaze follows the circle of people sitting around the room. His eyes rest for a moment on Steve, who is sitting beside his second wife. Twenty years have passed since Steve was with the young folks. Steve now has his second family while his first wife and family are living in Arizona. Steve owns a tavern in Cincinnati.

As Ben's eyes move around the room, he sees sleeveless dresses, miniskirts, mopheads, beehive hair styles, long straggly hair, makeup of all kinds and an assortment of jewelry. He can see no sign of these children having grown up in a plain home. His eyes rest on Doug, a 19-year old grandson. Doug is wearing square-heeled feminine shaped shoes with large brass buckles on the sides. His striped, bell-bottomed trousers would fit better for a circus clown. Long straggly hair are hanging to his shoulders and even though it is a cloudy day, he is peering through a pair of gold-rimmed dark colored sunglasses. And as if this is not enough, to top it off, he is wearing a horrible looking mustache. With a heavy heart, Ben looks the other way.

Now he is listening to the conversation of these people in the group. Who is going to win the National League baseball games? Will it be the Cincinnati Reds or the Brooklyn Dodgers? Next the group is talking about the new Ford which will soon be coming out. Now it is about last night's television program. Sports cars, television, things of this world. Yes, there is no question about it to Old Ben as he sits in his rocking chair. Not only is the family in the world, they are part of the world and the world is in them. Not only do they look like it but the conversation proves it. Who is to blame? Who is responsible for this sad condition which Ben must see in his last days?

A voice seems to be speaking to Ben, "It is your fault. You were too liberal. You let them have their own way. You took their part when they were young. You should have disciplined them and broken their will when they were young."

Ben pushes these thoughts from his mind. "God knows I tried to do my best in bringing up the family, but others caused them to go astray."

Again the voice comes back. "You are at fault. You planted an anti-church, anti-minister attitude in them when they were young. You criticized the ministers right in front of your children."

Again Ben pushes the thoughts from his mind. "I never talked over the ministers. Sometimes I talked about the ministers and about church matters in front of my children. After all, my children had a right to know how I felt."

Again the small voice comes back. "You were too occupied with the things of this world. You were busy making money when you should have been teaching your children of the things of God. You should have instilled in them the will to do what is right. You should have been a better example yourself."

Again Ben excuses himself, "God knows that I prayed every day and read the Bible."

But still his mind goes back to the days when his children were young. Whose fault was it that they turned out this way? "If only the people in the community, especially the ministers, could have had a little more patience and realized that young people are full of life and it is natural for them to want to have a good time before settling down. But all they knew was pick-pick-pick. They were continually finding fault and talking about repentance."

Ben blinked back a tear. "My children have been misused. Others are to blame. They drove my children away from me and from the church. Judgement Day is coming and someone will have to answer. SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO GIVE ACCOUNT FOR THIS MATTER."

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A Survey of Amish Ordination Customs

by David Luthy

In the world around us there are many churches. Their ministers are generally held in high regard and given the title of "Reverend." A bishop is held in even higher esteem. A man reaching the office of bishop often has an elated feeling of accomplishment. He may, perhaps, drive a bigger car and wear more expensive clothing, for he receives a higher salary. Becoming a bishop also raises his social rank. Is it any wonder, then, that several years ago an Amishman who had just been ordained bishop was congratulated by his non-Amish neighbor?

The Amishman was dumbfounded at what to answer when congratulated. No one else had ever congratulated him, but many brethren had wept with him. What the non-Amish person did not realize was that becoming bishop meant accepting a grave responsibility, not an illustrious office. His ordination ceremony had had tears and a serious atmosphere in contrast to the wedding-like atmosphere of ordinations in many other churches. The Amishman realized that he was being ordained bishop for life and that it was now his responsibility to tend the flock and to give account of his tending on Judgment Day. He realized that he would have to not only preach but to discipline as well. And this he knew was serious and trying business. He was aware that some members would accuse him of being too strict while others might feel he was not strict enough. The Amishman, like any newly-ordained Amish bishop, wept—the burden of his office felt too heavy.

Amish ordinations, whether for deacon, minister, or bishop, are solemn, serious affairs. Amishmen do not attend a seminary seeking ordination, nor do they seek it in a political way. They never ask to be ordained. It is thrust upon them by lot. This practice of ordaining by lot is based on Acts 1:23-26 where lots were cast to see who would replace Judas as the twelfth apostle. Every Amish boy knows when he joins church that there is a possibility that he may someday be ordained. In fact in most Amish settlements the bishop asks the boys who are joining church if they are willing to accept the ministry if the congregation should someday ordain them. Their answer must be "Yes," or they can not be baptized.

Part One: The Need Arises

The full amount of ordained men in each Amish congregation is considered to be one bishop, two ministers, and one deacon. If there is a vacancy, the need of an ordination arises. The ministry discusses this need among themselves and, perhaps, with the older brethren in the congregation. One of the main things they consider before holding an ordination is whether the congregation is in proper order. An Indiana minister states it this way: "We feel we should not attempt to council to ordain someone unless there is a good peace. When there is friction or disobedience or misunderstandings in the church, it makes a poor setting to ordain and usually only adds to the problem. So we consider it very important that there is good Scriptural peace ("Friede") and understanding among the brethren so that we may expect the Lord's blessing and help on so serious an undertaking." There is a common expression among the Amish, "A church gets what it deserves," at the time of ordination. If the congregation is ill-prepared, it should not look for an ordination to solve its problems.

When the bishop feels the congregation is in a position to hold an ordination, he announces so two weeks before the "Ordnungs Gma" (Council-meeting church.) This two-week period of time is called "Besinn-Zeit" (time to think it over and to pray about it). During the "Ordnungs Gma" the subject of holding an ordination is brought up and a "rote" (vote) is taken. Most congregations require that the members be 100% agreed to hold the ordination. But if there is only one person who objects and he does not give a logical or Scriptural reason, his vote may be bypassed. But the aim is to have total agreement.

The ordination usually take place two weeks later on the communion Sunday. In large settlements the communion may be held on Saturday or even Monday so ministers and members from neighboring districts (congregations) may attend. (In Milverton, Ontario the ordination has sometimes been held not at the communion service but on Pentecost Sunday. But they generally aim to have the ordination at the communion service.)

The communion service is followed by the feetwashing ceremony. Then the congregation is dismissed for a short recess. In a few minutes the people reassemble for the ordination. The bishop in charge stands and says a few words about the seriousness of the occasion. He then reads I Timothy, Chapter 3. (In some areas Titus, Chapter 1 is also read.) He may add a few words of his own to bring out the meaning of the qualifications. He does not specifically mention that the person must be a married man, but such is taken for granted. An unmarried boy would lack the maturity and insight of a married man. Also he would not have the comforting and strengthening support of a wife. (There are no records of any unmarried Amish youths being ordained. But in Holmes County, Ohio a newly married young man was still going in with the boys at church and was put in the lot from their bench. The lot fell on him.)

When the qualifications have been mentioned, the bishop and other ordained men leave the congregation and go into an adjoining room in the house. One ordained man (often the deacon) remains with the congregation to see that each member comes forward to say who he feels should be in the lot. Another ordained man stands just inside the adjoining room with the door slightly open so as to hear the name whispered to him by each member. (Milverton, Ontario has the members do this before the communion service rather than afterwards, but the names of the men in the lot are not told until afterwards.)

Each member of the congregation goes to the door, men and boys first then women and girls. (In Wayne County and Holmes County, Ohio usually a window is used instead of a door with the people filing by outside the house.)

Each time the minister at the door receives a name, he closes the door and says it to the bishop in charge who then writes it down. Each time the same man's name is mentioned, he places a mark beside it.

Part Two: How Many "Stimmen"?

Each Amish congregation has its own rule on how many "Stimmen" ("voices" or "votes") are needed to place a man in the lot. Some congregations require two while others require three. This is based on Matthew 18:16 where Jesus said, "...in the mouth of two of three witnesses every word may be established."

The reason some congregations prefer three "Stimmen" rather than two is that way no man and wife can agree beforehand to put a certain man in the lot, perhaps out of ill-feeling. No members, even husbands and wives, are supposed to discuss for whom they are going to vote.

Following is a list of the oldest Amish settlements. Before each is the settlement's founding date, and after each is the number of "Stimmen" each requires to place a man in the lot.

(1760)	Lancaster County, Pa.	3
(1772)	Somerset County, Pa.	3
(1791)	Mifflin County, Pa.	
	Renno Gma	3
	Byler & Nebraska	2
(1808)	Holmes County, Ohio	2
(1824)	Milverton, Ontario	3
(1839)	Nappanee, Indiana	2
(1841)	Lagrange Co., Ind.	2
(1846)	Kalona, Iowa	3
(1847)	Lawrence Co., Pa.	2
(1850)	Oakland, Maryland	3
(1864)	Arthur, Illinois	2
(1868)	Daviess Co., Ind.	3

The two or three "Stimmen" rule is generally no problem in a congregation, for the congregation has been used to doing it a certain way for many years. But a problem did arise in the early 1970's for a bishop who had oversight of a newly formed congregation in Ohio. The bishop's home congregation required two "Stimmen"; whereas the Ohio group he was helping required three. At the Ohio ordination it so happened that one man received all but two of the "Stimmen." This caused some anxious moments for the bishop. All his life he had been used to the two-"Stimmen" rule. Now he was faced with ordaining a man without using the lot since no other man had received the required three "Stimmen." He decided to include the man with the two "Stimmen" in the lot, as that was the way he had always done it. The lot fell on the man who had received the most "Stimmen." The bishop likely breathed a great sigh of relief when that happened.

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There are two Amish settlements (and their daughter settlements) which require neither two nor three "Stimmen." This is in the Swiss settlements of Adams County and Allen County, Indiana— both founded in the 1850's. They put only the two men in the lot who received the most "Stimmen." In the case of a tie, three may be in the lot. Once there was a three-way tie for second highest, so four were in the lot. But generally there are only two in the lot. This is based on Acts 1:23-26 where only two were in the lot to replace Judas.

Only having two men in the lot is quite a contrast to other Amish congregations which might have a dozen or more. In Lancaster County there were 16 in the lot in a 1955 ordination; in Holmes County there were 17 in an ordination; and in Lagrange County there were 18 in the lot for deacon in 1972. Such large numbers are the exception rather than the rule. In congregations which are large and have the two-"Stimmen" rule, naturally there will be more men in the lot. The average number in the lot in large congregations is around 8, while 4 is an average number in smaller congregations.

There have been instances where the lot was not needed, because only one man received the required number of "Stimmen." Thus, the man was ordained without going through the lot. This is very unusual, but it has happened. Following are a few known examples:

Cornelius S. Beachy - ordained minister in 1894 at Midland, Virginia. Later lived at Plain City, Ohio.
Crist E. Troyer - ordained minister in 1899 at White Cloud, Michigan. Later lived in Lagrange Co., Ind.
Eli J. Bontrager - ordained bishop in 1901 in Mylo, North Dakota. Later lived at Shipshewana, Indiana.
Will J. Yoder - ordained bishop in 1907 at Nappanee, Indiana.
Henry Raber - ordained minister in 1957 at Ashland, Ohio.

Once in a while one hears the remark made that if a man is in the lot and not ordained, he never will be even if he is included in the lot in other ordinations. This is, of course, not true. There are endless examples of ministers who have been ordained after having been in the lot several times. Perhaps the most dramatic example is when John E. Bontrager was ordained in Lagrange County, Indiana in 1871. There was a total of seven men in the lot. During later years all but one of the men were ordained. Another example, also from Lagrange County, is Fernandis R. Miller who was ordained minister in 1922 after having been in the lot seven times. A more recent example is that of Deacon Joni Gingerich of Nappanee, Indiana who was ordained in 1966 after having been in the lot six times. (Naturally some men are in the lot several times and never ordained. John T. Yoder of Thomas, Oklahoma was included seven times and always went free.)

Part Three: The Ordination

When all the members have given their "Stimmen" (the ministry does not vote), the presiding bishop looks at the sheet of paper on which he has written the men's names. He determines which men are in the lot and then takes an equal number of songbooks and places them before him. Songbooks rather than Bibles are used because there are dozens of songbooks which accompany the church's bench wagon. He picks out songbooks which look identical, as some are more worn than others. Inside one of the books he places "the lot"— a slip of paper with German writing on it. Not all congregations have the same writing on the slip. Following are the three most commonly used sentences or phrases:

Lancaster County:	"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Prov. 16:33
Somerset County:	"Der Dienst zum Buch" or "Der Dienst zum Bischofamt"
Lagrange County:	"And they prayed and said Thou, Lord which knowst the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen." Acts 1:24

Where the slip is placed in the songbook also differs. Some seemingly place it anywhere inside. Many place it between pages 770-771 which are the "Loblied" pages. Others place the slip inside the front cover of the songbook. When the lot has been so placed, the bishop ties each songbook with strings of equal length. Some bishops use rubberbands of uniform size and color. Every attempt is made so that no songbook will stand out in appearance from the others.

The bishop then rearranges the order of the songbooks before him and may ask another minister to come forward and do the same. (In Milverton, Ontario two men who were not present in the room fetch the songbooks and reshuffle them before bringing them before the congregation.)

The bishop leads the other ordained men before the congregation. He places the songbooks in a standing up position on a small table in front of an empty bench where the men in the lot will sit. (In Lancaster County a large table is used and the men sit around it with the songbooks in the center. In Milverton, Ontario no table is used but an empty bench facing the bench on which the men in the lot are to sit.)

The bishop asks the congregation to kneel in silent prayer. When the congregation is once more seated, the bishop announces the names of the men in the lot in the order in which they received the required "Stimmen." (In some areas the congregation prays after the names have been announced rather than before.) Each man goes forward to the empty bench in full view of most of the congregation. When all are seated, they reach for the songbooks one by one. In some areas they take the books beginning with the oldest man first. Other places it is done in the order their names were announced. The men may take any songbook and need not begin taking them at either end of the row of books.

When all the books have been taken, the bishop stands beside the first man on the bench and unties the string. If the slip is not in that book, he places it on the table and continues down the line of men. (In Milverton, Ontario if there are very many men in the lot, a second bishop will begin looking in the books starting at the opposite end of the bench.) Once he comes to the book containing the slip, he reads the words on the slip and says the man's name so all the congregation can hear. (In Lagrange County, since the slip is found between the "Loblied" pages, the bishop also reads the second stanza of the song aloud.) The remaining books are left unopened.

The man upon whom the lot has fallen is asked to stand. The bishop tells him the duties of his new office and asks him to promise to faithfully perform them. The bishop then greets him with a handshake and a holy kiss. The other ordained brethren also come forward to greet the newly ordained. Also the brethren of the congregation may come forward to greet him and speak a few words of comfort. Meanwhile the women in the congregation greet the newly-ordained's wife in the same way. For although the burden of the ministry has fallen directly onto her husband, it also indirectly rests upon her.

Part Four: Ordaining a Bishop

If a bishop is ordained, his ordination differs slightly from that of a deacon or minister. At the time of his ordination he kneels rather than stands, and two or more bishops place their right hands on his head while the presiding bishop tells his duties. A valid bishop ordination may be performed by one bishop, but most Amish congregations try very hard to have at least two bishops present. But in the case of great hardship, one bishop may perform the ordination. An example of such taking place was in the early 1970's when an Ontario bishop traveled 7,000 miles by bus and ship to Paraguay, South America to ordain a bishop. Because of the great distance and time involved, a second bishop did not accompany him.

At one time there were two congregations in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania which each had two bishops. This was in the 1930's in the plainest of the Old Order Amish, known locally as "Nebraska Amish." They had experienced a division and each congregation fellowshipped with no other Amish congregations. Each was afraid that their bishop might die, so a second bishop was ordained by each congregation. Today their congregations have one bishop each as they have grown in membership so that they have seven congregations and according to a resident of the area are "growing faster than any church in the Valley," (Kishacoquillas Valley or Big Valley).

When ordaining a bishop most Amish congregations require the same amount of "Stimmen" as they would for ordaining a deacon or minister. Only ministers may advance to bishop. Generally there are three ministers and generally all three are included in the lot. But in Lancaster County there is a major difference from anywhere else except its daughter settlements. Verses 4 and 5 of I Timothy, Chapter 3 are more strictly applied. To qualify for the lot, each minister must have children who are church members (or at least one child) and all their children in good standing. This means that there are no real young bishops in Lancaster County. It also means that a number of ministers do not qualify and several congregations may have to go together to ordain a single bishop for both of them.

This being the case, Lancaster County has a lower percentage of bishops than are found in other large

Amish settlements. The congregational directory in Raber's Almanac for 1975 reveals this plainly. Lancaster County has 53 congregations but only 30 bishops—43% of the congregations are without their own bishop. In comparison, the Elkhart-Lagrange settlements in Indiana has 46 congregations with 36 bishops—21% are without bishops. And Geauga County, Ohio has 33 congregations with 26 bishops—also 21%. No large settlement ever has 100%, for when a bishop dies or a congregation divides, it takes several years for the needed ordinations to be held.

It might also be mentioned that in some areas, Adams County, Indiana for instance, a childless minister is not included in the lot for bishop. This stems back to a strict interpretation of I Timothy 3:4.

Part Five: Deacons Becoming Ministers

Deacons are ordained by lot in the same manner as ministers. Their duties, however, differ. A deacon is in charge of the "Armengeld" (poor money), enforces the "Ordnung" (rules) by talking with disobedient members, counseling couples wishing to marry, reading Scriptures at the church service and giving "Zeugnis" to the sermons. In the majority of Amish congregations he does not preach. But in some areas (Dover, Delaware; Daviess County, Indiana; Holmes County, Ohio; etc.) the deacon is ordained with the understanding that he may preach under certain circumstances. Whenever this happens, and it rarely does, it is the result of not enough ministers being present at the service. If only one minister is present, the deacon in such congregations may make the "Anfang" (short beginning sermon). During the first year of the Amish congregation in Honduras, Central America the deacon was the only ordained member present each Sunday. Since he had been ordained in this manner, he stood and gave a short sermon but did not conduct an entire service as a minister would have.

In sharp contrast to this, two Amish communities have no deacons at all— Somerset County, Penna. and Oakland, Maryland. In a letter from the bishop at Somerset County, he explains that the office of deacon was lost after the congregation's deacon went with the Conservative division in 1894. Trustees are appointed by "Rote" of the church to handle the money for the poor. They also look after church expenses and collecting money for the congregation's parochial schools. Each congregation has two trustees.

Deacons may advance to the ministry in the great majority of Amish settlements, providing they receive the required "Stimmen." But in some areas the deacon's office is looked upon as so strictly separate that he may never leave it even for the ministry. Such is true in Lancaster County, Mifflin County, and Lawrence County, Pennsylvania and their daughter settlements. Such is also the case in Adams County and Allen County, Indiana.

Many Years in the Ministry

1. Leander Keim of Haven, Kansas was ordained minister in 1899 and bishop in 1931. When he died in 1969 at the age of 91, he had served in the minstry 70 years.
2. Eli J. Bontrager of Shipshewana, Indiana was ordained minister in 1894 and bishop in 1901. When he died in 1958 at the age of 90, he had been in the ministry 64 years, 57 of which he had been bishop.

Elsewhere, however, deacons have fairly commonly been ordained to the ministry. Following is a list of the times it has happened in the past 60 years.

Name	Deacon	Minister	Address
1. John S. Albrecht	1891	1912	Milverton, Ontario
2. Aaron A. Yoder	1908	1910	Dover, Delaware
*3. Moses M. Shetler	1910	1920	Fredericksburg, Ohio
#4. Moses P. Riehl	1911	1925	Bird-in-Hand, Penna.
5. Joseph Z. Kuepfer	1911	1943	Newton, Ontario
6. Gideon P. Miller	1927	1944	Middlefield, Ohio
7. William J. Yoder	1934	1950	Topeka, Indiana
*8. Jacob J. Swartzentruber	1937	1949	Apple Creek, Ohio
9. Samuel J. Beachy	1941	1972	Marshfield, Missouri
10. Samuel D. Mast	1943	1954	Kalona, Iowa
*11. Eli A. Miller	1955	1956	Dundee, Ohio
*12. Peter P. Gingerich	1956	1963	Apple Creek, Ohio
13. Willis I. Yoder	1964	1971	Bremen, Indiana
14. Jonas A. Kurtz	1968	1971	Jamesport, Missouri

In some settlements (such as Milverton, Ontario) it is taken for granted that if the deacon is included in the lot for minister and is ordained, then a deacon ordination is yet held that same day. This also recently happened in 1971 at Nappanee, Indiana. But some settlements wait until the next communion six months later to ordain a replacement for the deacon that was ordained minister.

Once a deacon has been ordained minister, it may later happen that this same man will be in the lot for bishop. Following is a list of the men known to have served in all three offices of the ministry:

Name	Deacon	Minister	Bishop	Address
#1. Joshua King	1883	1904	1909	Uniontown, Ohio
#2. Jacob Lichty	1891	1898	1901	Wellesley, Ontario
3. Noah E. Bontrager	1900	1904	1916	Stuttgart, Arkansas
4. Jacob H. Miller	1909	1917	1925	Hutchinson, Kansas
5. Harvey S. Weaver	1918	1922	1927	Middlefield, Ohio
6. Solomon S. Kuepfer	1943	1945	1949	Milverton, Ontario
7. Joe C. Kauffman	1946	1950	1962	Nappanee, Indiana

*Sam Yoder Gma #King Gma

The discussion of the office of deacon would not be complete without mentioning that years ago there were "Vollige-Armendiener" or full-deacons. Few, if any, Amish people are alive today who remember such men, but mention of them is made in numerous historical writings. What exactly their office was or why such an office even existed, is not completely known. It is thought that when the settlements were separated by great distances and travel was slow, each congregation wanted a second person who could continue with the bishop's responsibilities if the bishop suddenly was not able to. If the bishop died, the full-deacon was to perform the bishop's duties until a new bishop could be ordained. In other words the deacon could preach, marry, excommunicate, baptize, receive repentant members back, and hold communion.

How often the need arose for a full-deacon to perform the bishop's duties is not known. Since references to full-deacons are only general and do not often name the person, it is difficult to give a list of actual men who served as full-deacon. But records for Lagrange County, Indiana show that in the middle 1800's John C.

Yoder was a full-deacon. Samuel Yoder who died in 1884 was a full-deacon in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. And Jacob Graber, one of the first Amish settlers in Daviess County, Indiana served as a deacon-bishop until his death in 1904. He was likely one of the last, if not the last, full-deacons. When the full-deacon, David Schwartz, caused a division in the Amish church in Adams County, Indiana in 1894, that was the end of the full-deacon office. No full-deacon has been ordained there since.

Part Six: Unusual Circumstances

It has already happened at ordination services that a man who is not present because of illness is placed in the lot. When this happens, the ordination is usually postponed for two weeks or until the man can be present to draw lots. This gives each man in the lot several weeks of sleepless nights, wondering if the lot will fall on him. In at least one case the lot was cast even though a man was not present. This happened in 1940. The bishop decided to merely include the man's book in the row of books on the table. Whatever book was left would then be his book. It so happened that when the bishop had looked inside the books which the men present were holding, he did not find the slip of paper. It was in the book yet on the table. The lot, then, had fallen on the man not present. He was not ordained until he was released from the hospital.

Also in 1940 in Somerset County, Pennsylvania an ordination was postponed two weeks so a hospitalized man could be present to draw his own lot. There were twelve men in the lot. When they were all seated and had chosen books, the bishop began at one end of the row to open them. One by one he went down the row. Finally he came to the last man's book. Much to his surprise and the man's relief, there was no slip of paper in his book either. The bishop had lain the books in order; thus the books were returned to the men. The bishop looked a second time and found the slip of paper inside the back cover of a book rather than inside the front cover.

A Wisconsin deacon reports that he once witnessed an ordination similar to the one just mentioned. Only in that case the bishop had not thought to carefully lay the books on the table in the order he had taken them from the men. He missed finding the slip of paper and didn't know what to do. It was decided to give the books back rather than have the men choose books again. So the books were given back to the men by others saying, "This was so-and-so's book." The Wisconsin deacon feels such a situation could have been avoided if the bishop had given each man his book immediately after looking in it.

In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in an 1899 ordination, two books were somehow in the bishop's hands at the same time. He wasn't sure which book belonged anymore to Christian Fisher and which to Benjamin King. He said he thinks the book with the lot in it belonged to Benjamin King. So Benjamin King was ordained. But he lived only about a year. At the next ordination the lot fell on Christian Fisher. So it was considered a mistake until this day.

Perhaps the most pitiful ordination happened in Michigan in the 1930's. It so happened that the deacon was included in the lot for minister and was present in the adjoining room where the ministry had gathered. He saw in which book the bishop put the slip of paper and noticed the string which was tied around the book had a longer end on it than any of the others. When the men went forward to choose their books, the deacon saw the one with the longer string and avoided it. After the ordination he had nerve enough to tell the newly ordained man about the book with the longer string.

The newly ordained man found it very hard to accept his ordination as having been honest and in fear of the Lord. It affected his health and mind so that he stood only once to make the "Anfang" in church and died that same year of a stroke. The deacon moved from place to place and eventually lost interest in attending any church.

Another situation which has occasionally arisen after ordinations and made hard feelings is the disclosure of how many "Stimmen" each man in the lot had. Imagine how a man upon whom the lot fell would feel if he discovered that he had but 3 "Stimmen" whereas someone else had had 40. The disclosure of this information is discouraged or even forbidden in most places. But at one time it must have been commonly disclosed, for various records exist in which the number of "Stimmen" are given for people that were ordained. Today some Lagrange County, Indiana bishops avoid such disclosures by not putting any additional marks after a man's name once he has received the required two "Stimmen." That way no one ever knows who had the most. An attempt is thus made to keep ordinations from becoming elections. After-all, if the lot is cast, it is up to God to see where it falls. ■■

(Special thanks to Daniel L. Stutzman who contacted many people for information about ordinations in their community. Also thanks to the 33 ministers who supplied information.)

The world at its worst needs the Church at its best.

Attention Illinois Subscribers

Can anyone in the Amish settlement at Arthur, Illinois supply our Amish historical library with a copy of the following books?

1. Handbuch fur Prediger with L. A. Miller's name printed inside.
2. The German songbook Liedersammlung G (Die Guengerich Buch) with 1940 printed inside.
3. Confessio oder Bekenntniss von Thomas von Imbroich which L. A. Miller published in 1922.
4. Hoffart und Demut bearing L. A. Miller's name. (We think he published it about 1920.)
5. Amish and Conservative Mennonite Year-Book and Directory for 1937 published by L. A. Miller.
6. A 1922 Ausbund with L. A. Miller's imprint.
7. Ryle's How Should a Child Be Trained published by L. A. Miller. (We have his German imprint but also want his English one.)

We will gladly pay for or exchange books for any of the above. Contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Rt. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Zu Wenig Und Zu Viel Geduld

Die Geduld iſt viel verbunden mit der Liebe, und für die rechte chriſtliche Geduld miteinander zu haben müſſen wir auch die rechte chriſtliche Liebe haben.

Der Heiland hat ſelber geſagt im 24 Matt. „Dieweil die Ungerechtigkeit wird überhand nehmen wird die Liebe in vielen erkalten.“ So glauben wir auch daß wo die Liebe erkaltet dann iſt irgendwo Ungerchtigkeit dabei.

Wenn wir unſere Gemeinden betrachten macht es viel Bekümmernis. Es ſcheint viel Unfrieden und Uneinigkeit zu ſein, und wiederum glauben wir auch daß zu viel Ungerechtigkeit dabei iſt.

Es nimmt viel Ernſt und flehens zu Gott im Gebet für die rechte Liebe und Verträglichkeit, und die rechte chriſtliche Geduld miteinander zu haben. Wir wiſſen daß wir ſind alle unvollkommen, wir machen alle Fehler, aber „die Liebe iſt langmütig und freundlich.“ Ja, ein Menſch daß wir recht lieben, ſind wir ſehr langſam für Arges denken von ihm. Wir möchten vielleicht zu Zeiten ſehen wo er nicht das Beſte getroffen hat, und in Liebe können wir ihn vielleicht erinnern oder vermahnen wegen etwas; aber wir denken nicht bald daß er Arges im Sinn hatte oder daß er in eine Sünde leben oder fortmachen will.

Wir ſind auch nicht geneigt ſeine Fehler erzählen zu andere um ihn zu verkleinern oder verachten. Wo die Liebe iſt tun wir vielmehr ihm helfen eine Verſöhnung machen und dann die Sünde bedecken, anſtatt ſie ausbreiten ſo lange wir hoffen können daß er nicht gern in die Sünde leben will. Wir wiſſen daß wir ſelber auch Fehler machen und andere auch Geduld haben müſſen mit uns, und wir wollen auch gerne mit andere. . Wir können andere nicht überſchaffen daß ſie ihre Schwachheit nicht mehr haben, aber wir können einander helfen aufbauen und ermuntern. In ſolche Wegen nimmt es viel Geduld miteinander.

Der Ebräer Schreiber ſagt: „Jaget nach dem Frieden gegen jedermann und der Heiligung, ohne welche wird niemand den Herrn ſehen, und ſehet drauf, daß nicht jemand Gottes Gnade verſäume; daß nicht etwa eine bittre Wurzel aufwachſe und Unfrieden anrichte, und viele durch dieſelbige verunreinigt werden.“

Es iſt viel unterſchied wo Liebe iſt und wir jagen nach dem Frieden, oder wo eine bittre Wurzel iſt. Wo eine bittre Wurzel aufſteigt wider jemand dann iſt es leicht für faſt alles was er tut übel ausdeuten. Wenn er ein Fehler macht dann iſt er unbekümmert, wenn er etwas Gutes tut will er ſich nur ein Namen machen, wenn er jemand vermahnt ſucht er nur für Fehler, wenn er redet gegen eine Sache das ihn unrecht dünkt zu ſein in die Gemeinde dann will er die Gemeinde regieren, wann er ſich demütig bekleidet, tut er es dieweil er ſich beſſer dünkt denn andere. Endlich können wir ihn faſt nicht mehr gedulden, und denken nicht von die Liebe, die langmütig und freundlich iſt, und ſich nicht läßt erbittern.

Solche Sachen können wohl in einem letzten Sinn getan ſein, aber ſie können auch im rechten Sinn getan ſein. Das demütige Kleid mit einem erhabenen Sinn iſt wohl letz, aber das Kleid iſt als noch recht, wann ſchon der Sinn letz iſt. (Ein Wolf kann kommen in einem Schaf's Kleid, aber das wahre Schaf läßt ſich niemals finden in einem Wolf's Kleid. Ed.) Wenn wir ein hochmütig Kleid antun, ſo iſt der Sinn letz, dann ſind zwei Sachen letz für uns, beides das Kleid und auch der Sinn, keins davon kann recht ſein.

Wir möchten zuſprechen immer langſam ſein einem andern ſeine Werke gerade übel ausdeuten, oder ſein Sinn zu richten ohne daß eigentlich Worten oder Werken im vorſchein kommen wofür wir ihn ermahnen ſollten. In dieſem Text Kapitel heißt es auch: „Die Liebe verträgt alles, ſie glaubet alles, ſie hoffet alles, ſie duldet alles.“ Doch wiſſen wir das ſolches kann nicht meinen die Ungerechtigkeit, ſolches wäre gar nicht ſchriftmäßig. Sonſt müßten wir alle Trunkenbold und Hurer vertragen, alle Lüge glauben, und alle Sünde gedulden.

Es iſt zu fürchten daß wir vielleicht nicht genug Geduld und Verträglichkeit haben miteinander ihre Schwachheiten, aber auf der andere ſein vielleicht zu viel Geduld mit Untugenden und Hochmut.

Umlängſt hörte ich daß ein Biſchof wollte Rat nehmen ſeine Ankämlinge zu taufen, die waren noch nicht gänzlich in der Ordnung. Er meinte dieweil andere wo bei der Gemein ſind auch nicht in Ordnung ſind, ſo könnten wir ſie nicht weiter treiben oder aufhalten.

Wie können wir glauben daß ſolche junge Seelen die rechte Neugeburt empfangen haben wenn ſie ſich nicht aufgegeben haben zu dem was ſie gelehrt waren. Schwerlich werden ſolche helfen die Gemeinde aufbauen. Und wenn wir ſolche Sachen eins nach dem andern nur gedulden und ſie laſſen in der Gemeinde kommen, dann wird es je länger je ärger.

Zu zeiten wenn Diener die Jugend vermahnen wollen dieweil ſie nicht in der Ordnung ſind wie ſie ſein ſollten, Hochmut ſich weiſt an Hauptхaar und Kleider tut öfters die Eltern oder andere Glieder die Bemerkung machen: „Wir müſſen auch Geduld haben,“ aber immer nur Geduld haben halt nicht aus, es iſt nicht die Eigenſchaft von die Liebe. Und in ſolchem Wege kann die Ungerechtigkeit überhand nehmen und die Liebe in vielen erkalten.

Gott wird nicht Geduld haben mit dem Sünder der fortan in die Sünde lebt und ſich rechtfertigen will. Wenn er ſo fort macht dann wird er zu erwarten haben das ſchrecklichen Gericht und Feuereifers der die Widerwärtiggen verzehren wird. Aber der wo ſich bekehrt von ſeinem böſen Wege, Buße tut und bittet um Gnade und Vergebung, ſolchem wird Gott wahrlich gnädig ſein und viel Geduld mit ihm haben.

Die chriſtliche Geduld kann nur gedulden was Gott geduldet. Der wo in der Sünde ſich rechtfertigen will und darin leben ſollten wir nicht gedulden in der Gemeinde. Aber der wo wahre Buße tut, wenn er ſchon vorhin uns viel Uebels getan hätte, vielleicht von uns geſtohlen oder was es ſein mag, wenn es ihn reuet, und er ſeine Sache wieder recht machen will, tun wir ihm gerne alles vergeben— wenn wir die rechte chriſtliche Liebe haben. Wir tun uns erfreuen daß er Vergebung und Frieden mit Gott erlangt hat. In ſolcher Hinſicht können wir alles vertragen, alles glauben, alles hoffen und alles dulden. Ja, wir wollen der Sünder gedulden aber nicht die Sünden.

J. E.

Bemerkung: Der Deutſche Editor iſt umlängſt mit ſchwere Krankheit im Krankenhaus gelegen. Nun aber ſcheint er auf die Beſſerung zu ſein, Gott ſei lob dafür. Wollte jemand eine Aufmunterungsbriefe zu ihm ſenden, die Adreſſe iſt Peter Yoder, R. 2, Marſhfield, Mo. 65706.

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands
And piles of brick and stone and gold
And he inherits soft white hands
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to be,
That I'd not wish to have for me.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to be,
That I'd not wish to have for me.

The rich man's son inherits wants.
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With filled heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to be,
That I'd not wish to have for me.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage,it seems to me,
A king might wish for himself to see.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Hopes, and joys with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might also wish to see.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it.
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might also wish to see.

O rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich— in charity.

A poor man's son! Scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and divine.
A heritage, it seems to me,
That's it's worth living in poverty.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,—
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both,creatures of the same dear God
Prove title to His heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past.
A heritage, it seems to me,
That's worth a sacrifice to be.

Selected

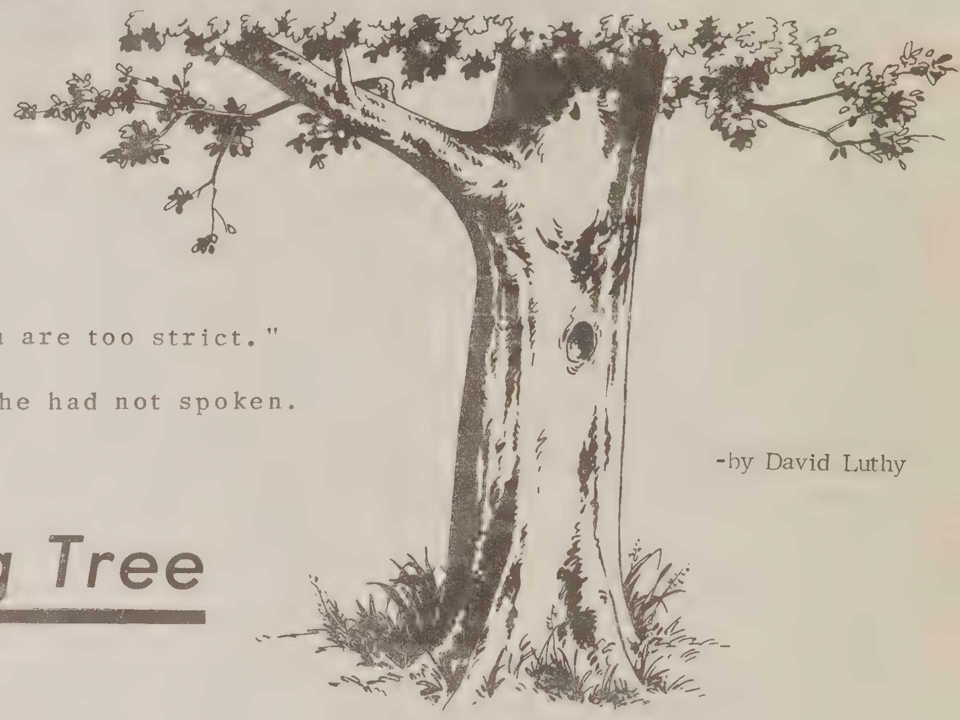
KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word.
(Answers on inside back cover)

1.	**beſchwöre**	A. footware B. adjourn C. adjure D. before
2.	**fand**	A. wind B. found C. renew D. wand
3.	**gegoſſen**	A. rain B. weather C. downspout D. poured
4.	**Gericht**	A. judgement B. righteous C. smell D. stink
5.	**herrſchen**	A. herds B. deer C. holy D. rule
6.	**Jammerthal**	A. vale of tears (poet) B. door jamb C. glorify D. hills
7.	**Köpfe**	A. to do battle B. shovel C. heads D. cope
8.	**leiſten**	A. give B. disobey C. light D. lust
9.	**Loos, Los**	A. group B. crowd C. sow D. lot
10.	**neuem**	A. nine B. anew C. favorite D. shiny
11.	**noch**	A. after B. notch C. nothing D. nor
12.	**offen**	A. over B. open C. stove D. close
13.	**Sauſen**	A. Pigs B. sausage C. rushing sound D. lightning
14.	**Sold**	A. wages B. sold C. gold D. shall
15.	**ſollen**	A. sullen B. sulky C. swollen D. should
16.	**Umſonſt**	A. free B. expensive C. utmost D. questionable
17.	**Unmündigen**	A. elite B. dumb C. under age D. working class
18.	**verfolgen**	A. deteriorate B. persecute C. accompany D. encomber
19.	**wachſen**	A. water B. watch C. grow D. stream
20.	**zwölf**	A. dwarf B. Dwell C. wolves D. twelve

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Henry's eyes flashed even brighter. He bit his lip to keep from speaking, but the words tumbled out. "You are too strict." Immediately he wished he had not spoken.



-by David Luthy

The Talking Tree

HENRY GRABER CAUTIOUSLY handed the dictionary to Levi Schrock, the boy sitting in the school desk behind him. It wasn't that Henry was afraid the book might fall and hurt its binding. He wanted to be careful so that the note he had hidden inside would not fall out.

Levi took the book matter-of-factly and placed it on top of his open seventh-grade spelling workbook. He glanced at his workbook and ran his finger down the page as if hunting for a particular word. Then he opened the dictionary and pretended to be looking at a certain word's definition. Actually he was reading Henry's note. "Good," he smiled to himself, "Henry thinks Jason Moore has pigeons he will let us catch in his barn. I wonder when it will suit Henry to go over and catch them." Levi took a piece of paper from his desk and wrote a note to Henry.

Everything would have gone un-noticed by the teacher, Emma Mast, had Levi been alert. But he became so absorbed in the note he was writing and made it so lengthy, that he did not sense danger. Emma passed along the aisle to answer a pupil's waving hand. As she passed Levi's desk she glanced down and smiled approvingly, expecting he was busily working on his spelling lesson. But what she saw puzzled her. "That looks more like a letter he's writing than spelling sentences," she thought to herself.

Levi suddenly realized that Emma was near and quickly slipped the note inside the dictionary and closed it. He hoped Emma hadn't seen, but she had. "Levi, give me that piece of paper you were just writing on," she said.

Levi hesitated. Had she seen where he put it? He reached into his desk for another sheet of paper, but Emma called his hand back. "Give me the paper you just put inside the dictionary."

Levi was caught. He slowly opened the dictionary and handed her the note. Although he hadn't mentioned Henry's name on it, he knew that Emma would know for whom it was intended.

Emma took the note and returned to her desk where she read it. She placed it in a desk drawer and did not say anything to the boys until noontime. When the pupils had finished eating and were beginning to go out on the playground, she said, "Henry and Levi, I'd like to see you after the others have gone out to play."

Henry gave Levi a sour look which seemed to say, "There goes our softball game. Now we are going to get it."

After the pupils had gone outside, Emma walked to where Levi and Henry were sitting. She did not waste any time in getting to the point. "You boys know better than passing notes," she admonished. "I've punished others this term for it, so it isn't as if you don't know better."

Neither Henry nor Levi made any comment.

"How long have you been passing notes?" asked Emma.

The boys shrugged their shoulders.

"Two days, two weeks, two months?" asked Emma beginning to feel impatient with their silence.

"Maybe two months," answered Levi.

Emma was shocked but tried hard not to show it. Silently she asked herself, "You mean this has been going on behind my back for two months, and I didn't see it until today?" Out loud she said, "I'm disappointed in you boys."

"But what's wrong with notes, anyway?" asked Henry. His defiant brown eyes stared at Emma, challenging an explanation.

"I explained it once before all the pupils," answered Emma, trying to remain patient. "But I will explain it to you again." She sat on a bench which was close by. "Talking in time of school isn't allowed, so passing notes isn't either. Whether something is said out loud or said on paper makes no difference. It takes time away from your studies. We have a noon hour and two recess periods when you may talk to one another. School time is for reciting and studying."

Emma paused for a second, searching the boys' faces for a smile or indication that they had given up and would be obedient. But Levi wore a blank look and Henry's eyes still were flashing. "I'm going to have to discipline you," continued Emma. "You will have to stay in the rest of the noon periods this week and do some extra work to make up for the time you spent writing notes."

Henry's eyes flashed even brighter. He bit his lip to keep from speaking, but the words tumbled out. "You are too strict." Immediately he wished he had not spoken, yet the punishment was more than he could bear. He had looked forward to the softball games the school was having right then. Now he would have to miss them.

"Henry," said Emma sternly but without anger in her voice, "that's not true. If anything, I'm not strict enough."

"We have lots more rules this year than last," spoke up Levi in defense of Henry.

Emma sighed. "You both act as if rules were something distasteful. Don't you know that rules help make us worthwhile people. School isn't the only place where there are rules. The government has lots of rules, whole books and books of them, to guide us with and to help everyone be useful citizens. The church has rules and your parents have rules. You shouldn't look at rules as your enemies but as friends who are trying to help you grow up to be worthwhile adults. No one ever amounted to anything who didn't learn to obey rules."

Once more the boys were silent. Emma sensed that what she was saying had gone in their ears on one side and out the others. The expressions on their faces told her this. She sent them to their desks to work on some arithmetic problems. She returned to her desk and tried to get her mind off rules and discipline. Yet she wished for a way to show the boys that a person who is brought up with few rules and little discipline never amounts to much. But she could not think of a way.

The noon hour passed and also the afternoon classes. At recess both boys went outside since their punishment only concerned noontime. When they were alone, they talked about what Emma had said to them.

"Isn't she strict!" exploded Henry. "And she tries to say she disciplines us to help us. I think she does it because she has it in for us."

"Or likes to show who is boss," suggested Levi.

The boys continued talking about Emma for several minutes. Then Henry, still feeling rebellious, said, "I wish there was some way we could keep writing notes without her finding out."

"Aw, I don't know," hesitated Levi. "If she caught us, she'd make us stay in longer. I hate to lose my noon periods just for writing notes."

"I don't like to either," admitted Henry. "But I was just thinking maybe there is a way we can do it so that she can't punish us."

"What do you mean?" wondered Levi.

"Well, she said we aren't to write or pass notes in time of school," explained Henry. "But there is nothing to keep us from writing notes at home and exchanging them at school."

The suggestion didn't sound very exciting to Levi, that is not until Henry suggested it be a secret project.

"You know," said Henry, "we could have it as a secret between you and me and we could pass the notes in a secret place?"

"But where?" asked Levi.

Henry's eyes searched the playground. They lighted on an old tree beside the road. "Why, out there in that oak tree beside the school lane," said Henry. "It must have a crack somewhere in it where we could tuck a note inside."

Levi liked the idea. "Let's go over and look at it."

"Not now," warned Henry. "Wait until after school. The other pupils might see us now."

So, when school had been dismissed, Levi and Henry stayed a short distance behind the departing pupils. This way they would pass the old tree alone. As they passed, they saw at once that the tree had more than a crack which could hold a note. There in the middle of the trunk was a hole big enough for even a small book to be concealed.

"Say, you are smart," said Levi patting Henry on the back. "That's a great place to hide the notes."

"The hole in the tree looks like an open mouth," said Henry. He clapped his hands and laughed. "We'll fix that strict teacher of ours. We can't talk or write notes in time of school, but we will let this tree do the talking. It will be our talking tree."

"That's a perfect name for the tree," smiled Levi.

The boys said good-by and walked home in opposite directions. Each was planning what he would write to the other in the notes they would bring to school tomorrow.

During the rest of the week, Levi and Henry exchanged notes in the opening of the tree. They were very careful that no other pupil saw them reach up into the tree. They pretended to drop a book beside the tree or bent over near it to tie a shoelace or fasten a boot buckle. Then a quick hand would reach up and snatch the waiting note from the tree. If they walked to school in the morning with any classmates, they would wait until recess or noon to go to the tree. They made certain they never read the notes during school time. This way they felt certain Emma could not punish them if she ever discovered their "talking tree."

Emma probably never would have discovered it, if it had not been for a first grade girl. One morning before school started she came to Emma's desk and said, "Teacher, I saw something funny right now out the window."

"Oh," said Emma showing more interest in the papers she was grading than what the little girl was saying. "What did you see?"

"I saw Henry Graber reach up and put a piece of paper in that old tree beside the lane."

Emma's interest suddenly left the stack of papers. "Are you sure you saw that?"

The little girl nodded. "He stuck a piece of paper in the tree. I wonder what it was."

Emma wondered too! She had not forgotten the note passing between Henry and Levi. Since the day she had caught them, she had kept a secret eye on them. But she had not seen any signs of passing notes. Not until now. And this puzzled her. "Henry was just coming to school when he put the paper in the tree," she told herself. "I really wonder if my first grader saw right."

During the day Emma thought about the tree. She decided to watch it after the pupils were dismissed for the day. The hours seemed to drag by. Her thoughts were more on the tree than her classes. Finally dismissal came, and the pupils headed for home. Emma stood at a window and watched. She saw Henry and Levi walk past the tree, but that was all. Neither paid any special interest in the old tree.

The next morning Emma stationed herself near a window again. She was in full view of the tree. She graded papers and looked up at the tree every now and then. Soon she saw Levi Schrock coming down the road. She looked back at her pile of papers until she thought Levi was about opposite the tree. Her heart beat faster as she looked up and and out the window. Then she saw it. Levi had bent over to tie his shoe, but when he straightened up, his hand stuck a piece of paper into the opening in the tree trunk. "Passing notes!" exclaimed Emma silently to herself. "Those boys are still passing notes."

All morning as Emma held classes her mind wandered from the lessons to the tree. The more she thought about it the more helpless she felt. "There weren't any notes exchanged last evening," she mused. "But Levi put one in this morning and Henry yesterday morning. That must mean they are writing them at home. They aren't using study time to write them. So, they aren't breaking any school rules."

Emma was glad that Henry and Levi were not wasting their school time writing notes. Yet she could not help but feel they were using the tree not because they wanted so much to write notes to each other but because they wanted to show that they could get around the "no-note-passing" rule. The more Emma thought about it, the more convinced she was that this was their main motive. "The boys are rebellious," thought Emma, "but I haven't any way to help them overcome it."

The rest of the school week passed. Emma went on Saturday to help Jake Rabers move from their old farmhouse into their new "dawdyhouse." The Raber's youngest son was taking over the farming and was soon to move his family into the big house. "I need a day away from school work," thought Emma as she walked into the Raber's lane. "Besides, I'm sure they will appreciate a helping hand, even if they are only moving from one side of the lane to the other."

Emma enjoyed helping Mrs. Raber pack her dishes into boxes. When they had finished, Mrs. Raber thought a second and then said, "We have a small attic which has some things to pack in it, but I sort of hate to ask anyone to go up there as it's likely dusty."

"Oh, I won't mind the dust," Emma assured her. "I'm wearing an old dress. Give me some boxes and show me where the attic is."

Mrs. Raber took Emma to the attic and stayed a few minutes getting her started packing. "You can put those shoes and toys into boxes," she said. "And over here are some jars and other objects that will go into boxes."

Emma was left alone in the attic. When she had finished putting the things into boxes, she looked around the attic for anything Mrs. Raber might have forgotten to mention. "Let's see, those chairs and that table can be carried down just as they are," she thought, scanning the attic. "Over there are some newspapers or magazines. I wonder if she will want those put into boxes." Emma went over to the stack and bent down. At once she recognized the newspaper on top. "Why, this is an old Budget." She flipped through the stack. "It's a whole pile of old copies of the Budget."

Emma could not help sitting down and looking at the old copies of the weekly newspaper which her parents yet subscribed to. "This top one is dated July 2, 1953. That's the year I was born. I wonder if I can find the issue which tells about my birth." Emma lifted the top newspaper and was disappointed to find that the next one was from 1954. She lifted another and found it to be from December 1953. "Why, these aren't in proper order at all," she thought. "I haven't time to hunt through the whole stack for the right issue." She lay the newspapers back on top of the pile. As she did so, her eyes caught sight of the title of an article on the top newspaper. "Billy," said Emma. "I wonder what that article is about."

It took only a few minutes for Emma to read the article "Billy." When she had finished, she was elated. "I've found something more interesting than my birth announcement! This story, Billy, brings out what I have been trying to teach Henry and Levi about discipline. The language is a little old-fashioned, but it's a true story. Maybe I can rewrite it and give it to them."

Just then Emma thought of the old tree beside the school lane. "Why don't I type off copies for the boys and place them inside the hollow of that tree. I won't sign my name. That way the boys won't know who put it there. They will likely suspect me, but they will never know for sure. Maybe they will accept the lesson sooner if they don't know who put the story in the tree."

Emma hurried down to find Mrs. Raber. "I'm finished putting the things in boxes," she explained, "and I'm wondering about that stack of old Budgets. Do you..."

"Oh, you needn't box them up," said Mrs. Raber before Emma was finished speaking. "I used to save them, but I soon found out that they would take up the whole attic if I kept them all. I guess we can carry them down sometime and burn them."

"Do you mind if I take one along home?" asked Emma.

"Help yourself," smiled Mrs. Raber. "Find an interesting piece in one?"

"Yes, I did. I found something which might help me at school."

That is all that Emma explained to Mrs. Raber. When she walked home that evening after helping the Rabers pack, she held the old Budget in her hand. She wasted no time in getting two copies typed off. She placed carbon paper behind each so that she would have copies to keep. "This would be nice to share with other teachers in my circle letter," she thought.

On Monday, Levi Schrock was the first of the two boys to stop at the tree. His hand jerked back when he deposited his note to Henry, for his hand had brushed against something. One was marked "Levi" and the other "Henry." If a squirrel had nested in the hole and nipped his finger, Levi would not have been more surprised. "Whatever can this be?" he wondered. He opened the envelope which was marked with his name and began reading:

BILLY
(A True Story)

One fine summer day a colt was born. His owner named him Billy. He was cute and the owner liked to stop each day and pat his nose. He made sure that Billy had enough water, hay, and grain when he was old enough to be weaned from his mother's milk. The owner was a busy man. Perhaps he did not realize how quickly the months passed and how Billy was growing into a strong young horse. As Billy grew, he needed more than water and feed and a friendly pat on the nose. But the owner was busy and did not have time to spend teaching Billy anything.

Each winter Billy was left to roam freely about the large strawshed. In the summer the wide-open pasture was his home. There he could kick up his heels and munch sweet grass all day. Often the owner would take the other horses from the pasture and harness them to work. Billy's mother was a driving horse and was often harnessed and trotting down the blacktop pulling the buggy. But Billy never felt a harness on his back his first six years of life.

When Billy was six years old, he was sold. The owner had never found time to "break" him. He really didn't need Billy. The man who bought Billy had five sons. When Billy was led off the truck, the boys thought he was a very nice looking horse. And he was.

The first thing the boys wanted to do was to ride Billy. They lifted a saddle onto his back. But Billy didn't want anything to do with a saddle. He bucked and kicked. "He's got a lot of pep," said the boys. "Maybe we should work him with an older horse in the field awhile until he tames down."

That was a good idea except that Billy had never worn a harness, either. Finally after much time and effort, the boys had him harnessed. They hitched him beside an older horse. Billy worked a little but then ran off. The older horse galloped beside him. The boys soon learned that Billy could work if he wanted to, but they never knew when he might get a notion to run off, persuading the other horse to run, too.

Since Billy really was a driving horse and not a field horse, the boys kept wishing to put him into the buggy shafts. So they decided one morning to do just that. But this was not at all what Billy wanted, and he soon made it known by taking off down the road just as fast as he could run. Again and again the boys tried, but Billy wanted nothing to do with a buggy. They fixed up hobbles, fixed up throw ropes, and gave him a complete "Dr. Berry" course, until Billy gave up— or so they thought.

Again Billy was hitched to the buggy. Everything went fine for a few miles until suddenly Billy gave a mighty jump heading for the side of the road and into a telephone pole, smashing the buggy.

The boys kept trying to cure Billy one way and then another. (Five boys can have lots of ideas.) Later they again put him in the buggy shafts. Again all went well for a few miles when without warning Billy made several jumps and landed into a four-foot ditch beside the road with the buggy and two boys piled on top of him. The boys kept Billy in the ditch and treated him to a whipping. Then they hitched him up again. Now instead of heading for the side of the road, Billy whirled around in the shafts until he broke them.

Next time the boys tried a road cart. They were determined to "break" Billy. All went well for five miles until the boys stopped and climbed off. Billy tore loose and headed into a cornfield, mowing off two rows of crisp corn as he went.

About this time the boys' patience and determination ran out. They were tired of Billy whose actions were as unpredictable as lightning in a storm and just as sudden. They concluded that since Billy had not been disciplined or taught any rules when young, he never would amount to anything. His lack of discipline while young would follow him all through his life.

Billy was later sold, but not as a driving horse. He was sent to the slaughter house!

Emma never did exactly find out what Levi or Henry thought of the story, for they never directly mentioned it to her. But by their future actions she knew they must have realized the need for rules and discipline. For she noticed that they never again used the tree to pass notes. Nor did they complain about her being too strict or having too many rules. Their "talking tree" had told them something worthwhile. And they had listened. △

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 2

Maturity in Marriage

ARE SECRETS ALLOWED

Grandmother Troyer lost her temper in January, and told her son, Jake, what she thought of his wife Millie reading so much, and not getting her housework finished. Jake decided not to pass on her unkind remarks to his wife; it would only hurt her feelings. A few days later Grandmother apologized to Millie for her outburst, but Millie knew nothing about it. Then it was Millie's turn to be hurt— not at what Grandmother had said about her, as much as that her own husband had kept something from her. "Married partners should never keep anything from each other," she sobbed.

Who was wrong and who was right? Should husbands and wives ever have secrets they don't share with each other?

It seems this question is like the proverbial elephant the blind men went to see. One blind man grabbed the elephant by the tail, and declared that an elephant was much like a rope. Another felt the elephant's sides, and said he couldn't see anything ropelike about such a flat animal— it was really more like a wall. Another put his arm around the elephant's legs, and announced that the animal was neither like a rope or a wall, but very similar to a great, round post.

In the same way, it seems that the people answering this month's question are sometimes talking about a totally different "elephant." Some tend to put the greater blame on Grandmother, others on Jake, others on Millie. Yet, like the blind men's descriptions of the elephant, by taking the various viewpoints together, we should get a balanced and overall impression that is helpful. Plus all of us should be left with new thoughts, and a fresh awareness of both the rewards and the pitfalls of honesty in marriage. → →

GRANDMOTHER IN THE WRONG

A grandmother from Maryland wrote us to comment on Grandmother Troyer's behavior: "We as grandparents need to go easy with the younger generation, even though there are times when we see and hear things we do not agree with. Rather than blow our top, we should try to swallow it and live in peace. If we feel it is too much to swallow, we could try mixing it with a teaspoonful of love and gratitude, along with a little seasoning of peace and harmony, adding a dash of forgiveness, and after all has been digested, we will feel better and the other folks will, too."

A younger housewife from Pennsylvania wrote, "I hope it taught Grandmother a lesson, too. I hope she realized she caused trouble between husband and wife with her temper and sharp tongue. If the older folks haven't learned to control this yet, what do they expect of us younger folks? So often this is the trouble when one of the children lives on the home farm. If husband and wife must learn to adjust, what chance do they have if trouble is caused by the in-laws?"

GRANDMOTHER'S GOOD SIDE

Although many letters pointed out how wrong Grandmother was, there isn't much sense in dwelling too long on that. After all, Grandmother herself admitted that she was in the wrong, so there is no one to argue with about that. And she deserves some credit for being willing to apologize.

Ohio: "We thought it nice of Grandmother to go and apologize. We have sometimes been falsely criticized and never received an apology. We do not own our farm yet, and sometimes we feel some of the in-laws are maybe just waiting for a reason to make us move away. In-laws can be a hindrance that it doesn't go smoothly in a home, though we don't think it should be like this. If it goes smoothly between dawdys and the young family, the in-laws should leave well enough alone. When we moved home, I thought if we pay our debts honestly, not have huchmut in our home, and with God's help try and treat dawdys right, is all that is necessary, but so far it hasn't been enough."

A Mother, Middlefield, Ohio: "I thought Grandmother Troyer had a great deal to be at the end of the rope about. Millie had no right to sit down and read books and then send work over to Grandmother to be done. What a beautiful example the way Grandmother baked a cake and took the book and was ready to apologize and make peace. If more people would do that after they wronged someone, how ready would one be to forgive and forget. I also have many faults, but want to keep trying."

A Mother, Orrville, Ohio: "Poor Grandmother. How bad she must have felt about her hasty words. I had to feel sorry for Millie, too. I wonder if Millie had trouble with her legs and had to prop them up. Maybe that's when she reads. Anyway, that's what I do. I think Jake was a very considerate husband and loved both his wife and his mother very much or he would have made things worse by some more hasty words."

A BETTER WAY FOR JAKE

A certain number of people felt that Jake might have handled the situation slightly different; that there would have been a better way. Of course, these people had the advantage of hindsight in judging the situation—they already knew that Millie was going to find out about it, and feel bad and hurt; something Jake didn't know when he decided not to tell her Grandmother's remarks.

Nappanee, Indiana: "I think Jake was wrong not to share with Millie what Grandmother had said. I feel a husband and wife should talk everything over with each other. Discuss it fully and don't be disinterested in what the other has to say, and don't just say, "Don't worry about it." The partner might not be worrying about it, but just talking it over may still help."

Missouri: "I have already heard a husband saying, 'I didn't tell anyone, not even my wife.' That is something I don't like to hear. The wife should be trustworthy. I think married partners should not keep anything from each other."

But even the people who felt Jake should have told Millie, generally agreed it might have been all right to tone down Grandmother's outburst a bit in repeating it.

Guthrie, Kentucky: "I have found by trial and error that the middle way is best for us. Jake could have told Millie some, but not all. For example, he could have said, 'Grandmother wasn't feeling too well this morning, and was a bit out-of-sorts.' I think that a really mature person could take it either way, but we aren't born mature, neither do we become mature by getting married."

Wolcottville, Indiana: "I wonder how Jake explained to Millie the reason he didn't bring the book home. He surely should have told the truth, but in this instance maybe should not have made it sound quite so bad, so as not to hurt his wife's feelings. Or was there no explaining to do? Maybe it was Jake who wanted the book instead of his wife!"

Pennsylvania: "If Jake felt Millie would be hurt by Grandmother's words, he might have told her that Grandmother was sure in a bad mood or she must have got out on the wrong side of the bed, or something like that. Perhaps sometime later when Grandmother was in a good mood again, if the time was right, he could have told Millie what she had said.

"I feel that whether or not secrets are allowed depends entirely on the circumstances. I remember two times that my husband had something on his mind that he sort of worried himself about. He did not confide in me so that it wouldn't bother me, too. Yet I sensed that he had something on his mind, and brought up the subject. We talked it over and each time it seemed to unburden him to share it. The one problem we met, and while it was not as he feared, there were other problems we hadn't foreseen. The second problem is still in the future, and only time will tell, but we have tried to trust that the future is in God's hands, too.

"As for a problem such as Jake and Millie with Grandmother, if Jake had agreed with Grandmother that his wife should never read until all work was done, surely he would have told her so. My husband said already he often feels there are too many places where it is like the parable of the sower. The cares of this world crowd out the spiritual seed. Too often we forget that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. How often are we as wives who are to be 'keepers at home' so concerned with food and clothes for our families that we forget to serve them spiritual food?"

SPARE YOUR WIFE, BUT NOT YOURSELF

Waterloo, Ontario: "What Jake did in those circumstances, I would say, was proper. Why agitate an issue, or add fuel to the fire? There is an old saying, 'You may always tell the truth, but it's not always necessary.' However, this can go too far. When you withhold telling your spouse because it hurts you, then you should tell anyhow. But never tell your spouse something that unnecessarily hurts her."

LUCKY MILLIE

Many husbands and wives felt that instead of being upset, Millie should consider herself fortunate indeed to have a husband who wanted to spare her feelings:

"My husband has told me already, 'You don't have to know everything.' And I know he doesn't tell me nearly everything. Soon after our marriage he told me, 'You're just the wife, you have nothing to say to things. I'm to be the boss.' I'm trying to do as he says, but seems I'm just not good enough to do it right. It's mostly, 'Why didn't you do it so and so?' If that is all Jake kept from Millie, she's got a lot to be thankful for!" (State withheld).

Ephrata, Pennsylvania: "I would feel, blessed is the man who will do as Jake did in shielding his partner from hasty words. I feel Millie should have felt very grateful in her heart for her husband's attitude, instead of feeling wronged. As far as keeping secrets, I would feel if it is a secret that will prevent ill feelings, no harm should be done by it. But if it is a secret of hidden sin, that would be an altogether different story."

Pennsylvania: "Millie can be glad her husband is so thoughtful that he didn't want her to be hurt. My husband doesn't tell me every little passing thing, either, and in our first years of marriage, I was hurt because I told him everything, and still do. But in more than thirty years of marriage, I have learned that's his way, as he isn't a great talker. Although the only time his mother ever made an unkind remark to him about me, he did talk. He talked to her, and he also told me about it. To her he said he is on my side and can't listen to any such talk about me from her. She never said anything to him again, and we are the best of friends. Maybe Jake should have done the same, instead of meekly listening to Grandmother make disparaging remarks about his wife."

-State withheld: "We were a young married couple, and I felt we could never be happy unless we told each other everything. Now we were visiting his parents in another state, and one morning I couldn't find my husband. I didn't understand this, so I began looking for him, and finally found him upstairs in a bedroom on his knees. We always prayed together, but this time he stole away to be alone in prayer; I quietly slipped on my knees beside him. I was perplexed. Why didn't he tell me he had a burden, and I could have prayed with him, sharing the load together? I asked him after prayer if he could share with me what was bothering him, but he really didn't care to. I was rather sad, but tried not to show it, so my prayer had to be that God would help him solve what his problem was, even if it was me, and I asked my husband if maybe I was doing something that was bothering him, but he assured me it wasn't that. Quite some time later, my dear husband confessed to me that he had a problem in the flesh, and asked me to pray for him that he might have victory in the temptations of life. I promised to pray, and by his behaviour, I had trusted that he had complete victory, so if I saw distasteful sights on the streets with women being in ungodly attire, I'd make mention about it, but finally I came to the realization that it was not good to bring these things to his attention, nor was it good to repeat any questionable stories some thoughtless person had spoken, because the devil knew what his great problems were, and would use even these things to feed his thought life.

Then many years later one night he confessed to me that he had a serious fall in his temptations some years earlier, and had confessed it to God, and gotten it right with God, yet he felt he should confess it to me so that he could have complete peace. I was glad he confessed it, but wondered why he had waited so very long to get it off his mind. Then I travelled back through the years to the time of his fall, and realized I had been sick during that time, and if he would have confessed it then, it would have been very hard on me, and for my health's sake, he carried the burden all those years until he felt I was a little more able to bear it. Thank God for a very thoughtful husband! We still pray together after 22 years of marriage, and are happy that God gives us the grace to keep from each other the things that do more harm than good. May God bless all the Jakes that love their wives enough to spare them as many heartaches as possible. I once was another Millie.

MATURITY THE KEY

"In answer to your question, are secrets allowed, I think the ideal situation would be that husbands and wives could tell each other everything. If both husband and wife were perfectly mature, this would be both possible and adviseable. But unfortunately, very few of us will ever reach that point. In your story about Jake and Millie, I think Jake was the most mature person in the lot. He knew his mother didn't really mean what she said. He also knew Millie well enough to know that she was not mature enough to know what Grandmother said without perhaps going out of her place herself. The way she acted when she found it out proves this point. Had Millie been more mature, than Jake could have told her what Grandmother said, and she would have realized that Grandmother was under stress, and that we all at times say things we shouldn't."

-Still trying to grow in Maturity, Ontario

"There were times I told my husband certain things that were told to me, and it hurt him to the extent that he wouldn't talk for quite a while. When I learned his weakness in this way, I was careful to not repeat something that would effect him in such ways, as it isn't good. How much better for a family if Father and Mother be themselves and not be unnecessarily upset. In our marriage vows, did we not promise to help each other in each other's infirmities, sicknesses and weaknesses?"

-Indiana

The above two letters point out very effectively that circumstances and personality traits must be considered in marriage as well as anywhere else. An immature person must be handled differently than a mature one. The Ontario letter says that in an ideal situation, where everyone is perfectly mature, married couples could tell each other everything. Now here's a letter from Missouri that suggests that where there is enough maturity, couples don't need to tell each other everything. She knows her husband has a secret, and she doesn't even care!

"I can write out of experience, as we've been married over 11 years. We sometimes keep secrets, but don't feel hurt and love each other the same. Right now my husband is keeping a secret from me, and I don't dislike him for it. He promised his parents he wouldn't tell, and I respect him for being trustworthy and honest. I don't believe in acting like Delilah did to Samson as I'll find out someday if I patiently wait until the proper time."

"All happy husbands and wives know that generally speaking, what one knows, the other knows, and it goes without saying that absolute frankness and confidence are vital ingredients for married happiness. However, there are a few exceptions to this rule, and one came by experience. One day someone came to me with a problem, and after pouring her heart out to me, I knew it would never do, both for her sake and mine, to ever repeat it to my husband, what was told me in sacred confidence. My husband wondered as to her errand, and I explained why I felt that I could not tell him. Gratitude welled up within me at his response. It was fine with him, and he would never ask me to betray that confidence.
-Alberta

IT MAY BE YOUR OWN FAULT

Secrets are not always kept just to avoid hurting the other partners. Several readers suggested other things that might make one partner think twice before sharing a secret.

"I truly feel that everything should be shared between husband and wife, but I know of a man who says he can't discuss things with his wife. Because if he does, he gets himself and others in trouble. Why? His wife goes home and tells her mother and father and the rest of the family everything her husband says. The happy look on his face when they were first married has changed, and I think it is mostly because he has to keep everything to himself. I know this man has discussed some of his problems with a certain other man, but if he does, his wife has to know what they were talking about and nags at him until he has to relate some of the things. If we have the right love for each other like a husband and wife should, it shouldn't be necessary to relate everything to other members of the family. I don't think our parents will think less of us if we don't relate all our partner says to us. In Matthew 19:5 we read that Jesus said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one.' If we are one, then why should we keep things from each other? Are we still cleaving to father and mother instead of our husband or wife?"
-Not for secrets, Ohio

"When our partner confides in us about something of which he is ashamed, we should be careful not to laugh at him, or ridicule him in any way. If he finds sympathy instead of ridicule, it will help him to share some other time. My wife and I are married 23 years, and here is something that happened during our first week of marriage, before I had learned that one should share troubles as well as triumphs. I accidently damaged someone's property. I told the other person to get it repaired, and I would pay the damages. Later I received a registered letter, which, because of the demands, somewhat scared me. Instead of sharing my worries with my new wife, I bottled them up inside. It took her gentle reminder that we are now one in sorrow as well as joys to clear my vision on this."
-Pennsylvania

MY WORK

Master, where shall I work today?"
And my love flowed warm and free.
Then he pointed me out a little spot
And said, "Tend that for me."

I quickly answered, "O, no, not there.
Why, no one would ever see—
No matter how well my work was done.
Not that little place for me!"

And the words he spoke were not stern;
He answered me tenderly:
"Oh, my child, search that heart of thine,
Art thou working for them or Me?

Nazareth was a little place,
And so was Galilee!"

Alice Barbour Bennett

"Yes, I often shared things with my partner, which I never regretted, but I can remember once when I did share and wished I hadn't. I saw a happening at a friend's place which was not good. The incident was true, but I had no intentions to spead the news. I thought it surely not wrong to tell my partner, but he has the same weakness I too often have. He got a satisfaction out of telling a good friend about it, with intentions that the friend would not pass it on. It made a good story, so the friend also passed it on, and soon it was all over. So I often wished I had never related the incident to him."
-Middlebury, Indiana

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

The overwhelming majority of answers solidly backed Jake in his effort in peace keeping between his wife and his mother, even though as it turned out, he got his wife upset. His intentions were good. When everyone does the best they know to make things run peacefully, there are still plenty of ups and downs, but once partners give up trying, and seem to enjoy hurting each other, that is when things become miserable rapidly.

Indiana: "I can feel for Jake, as I, too, have been the middle man. We lived with my mother, and I understood them both better than they understood each other, and it was often hard to decide what was the best approach. My mother was a widow, and one that always wanted things done on time. And my husband worked in the factory and often came home tired. So when Mother mentioned that the garden should be cultivated, I didn't mention it to my husband until he was in the mood. There were often times that either one would say things about the other that I didn't repeat. And when I did repeat them, I wished I hadn't. For often like Millie and Grandmother, they were both in the wrong, and both had some truth, and the truth hurts, too. So I learned the hard way. If it hurts the other person's feelings, keep it to yourself and the good Lord."

Ohio: "My mother is also a person somewhat like

Grandmother in the problem. I remember one Saturday my married brother came home and while we were chatting in our kitchen, he asked if we'll be going to church the next day. When I told him I won't be able to go on account of my sore leg, Mother quickly added in not a very nice way about my husband, "Oh, by tomorrow morning he'll have a sore leg, too." Which, of course, hurt my feelings. Sunday morning came and because my Dad wasn't too well, I asked my husband if he wouldn't hitch up Dad's horse for him. He harnessed and hitched his horse and tied him to their hitching rail. I never told him what Mother had said because I felt like Jake, that it wouldn't make him feel any better towards my folks. I have never regretted not telling him, although I had a great notion to tell him now so I could tell you how he reacted, but decided to leave good enough alone. I'm quite sure it wouldn't hurt him now, but there were quite a few times while living there that things happened like that, and I didn't tell him if I felt it would not lead to more peace.

On another time I remember Dad came to the barn and saw that my husband had a pulley bridle on Dad's horse to teach her something about stall manners. (He used the same bridle for his own horses, rather than whip them—Berry lessons). But Dad told Mom his horse has got to act just so, while our horses can do as they please. I knew full well it wasn't like that, so I never told my husband. He's a great horse lover, and I didn't feel he'd misuse a horse because he didn't own it. To this day he doesn't know that, either, but if you use any part of this letter and he detects the case, it's all right, as he's an understanding husband."

Middlebury, Indiana: "Our first duty is to try and keep peace in the family, and that was what Jake was doing. I know from experience that it is hard to keep peace with a nervous and sensitive person, one whose feelings are easily hurt. So when I hear things that I know would only make my husband feel bad, I keep it to myself and pour out my troubles to the Lord."

Ontario: No, I don't think Jake was in the wrong for not telling Millie what his mother had said for Millie was showing her temper right then. This would have been reason for Jake to think it better not to tell Millie about it right away. But in due time, I think it would have been nice if Jake could have told Millie in a way that she could take it. I think Jake was using his head to keep peace in the family.

Goshen, Indiana: "Early in our married life, my husband told me he wanted us to share everything, and we have shared many things. Then came the time when he was called to be a minister in the church. He tells me many things about burdens weighing on his heart regarding church work, yet I know there are times when he also keeps these matters to himself. He can relieve his own anxiety sometimes just by telling his troubles to a listening ear, and occasionally I make a suggestion as to my thinking on the problem. Yet when he does not feel that pressure, it is right that he do as he feels best. The main thing is that I do not abuse his trust by repeating something he has told me in confidence. Once he said he can tell me things and know it will not go any farther. I have also known of a minister who said he does not tell his wife of any church matters, because she can not keep it to herself. He did it in love, because he knew her weakness. Proverbs 31:11 is a verse I call to mind often, that I might be like that virtuous woman—the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

East Earl, Pennsyvania: "Jake was right, things that can only cause grief or ill-will should be kept silent. At one time I had an experience with my brother-in-law and a few hasty words were exchanged. Enough to cause grief for a long time if one is caught off guard. After thinking over the matter, I decided to tell no one of it, as I also had said too much. Some time later I met him, and approached him in a friendly manner, not mentioning the incident and he responded favorably. Thus the matter was settled. Probably neither of the women knew about it, therefore no embarrassment or ill-will on their part."

Holmesville, Ohio: "I feel Jake did the right thing. A tongue lashing isn't worth repeating. If it can't bring good feeling together, never let the words go out of your mouth. If more people would do like Jake, there would be less in-law trouble."

THE PAIN OF SHARING

The following letter is in a class of its own. There is something almost haunting in its tone of resigned sadness. Sharing another's triumphs can be joyful; sharing another's pathetic failure is something else. "We had been dating three years and he quit me occasionally for more liberal pleasures. One Sunday evening he told me he would see me the next weekend, which I accepted. In the next few months we were married. Later, about 8 years, he told me he fell in the lust of sin the same evening he promised me he'd see me the next weekend. This brought many, many tears, and often while he was sleeping I was crying and praying, for all this time I thought I had a pure husband.

"In his way, he has been trying to be a better husband. Often I found myself wishing he would have never told me. This was a long, hard battle, and only with the help of God is the way through possible."

THE GREATEST SECRET

Talking of secrets between man and wife, here is a story that tops them all, and since it's the type of story someone might recognize, we won't even risk mentioning the state or province it came from: "This couple could get along well enough. He was good-natured, while she was the boss. When they started housekeeping, she thought they would be able to make things go. But financially they never came too far. The children grew up, married and moved away from home, yet they still had to struggle to make ends meet. After the wife's death, the husband thought he would have to depend on the children to pay the funeral expenses. But through her brother-in-law he learned that she had a bank account of her own; so there was some money after all. I know as a wife and mother she had many good points, and was liked among the neighbors. But keeping secrets between husband and wife is sure to leave a sore spot."

LOSE SLEEP TO SHARE

Finally, in conclusion, a letter from a young Amish wife in Pennsylvania: "We're married two years, and although there have been ups and downs, we've been happy and its improving with time. Since we share and discuss things small and large, I needn't guess how my husband feels about my going to a sale, or what his mother said. I know, because he shares it to help the relationship between us improve. He knows some things hurt, but he is there to encourage for the right. (I suspicion that he softens the blow by telling it his own way.)

"I want to be the kind of wife spoken of in Proverbs whose husband safely trusts in her. I hope he needn't fear that I tell all he says. But I once had a problem I didn't share with him, and it reached huge proportions.

"I, like Millie, loved to read anything. Our house is small and responsibilities few. Guiltily I kept the not-so-good reading material for when he wasn't around. I was miserable because I knew the reading was wrong, and keeping it from him was wrong, too. I'd cry and he'd wonder why, but by then I couldn't tell him. Finally he found it out. Was I ever glad. But he was more disappointed in me for keeping it from him, than in what I was reading. Naturally he did all he could to help me overcome it. He gave me some of his record-keeping bookwork to do and when he was around we did things together. Through mutual prayer it was conquered and I'm happy again. Each evening I look forward to our discussions. Sometimes we lose sleep because we talk so late, but we'd rather lose sleep from sharing than from hiding things."

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

PROBLEM NO. 4

MEALS—GOOD TIMES OR BAD?

After church Hannah Yoder was talking to Ada Wengerd. "All last week my husband was helping John Byler in the sugar bush. He enjoys the work, and it's nice to have syrup on the table, but the part I don't like is that he is so seldom at home over mealtime."

"Yes," agreed Ada, "I don't know what would happen at our house if I were alone at mealtime with the children for a week!" Ada was going to say that she was afraid she would have a nervous breakdown trying to keep the children straight, but then she checked herself. And she was glad she hadn't said it, for Hannah's attitude toward mealtime seemed quite different from hers.

"I know," Hannah was saying. "There's just something missing when Dad isn't there. We've always figured meals together are an important part of family life; you know what I mean, sort of the best part of the day, everyone is together, and we share things, well, it's just sort of special somehow."

Ada looked dazed, but she managed to nod her head half-heartedly. Later she poured out her feelings to her husband. "Best part of the day— imagine saying something like that. It sure isn't at our house. I'm always glad when meals are over— that's the most trying part of the day for me."

"Phooh," said her husband. "I wouldn't take Hannah too seriously. She probably read that in a book somewhere, and thought it sounded good. A story from a book, and real life are two different things. I don't think meals at our home are any more hectic than the average family."

Ada didn't know what to think. She paid special attention that evening at the table to see what it was about meals at their home that got on her nerves so much.

Before they even said grace, four-year-old Johnny reached for a piece of bread and spilled his glass of water. The water ran straight across the table, and down into 3-year-old Miriam's lap. Miriam just sat there howling as the cold water soaked through her dress. The four older children, Mark, Sam, Rachel, and Barbara all began calling out advice or scolding: "Johnny, you clumsy thing, we'll have to stop putting water into your glass." "Miriam get up quick." "Don't just sit there." Stop crying, you're scaring the baby."

The baby's wails joined the rest of the hubbub. Mom brought the dish rag. At last the spilled water was cleaned up and everyone quieted down long enough to bow their heads for grace. Even during grace, things weren't peaceful. Ruth, who was a year and a half, kept trying to pull her hands away from Dad, who was holding them together for grace. She squirmed and grunted, protesting as much as she dared. Dad slapped her on the face to get her to hold still. She burst into sobs.

"I wonder if she isn't too small yet to learn," Mom said.

"Huh," said Dad, "too small nothing. We've waited too long already."

Thirteen-year-old Barbara gave her younger sister Rachel a talking-to for having eaten a candy bar she bought in town for a friend. Rachel just laughed, and wasn't really sorry. Barbara kept rubbing it in what a naughty girl she was, until Dad told them both to be quiet.

Mark cried because he didn't want to eat all his soup. Sam was upset because Rachel took the biggest piece of cake. Johnny put his fingers in the jam, then wiped his hands on his hair.

But in spite of everything, finally the meal was over. Mom breathed a sigh of relief. She was pale. And that evening as she lay in bed, she said to herself, "I'd like to be a mouse sometime and hide in Hannah Yoder's cupboard and listen in on one of their meals. If meals are happy times at their house, I'd give a lot to know how they manage it."

What would she hear if she were a mouse in your cupboard some day during mealtime? Would she listen in on the best part of the day, or the worst? What hints could you give her for making meals a happy time for all the family? What are some things to avoid at meals? What are some things to encourage? Let's have all the pointers we can get on how to avoid spilled water, loud voices, frayed nerves, arguments and tears, and jam in little boys' hair, and how to make meal time a good time. Your answer should be postmarked not later than April 5, 1975. Address your envelope to:

Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

Seedings For Hay & Pasture

Years ago the standard crops for hay and pasture was a red clover and timothy mixture. Today alfalfa and a number of higher yielding grasses are commonly used. No farmer who intends to keep his field several years in hay and pasture can afford to sow only red clover and timothy. Much of the following information is taken from the Ohio State Agronomy Guide and applies to the latitude of Ohio and the central states. Some allowances must be made for latitudes further north or south.

ALFALFA Stands of pure alfalfa are probably the highest yielding crop for hay, where it can be grown. Soils must be well drained and with a relatively high PH (lime factor) before alfalfa will do well. For pasture mixtures, a combination of alfalfa with orchard grass, bromegrass or timothy seems to be the highest yielding over the years.

TREFOIL Birdsfoot trefoil is a deeply rooted legume which produces well in long-stand pastures. It does not yield as well as a good stand of alfalfa but will grow on soils where alfalfa will not grow.

RED CLOVER is easy to grow and does well for short stand hay fields. Newer varieties are an improvement.

ORCHARDGRASS is an excellent grass for pastures as it makes more growth during the summer than any other grass. It comes back quickly after the hay crop is taken off but should not be grazed too closely in the fall or it may suffer winterkilling.

BROMEGRASS The southern varieties such as Lincoln, Achenbach, Lancaster and Saratoga have performed well for hay or pasture in the central states. Cattle like the hay even when fully mature. It takes several years to get started well since the bromegrass seed is coarse; it is difficult to sow.

FESCUE The tall fescues such as Kentucky 31, Alta, and Fawn are high yielding but may not be as palatable as other grasses. Fescue should not be used for dairy cows or suckling mares as it has a tendency to dry up the milk.

TIMOTHY Perhaps the easiest to grow but the lowest yielding of the common grasses. Very little second growth during the summer.

FORAGE SEED COUNT Species	Seeds per lb.	Seeds per sq. ft. @ 1 lb per acre
Alfalfa	200,000	4.6
Birdsfoot trefoil	375,000	8.6
Red Clover	110,000	6.3
Ladino clover	800,000	18.4
Bluegrass	2,177,000	50.
Orchardgrass	654,000	15.
Reed Canarygrass	533,000	12.2
Bromegrass	136,000	3.1
Tall Fescue	227,000	5.2
Timothy	1,230,000	28.2

	Annual hay yield equivalent, lbs.	Total A.U. grazing days	Animal unit Grazing Days per acre per month.							
			Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Alfalfa-Grass, good stand	12000	260	6	70	70	45	40	15		15
Fescue, with Nitrogen	11000	280	30	70	60	20	15	40	25	15
Orchardgrass + Nitrogen	8500	210	18	50	50	30	27	17	15	5
Bromegrass with Nitrogen	8000	200	18	62	58	8	6	19	21	8
Red Clover-Grass, good stand	8000	180	5	50	50	30	28	12		5
Birdsfoot trefoil-grass	7000	120	5	26	35	29	18	7		
Timothy plus Nitrogen	6400	160	16	53	48	7	4	17	10	5
Bluegrass with fertilizer	5000	105	6	30	28	10	5	12	10	4
Sudangrass	7500	145			15	50	47	26	7	

The above table is to be used as a guide in planning your pasture program. One animal unit is considered to be one dairy or beef cow, two steers or heifers, five ewes or one horse.

FARM HINTS

To loosen or move hay in the loft, I use a hook instead of a fork. It is just like a fork except the tines are bent downward. It is used elevators to rake ear corn off the wagons. If you cannot buy it at the store in your area, you can make your own by heating the tines of an ordinary fork until they are a cherry red and then bending them. This hook also works good for loosening manure from a pile. - P.B., Liverpool, Pa.

Here's a way you can make that short hose reach the tank and make it stay where it should. Bend a piece of stiff heavy wire and insert it in the hose end in a shape to keep the hose end hooked over the lip of the tank.
-H.Y., Ontario

Three things to make it easier to drive spikes int hardwood. 1. Dip them into oil, axle grease or even lard. 2. Hit the spike square and hard. 3. If it starts to bend, straighten it out and clamp a fencing pliers or vice-grip wrench over the crooked part and leave it on to drive it in. - N.S., Indiana

To extend the life of your collar pads, leave them on the collar and slip the closed collar with pad on and off over the horse's head. This is easier than it sounds. -S.S., Ill.

POPULATION LIMITING IS BACKWARDS

We have seven grown children so this talk of limiting your family to two children means we would have missed out on the last five. The world would have been poorer for all our children are hard workers and have filled their places well, without asking any assistance from the government to keep them going.

A check of the welfare offices reveals that we are being overrun by those who take all they can get, some doing it for generation after generation. At the same time it is hard to find dependable workers for jobs that carry responsibility.

We have laws now saying that children cannot work. Our children began working as soon as they began walking. They would gather up sticks of wood or corn cobs for the fire. They helped feed the hogs and chickens. Their help often made more work but they learned to enjoy working.

The first few years lays the foundation for a child's entire life. On what kind of a foundation are today's children building? Are we teaching them responsibility or do we let them slip out of any unpleasant tasks at any time they are not being watched?

-Selected and Adapted.

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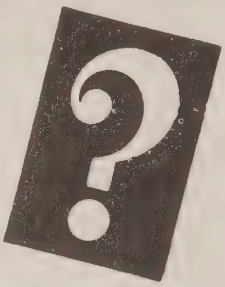
DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS:
April 10



WHAT DO YOU THINK

QUESTION:

Mrs. Malinda Hershberger's knees felt weak as she walked into the attorney's office. Her husband had always taken care of such matters before.

"What can I do for you?" the lawyer asked pleasantly.

"My-my husband died a month ago and I was wondering if you would help me get this straightened up about the farms," she began rather nervously.

"We certainly will, Mrs. Hershberger," he answered. "Do we have his will in our office?"

"No, no, I don't believe he ever made a will," she answered. "But I know how he wanted it divided. He told me how he figures on doing it with the children."

The lawyer was silent for a few moments and then he said, "Hmm, this is a pretty important matter. Are you sure he left no will?"

"He didn't think it was necessary; I am pretty sure he never did. At least not that I know of."

"It may make a difference whether or not he left a will," the lawyer said. "Tell me how much property you own and how many children there are."

"Our farm is 140 acres and the mortgage is paid off. We have three children at home, the youngest one is fifteen. Two are married and one is away."

"Away where?" the lawyer asked.

"He's in California now. He left home about ten years ago and went out west and got married. I believe they are separated now and his wife has the children."

"Now that can become rather complicated if there is no will," said the lawyer. "It is altogether possible that the farm may have to be sold."

"No-no, we didn't plan to sell the farm. I know how my husband wanted it divided," Mrs. Hershberger gasped.

"Yes, I realize that, but if there is no will, then the property must be settled according to law, the money divided among you and the children and a guardian appointed by the court to look after the interests of the children until they are of age."

Mrs. Hershberger was too shocked to answer. So the lawyer went on, "Of course you realize that we must charge for settling up this matter. Our fee is $100 on the first thousand dollars and $50 for each additional thousand dollars worth of property involved."

Malinda Hershberger slept very little that night. All she could think about was the farm being sold off at auction. And even if it wouldn't have to be sold, where would she ever get the money to pay the lawyer's fee for settling up the estate.

How could Mrs. Hershberger's predicament have been avoided? Was it really necessary to pay the lawyer such a fee? Have you had any experience or know of people who did have or didn't have a will and how they settled up the estate? What do you think?

ANSWERS FOR THE PERSON WHO IS BOTHERED BY HEARING FAST TUNES SUNG ON OLD CHURCH HYMNS.

● I don't thing you are wrong in being alarmed by hearing tunes like "Yankee Doodle" sung on Das Loblied. It hurts me too. We teach our children it is wrong. Why would we want to sing such a lively tune that fits a worldly, worthless song like that on a sacred, much treasured church song? The slower tunes are more dear to us because they have more meaning and express humility and sincerity. Could we imagine Christ's Disciples or the Martyrs in prison singing the tune of Yankee Doodle on spiritual songs?

-D. A. K., Middlebury, Indiana

● I'm glad you asked the question. If our forefathers were so strong in the faith that they were willing to endure persecution so we could have religious freedom, why would we want to sing such tunes on the hymns they wrote?

-Z., Ontario

● I've never heard "Yankee Doodle" sung on Das Loblied and I hope I never do. There are other tunes so much nicer so I wouldn't feel it is right to sing such a tune on that hymn. I hope we never discard the slow tunes. They bring peace and contentment to me when I help sing them.

-A Song Lover, Indiana

● I think it is mockery and whoever helps sing is just as bad as if he were saying lies. If we observe what words we are saying, we are supposed to be praising Him, it could be that we are using His name in vain.

That's what I have to think about when I hear such fast tunes sung.

For myself, I think it wouldn't be as bad if we would just go ahead and sing "Yankee Doodle" with the English words from start to finish rather than mingle such holy words in it. I also feel that other tunes such as "Mary Had A Little Lamb" do not fit to such nice hymns. A teacher in the public school once said that hymns of praise should never be sung on fast tunes. It is possible that the slower tunes do sometimes become too slow and draggy but on the other hand we don't want them to keep getting faster and faster. -Name Withheld

● I love to sing but can't understand why anybody would want to use such tunes as "Yankee Doodle" or "I don't Want Your Greenback Dollar" and others of the same origin on songs of praise to try to worship our Father in Heaven. Yes, I have heard it done already and I'm afraid it is very displeasing in the eyes of the Lord. Also some of the newer English Gospel songs which are taught at school have tunes to stir the emotions and words to make it all sound so easy. If we want to sing English songs, let's stay with the ones Mother and Grandmother used to sing. I think songs about the Bible people are nice for school children. Our English teacher taught us quite a few. No, you are not wrong to be alarmed. Don't give up the old tunes. -Orrville, Ohic

● It saddens me when people sing worldly tunes on sacred hymns. At best it shows poor taste; at the wor it shows rebellion toward a godly heritage, valuing the jazzy fast music of the world above the stately melodie of the church.

"Yankee Doodle" fits the Loblied about like a miniskirt fits an Amish grandmother or a flashy necktie on the Amish grandfather.

What good can we say of the modern hit tunes that ar written to appeal to the flesh, to entertain or to dance to? Surely the Christian has no desire to sing these tunes or even to hear them.

But what about so-called modern music? Isn't it nearly in the same class? I refer to the lightweight an shallow type of singing that those who reject our old church tunes are often accepting without asking any questions. -J.S., Honduras

● I would not approve singing fast tunes on our sacred hymns, and especially not "Yankee Doodle." That is a war path song of long ago and does not suit to such son as our forefathers wrote, often while in prison for thei faith. -A Concerned Grandmother, Indiana

△

Dear Sister

Somehow, I can't find the right words to express the burden that is on my heart. We have been so close to each other and shared so many things. Now that you are a wife and mother, and have little ones to raise and train, what a precious responsibility is yours!

I know you want your children to grow up in the fear of the Lord. They must be guarded so carefully, for how easy it is for little seeds of evil to sprout and grow in their innocent hearts. How very important it is that you are a good example to them in every way, and I know you want to be but...this brings us to the burden I mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

You do not comb your hair as modestly, or wear your covering as is fitting a true and faithful sister of our church. If you take the least bit of pride in combing your hair, or in the way you dress, how can you expect to raise your little children to be free from vanity and pride.

Our mother is no longer here to admonish us, but to me her words speak louder now than ever before. Perhaps, in your role as wife and mother, you have forgotten some of the things she taught us.

Of course, I know you want to be attractive to your husband, and being neat and clean is indeed important. But true beauty is not in wearing clothes that are a little "nicer" than they should be, or combing our hair in a way that attracts attention to ourselves. No, true beauty is in the heart, and shines out from within. No matter how "common" or how faded a dress is, it can not hide the beauty of a meek and humble spirit.

Your children are growing up, and they notice the things you do before you realize it. How can you expect God to guide and bless you if you can not give yourself up to submit to the authority which He has set over us, and to be obedient to the ordnung of the church?

It is so easy to think these are just little things and do not matter. But we must keep in mind that it is the "little things" that build up or tear down the standards of our church. May we look to you for your wholehearted support, first through yourself, and then through the children you have been a good example to.

Prayerfully,
Your Concerned Sister

Across the Window Sill
by Aunt Becky
SALT

Cheaper by the Dozen

Cheaper by the dozen?
That's what some folks may say.
Well, if it's really cheaper,
We've seen our cheapest day.
We'll discuss and talk it over
Now that the phrase is out...
I wonder if these people
Know what it's all about.

Low priced by the dozen?
Can washing be cut-rate...
While soaping, scrubbing dirt spots
Till arms begin to ache?
Is it really cheaper?
Is the ironing board your friend?
You're fortunate if you like it...
There is pressing without end.

Inexpensive by the dozen?
Did you see the mending pile?
Would you do the patching gladly...
And come through it with a smile?
As for spotlessness in cleaning,
It's never quite all done,
Occurring more than weekly,
For every day there's some.

Marked down by the dozen,
Farm chores, too, must be done.
No person stands by effortless—
There's a task for everyone.
We cluster round the table...
Come now, have you forgot
The expense and cost of cooking
And that a dozen eat a lot?

Economical by the dozen?
If you haven't changed your mind,
You're challenged! Wash our dishes,
There are plenty you will find.
You'll probably ask the question,
"How can a dozen communicate?"
It's often done at mealtime—
Many times we're told, "Please wait."

Reduced by the dozen?
Many happy times we share
When from oldest to the youngest
We gather round for prayer.
Oh, yes, it may be cheaper,
Our dozen, doesn't need
A drug to make us go to sleep;
Our pill- work- is guaranteed.

Cheaper by the dozen?
With hand-me-downs and such.
Is our family cheaper?
I doubt it very much.
Is it less expensive?
You and I might never know.
For my part- I'd not change it;
Our God has planned it so.
-Rosanna Stoltzfus

◆ ◆ ◆

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE WITH KEROSENE

Our little girl was almost a week old. It was early spring and the mornings were cool. We used a tin can with kerosene to start fire in the kitchen range. Being in a hurry, I set the can on the floor of the enclosed porch and soon forgot about it.

Towards evening it had warmed up and the porch door was left open. Suddenly the 15-month-old started coughing and choking. The can with kerosene was still in her hands. No one knew how much had been in the can but she coughed a long time and then acted very tired. My husband soon had someone to take us to the hospital. By then she had gone to sleep and I thought she would be all right again. I thought we'd go home again but my husband said we'll have her checked anyhow. The doctors and nurses pumped her stomach for 1/2 hour and the contents still strongly smelled of kerosene so she was put in oxygen. She ran a high temperature and was quite sick. We were thankful we had taken her to the hospital. The doctor said she would probably have gone to sleep and never woke up for this is what kerosene would do. How we thanked God when she was well again. We learned the hard way and now 14 years later, I seldom ever set down a can of kerosene without remembering that awful experience. -M. Schmidt

◆ ◆ ◆

SOMEONE SENT IN ADVICE on how to use honey. In a cake or cookie recipe that calls for other sweetening, reduce the amount of liquid 1/4th cup for each cup of honey used. When honey is substituted in baked goods, add 1/2 teaspoon baking soda to the recipe for every cup of honey used and bake at a lower temperature.

Mrs. Elmer Petersheim discovered that a pack of Lucky Whip makes twice as much as the directions say when she uses 1 cup of milk instead of 1/2 cup; but make sure that the bowl, egg beater and milk are very cold before starting.

For added flavor to the meat loaf, mix 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup vinegar, and 2 teaspoons dry or prepared mustard, then spread over meat loaf.

If your family doesn't care for canned string beans, pour off liquid and fry them with some flour added to the grease. Before serving add a bit of celery seasoning and fried chicken seasoning. Leftover meat, cut fine, may also be added.

Mrs. Noah S. Yoder wrote in and said if spices are placed in alphabetical order there's no problem where to find them when in a hurry.

A good way to use up old bread is to put it in

OLD-FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

1/3 cup sugar
1 t. nutmeg
3 beaten eggs
3 cups scalded milk

Combine sugar, nutmeg, and beaten eggs. Add scalded milk slowly. Mix well. Place old bread in the bottom of a greased casserole. Pour custard over this. Place in a pan of water. Bake one hour or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean.

-From Mother's Cookbook

◆ ◆ ◆

QUITE A FEW ANSWERS came explaining how to roast soybeans. Each one is agreed that they are delicious, as well as nutritious. Maybe I can merge all the answers into one recipe, and let each reader decide how they want to do it.

HOW TO ROAST SOYBEANS Wash the beans in cold water and remove debris. Some letters said soak overnight, some 6 hours, some 3 hours and one said 10 minutes in warm water. Drain well. (One reader places them on a towel, and then puts them in a colander to roast.) Place soybeans in oil that has been preheated to 375-400 degrees. Add more oil if it cooks away. Cook until soybeans begin to crack in half and float to the top, and the oil stops bubbling; some say 3 minutes, others 10 minutes, and still others 20 minutes. Watch closely, for soybeans burn easily. Drain, and then add salt.

One of the friends wrote she was told in a health food store that soybeans should first be covered with water, frozen, and then thawed before roasting.

From Mrs. R. L. S. of Iowa comes: "Are you in a rut, following the same routine for meals— meat, vegetables, and potatoes? That type of menu can get old, both for the the cook and the rest of the family. My husband likes porky pie real well. Maybe there'll be other husbands who will find it so. Did you ever ask the 'man in your life' what he'd like to eat for supper? You might be surprised! If he tells you, make it right away— otherwise he might not tell you if you ever want another suggestion.

◆ ◆ ◆

PORKY PIE

4 medium sweet potatoes
1 1/2 t. salt
2 T. butter
1 1/2 t. cinnamon sugar
1 lb. ground pork (I use sausage)
dash of pepper
2 T. flour
1 1/2 cups water

Cook potatoes in salt water, and peel. Mash slightly and add butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and cinnamon sugar. Add a little milk if necessary. Brown pork patties and drain. (Canned sausage works fine, too.) Make a gravy with the water, flour, and sausage broth. Pour over patties in a shallow baking pan. Spread sweet potatoes over top. Bake at 400° for 20 minutes.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Here is one of our favorite recipes," writes Mrs. Albert N. Yoder. "It tastes similar to onion rings but is much easier to fix."

ONION PATTIES

3/4 cup flour
1 T. sugar
1 T. cornmeal
2 t. baking powder
1 t. salt
3/4 cup milk
2 1/2 cups finely chopped onions

Mix dry ingredients together then add milk. Batter should be fairly thick. Add onions and mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonful into deep fat. Flatten slightly when you turn them.

◆ ◆ ◆

BISCUIT MIX

8 cups flour
8 t. sugar
1 3/4 cup shortening
1/3 cup baking powder
2 t. cream of tartar
2 t. salt

Sift dry ingredients and cut in shortening until fine and crumby. Put in air tight container.

Take 1 cup mix; add 1/3 cup milk. Bake 10-12 minutes at 450°, or add 1 cup powdered milk to the mix then use water.

-F.E.B.

◆ ◆ ◆

GINGERBREAD MIX

8 cups sifted flour
2 1/4 cups sugar
2 1/4 cup shortening
1 T. salt
2 1/2 t. baking soda
2 T. baking powder
1 t. cloves
3 T. ginger and cinnamon

Sift dry ingredients together twice. Add shortening and mix until crumbly. Store in a tight jar and place in a cool place. To use, combine:

2 cups mix
1 egg
1/2 cup baking molasses
1/2 cup boiling water

Mix and bake.

-F.E.B.

◆ ◆ ◆

Some Mothers Write

Denim is expensive so I usually use old worn pieces for pockets. Pockets take enough denim to almost make a small pair of pants. I mended so much on the last ones I I didn't have any to use this winter; so I went to an English neighbor lady and asked if she had worn- out work clothes. She did and gladly gave them to me for pockets.

-Ohio

One of our ministers had this in his sermon recently, "He stands best who kneels most."

-E.B.

◆ ◆ ◆

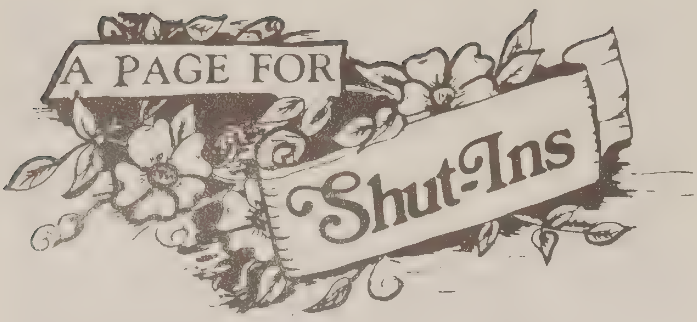
A moment in the morning, a moment if no more,
Is better than an hour, when the trying day is o'er.
'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the manna for the day;
If you fail to gather early... Alas! it fades away;
So, in the hush of morning, take the offered hand of love
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness thereof.
thereof.

◆ ◆ ◆

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Criticism can be a stepping stone — if it is constructive.

Aunt Becky



Windows

I do not choose to be shut in but if it has to be,
Lord, give me a window to sit by and think—
of passing man, and Thee.

IF A SHUT-IN ever becomes discontented with his surroundings, then he should think of himself as being a shut-in in an igloo with the wind and the snow whipping about on the outside. Can we not believe this to be about the loneliest place on earth for one who is shut in. Can imagine a house without windows, the lack of sunshine, and the bitter cold outside? If there'd be any reading material, we would have to read by the light of the open fire in the center of the building.

I at times wonder if there are shut-ins in the Far North. Surely, people get sick there, too, and have accidents. Then my thoughts travel to the lands where people live in tents. When the weather is cold, they too are shivering...in a home without windows.

In my mind there's nothing that seems quite so lonely as a house without windows. A window is an essential part of the shut-in's life. There, a flower may be blooming on the inside and birds singing on the outside. A window gives us a part of the world, even if it be but a small part, where many miracles take place daily. It is a place where the imagination can find scope, a place to dream and to concentrate.

I love to think of how Daniel knelt before an open window facing Jerusalem three times a day and prayed unto God.

It seems to me if I would build a house it would consist mostly of windows. I can hear someone saying, "You never have to clean them; that's why you would want many of them."

We would miss much of this life if we couldn't watch the sun rise to greet another day. An eastern window seems like an emblem of hope for it faces the dawn of a new beginning. A new and hopeful beginning in a day that has not yet been marred by sin, in a day that has not held sorrow or pain. The sunrise through a window can awaken the heart with a new hope that "today" will be better than "yesterday," and that there will be a "tomorrow" somewhere, sometime.

Windows can be disappointments too. I once entered the home of an elderly man. I was hardly inside the door until I noticed that his windows cooped me in. They were so high that no one could see the road from a sitting position. I craned my neck to look out upon the distant hills and sky.

This man and his wife were quite active when they built their house; then they didn't fully realize the importance of windows. They probably thought if they build them high enough, people can't easily see inside, and there'd be more privacy; but neither could those on the inside see out...unless they were standing.

Before building it would have been wise if they had sat on a chair and thought how they would build if they would be spending 3/4th of their remaining days sitting, a part of their last days in bed, and a part on the wheelchair. Had they done so their halls and doors would have been wider, their windows lower, nothing would be too high, and there would be no steps. Later if they had come to such a state in life, there would be no regrets about how they built their house; and then they would be fully prepared for their sunset years, come what may. These are not the pleasantest thoughts— that a person may become an invalid— but since we cannot pry open the door to the future, they must admit that there is a possibility that some day their legs will not carry them as they do now.

At the time when men build their "grandfather" houses, they are usually supple and can't fully realize that the time will come when they will be sitting through most of their waking hours, that they will be wanting windows— windows low enough so that their spirit will not be pressed in by four walls...for life across the windowsill still holds many pleasant hours for them. The low window will take the invalid or the elderly couple out into the fields and the garden again. Then they will not be alone. Their minds will be out where the hay is being cut, or in the garden gathering flowers. It will roam along paths with the children.

Build low windows and let yourself free. He who has a window to sit by and meditate, is overseer of his part of of the world.

OH, NEVER BUILD the windows high...So we see only clouds and sky...For a window's the place to wave toward men...Which warms the heart and gives cheer again...A window's eyes sees seasons' glow...From summer's flowers to the winter's snow...Watches childred trod home from school...Sees the sunset over the lily pool...Rejoices in the upturned sod...And sees the weary homeward plod...A window can lift the cheerless soul...To laughter and song as nature unfolds...Sees daily miracles of clouds and sky...Where without restrictions birds wing by...Oh, give me a window where I can dream...Within the sun's rays or in moonlight's gleam...Where I can in thought with mortal man trod... Where I can touch the harps of God.. -Sarah M. Weaver

* * *

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?

I know of a person in a neighborhood who had never known of altogether good health. As long as he was able to help along, he always took his part. He is slowly getting worse and isn't hardly able to do anything anymore. Why does the Lord still leave him living, for his request is, "Could I but have died instead of the needed friend who died so suddenly and was still able to work." But God's ways are not our ways.

Some people say, "What do you think of him? Do you think he is as sick as he pretends? Why does he give up so easily and doesn't try harder to get well?"

Then there are people who say the sick person doesn't do as he should, and isn't as sick as he pretends to be. How would we react should we hear the doctor say we have to operate, or worse yet, "I can't help you." Let us do what we can for the person who is not able to work and let us think, someday it may be me; and then others will be saying we are not doing as we should.

-Honeybrook

ARE WE REALLY THANKFUL?

It has been said that "Thank You" are the two most important words in the English language and I agree. What I can't understand is why don't more of our own people practice saying them? Most parents try to teach their little ones to say "Danky" when first they learn to talk. It must be it sounds cute when little ones say it for so often the older ones don't say it. Little ones don't need to be very old before they will notice what the older ones do or don't do. Then they want to imitate the older ones.

It seems to me if someone gives us something the least we can do is to say "Thank You." I have seen it where a bowl of apples, oranges or candy was passed and no one said a word of thanks or let on like they appreciated it. What is worse yet, is that I have seen it already when someone did say "Thank You" the others rolled their eyes and stared at him like he said something bad. Is there any wonder that little ones sometimes get stubborn when they are supposed to say it in front of a group of people?

I would like to relate a little incident. I know an elderly person, who through hardening of the arteries, has lost the blessings of a sound mind. She is not even able to recognize the members of her own family. She needs much help and care and talks very little but when someone does something for her, she always says "Thank You." The point I would like to bring out is that if she hadn't practiced that all her life as a mother and grandmother, how could she remember those two most important words, now that everything else is gone?

This has prompted me to try harder to keep up the habit that I was taught as a child, to say "Thank You" in return for something or some kindness. If ever I should happen to live in an unknown world to me like this poor soul does, I hope I will still be able to show my appreciation by saying those two most important words.

-Thank You.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

THE FOLLOWING REMEDIES are recommended for bed wetting

- Giving the child 1 or 2 teaspoons of honey before retiring
- Adding a small amount of epsom salts in the diet (these can be put into small capsules, to make them easier to take)
- Dandelion. This is a healthful dish and may be added to different dishes. Roasted dandelion roots is a good coffee substitute.

MANY HOME REMEDIES can be found in the kitchen cupboard, such as, vinegar, flour, salt, soda, red pepper, etc. Cream of tartar can also be added to the list.

Cream of tartar is called "Wein-Stein" in German (Vi-shtay" in Pennsylvania Deutsch). "Wein-Stein" is the white substance that is found in grape juice. It is said that doctors used to put some cream of tartar on their tongue before entering a home where there was a contagious disease.

Cream of tartar is known as a blood cleanser. To give to a child, fill a teaspoon with Br'er Rabbit molasses (which is rich in iron and also considered a blood cleanser), then sprinkle cream of tartar on top.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT This month's cover was sketched by Mrs. Alta Hershberger of Selinesville, Ohio.

WHERE THERE IS LOVE

Where there is love, the heart is light,
Where there is love, the day is bright.
Where there is love, there is a song
To help when things are going wrong.

Where there is love, there is a smile,
To make all things seem more worthwhile.
Where there is love, there's quiet peace,
A tranquil place where turmoils cease.

ANSWERS TO GERMAN QUIZ from page 19

1. Beschwöre C. adjure, charge; burden, hardship. "...Ich beschwöre dich bei dem lebendigen Gott..." Mt. 26:63

2. Fand B. found, discovered "...kam zu seinen Jüngern, und fand sie schlafend..." Mt.26:40.

3. Gegossen D. poured, shed, spill, sprinkle. "Dasz sie dies Wasser hat auf meinen Leib gegossen..." Mt.26:12.

4. Gericht A. judgement, court of, justice, jurisdiction. "Das ist aber das Gericht, dasz das Licht..." Jn. 3:19.

5. Herrschen D. rule, reign, govern, prevail, exist. "Denn die Sünde wird nicht herrschen können über euch..." Rom. 6:14.

6. Jammertal A. vale of tears, or woe (poet.) "..und guten Geist durch das Jammertal geleiten..." Christenpflicht.

7. Köpfe C. heads "...lästerten ihn, und schüttelten ihre Köpfe." Mt.27:39.

8. Leisten A. give, do, fulfill, effect, produce "..ihr gehorsam zu leisten in seinen Lüsten." Rom.6:12.

9. Loos, los D. lot, share, fate, destiny; also loose, flowing, free. "...theilten sie seine Kleider, und warfen das Loos darum..." Mt.27:35.

10. Neuem B. again, anew, afresh "Ihr müsset von neuem geboren werden." Ja.3:7.

11. Noch D. nor, still, yet, besides "...nicht annehmen wird, noch eure Rede hören..." Mt. 10:14.

12. Offen B. open, clear, "...Deine gnädigen Augen über uns offen sein, nimm uns..." Christenpflicht.

13. Sausen C. rush, storm, rushing noise. "...wo der Wind blazet, und du hörest sein Sausen wohl..." Jn. 3:8.

14. Sold A. wages, pay, reward. "Denn der Tod ist der Sünde Sold: Rom. 6:23.

15. Sollen D. should, shall, ought to. "...also sollen auch wir in einem neuen Leben wandeln." Rom.6:4.

16. Umsonst A. free, for nothing, without pay; in vain. "...umsonst habt ihr es empfangen, umsonst gebt es auch." Mt.10:8.

17. Unmündigen C. under age, not of age, minors. "...und hast es den Unmündigen geoffenbaret." Mt.11:25.

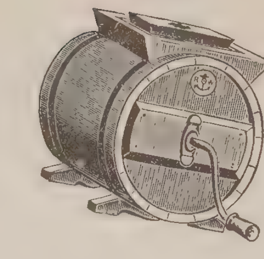
18. Verfolgen B. persecute, pursue, trail, prosecute "Wenn sie euch aber in einer Stadt verfolgen, so fliehet ..." Mt. 10:23.

19. Wachsen C. grow, increase, thrive "Er musz wachsen, ich aber musz abnehmen." Jn. 3:30.

20. Zwölf D. twelve "Und er rief seine zwölf Jünger zu sich..." Mt. 10:1.

THE WORLD AROUND US

Let's Have Homemade Butter!



Sometime ago we asked for ideas on how to make good homemade butter and have it churn easily. We received a number of replies, and they pretty well agreed on most points. However there was some variation of opinion. We are printing some of the letters herewith. We also received other letters expressing the same thoughts as these.

My Grandmother always told me, "Stir the cream every day, then when you are ready to churn it, let it set at room temperature till it gets 60 degrees." I use a thermometer. I always got butter and didn't have to churn long. She also told me to wash it well in cold water after you pour off the buttermilk, then slap and squeeze it all out and add salt. Next day work it again and mold it. If done right, the butter doesn't get strong near as soon. I froze mine then and had fresh butter all the time. -Mrs. J. Z., New Holland, Pa.

I am satisfied it helps to feed a good amount of salt to the cows. At times I also put salt in the cream if I have trouble with churning. Another thing of importance is the temperature of the cream. In summer it should be 60 or 62 and in winter 66 to 68 degrees. The fresher the cow, the easier it churns but that is something you can't regulate for you can only keep them fresh for a month or two. -N. K., Salisbury, Pa.

Cream is harder to churn the end of lactation or when cow is "alt-melkich" especially if it smells or tastes a little strong like it sometimes does. The cream from one such cow can ruin a whole batch of butter. I find cream should be 66 to 68 in summer and 70 or 72 in winter. Too cold cream is hard to churn and too warm cream makes soft mushy butter.
-Mrs. J. K., Meyersdale, Pa.

It can be stubborn at times, especially from old milking cows. Cool off the cream and keep it cool around 50 to 60 degrees. Before churning, let it warm to sour then have it close to 62 degrees to churn. Then if it still don't work, sell your Holstein cow and buy a Jersey. If that won't work I am beat. -Y., Ontario

After we were married, we made butter for several grocery stores. If the butter churned hard we would use salt petre as that also keeps the butter from tasting old. We would put 1/4 teaspoon to a gallon of cream or a little more if the cows were old milking. In the winter the cream can be too cold which makes it churn hard.
-Oklahoma

I was glad to see the butter subject brought up. I wonder about some things, too. Sometimes you get more butter from the same amount of cream and I would like to know what it takes to get the most butter. It can be very tiresome at times to wear yourself out churning and still no butter. I have been at it an hour at times.

Now since I only have to churn for 5 to 10 minutes I feel I have whipped that problem. The temperature has a lot to do with it. I put one cup of buttermilk in the cream and let it set a day at room temperature and sour. Not a rancid sour, but sweet sour, if that makes sense. Then I cool it a little and churn real fast a while and then do something else to rest a few moments, then turn fast again. I learned that from the Bevely Story and it works!

Another secret of making good butter is to salt it heavily. For my 3-lb spread out, I put on so much salt I can't see butter in some places. Mix the salt and let it set awhile, then work it again and pour off the liquid. I think the salt helps. -L. M., Guthrie, Ky.

Mother is the blossom...
Radiant complete
The children are the tiny buds...
Delicate and sweet.
Father is the sturdy stem
That holds them straight and tall,
Love is the root that gives them life
And nourishes them all. Selected

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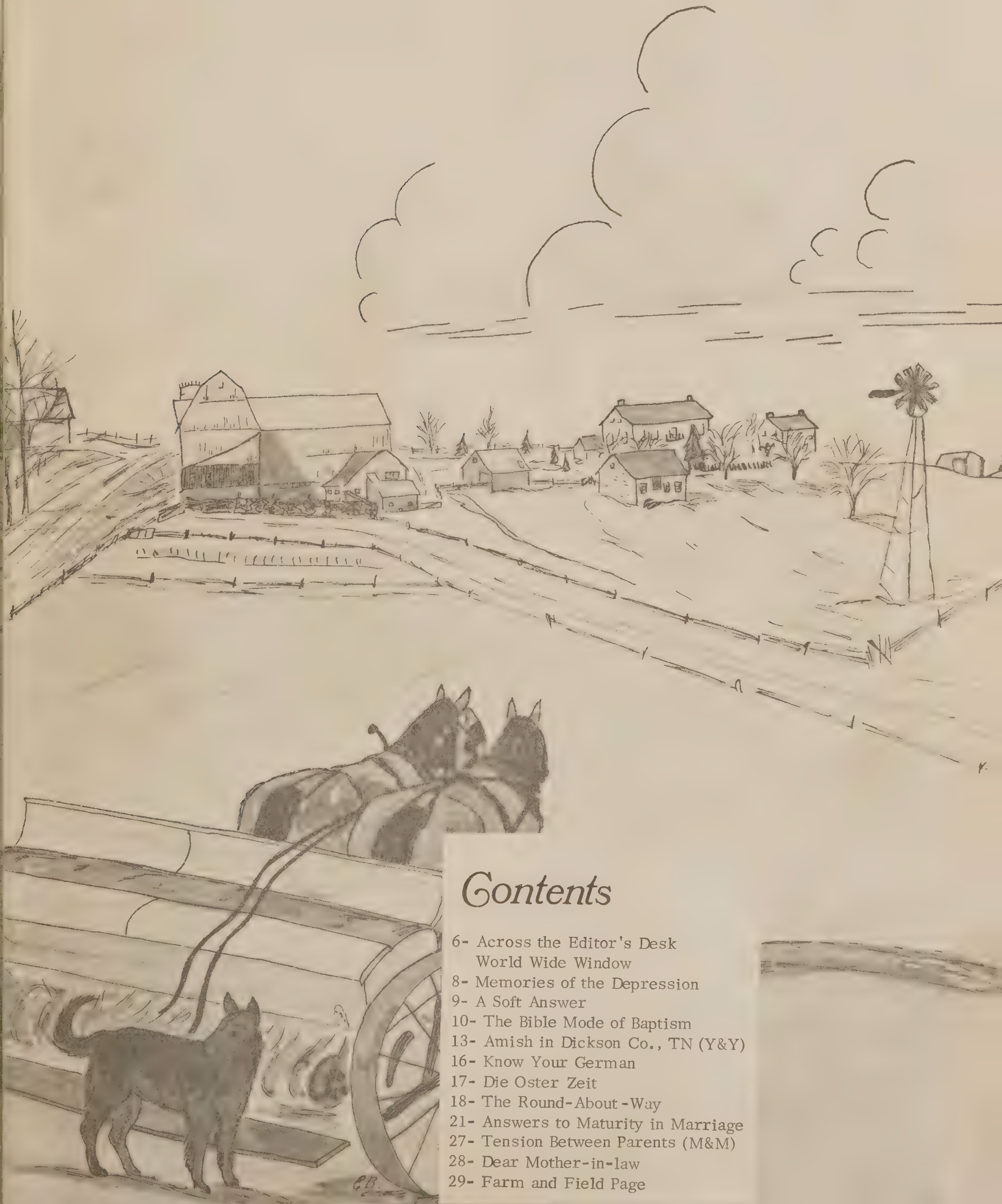
FAMILY LIFE

April 1975



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Letters TO THE EDITOR

OUT OF A FOG

I just got done reading the article on the book of Revelation (Feb. issue.) It helped me to understand the book so much better. I feel like I have come out of a fog and can see clearly now. I think it would be worthwhile to have reprints of this article in booklet form.

-N.K., Arthur, Illinois

MISSED THE MAIN THEME

I think the article on Revelation was presented in a Scriptural and practical way. I must admit that I have been guilty of being overwhelmed by specific details of certain events and have missed the main theme which is Jesus Christ. I believe the book of Revelation and other prophecies in the Bible are written for encouragement of believing Christians and for a warning to the unbelieving world. I think it is a shame that this book is a "closed book" to many people just because they can not fully understand the details. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for instruction in righteousness (I Tim. 3:16)

I have studied both the pre- and the amillennial viewpoints concerning the one thousand year reign of Christ on earth. In my opinion, the amillennial teaching is the most consistent and Scriptural, and harmonizes best with the teachings of Christ himself. Outside of the twentieth chapter of Revelation the words "thousand years" occur in only two places, Ps. 90:4 and II Peter 3:8.

Can Satan be bound in the present era? I believe it refers to the greater power of Christ in the hearts and lives of believers (See Matt. 12:28-29, Luke 11:14-22; and I John 4:4) The first resurrection undoubtedly means a spiritual conversion experienced in this present life (John 5:25; Eph. 2:1-5; and Romans 6:4).

As we study the book, we should remember that it is the revelation of Jesus Christ and that God sent and signified (showed by signs) these things unto John. We should not be too certain about the exact meaning of symbolic Scripture, but compare and see how Revelation fits in with the other sixty-five books of the Bible.

Yes, God has everything under control and if we love Him, we know that all things work together for good. The most important question is not, are we pre- or amillennialists, but rather are we washed in the Blood of the Lamb and ready to meet Him in the air?

-Sugarcreek, Ohio

NO BOOK OF REVELATIONS

The author of the article in the February issue of Family Life raises some interesting points. The literalists will no doubt find it wholly unacceptable but I have no particular disagreement with the views expressed.

However I do believe if anyone wishes to be believed on a controversial issue, he should name his sources correctly. On numerous occasions I have heard self-styled experts of prophetic Scripture go on at length about "the book of Revelations". Then I start wondering how he can be so sure of his interpretation when he does not have even the name of the book correct. To the best of my knowledge "The Book of Revelations" does not exist in the New Testament. The King James Version as well as other versions list the last book as "The Revelation."

-Leroy Miller, Virginia

EDITOR'S NOTE: It was our mistake, not the author's. We take full responsibility for the error and thanks for calling our attention to it.

SIGNS OF HIS COMING

I want to thank the author of the article on Revelation. After I was done reading it, I read the first chapter in the Book of Revelation again and the things just went together very plain. There is reason enough why the book is in the Bible because John was often told to write what he sees and the words he hears for it is the truth. I think it is still good reading for us today.

But if we want to think of the end of the world, why not leave the book of Revelation, and read Jesus' own words as to the signs of His second coming as he told it to His disciples. I love to read Matthew 24 and 25.

-One Who Believes The Time Is Coming

FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY

I thought the article on "To Take The Blame" in the February Views And Values was very good, but would like to submit another thought on Joseph telling his brothers after he made himself known to them, "See that ye fall not out by the way." Joseph and Benjamin were both the children of Rachel. After Rachel had died, apparently Jacob gave a special love to Joseph, enough so that because of his favors to Joseph, his brothers were moved with envy and sold him into Egypt. We find that Joseph paid special favors to Benjamin and gave him much more than the other brothers when they came to Egypt. Perhaps this is why Joseph warned them not to be envious of Benjamin. In our time we should think that if our Heavenly Father shares more with some than with others, this should give us no reason to "fall out by the way." If a man is hard working and gets his material gain in an honorable way, I think we should rejoice with him instead of being envious. Maybe after all that happened to them, the brothers of Joseph were in much better condition to rejoice with Benjamin than they were with Joseph.

M.R., Pa.

→ →

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy
Women's and Shut in Section, Sarah M. Weaver
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller
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Production: Jacob Eicher
Subscriptions and mailing, Martha Helmuth
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage
In U.S.A. Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA Second Class mail registration No. 0072
PRINTED IN CANADA

HE DID HAVE BACK TROUBLE

I would like to send some thoughts on the story "To Take The Blame." I know there is a lot of blame shifting but I think perhaps some poor examples were used in the story. Was Amos to blame if he did have back trouble? He didn't make his back. We had a neighbor who died sometime ago leaving his widow and children. He always had some financial trouble and many people blamed him for not being able to get his work done. We now know he had diabetes and kidney trouble. Was he to blame that he did not get his work done? Was he to blame that he often did not feel like working? Perhaps if we would not have blamed him so much for being behind these many years and given him a helping hand instead, his life might have been much easier.

In the next instance, was Earl Bart to blame that he had debts? I know of a man who lost his barn through fire. He was not at home at the time it started. Is he to blame for this? Maybe if he would have been at home, he could have saved it. He had no way of knowing what difference it might make if he were to stay at home that day. Is he to blame for this or was it to happen like this?

I think it is the same way with children that go astray. Can anyone truthfully say that all the blame rests on the one that goes, or on the parents? I believe that usually there is a shared blame. We should be careful that by blaming others, we do not put a stumbling block in front of our brother and have to take a share of the blame ourselves in the end.

Suppose we have a neighbor who breaks his leg and the grain is ripe and starting to go down. I am busy threshing but wouldn't I be to blame if my neighbor loses his crop? -Name and address withheld

FOUR FINGERS POINTING BACK

The article "To Take The Blame" was very interesting. Something that I remember very clearly from my school days is our teacher saying to us, "Remember, when you point your finger at someone else, there are always four fingers pointing back to yourself." Why is it always easier to see other people's faults than our own? I have a brother that left the church. He found fault with the church here and there and also put the blame on most of the members as a reason for leaving. We tried to approach him with questions and reasons to make him see his mistake and remain faithful, but all to no avail. It seems when more worldly possesions are allowed somewhere else, the temptation is too great. He told me that he still has as much love and respect for his parents and brothers and sisters as ever. But actions speak louder than words. As time goes by we can see for ourselves his love for his Christian parents and relatives is growing very cold. I believe you get out of your church what you put into it. I once read somewhere, "Church members are either pillars or caterpillars. The pillars support the church, the caterpillars just crawl in and out." -Pennsylvania

LITTLE EXCEPT THE BIBLE

Stories like "His Stay Was Short" (February issue) bring many tears to my eyes. To have a child in the hospital is hard but to have one who is gravely ill and being unable to help him is so much more. After our baby was born with a cleft lip and palate, I read little except the Testament. I have always done a lot of reading but that time I cared for little except the Bible. During my other recoveries, I always found myself spending too much time with other reading matter. Just lately I have thought so much of Levi's three hospital stays. Every time I push a crib, I can see Levi going down the hall to the operating room. I'll never forget his terrifying screams when we had to leave him. It brings tears even now to think how he must have felt in such a strange world, not being able to understand anyone. I hope I will never have to put a child in the hospital again where I will not be allowed to stay with him. -Mrs. A.M., Ohio

MARRIAGE NOT ON THE ROCKS

I appreciated the answers to the Maturity In Marriage articles. We do need to adjust and appreciate each other for what we actually are as was brought out in the letters. However I feel a vital point was missed in the answers to "Not Geared The Same." We should give no room to Satan's teachings that after marriage, our relationship will always have to be on the rocks. To uphold differences as the ideal relationship does not appear to me as Scriptural or realistic. It seems to me, the bigger the differences, the harder it would be to reach a relaxed and contented adjustment and the greater the chances for failure.

Perhaps more consideration should be given before marriage that out lives should blend in true Scriptural unity and oneness and then there would not need to be so many instances of just having to "grit your teeth and bear it" attitude. Marriage calls for teamwork. If I want a good team of horses, I will not hitch a driving horse and a slow work horse together on the same team.

I feel my wife and I are geared very much the same and have a good working relationship. No, we do not always see everything 100% alike but feel we do have the same ideals and characteristics. I would not want to say exactly how similar partners should be but if it makes us tense to wait on someone that is slow, we had better not marry a slow person for chances are we will be headed for trouble. However if I am nervous and easily excited but can appreciate a calmer character and if my partner would be vice-versa, then I don't know why such a relationship wouldn't work. Of course no team of horses are exactly alike in every detail, nor are two people. But I feel we should give serious thought before marriage as to whether our characteristics will blend together harmoniously. After all, it is a much more important matter than buying a well matched team of horses. -Trying to Pull Steady

GOD CAN HELP BOTH KINDS

As I read the answers to "Not Geared The Same" I had to thank the Lord for giving partners with differences the power to blend into a working harmony. Is differences in marriage necessary to bring out a well rounded personality and a submissive spirit in the church? Then where do those of us who are geared more alike fit into the picture? Shall we not say that the same God who can help the couples with differences, can also help the "alike couples"? One advantage is that if you have personally experienced something and overcome it, then you can understand and help others better who have the same problems.

Whether we are geared differently or the same, I feel we should have a basic understanding of and appreciation for each others' personality, even before we step into marriage. If we have this, there is still much room for improvement and growing in love. -Geared Alike, Mo.

EVEN DREAMED THE SAME

You said you would like to hear from those who are geared alike. I thought the subject was on being geared differently so I didn't write. But in case you're still interested, there are couples who are geared alike and we are one of them.

There are many advantages in being geared the same, but when you both have the same weaknesses, you aren't much of a help to each other. We both enjoy singing, we're geared the same in working, both have a great love for children. We enjoy visiting and travelling. We like to try new dishes of food and find our tastes are much the same. We share the same goal in teaching our children and share convictions and concerns for the church. It is not unusual for us to say the same words at the same time. We are often thinking the same thoughts. I may say, "I was thinking about so and so," and he replies, "I was thinking the same." Twice in the last week, we dreamed the same thing in the same night.

You may be thinking we should never have any problems, but this is not true. You see, we are both impatient and quick spoken. While in our first years of marriage, this did cause problems, we have learned the meaning of being crucified with Christ and then we were able to mostly overcome this. However the old man rises to the surface once in awhile and hasty words are spoken but since we're both natured to forgive quickly, it never proves to be serious in the end.

-Glad we're geared the same.

KEEP THE DOOR OPEN

Was glad for the "talking over" point brought out in the "gem" letter in the answers to "Not Geared The Same." If we can talk things over and together try to understand God's will and come to conclusions, we may spare ourselves many a bitter reaping. But if the door of communication is closed we shut off the blessings for how can we share and help each other.

It is true that we may not always be able to understand the feelings of our partners on certain matters but there should be no fear to discuss them. If there is a wall between us that we can not talk things over then it is not "us" but "you and me." If it is not "us" at heart then we are not one flesh and our marriage is no deeper than the outward form. We should have the confidence that we can share, before we marry.

-Let's Keep The Door Open, Mo.

THOU SHALT NOT SMOKE

I read with interest the letter about smoking, in the February issue, and would say a hearty "Amen" to it. I never had the habit although I did already smoke O.P. tobacco, much to my regret.

I have heard the same remark that God lets it grow so it shouldn't be wrong to smoke it. But did not the same God also plant a tree of knowledge of good and evil right in the midst of the garden of Eden, yet he forbade them to eat of it. Now you might say, the Bible does not say "Thou shalt not smoke." Neither does it say, "Command every Christian to smoke." No, of course not, because nobody knew of such a thing then, but it does say, "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination before God. In many places, it also tells us to humble ourselves. I have yet to see or hear of the first person who didn't take his first smoke because of "Pride." -Wisconsin

SNACKING BETWEEN MEALS

I have wondered about some of the stories in the Pathway papers. Do they all have to be romantic and exciting in order to hold the interest of the reader? Also the stories where brothers and sisters are always teasing each other might give the young people the idea that this is the right thing to do. I also notice that snacking between meals is sometimes encouraged instead of discouraged. I wonder how many people are really hungry between meals or is it done merely out of habit? When my wife and I were in each other's presence before marriage, fellowship was more important than meals, much less snacking between meals. Why should Christians be interested in so many different tasty recipes? Could this be one reason why children become "sneaky." If we are hungry, we won't need new recipes all the time. We could become like the children of Israel who were not satisfied with the manna God sent, but wanted meat. I think it is all right to print simple nourishing recipes but if we fix a lot of tasty dishes, we can be encouraging overeating which is a sin. -H. & E.O., Pa.

DRY BREAD AND WATER

In the home where I grew up we were taught not to spend money for "handy" foods or flavor additives. Never were we allowed to complain about the bread on the table if it didn't turn out to the best to our taste. Mom would say, "We were never allowed to complain in our home for Grandma wouldn't let us." Then she would explain to us the experience her Dad had while crossing the seas to America. The bread was baked, cooled and rebaked time and again until it was hard as a rock so it wouldn't mold. Then it had to be soaked in water till eatable and was his diet on the boat coming over.

Now as I walk down the aisles of the supermarket I am never really tempted to pick up the instant mixes, puddings, pie fillings, etc. In our 17 years of married life, I have never been able to bring myself to buy any. Always before my eyes comes the picture of Great-grandfather Wilhelm Bender, a 15 year old Amish boy, too poor to pay for his boat passage, soaking his bread in water, sailing away from his relatives, not knowing if he would ever see them again. What was his reason for doing it? To escape compulsory military training. Did he endure the hardships so we could enjoy the finest tasting foods or was it so we could live a Christian life in a country where there is religious freedom? We seldom buy meat, or ready mixed cereals because my conscience does not allow it.

As a young girl, I saw Grandma draw her last breath.

Love of the right use of money is the root of much good.
Being satisfied with less is sometimes greater riches than having more.
When a Christian starts gathering wealth, the question is, will God gain a fortune or lose a man?
The gates of Heaven are wide enough to admit any sinner saved by grace but too narrow to admit one sin.

Her concern for her descendants was great. She would admonish a lot and especially the last day, she talked until she was too weak and then wrote on paper until her strength failed her. Gradually her breaths were farther apart until the last one was drawn. That face has travelled with me and come before my memory many times and helped me over many temptations. Grandma often told us that the early Amish churches were urged to not spend money for themselves unless necessary and to keep their houses plain and unadorned so they could help needy people. Many times they sent money overseas to pay for more passengers to come to America. My hope is that these virtues can be implanted as deeply in our children as they were implanted in us.

-Mrs. D.B., Bloomfield, Iowa

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

In the February issue a reader asks the question, could it be possible that the Lord lets some sicknesses come upon man because of his sins of bad eating habits? Buechner's concordance tells us that sickness is one result of sin but can serve as a medicine for the health of the soul to save it from eternal punishment. It goes on to say that God is the best physician and He can heal the body through earnest and repentant prayer.

-One Of His Patients, Iowa

TO RAISE OUR OWN FOOD

The article "What's Missing In Our Foods" (Feb. Issue) gives us scientific evidence that man is foolish to refine his foods. I don't think we should live from the health food store, but try to raise our own foods as far as practical and stay away from processed foods. Neither do I think that we need a lot of vitamin supplements because we can get these from natural foods from field and garden. By taking all kinds of vitamins, we are again depending on the wisdom of man and it doesn't hold out. Don't get me wrong. I believe in going to a doctor and in taking vitamins when necessary but I don't think we should be making a religion out of it.

-Harry Oberholtzer, Shippensburg, Pa.

SUGAR SHOULD COST MORE

Mention is made in the "What's Missing In Our Foods" that "organic minded people" have been basing their arguments on the wrong things. Chemical fertilizers are only part of our argument. Anyone with common sense should be able to see that no "man-thought-up" way could be half as good as the old-fashioned natural way which our Creator planned which is what the "organic minded people" have been trying to tell us all along.

Another thing, why couldn't we do without refined sugar? I never read in the Bible that it was used then but I have read that they did have lots of good nourishing food. I wouldn't care if sugar cost $1.00 a pound.

-Pennsylvania

ANYONE CAN OVEREAT

In answer to the question as to when a person is overeating, I wonder if it is only the people who are on the heavy side? I know of light-weight people who eat twice as much as some heavy people and still stay on the slim side. A person can be careful whom we accuse of overeating. I have heard it said that if we go to the table and eat without giving thanks, "das ist gefressen"

-Baltic, Ohio

● ● Kind words take less breath than harsh ones. ● ●

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AN IDEAL DIET

The author of the article on the Depression years, in the February issue writes all they had to eat was meat, fruit, vegetables and potatoes. I'd say that sounds like a near ideal diet. I don't think the pastries, puddings and cakes people eat now are necessary. Were the people healthier then than now? Did they have fewer doctor and dentist bills? I would be interested in knowing.

It makes me think of the story of the healthy tramp. When asked how he stays so well, he said, "Oh, I get plenty of vitamins from the potato peelings and celery leaves folks throw in the garbage can. -Pennsylvania

A FAST MILKER

The children were wondering if the author of "Greedy Gertie" (Feb. Issue) has a secret for speed milking? My husband has been milking for forty years and try as he will, he can't do four cows in a half hour like those children did. Or was it maybe a special breed of cows?

-Pennsylvania

ANOTHER BUTTER METHOD

Here's the way we make butter. Take sweet cream (not sour) and bring it to a boil. Then cool it to room temperature (not real cold). Then churn. This butter will not turn rancid nearly as quickly as the butter made with unheated cream. Also the buttermilk will not taste sour, so to make good buttermilk, add some lemon juice (reconsituted, bottled) about two teaspoons to a cup. This buttermilk is then good to drink or to use in baking. -Mrs. M.Y., Centerville, Michigan

WHY HER HEAD WAS BURIED

Yesterday noon I came into the house and smelled the beans burning. This is quite unusual, for my wife is a good cook (or at least I have always thought so). You guessed it — she had her head buried in Family Life.

-D.E.B., Iowa

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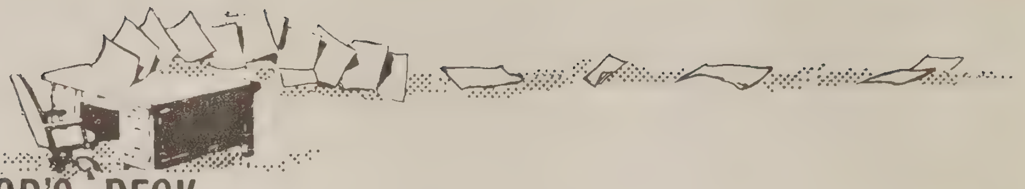


ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

We like to have articles that go with the season but often they come in too late and have to be held till the next year. In February we received two winter articles. One was about snow, the other one about ice cutting. Both of them were good and had we received them a month earlier we could have used them in the February issue. But March is getting toward spring in most of our communities. In fact they are even thinking of planting corn in some of the southern states, so we reluctantly decided to lay these two items away until another winter season. The past winter has been unusually mild, actually the mildest winter since we have been living in Canada, and besides that, everyone was predicting an early spring.

Then what happened? When March came, we had more snow than we had all winter. The pond suddenly froze hard enough to cut ice so the hum of the ice saw could be heard after all.

We figured it wouldn't last so we called the weather bureau and asked what the temperature outlook was for the next five days. They told us a little below freezing each night and thawing in the daytime. About this time an east wind brought rain and a warming up so we worked all day in rain to get the ice in, changing clothes about every two hours. What happened then? The next day was colder and the next still colder. Several mornings it was nearly zero and there was plenty of time to cut ice.

The weather forecasts are correct a lot of the times but about when you are depending on it, they are mistaken. Recently I read of a farmer in Texas who has a cow that is able to forecast the weather. She seems to have an instinct to tell her what the weather is going to be the next day. The farmer noticed that if stormy weather was on the way, the cow stayed in the barn. But when the sun was going to shine the next day, the cow would go out to graze even if it were drizzling at that time. The farmer challenged the Houston Weather Service which uses a computer to predict the weather. A local newspaper agreed to do the score-keeping. For every correct prediction, the cow and the computer would get one score. For every miss, they would lose one point. At last reports, the cow was well in the lead with a score of 19 to 8.

Our mail service here in Canada has not been very good the last month or so. Some letters have been delayed 3 or 4 weeks because of the mail strikes, while other letters come through on time.

This month's German section was delayed because of the mail strike and arrived too late to have it set in Gothic type. We are glad the German editor has recovered enough to resume his writings.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

BEEF CONSUMPTION—TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE

After the predicted world meat shortage failed to materialize, many people are taking a second look at the advantages of meat in the diet. Annual beef consumption in the U.S. is 109 pounds per person, in other words, a 1,100 pound steer will dress out enough meat for a family of six persons. This 109 pounds carcass weight of beef figures out to 43 pounds of red lean meat per person, which is less than two ounces per day of red meat.

Answering to the objection that steers consume a lot of grain which might be better used as food for hungry people in the world, it has been pointed out that beef is grown on many acres of grassland which are unsuitable for growing crops. Corn and other feed grains are fed during the last few months to develop quality and speed up growth.

Beef contains essential nutrients not available from any other single food source. The Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations recently made the statement that the world's diet needs animal protein in amounts up to one third of total protein requirements. They also support livestock production as an effective way to use otherwise unproductive land, as well as grain products not suitable for human consumption.

With present prices the way they are, many families are cutting down on pork consumption and substituting beef instead.

NOBODY WANTS TO GET INVOLVED

Two incidents in the news recently indicates that people in the world today are little concerned about helping their neighbors. In California a woman lay at the bottom of a gorge calling for help for six days before she was finally rescued. After her car crashed from the highway, the woman survived in freezing temperatures until a teenager finally discovered her. Two days earlier a man who was passing by heard her cries for help and started down the gorge but changed his mind and left again. He told the woman that anyone who didn't know better than travel along that road deserved whatever they got. He said he doesn't want to get involved and left.

In Northern Canada a $100,000 house was allowed to burn to the ground after two fire companies within two miles of the house refused to fight the blaze. The owner said he noticed smoke coming out of the large house at noon but could not get anyone to respond to his alarms. Four hours later flames appeared and destroyed the house.

Meanwhile the Sturgeon Falls Fire Department and the Springer Township Fire Department stood idle and refused to answer the call since the home was located on the other side of the Township line. The fire chief asserted that what goes on outside the township isn't his concern although they might respond if lives were at stake. "Our concern is right here in town," the fire chief said.

Such an attitude of course is beyond comprehension by the plain people who know nothing but to go the second mile to help someone in need. But such a change did not come over night. The first step is taken when each farmer becomes independent and quits swapping work with his neighbors. Years ago most of the farm work such as threshing, silo filling, hay making and even buzzing wood was a neighborhood undertaking. If we are travelling the same direction then it will be only a matter of time until we are at the same place.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PENNY

Shortage can turn up anywhere. About the last you'd expect to see would be a shortage of pennies. For some unexplained reason the 1974 penny is already a scarce item. The ones with the "S" mint which are made in San Francisco are now selling through coin collectors at $6.95 for a roll of fifty. That is almost 14¢ each. It is thought that perhaps this indicates an increase in the price of copper for the coming year.

All coins made before 1964 are now worth more for scrap metal than what their face value is. If you have any such coins, by all means save them, for most of them are now worth twice as much as their face value and may soon be worth more.

The suggestion has been made that coins may soon be discarded altogether and paper script used instead. There seems to be only one objection to that. How would you ever feed a piece of paper into a coin operated machine to make it work?

MOST WASTEFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

It has been said that many American families waste enough food to keep two or three families from starvation in the famine stricken countries of the world. Al Stacey, a garbage collector for 14 years in the city of Chicago says there is nothing like a garbage can to reveal what a resident is like. "What stumps me in these times of runaway food prices is the amount of good things going to waste," he said. "There is more good food being thrown out than ever before. Maybe it comes from families who had an argument at dinner time and just dumped it all into the garbage or maybe a big party was planned and only a few showed up and the leftovers were dumped. But how do you explain why there should be dozens of loaves of bread still soft in their unopened packages? And steaks and roasts, still in the original wrappers, cooked turkey, only a fourth eaten, unspoiled fruit of all kinds, unopened cans of vegetables? The dogs and cats that follow me are the best fed in the city. They haven't lost their sense of values, but people have in a world of hunger."

Not only food, but Stacey also finds perfectly good merchandise. When his children's friends ask him to get them a baseball bat, a sled or a doll, he can usually find one in his 25-block round of collecting garbage. His five-room house is filled with things he has found, furniture, chinaware, toys, copper and brassware, and all kinds of hardware. "I just love to collect and I see something new every day. I figure I have more than 20,000 items, not junk, but good things," Stacey says. He also has a two-car garage which is filled from floor to rafters with the overflow.

THE WRONG ADVICE

I was grocery shopping last week one day
In the large, grand store of I. G. A.
Our list was long with lots to buy,
I shuddered to think of prices so high.
Pushing a cart I went down the aisle
Gathering supplies which took quite awhile.
It was getting late, 'twas time to leave town
So we would get home ere the sun went down.
One more small item — I went in haste
To get some corn syrup, no time to waste.
I picked up a can, but from my hands it did sail;
I grabbed for it quickly, but to no avail.
It crashed to the floor. The lid off it came.
"Oh, no!" I thought. "Oh, what a shame!"
The puddle grew big as I watched in dismay,
Corn syrup pouring out and dribbling away.
Glancing around, I hoped no one would see
What a humiliating accident had happened to me!
Soon a tall lady in brown came passing by;
Her cart was loaded and piled plenty high,
"Let it go," she said carelessly, "and leave it lay;
They're used to cleaning messes here every day."
"Let it go?" I wondered, "And leave it lay?"
I just wasn't taught to do things that way.
If someone would step or slip in that mess
He would certainly be in a gooey distress.
Another old lady slowly came down the aisle
With nice blue eyes, gray hair, and a smile.
She spoke sympathatically as she then advised,
"A grocery boy'll help you; they're very nice."
So I went and talked to a boy in white;
He came with some towels to help with my plight.
He soon had the floor all spotlessly clean,
And I felt much better while leaving the scene.
As we were clopping on our homeward way,
I thought of the events that had happened that day.
Of the lady in brown, and the one with eyes blue
And how each had differently told what to do.
One influenced me right, the other one wrong;
That's the way life is as we travel along;
We are living our best and show someone the way
Or are causing someone to stumble or stray.

-Mrs. Cephas Kauffman

Memories of the Depression 1932–1933

In these days inflation seems to be getting worse from to day and there is lots of money in circulation. But money isn't worth much any more. It takes so much to buy a few items at the grocery store and feed is high while cattle are cheap. All this brings to my mind memories of the depression days— times when there wasn't much money in circulation. Most people didn't hardly have enough money to buy the necessities of life. No one bought anything which was considered a luxury. Everything was cheap.

Of course I wasn't very old at that time, but old enough to remember some pretty hard times, and they left some lasting impressions. I guess our family was among the hardest hit in our neighborhood due to circumstances beyond our control. We were renters and had moved in from a neighboring state in 1928 bringing with us eight head of big work horses and several buggy horses. People had warned us not to bring many cows on account of shipping fever. Our household goods, horses, cows, farm machinery and everything was moved by rail.

Soon after we had made this move, Dad bought quite a few milk cows, paying high prices for them and of course this meant we had to give a mortgage on our horses. The first few years we had crop failures due to weather conditions. The land was somewhat run down and didn't produce like it had where we came from.

Two years after we moved, we had lots of doctor bills to pay as my half-sister had an accident that her clothes caught fire and she was burned real bad. Why she wasn't put into a hospital, I don't know. But the doctor came out every day for three weeks or more to dress her wounds. I can remember after that, my parents had many worried expressions due to financial burdens.

But in 1931, when the bottom fell out of everything, farm produce prices plunged down. There wasn't enough money to pay the rent any more so we had to move to a smaller farm hoping we would be able to keep part of our livestock. Some had already been sold to pay rent and doctor bills. But prices continued to drop for farm produce and then some very dry years came. By 1932 eggs sold for 6¢ a dozen, butterfat was 16¢ a pound, wheat 39¢ a bushel, corn 15¢ a bushel, and no crops yielded well due to the drought. Everyone was talking about hard times and the depression and many business places closed down.

We lived close to a busy highway and I can remember seeing young families walking on the road carrying packs on their backs with small children walking beside them. Often one of the parents was carrying a crying baby. Always they were headed west, trying to find work. Many were on their way to California as they had heard it was better there.

About this time, we again had to move, just on a small acreage, with poor buildings on it. I often thought our family was having hard times but after seeing a family travelling like that, I felt we were blessed indeed to just have a roof over our heads and each evening as I went to bed, I became more aware of the meaning of that part of Dad's evening prayer where he asked God to keep his merciful hand over us and to cover us with the shadow of His wings.

There was just no money to pay off debts and the mortgage companies foreclosed on many people who were not able to pay even the interest. I shed many a tear to see our nice big team of work horses go, also all our milk cows but one. All we had left was a buggy horse. That winter was a hard one as all five of us children came down with the measles. We were so sick that when we did recover, we were unable to go to school for a year. We girls pieced some quilts for relatives back in Kansas which made us a little income. Dad cut wood at the river, by hand of course as there were no chain saws then, and exchanged it for food at the local grocery store. He tried to find work, but no one had any money to hire help with. When spring came, we regained our strength. One day Dad came home from town and asked my half sister, who was older than I, "Do you think you could earn $1.50 a week for us?"

Maybe this was an answer to our prayer for survival. An elderly couple needed help as they were one of the few farmers who were able to keep their cows. So she took the job and helped milk 14 cows, did the separating, plus housework, washing, and ironing on a washboard all for $1.50 a week. But this supplied our groceries for the family. My Dad said if it weren't for what my sister earned there would be no bread on our table.

A year later my half sister decided to go to another part of the state to be with her aunt and relatives as she found work there for $1.75 a week so I took on her job. I wish now I'd have a list of the groceries we bought with that $1.50 a week. Flour was 1¢ a pound, sugar 3 1/2¢ a pound. We'd buy what we had to have, such as flour, rice, corn meal, matches, soap, soda and baking powder, shoe soles to fix shoes, pins, (several of the girls in the family had a habit of losing pins) and some kerosene. It was so dry that few people had garden things to can. We learned to eat black eyed peas as they were a field crop and grew better in dry weather than green beans. My Dad helped a man press and cook sorghum and brought home ten gallons of molasses for his pay. This was used instead of sugar for many things.

My folks had a small incubator and hatched eggs— chickens, ducks and turkeys for other people. In this way we acquired a small flock of turkeys for our own which we traded in the fall for apples and pears which kept us over the winter. We also had some wild blackberries which we had put up during the summer.

Later my Dad found a job with a man fixing his threshing rigs and the next summer he operated one of them. For his pay, he got a team of horses, and a few heifers. In this way, we again started up farming. We were able to rent an 80-acre farm which produced fairly well and we were able to make a living off the farm again. I was allowed to quit working for $1.50 a week and how glad I was.

Yes, lots of people saw some really hard times but I think we learned to trust in God and also learned the real meaning of the words in the evening prayer, "Halte deine gnaedige Hand ueber uns und bedecke uns mit den Schatten deiner Fluegel."

-Name withheld, Kansas △

A SOFT ANSWER....

I'M AFRAID YOUR COWS are in Cornwall's corn," said widow Fannie Miller, "and he is furious. He's been trying to locate their owners and thought they were mine, but they look like yours."

Fannie was our neighbor and had stopped in to warn us. A sinking feeling came over me as my worst fears were realized. Stories of our neighbor Cornwall and his unreasonable fits of rage in which he dealt with people in the meanest way possible went through my mind.

It was June and we were in the haying season, a hard day's work just finished. My brother-in-law, Willis Herschberger, and I had some beef cows with calves in my Dad's timber three miles from home; and because of the distance it was rather hard to keep an eye on them. We were always slightly uneasy with a neighbor like Mr. Cornwall whose fences were either non-existent or the next thing to it. He had a reputation of hard fisted dealings, knocking down a neighbor boy on one occasion, shooting at tresspassers with his high-powered deer rifle, and using the law at any imaginary wrong. No one, it seemed, could get along with him.

Hurriedly I hitched to the buggy as it would soon be dark. Willis was informed of developments and we left for Cornwalls before the situation could get any worse. We were both tense as we entered the lane. Mr. Cornwall and son Bob were driving out of the cornfield with his big diesel tractor and we strode over to meet them.

"Hello," I shouted over the roar of the tractor.

He shut off the motor first and then answered a cold hello.

"We hear our cows are out and thought we'd better check up and settle for damage," I said quickly.

Cornwall glared at us and then proceeded to give us a piece of his mind. "Those cows," he said, "have been in my corn for two weeks already and you know it. There's a regular trail where they've been going back and forth and they've been sleeping under that big tree on my east line fence."

I protested, "But we just checked them a week ago and they were all right then."

"Maybe so," he retorted, "but they must have gotten out ten minutes after you left. You people, (meaning the plain people) are the biggest bunch of hypocrites I've ever seen, hiding behind a mask and driving wickedness in secret." His bitter attack was quite lengthy, mixed with profanity.

Finally I cut in, "We'd better find those cows and chase them out yet before it gets too dark. Do you have any idea where they'd be?"

"That way," he pointed, "Bob chased several of them with the motocycle a while ago."

"Okay," I said, "you figure up what we owe you and we'll settle later."

The cattle in "that direction" did not materialize and after stumbling and wading through shoulder-high weeds in the semi-darkness for a while, we gave up.

The next morning at the break of day we were back on horseback. "Why don't we ride by his buildings first?" Willis suggested, "maybe we can find some trace of them there."

Sure enough, securely penned into his barnyard were our cows and with dismay we realized they had been there the evening before. Just what he had in mind was a mystery to us but one thing was certain, it looked anything but comforting.

"Cornwall works nights," I said, "let's talk with his wife, maybe she's easier to deal with."

The dogs roared at us as we tied our horses to several junked cars and cautiously advanced through the littered yard to the house. After several knocks, Mrs. Cornwall appeared in her night clothes and shouted at the dogs who were growling menacingly at our heels.

"Good morning," I said and she returned it in civil tones. Good going so far I thought. "We just wondered if it's all right if we chase our cattle back home now and get them off your hands?" I spoke in my friendliest voice.

"Those cows," she answered bitterly, "are staying right there until my husband gets home. He's in poor health these days and it's no wonder with the way the neighbors are all plaguing him. It's the meanest neighborhood I've ever seen and he's had about all he can possibly take."

"All right," I answered meekly, "we'll wait until he gets back. What time will that be?"

"Seven o'clock," she said shortly and closed the door on us.

We mounted our horses to get away from the dogs and proceeded to wait the hour and a half until the boss came home. Meanwhile the Cornwall house began to stir. Their three boys came out one by one, leaving for their various jobs, starting up their motorcycles or beat up cars and roaring off without a glance in our direction.

"I've heard of walking into the mouth of a cannon," I remarked nervously, "and I know how it feels now."

We both chuckled uneasily. With tight stomach muscles we waited until at last the familiar pickup pulled in the drive with the hulking frame of Mr. Cornwall at the wheel.

Again we put on our friendliest manner and remarked about the weather and were surprised to find him in an almost sociable mood. We conversed several minutes, carefully avoiding any mention of the cattle until finally I decided we had stalled long enough. "What's the deal on the cattle?" I said, deciding to let him do the explaining.

He coughed, and hedged, "Well now, I hardly know what to say." After a small silence he continued slowly, "I'll admit I was highly teed off last night and hadn't intended to let you have them, but on second thought I guess I'll let them go."

With great relief we chased our cattle back to their

intended pasture, wondering what had brought on the change of heart.

After the third attempt to find Mr. Cornwall at home, I succeeded. After a friendly visit we came to the conclusion that one hundred dollars would be sufficient coverage for any crop damage. Then to my surprise the man apologized, or at least I took it for that. "You know," he said, "I occasionally have trouble controlling my temper and don't really mean things as they sound."

Never in any stories of Cornwall and his mean dealings had I ever heard of him relenting in any way.

And then the scene was reversed. One of Cornwall's three skinny, black cows broke out of the barn lot and got in with our cattle. What a glowing chance "to get even," but no, surely there was a better way.

Two weeks later, Cornwall came over, apologetic in every way, "I suppose you noticed my black cow in with yours," he said.

"Sure," I answered, "but I guess she's not really doing any damage."

"Well," he said, "I was wondering if you'd consider buying her as by the time I'd hire men to help chase her out it would become quite expensive."

It suddenly occured to me that the man would not dare ask for help from his neighbors as they avoided him like poison. I thought I could detect a loneliness about him and instantly felt sorry for him. All the tough talk was but a big front, hiding his innermost feelings. Hiring men to help chase a cow out of a neighbor's field seemed rather absurd to me. To help him out I said, "What price do you have in mind?" He quoted a figure about half what I thought she was worth so I offered him more and a deal was made.

Since then, Mr. Cornwall has always been friendly to us and the verse— "A soft answer turneth away wrath" has taken on new meaning. -C.K.

* * *

> We should consider that the Christian religion is designed for all people, all over the world, and the Christian baptism is suitable for all persons prepared for it at all times and places.

THE BIBLE MODE OF BAPTISM

We have been asked to submit our reasons for believing as we do concerning the Bible mode of baptism. Difference in opinion in this matter has divided many good friends but even the thought of this hurts my heart. I hope the Grace of God will cover my feeble efforts so that we can come together closer in the faith for we need each other so much in these last trying times.

To administer a valid baptism there needs to be a regenerated person, a minister of the Gospel, and the baptism should be administered in the name of the Father, The Son and The Holy Spirit. We do believe that where this is so carried out, then it will be a true and biblical baptism whether it be by sprinkling, pouring or by immersion. In both the Old and the New Testament, it seems to me that sprinkling or pouring is the favored mode of baptism. We were unable to find any rule or example that the body should be immersed nor can we believe that the apostles immersed. We can find in history that immersion was practiced after the Apostle times but it seems as if this was mostly the pedobaptists (those who practiced infant baptism). We also find of superstitions which were attached to the rite of baptism such as giving the applicant milk and honey, adding salt to the baptism water, immersing three times at midnight, sometimes without clothes and afterwards only in white.

It has been stated that the word baptism means immersion, no more and no less. This is an error in understanding the Greek word Bansw. The forty-seven learned men who translated the Bible from the original Greek into English never translated the Greek word Bansw at any place in the New Testament into immersion or dip. Neither did they translate it into sprinkle or pour. They knew that this word could be translated into different words such as stain, pour, wash, dip or sprinkle. But they had no English word that could express all these different meanings so they left the word Bansw untranslated but gave it an English form and called it "baptise". Martin Luther found the same thing in German so he changed it into the word "taufe".

The Greek dictionaries give different meanings for the word "bansw." The word is also used in many places throughout the Bible, often times where it could not possibly mean to pour. The Septuagint says in Daniel 4:30 that Nebuchadnezzar was baptized with the dew from heaven. He could have been sprinkled with dew but not immersed into dew. In Mark 7:4 we read that the Jews washed their tables, etc., but the original Greek uses the word "bansw". If the word means immersed then we would have to understand that the Jews immersed their tables which would hardly seem reasonable.

Matt. 3:16 is sometimes understood to mean that Jesus was immersed, for it says he went straightway out of the water. In Ex. 2:10 we read that Pharoah's daughter said she pulled Moses out of the water. We do not believe that Moses was under the water.

In Acts 1:5 it says, "John baptized with water but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit." Notice there are two kinds of baptism, one is with water and the other with the Holy Spirit. If we can decide in what manner God baptizes with the Holy Spirit then we can also know the form of baptism with water, since water baptism is typical of the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

In many places we find the Holy Spirit is represented as coming from above, descending and being poured over us. If we search the Bible we find that the baptism of the Holy Spirit has always come by sprinkling and pouring, and never by immersion. Acts 2:17, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." Eze. 39:29, "For I have poured out my Spirit upon the house of Israel." See also Isa 44:3; Isa 32:15; Zech. 12:10; Luke 24:49; Acts 1:8; 10:44; and Romans 5:5. These Scripture references give no indication of immersion but the Bible acknowledges them as baptism of the Holy Spirit. If then, God baptizes by letting his Spirit fall upon us or by pouring it on us, should we not also do as He does with the spiritual baptism? Can we find a better example than what God himself has shown us?

CONTENTED JIM

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim;
When it rained
He never complained
But said wet weather suited him.
"There never is too much rain for me
And this is something I like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill
He did not sigh
Because it was dry
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came with its snow and ice
He did not scold
Because it was cold
But said, "Now this is really nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go
I wouldn't mind being with the Eskimo."

And when at length his years were told
And his body bent
And his strength all spent
And Jim was very weak and old
He still was the contented soul each day—
Everything was all right and went his way.

To man Jim never made no inroads
He was too satisfied
And had never cried
For justice to unburden the man with a load;
Jim could not see any wrong in man's day,
He simply trusted God and often did pray.
-Selected

Not only is there harmony between the spiritual and the water baptism, but there is also harmony between the blood and the water baptism. "And he shall take the blood of the bullock and sprinkle it with his fingers." Lev. 16:14. "Sprinkle both the book and the people. This is the blood of the New Testament which God has enjoined unto you," Heb. 9:10. "The blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel," Hebrews 12:24. "Sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," I Peter 1:2. Here we find the three-fold harmony of the Spirit baptism, the water baptism and baptism by blood. I John 5:8 says these three are that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, the water and the blood. These three agree in the same mode of administering, namely by sprinkling or pouring.

When we read of John's baptism (Matt. 3) we see that all the regions of Jordan, Judea and Jerusalem came and were baptized of him in Jordan. Would it be right to conclude from this that they were immersed and thus ignore the many examples of the mode which God has definitely used through all ages of sprinkling and pouring? We can not find one example that God immersed his people but just the opposite. He immersed Pharoah but not the Israelites. We should note that John himself says, "I baptize you with water." In Mark 1:4 it says John baptized in the wilderness, some translations say in the desert.

Some people believe that since it says John baptized where there was much water, he must have immersed them. It is a well known fact that in dry and warm climates, where large numbers of people gather, the first need is for water to drink. People can survive only a short time without water. In Judea there is seldom any rain from May to October so springs and wells are rare. Is it any wonder that when multitudes of people were coming to him to be baptized, John chose a place where there was "much water"? In Ex. 15:27 we read where the Israelites encamped at Elim where there were 12 wells of water. This was not for immersion, but that they would have water to drink and to use. We believe it was for the same reason that John chose the place where there was much water.

Many people are of the opinion that John baptized Jesus by immersion. First of all we should try to determine why Jesus was baptized. It was not unto repentance, for Jesus had no sins to repent of. It was not as a confession that he believed in a world Saviour because he was that Saviour. It was not to regeneration because He didn't need the new birth. It was not a Christian baptism for this was not instituted until after the resurrection. It was not as an example to us, or we would have to postpone our baptism until the age of 30.

We believe the real reason was exactly what Jesus told John, to fulfil all righteousness. He was living under the Jewish law, was circumcised, observed the passover and kept the Sabbath. When we study the law of the Levites we find that the priests were ordained to their office by washing with water. In Numbers 8:7, it says they were sprinkled with water. We believe the baptism of Jesus was a public ordination to the priesthood as a teacher. The Jewish priests were ordained at the age of thirty years. The Jewish priests were first confirmed with water and then anointed with oil, Jesus was first confirmed with water and then annointed with the Holy Spirit. We believe Jesus was baptized to fulfil the ceremonial law. This ceremony of the Jewish ordination was through sprinkling a small amount of water to certain parts of the body. We believe that Jesus' baptism was in harmony with the sprinkling of the ceremonial rites of the Levites.

In Acts 2 we read that Peter stood up with the eleven apostles and baptized 3000 persons in one day. Since Peter said it was merely the third hour of the day, we must conclude that the baptizing did not begin before noon. This would leave only six hours for baptism. Since it takes about three minutes to baptize a person by immersion, it would not be possible for twelve apostles to immerse 3,000 persons in six hours time. It must also be taken into consideration that there was no stream in Jerusalem suitable to immerse so many people. The River Jordan is twenty miles from where the Apostles were that day, and the Kidron was only a mountain stream during the winter and dry for nine months of the year. Thus it is very unlikely that so many people could have been immersed at that time. But if we consider sprinkling as the mode of baptism, then it is altogether possible that 3,000 people could have been baptized in six hours time at Jerusalem. Even as Moses sprinkled the large multitude of Israelites 1500 years earlier, we consider this occasion a fulfilment of Isa. 52:15 of sprinkling many nations.

Another instance which some people believe indicates immersion is found in Acts 8 where Philip baptized the Eunoch. It says they went down into the water but nowhere does it say that the Eunoch was under the water. When Philip appeared at the chariot, the Eunoch had been reading only six verses away from Isa. 52:15, "So shall he sprinkle many nations." It is reasonable to believe that Philip explained to the Eunoch what this sprinkling meant, and that the baptism of the Spirit in Isa. 52:15 includes water baptism, which the Eunoch then requested.

In Acts 9 we find that Paul was stricken blind, and led to Damascus where he stayed three days with fasting. Ananias found him in the house of Judas, weak of fasting and baptized him without asking him to leave the house or change clothes. Ananias only asked him to arise and be baptized. How could we believe that Paul could have been immersed?

In Acts 10 we find that while Peter was preaching to Cornelius and those with him, that God poured out His Holy Spirit upon them whereupon Peter asked, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we have?" We read nothing of them leaving the house.

In Acts 16 we read of the prison keeper being converted in prison around midnight and baptized. Can anyone imagine that Paul and the prison keeper and his family stole out of prison at midnight to immerse them?

In I Cor. 10 we read of the Israelites being baptized in the Red Sea. How could we believe that they were immersed in the sea as they walked on dry land, no water in front, no water in back of them, no water over them. No doubt the winds blew a mist of water over them which would be a clear example of sprinkling. The Egyptians were immersed, and not God's people.

The statements in Romans 6:4 and Col. 2:12, "We are buried with him by baptism unto death" is sometimes explained to be immersion. Christ was not buried and covered in an earthly grave as is done in our time, but laid into a room in the side of a rock. How could we compare Jesus' grave to dipping the body into water? Or a room in the rock to a dipping into a stream? The Apostle is speaking of a spiritual death and a spiritual grave, a spiritual resurrection and a spiritual life. He says that as Christ died and arose, even so shall we die unto sin, and arise unto a new life of holiness. It is our old ungodly life which is dead, not alone dead, but also buried, and we live in newness of life. Baptism is the seal of being thus in a new life, the mode of baptism has nothing to do with burying our old man. It is our sinful nature which is to be buried, not our natural body.

We have thus far tried to show that the mode of baptism with water should be in accordance with the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which has always been sprinkling and not immersion through all ages. We should also consider that the Christian religion is designed for all people, all over the world, and the Christian baptism is at all times suitable for all persons prepared for it at all times and places. This can not be said of immersion. Consider the thousands of persons who have been baptized on their dying bed. It is not possible to immerse a person in prison when he would be sentenced to die as were many of our forefathers for they would not be allowed to leave the prison. Immersion cannot be performed by feeble or sickly ministers. Immersion is not possible in many lands in time of drought, or in the deserts in parts of Arabia and Africa for streams could not be found. Immersion would be dangerous in cold countries such as Iceland, Greenland, Sweden, Norway, and Siberia, which have winter for nine months of the year. Streams are frozen and the body must be warmly clad to even go outside the house, let alone being dipped in ice cold water. We believe that God has ordained a simpler and more orderly way of baptism. Sprinkling is not affected by such circumstances and can be administered at all times, places and climates. It can be carried out in winter as in summer, by the old, the feeble, and the dying.

Henry Funk writes in his book an account of the Apostle Paul baptizing forty-seven persons in prison who were later slain by the sword of Nero.

The statement by Menno Simons has been understood to mean immersion where he says, "However industriously we may search by day and night, we find but one baptism in the water pleasing to God." Menno was writing of baptism on faith which is not for infants and as the atonement was formerly in the sprinkling of blood, it is now in faith as signified in water baptism. If Menno practiced immersion than he did opposite of what he wrote for he writes of "accepting a handful of water" in baptism.

Dietrich Philip baptized by pouring as can be seen on page 31 of his writings. There is also record of at least seventeen martyrs in the Martyrs Mirror who confessed they were baptized in houses.

Although it seems clear to me that sprinkling or pouring is the Bible mode of baptism, yet I can believe that some who have been taught differently may not be able to comprehend this. I think we should have brotherly love and forbearance one to another. We read of a Mennonite minister in Hamburg, Germany named Jacob Denner who lived around 1700 and believed in immersion. But he was willing to love and acknowledge his brethern who believed in pouring and died with the Mennonites. We know that without repentance then no baptism will avail us anything whether it be by sprinkling, pouring or immersion. △

Amish in Dickson County, Tennessee

By David Luthy

Moving South

In the early spring of 1890 some Amish families left Daviess County, Indiana and traveled 200 miles straight south to establish a new settlement. Their destination was Dickson County, Tennessee. The families were those of Peter Kauffman, Martin Kauffman, Daniel Grabill, Jacob Grabill, and Jacob Brandenberger. Another Amishman who settled there that spring was David D. Troyer who for the past seven years had lived at Arthur, Illinois but was originally from Holmes County, Ohio. An H. Hochstetler also arrived that spring from an unknown location.

The settlers' Tennessee addresses were "Swamp" and "Hazel Ridge." Just exactly where these two towns were is not known. No present road map shows them nor does the Rand-McNally Atlas of 1918 which was very complete. In fact the very memory of the two towns seems to have disappeared. When the postmaster of Dickson, Tennessee was recently asked to tell where "Swamp" and "Hazel Ridge" had been, he wrote back, 'I have lived in Dickson, Tenn. for my entire life of 61 years, and I have no knowledge of the two towns."

That the two towns did exist is definite. The Amish settlers wrote quite a few letters to the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget using "Swamp" and "Hazel Ridge" as their address. One old map fails to show the towns but does list "Hazel Ridge" in the index with a population (1910 census) of 21. The call letters in the index indicate that Hazel Ridge was at the far south-central end of Dickson County about 8 miles southeast of the town of Dickson. Presumably "Swamp" was nearby.

The Amish families had scarcely located in Dickson County when they received a visitor who recorded their new settlement in history. The visitor was the Mennonite historian, Daniel K. Cassel, who was writing a book about all the Amish and Mennonite congregations in America. The book was entitled Geschichte der Mennoniten and was printed in 1890, the same year as the Amish settled in Dickson County. So their congregation barely made it into the book.

Cassel's report on the Dickson County Amish group was but half a page long, yet he mentioned some important facts. He wrote that the group was located 42 miles west of Nashville, the state capital. He reported that they had as yet no minister but assembled to read from the Bible, sing, and pray. He wrote that the first such religious meeting was held at Daniel Grabill's house where H. Hochstetler read the third and fourth chapters of Mark. The second meeting had been at David Troyers where the fifth chapter of Matthew was read followed by singing and prayer. Cassel noted that 33 people were present at the service.

Between 1890 and 1893 sixteen Amish families settled in Dickson County. Following is a list of household heads and where they came from:

1. David D. Troyer	Arthur, Illinois
2. Phineas V. Yoder (brother-in-law to No. 1)	Holmes Co., Ohio
3. Christian J. Miller (brother to wife of No. 1)	Geauga Co., Ohio
4. Jacob Brandenberger	Daviess Co., Indiana
5. William Lengacher (son-in-law to No. 4)	Daviess Co., Indiana
6. Martin J. Kauffman (son-in-law of No. 4)	Daviess Co., Indiana
7. Peter J. Kauffman (brother of No. 6)	Daviess Co., Indiana
8. S. J. Kauffman (brother to No. 6 & 7)	Daviess Co., Indiana
9. Daniel Grabill	Daviess Co., Indiana
10. Jacob Grabill (son of No. 9)	Daviess Co., Indiana
11. N. Gingerich	?
12. Joseph Lichty	Indiana
13. John D. Overholt	Daviess Co., Indiana
14. H. Hochstetler	?
15. D. J. Borntrager	?
16. Seth J. Miller	Elkhart Co., Indiana

One Amishman purchased land in the settlement in Dickson County but never moved there. That was Solomon Byler of Lawrence County, Penna. who bought 124 acres for $320 in October of 1892. He sent his son Isaac there in 1894 to look after the piece of property, but he never moved his family there.

The Amish settlers' main trading center was the town of Dickson. There was a store in nearby Hazel

Ridge, but Dickson was much larger. It was just developing into a progressive town, for when the Amish first saw it in 1890 they referred to it in the Budget as a "little scrubby town." But within a year and a half the town had grown so that it was reported in the Nov. 26, 1891 Budget that a bank was being organized, five brick buildings had been built, 25 houses had been erected, and a large college building had been put up which could accomodate 500 students. The town's main industry was the Southern Iron Co. which operated a foundry and rolling mill. Dickson was where the Amish settlers caught the train for Nashville and points north.

The Amish settlers' neighbors were mostly white people, but there were some Negroes. Concerning the Negroes, Phineas V. Yoder mentioned in the June 2, 1892 Budget, "we have not very many of them out in the country," but his nearest neighbor was a Negro and he would not wish for a better neighbor than he is." What his opinion was of the white neighbors is not known. But the neighborhood was filled with "poor whites" of a rough type. They liked their hard cider and "moonshine" and got into fights. David D. Troyer reported in the August 3, 1893 Budget that some of the native boys had staged a dance on Bonaqua Street in Dickson and had gotten drunk and began fighting with "revolvers and dirks" (knives). Two boys were killed, four or five others were seriously wounded, and several received slight injuries. One boy lost an eye.

Another instance which shows the rough nature of the natives was when someone tried to burn down the town of Dickson a month after the street fight took place. Twenty-eight buildings burned. Five persons were arrested for having set the fire.

Church Life

In February of 1892 Bishop Joseph Wittmer and Minister Peter Wagler left their homes in Daviess County, Indiana and traveled to Dickson County, Tennessee. They were not moving there but going to the wedding of William Lengacher of their home community and Amanda Brandenberger of Dickson County. Bishop Wittmer married the couple at the home of the bride's parents, Jacob Brandenbergers.

The following September of that same year Bishop Wittmer again visited Dickson County. This time he was accompanied by Bishop David S. Miller of Berlin, Ohio. A letter to the Budget mentions that they held "three interesting meetings." No mention was made in the letter of an ordination having taken place, but it is quite likely that this is when the much-talked-about double ordination took place.

Since the Dickson County group had no ministers, it was decided to ordain two men at the same time. The lot fell on Phineas V. Yoder and Christian J. Miller. This ordination is still talked about in Holmes County, Ohio. The story goes that the congregation asked the bishops to hold a service on a day soon after the ordination, for the newly ordained men did not know what to do in the "Abrath" (ministers' council before each church service). The bishops agreed to do this. A grandson of Christian J. Miller says this service took place on a Tuesday. Likely the "Ordnungs Gma" was on Friday or Saturday, "Gross Gma" on Sunday, and the extra service on Tuesday. This likely explains why the two bishops were said in the Budget letter to have held "three" services.

Do You Have?

We would like to obtain a copy of OUR YOUTHS by Jacob J. Hershberger for our Amish historical library. Anyone having a copy to sell, contact: Historical Editor, Pathway, Route 4, Aylmer, Ont.

After the bishops had returned home, Bishop David S. Miller received a letter from the newly ordained men asking which one was supposed to take the lead or "sit first" on the ministers' bench. Generally Amish ministers sit according to how long they have been ordained. But in the case of Phineas V. Yoder and Christian J. Miller, they both had been ordained at the same time. The story goes that the new ministers said one of them was the oldest and thought he should sit first; whereas the other thought he should sit first because he had moved to the community first.

The letter was much talked about in Holmes County where Bishop David S. Miller lived. Sources today say he remarked that neither man was suited to take the lead in the congregation if he desired it. Supposedly he wrote the men that "the one that doesn't want to is the one to take the lead." How the situation was resolved is not known.

Since a marriage and an ordination were held in Dickson County, it is presumed that communion services were regularly held. But no mention of such appears in the letters to the Budget. In February of 1894 William Lengachers' eight-day-old son died. No mention is made in the Budget of a funeral, but there undoubtedly was one, for the settlement had its two ministers, Yoder and Miller, by then. Their names appeared that year in the Familien Kalender, a Mennonite yearbook and directory which also listed Amish ministers and their addresses.

Making A Living

The warm Tennessee climate attracted the Amish settlers to Dickson County. So did the cheap land. Unimproved land sold in 1890 for as little as $1.50 an acre. Improved land sold anywhere up to $10 an acre.

The area in which the Amish settled contained a lot of timber. During the group's second year there two Amishmen, John Wittmer and Joseph Stuckey, traveled there from Allen County, Indiana to operate a sawmill. The sawmill was powered by Daniel Grabill's 13-horsepower steam engine. The Allen County men only stayed three months. The sawmill remained and was operated by the Grabills. Perhaps it was on this sawmill that David D. Troyer did his sawing. Each winter he hauled logs from his woods, sawed them, and then sold the lumber. He once sawed a yellow poplar which measured 4 feet through the middle and stood 72 feet from the ground to the first limb. He got about 5,000 feet of good lumber from it.

Besides sawing lumber, David Troyer supplemented his farming income by running an hydraulic cider press on his farm each apple season. The area had many apple trees. Fruit trees of about every variety were plentiful in the area. Peaches, pear, cherry, plum, and quince trees produced nice fruit for the Amish settlers. David Troyer also kept bees which made their honey from visiting the many fruit tree blossoms. One year six of his hives were nearly empty. He wondered where the honey had disappeared to until some boys found a "bee tree" which contained over 12 feet of honey. His bees had swarmed and carried their honey to the tree.

Some of the other Amishmen supplemented their farming income in different ways. D.J. Borntrager made stave bolts for the Dickson Stave Co., having contracted to make 1,000 cord for which he was paid $2.50 a cord. Christian J. Miller opened a blacksmith shop. His son Levi dug iron ore for the Southern Iron Co.

The Amish settlers, however, were primarily farmers. They did not, though, raise either of Tennessee's two most commonly raised crops: cotton and tobacco. Their main field crop, and that of their neighbors, was corn. They also raised wheat, but it was a new crop for their area. When they settled in southern Dickson County there wasn't a threshing machine in the area. A year later there were three right in their neighborhood.

In a letter to the Budget in April of 1891, Phineas V. Yoder described how the Tennessee natives plowed for corn: "The natives of this country plow with one horse with a 6 inch turning plow and turn a furrow one to two inches deep; and when they unhitch, they take the gear (harness) from the horse and leave it at the plow instead of unhooking the traces and taking the gear along home; but they raise fine corn all the same."

How good was the Tennessee corn? Tennessee today isn't known as a "corn state," raising one-thirteenth of what Indiana farmers raise. But the Amish settlers in Dickson County felt they had mighty nice corn and often boasted about it in the Budget. They especially liked to tease Geauga County, Ohio Amish about raising corn. In the September 19, 1891 Budget an unsigned letter from Dickson County said: "I was sorry to hear that the corn crop of Geauga County was so poor. I guess they drive the blind mare through the creek when they plow their corn like they did when they went 'berrying'; so I think that is the reason they have such a poor crop of corn."

Such a remark, of course, did not go un-noticed by the Ohio people. The Geauga County scribe wondered in his letter where the Tennessee people had gotten their information. An unsigned Dickson County letter explained:

> "I wonder who that correspondent is from Geauga county. He need not wonder where the Tennessee folks found out that the corn was so poor in Geauga. We receive a Sugar Creek Budget down here every two weeks, and we read it very carefully, and then we find out such remarks as them was. We will not flatter our corn, but we can show up corn that will hold level with Geauga county's corn. There are lots of corn stalks here that measure 8 ft. and over from the ground to the ear and entire fields that average about 14 to 15 ft. in height. And we don't doubt it least but what we could find some that would measure over 16 feet in height."

Then the following summer Christian J. Miller's daughter returned to Tennessee after spending a few weeks at Arthur, Illinois. Phineas V. Yoder quoted her in the Dickson County letter to the Budget as saying the Tennessee corn looked better than the Illinois corn. That must have made some Budget readers raise their eyebrows. But the best corn statement was yet to be made. That same year in the December 7, 1893 Budget the Tennessee scribe wrote how they could "raise corn so tall that we have to top the corn below the ears." This statement appeared at the end of his long letter, and he must not have re-read his letter before sending it to the Budget office. Otherwise he would have noticed that at the beginning of his letter he had stated that the corn that season had been only a "half crop." This must have caused some Ohio and Illinois Budget readers to chuckle.

WANTED

We would like to obtain a copy of EINE HERZLICHE VERMAHNUNG by Noah T. Schrag (Schrock) published in 1911. Also EINE SAMMLUNG VON BRIEFEN by Daniel Mazelin in 1915. Anyone having copies to sell, please contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Rt. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

The Weather

The Amish settlers in Dickson County liked the mild climate their first spring in Tennessee. But they soon discovered that the summer months were quite warm. During their second summer there, David D. Troyer kept track of the warm days and reported them in the Budget. There were 22 days when the thermometer showed 88 to 99 degrees. Troyer commented that the heat was "not so smothering as it is in the north, as there is nearly always some fresh air in this country." Yet, any northern Budget reader knew that 22 days of such warm weather, breeze or no breeze, were plenty warm for men and horses to work in the fields.

The thermometer which could go very high in the summer could also go very low in the winter. The Tennessee climate was often mild, thus the houses were built for mild weather. When a very cold winter day came, the people shivered much more than a well-prepared Northerner did. During the winter of 1893 the thermometer dipped to zero which must have felt very cold to the Tennessee settlers— about as uncomfortable as the 103 degrees during the following summer or the 10 below zero which occurred the next winter.

Snow fell each year in Dickson County. It often came six or more inches at a time. In March of 1892 it snowed 16 inches one day but melted right away. Tennessee snow came fast and deep, but it seldom remained more than a few days. A most unusual snowfall was reported by the Dickson County Budget scribe in February of 1891. He reported that a heavy snow storm had hit their part of the state and that in Nashville, forty miles away, it had snowed fish. He described the fish as being from one to three inches in length and some were alive. He commented that he had heard of it raining fish before but not snowing fish. Likely most Budget readers had never heard of either!

No one can read the Dickson County letters to the Budget without receiving the impression that the weather there was extreme— either very wet or very dry. The crops grown by the Amish during their first summer in 1890 were a failure. The Budget scribe commented, "It will make a poor show to people who come in to see the country but hope it will be better next year."

The crops during the next year, 1891, were some better. The spring weather was dry, the summer wet, and the fall dry again. Corn did all right, oats were a fair crop, wheat was average, and hay was short. By October it was so dry that the livestock had to be taken off the pasture and fed straw from the strawstacks. Usually the livestock could stay on pasture until Christmas. This dry spell in the fall hindered the winter wheat.

By the following summer, 1892, the dry spell had been replaced by rain, and hay making was late because of too much rain. The wheat which had been hindered by fall drought picked up because of the rain but soon was damaged because of too much rain. Crops were only fair that season.

In Jume of the next growing season, 1893, the crops were damaged by a heavy rain. The rain came down so hard and for so long that it swept away an old log church house in the Amish neighborhood, drowned 100 sheep, and took away 1,000 cord of wood for a native. By July the weather was very dry and the temperature hit 103. Grain that year was thin and short.

The growing season of 1894 was the worst of all. A cold wave struck Dickson County in March and damaged the wheat. The fruit trees which were all in bloom were frozen. Each year the Amish settlers had enjoyed many kinds of fruit from their own trees, but not in 1894. The fruit crop was ruined. No pretty peach blossom was tucked inside the Dickson County letter for the Budget editor as had been done by Phineas V. Yoder several years before.

By June of that same year it was reported: "Dry and warm weather. Oats and corn are 'no good' on account of dry weather. Wheat is a fair crop; the reapers and binders are in the harvest fields now. Grass is short. No fruit excepting blackberries which are an abundant crop; grapes are also plenty." By October the weather was so dry that David D. Troyer wrote, "Pasture is all burned up." The dry summer was followed by a cold winter, the thermometer sinking to 10 below zero.

Hard Times

During the Amish settlers' fourth year in Dickson County a depression hit America. It lasted from 1893 until 1897 and was known as the "Panic of 1893." There was a farm depression and a business slump. Four million people were out of work and 15,000 businesses collapsed. The Amish in Dickson County felt the financial "pinch" the same as other Americans. The Budget scribe wrote, "Everybody enjoyed Christmas in spite of hard times." Two months later in February of 1894, David D. Troyer wrote that the Southern Iron Co. would soon resume operations "which will furnish employment to many poor laboring men who are idle now."

Today descendants of the Tennessee Amish settlers remember hearing that their families returned North "poor." What the depression didn't take from the settlers, the unfavorable climate did. These two factors—depression and unfavorable climate—appear to be the main causes of the settlement become extinct. How congregational life was is not known. Perhaps the two ministers never did agree on who should "sit first" and lead the congregation. Perhaps, too, the congregation felt threatened by the Mennonite congregation which was formed at Dickson in 1894.

One by one the Amish families migrated North. Many returned to Daviess County, Indiana. Some moved to Allen County, Indiana; Holmes County, Ohio; Geauga County, Ohio; and Rolette County, North Dakota. Just when the last family left the Amish settlement in Dickson County is not known. The Mennonite church there also later became extinct.

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on page 31)

1.	**betreten**	A. meet with B. give C. supervise D. shed
2.	**Dornen**	A. place B. thicket C. thorns D. horns
3.	**dünken**	A. surprise B. seem C. dunking D. donkeys
4.	**Fels**	A. falls B. fell C. rock D. river
5.	**Gebot**	A. disappoint B. overwhelm C. understanding D. commandment
6.	**Gedächtnis**	A. shadowy B. remembrance C. commune D. believe
7.	**geloben**	A. promise B. praise C. prayer D. share
8.	**harre**	A. hare B. hairy C. horror D. tarry
9.	**kein**	A. light B. no C. kind D. kine
10.	**Kelch**	A. winch B. cold C. cup D. plate
11.	**lehrte**	A. taught B. study C. poured D. to empty
12.	**Ohren**	A. oars B. to row C. and/or D. ear
13.	**Ritterſchaft**	A. church B. family C. knighthood D. title
14.	**ſammt**	A. sunk B. together with C. sank D. stomp
15.	**Sauerteige**	A. leaven B. sauerkraut C. spoiled D. rotted
16.	**ſtreben**	A. confide B. whisper C. strive D. encounter
17.	**unterſcheidet**	A. open B. understand C. oblige D. distinguish
18.	**verlanget**	A. extend B. desire C. lengthen D. prolong
19.	**verſtockt**	A. stopper B. stubborn C. helpful D. promise
20.	**wäret**	A. merchandise B. restrain C. were D. enforce

Editorielles —

Ihr Christen seht, dasz ihr ausfegt,
Was sich in euch von Sünden
Und altem Sauerteig noch regt,
Nichts musz sich des mehr finden;
Dasz ihr ein neuer Teig mögt sein,
Der ungesäuert sei und rein,
Ein Teig der Gott gefalle.

Habt doch darauf genaue acht,
Dasz ihr euch wohl probieret,
Wie ihr's vor Gott in Allem macht,
Und euren Wandel führet.
Ein wenig Sauerteig gar leicht
Den ganzen Teig fortan durchschleicht,
Dasz er wird ganz durchsäuert.

Also es mit den Sünden ist:
Wo eine herrschend bleibet,
Da bleibt auch, was zu jeder Frist
Zum Bösen ferner treibet;
Das Osterlamm im neuen Bund
Erfordert, dasz des Herzen's Grund
Ganz rein von Allem bleibe.

Wer Ostern halten will, der musz
Dabei nicht unterlassen
Die bittern Salze wahrer Busz:
Er musz das Böse hassen,
Dasz Christus, unser Osterlamm
Für uns geschlacht't am Kreuzesstamm
Ihn durch sein Blut rein mache.

Drum laszt uns nicht im Sauerteig
Der Bosheit Ostern essen,
Noch auch der Schalkheit mancherlei,
Die so tief eingesessen;
Vielmehr laszt uns die Osterzeit
Im süszen Teig der Lauterkeit
Und Wahrheit christlich halten.

Herr Jesu, Osterlamm, verleih
Uns Deine Ostergaben,
Den Frieden, und dasz wir dabei
Ein reines Herze haben!
Gieb, dasz in uns Dein heilig's Wort
Der Sünden Sauerteig hinfort
Ye mehr und mehr ausfege.

Die Oster Zeit

Nach dem ich bald vier Wochen zugebracht habe im Kranken-Haus bin ich wieder daheim. Gester eine Woche zurück sind wir heim kommen. Ich befinde mich noch ziemlich schwach am Leibe. Ich bin so auf und herum im Hause. Zu Zeiten liege ich ein wenig auf dem Cot zu ruhen. Wie Schreiben geht nicht so gut, die Finger wollen sich nicht immer gerade am Platz stellen auf diese Schreib-Machine wie ich es haben will; aber ich habe doch gedenkt ich probir ein paar Zeilen zu schreiben und mein Editoriel wieder am Platz kriegen auf diesem Platt. Wenn ich aufstehen soll zum Predigen, musz ich als denken, ja, was soll ich predigen? Wenn ein Prediger ist der aufsteht vor dem Volk und fühlt er hat einen groszen Sack voll um auszuleeren vor dem Volk so wundert es mich ob er ein rechter Diener Christi ist oder nicht.

Wir sind in die Osterzeit, und denken wohl an das Lamm der am Kreuze hang und starb für unsere Sünden. "Christus, das Lamm, auf Erden kam, Nach Vaters Rat und Willen." Ja, was Gott wollte haben das tat er. Er übergab sich in der Sünder Hände, zu sterben für die ganze Menschheit. Sonst war niemals je ein Mensch auf Erden gekommen der solches tun konnte. Es hat der Sohn Gottes genommen.

Jetzt sind wir frei gestellt, wir brauchen nicht mehr sterben um der Sünde Adams halben. Wir sind frei gekauft durch Christi Blut, und Er ruft uns nun so freundlich: "Kommt her alle die ihr mühselig und beladen seid ich will euch erquicken." Wie tut Er uns erquicken? Ist es durch die Wollüstigkeit, Fleischeslust, Augenlust und hoffärtiges Leben welches wir sehen in dieser Welt, und unsere Natur so gern nach machen will. Nein, das ist nicht der Weg. Er sagt, nehmet auf euch mein Joch, und lernet von mir.

Ist dies dann der Weg um von Jesus zu lernen? Ja, wahrlich ist es so, wir können nicht anders lernen von Jesu als wie der Kreuzes Weg wandeln. Ein Joch auf uns nehmen, ein Joch bedeutet Arbeit. In Alterszeit wenn sie ihre Joch beiholten und ein paar Ochsen aufgetan, diese waren eingerichtet zur Arbeit. So auch mit uns, wenn wir sein Joch auf uns nehmen, so sind wir verpflichtet zu arbeiten für Ihn.

So ist die Osterzeit nun ein Fest, wie sie etliche hatten zu alters Zeit. Wir lesen nicht viel von die andern im Neuen Testament, aber von die Ostern können wir viel lesen. Dies war das Hauptfest wo sich im alten Bund schon bezogen hat auf eine Befreiung oder Erlösung. Israel wurde erlöst von die Bande und dem Dienst Pharaos, wir sind erlöst worden von die Bande des Satans.

Wir denken an noch ein Dichter Vers:

> Du kommst, Herr Jesu, aus dem Grab,
> Zerschlägst des Todes Bande,
> Des Sieges reiche Frucht und Gab
> Bringt uns zum Gnadenstande,
> So sind wir frei von Sclaverei
> Davon du uns entbunden frei,
> Weil Du hast überwunden.

Im alten Bund sollten sie ein Lamm nehmen ein Jahr alt daran kein Fehler war, und ihm kein Bein zerbrechen. Da Jesus ans Kreuze hingekommen die Kriegs Knechte und brachen dem ersten die Beine und dem zweiten auch, aber da sie zu Jesu kommen sind sahen sie dasz Er schon gestorben war, da brachen sie Ihm die Beine nicht. Nun haben sie diese schrift erfüllt.

Nun sollten sie das Blut in einer Beche fassen und die obere Schwelle und die beide Pfosten von die Tür bestreichen. Wenn sie das taten so hat der Herr sie verschont, denn es heiszt Er will alle Erstgeburt schlagen in ganz Ägyptenland, aber bei Israel soll kein Hund mucken, und es war auch so, bei Israel war alles still und ruhig. Da sie nach dem Kreuzeshof hinzugingen dünkt es mir war auch alles so ziemlich still und ruhig, ausgenommen einige Weiber die weineten als sie nachfolgten. Jesus tröstete sie: Weinet nicht über mich,

sondern weinet über euch selbst und über eure Kinder, denn so man das tut am grünen Hols, was will am dürren werden? Jesus war das grüne Hols, wie wir wohl glauben, und wenn sie so tun an Ihm, was soll es werden mit die Böse und Arge Menschen die Ihn nun zum Tode helfen bringen, und die wo nicht an Ihn glauben.

Wir wollen uns noch ein wenig erinnern an was Paulus uns sagt von dem Osterlamm. "Wir haben auch ein Os-terlamm, das ist Christus für uns geopfert. Darum las-et uns Ostern halten, aber nicht im alten Sauerteig, uch nicht im Sauerteig der Bosheit und Schalkheit, son-ern in dem Süszteig der Lauterkeit und der Wahrheit." s ist nun der alte Sauerteig für uns? Ist es etwas an-ers als wie das sündliche Leben. "Laszt uns ablegen Sünde die uns immer anklebt und träge macht, und szt uns laufen durch Geduld in dem Kampf der uns verordnet ist, und aufsehen auf Jesum, der Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens; welcher, da Er wohl hätte mögen Freuden haben, erduldete Er das Kreuz, und achtete der Schande nicht und ist gesessen zur rechten auf dem Stuhl Gottes." O, wie sollten wir doch an einem solchen Jesum denken? Können wir genug an Ihn denken, in unsere grosze Schwachheit? Wir können wohl alle sagen mit den Aposteln: "Herr, stärke uns den Glauben!"

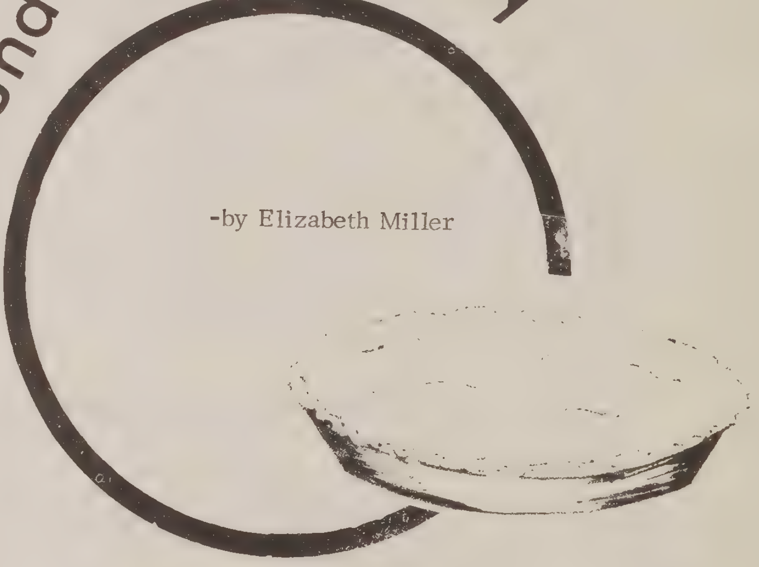
Ich gedenke abzulassen, der Leib wird müde. Wir fingen schon Gestern an dieses zu schreiben, wir ruheten etliche Mal. Jetzt ist der Tag heute bald wieder vorüber. Nun haben wir es so weit gebracht in unsere grosze Schwachheit und gedenken abzulassen. Wir begehren das Gebet aller Gläubigen, wie wir auch gesonnen sind zu tun für euch in Schwachheit.

△

CHILDREN'S SECTION

The Round-About Way

-by Elizabeth Miller



ELLA COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY TEACHER MARY DIDN'T TELL LITTLE PERRY TO STOP BRAGGING ON HIS OWN PICTURES.

LLA MILLER KEPT glancing at the clock. Had time ever passed so slowly before? It seemed to her the afternoon was twice as long as it usually was. usually was.

"Seventh-grade spelling," announced Teacher Mary. Just by the crisp way she said it, Ella could hear she was in a hurry.

Ella sat up a little straighter, her pencil in her hand. She was ready to write her spelling words, and even as she wrote them, she was thinking about the coming evening.

It was New Year's Day, and Ella's family, along with all the uncles and aunts and cousins were going to Granddad's for supper. And instead of going home after school, Ella had permission to walk over to Granddad's to help Grandma and Aunt Sarah with supper.

At last school was over for the day. Ella did not waste any time getting ready to leave. And since all the children walking west were much younger than Ella, she didn't bother waiting on them. "They can walk by themselves other evenings, and they can tonight, too," she reasoned. Even before the younger children had on half their wraps, Ella was out of the schoolhouse and on her way down the road.

It was a mile and a half to Granddad's, and Ella was quite out of breath by the time she got there. However, when Grandma suggested she sit down and rest a while, she said quickly, "Oh, no, I'm not tired. I didn't come to rest; I came to work."

Grandma and Aunt Sarah both chuckled at this remark. Ella had a hard time deciding why they laughed at her, but she soon forgot about it as she worked side by side with Aunt Sarah.

Ella liked Aunt Sarah, mostly because Aunt Sarah didn't treat her like a little girl. When Ella set the table with Grandma's best dishes, Aunt Sarah didn't tell her to be careful and not drop anything. And Aunt Sarah let her do things Ella's mother and older sisters thought she was too young to do.

When the table was set and the fruit jars opened and emptied into two big dishes, Ella said in a grown-up way, "Is there anything else I can do?"

Aunt Sarah answered, "Yes, in the pantry on the shelf are some pies. You can bring four of them out and cut them into six pieces each."

Ella hurried to the pantry. Aunt Sarah made delicious pies, and she could hardly wait to see what kind she had made for tonight. A minute later Ella was back in the kitchen with a pie in each hand. "Hmm-m-m," she exclaimed. "Do these pies ever look good! I just love raisin cream pie."

Aunt Sarah didn't look very pleased. "I'm afraid they won't taste as good as they look," she said. "For some reason I can never manage to make the crust right. It's either too hard or too greasy."

"Oh, it is not," said Ella. "I've eaten a lot of your pies, and I never noticed anything wrong with the crust."

"Then you must not be very particular," laughed Aunt Sarah. "I had a notion not to make pies for tonight, just because of that, but then I decided maybe our company can stand my pie for one meal."

Ella didn't know exactly what to say. She had always thought Aunt Sarah was a real good cook— one who could make anything come out right. And now she was saying she couldn't make good pies.

Just then the door opened and Aunt Emma came in with the baby and two more children. With a feeling of relief, Ella left her work and went to take the baby. A little later when she came back to finishing the task of cutting the pies, Aunt Sarah was busy with something else, and nothing more was said about them.

Several times that evening Ella thought about the pies, and every time she thought about them, her mouth began to water. But then a feeling of disappointment would sweep over her. It was a shame that pies looking as delicious as those raisin pies did would not taste right. However, when Ella sat down at the table, she decided to save room for pie. Maybe they would not be as bad as Aunt Sarah had made them sound.

When the first course of the meal was over, Aunt Sarah went to the pantry and brought out the pies. "Now you'll just have to excuse these pies," she said. "They didn't come out as nice as I wanted them to."

"Oh, they look delicious," said Ella's mother, helping herself to a piece. "We haven't had raisin pie for a long time."

When the pie was passed to Ella, she took a piece and handed the pie on. She took a small bite and chewed it slowly, trying to decide what was wrong with it. To her surprise, there was nothing wrong with the pie. The crust certainly wasn't hard, and as far as she could taste, it wasn't greasy, either. Ella wanted to tell Aunt Sarah how much she liked the pie, but decided to wait until after supper. She didn't feel right, talking up at the table like that.

However, Aunt Susan and Aunt Emma and Ella's mother did not wait until after supper to tell Aunt Sarah how good her pie was. Soon they were all exclaiming about it and bragging how good it was. Uncle Ben hinted for a second piece, which he promptly got without having to hint a second time.

Ella thought surely Aunt Sarah would feel relieved, knowing that her pies weren't as bad as she had thought they would be, but that didn't seem to be the case. The more the women bragged on the pie, the more Aunt Sarah insisted there was something wrong with it.

The fuss about the raisin cream pie went on for a while, then Uncle Andy chuckled and said, "If a woman wants the other women to start bragging on something, all you have to do is find fault with it."

The men thought what Uncle Andy had said was funny, but Ella failed to get the joke. For one thing, she wasn't sure what Uncle Andy meant. But at any rate, it stopped the discussion about the pie, and soon the meal was over. The men went into the living room to continue their talk about farm markets and rising feed costs. The women and girls washed dishes and chatted about recipes and babies and things like that.

When there was a lapse in the conversation, Aunt Sarah remarked, "Susan, I guess the next time I'll ask you to come early and help me with supper. I tried to make my coleslaw just the way you said you make yours, but it just didn't taste right. And judging by the amount that was left over, no one else thought it tasted right."

"I thought it was good," said Ella's mother. "I took a second helping, which I wouldn't have if it hadn't been good."

"You just made too much; that's why you have so much left over," said Aunt Emma.

"Well, I thought it tasted like I had put in too much vegetable oil," said Aunt Sarah.

"Vegetable oil!" exclaimed Aunt Emma. "I didn't taste any vegetable oil at all."

"This recipe asks for just a little bit," explained Aunt Susan. Then she turned to Sarah and said, "There was nothing wrong with your coleslaw. It tasted just the way it was supposed to."

Aunt Sarah mumbled something Ella didn't understand, and then the subject was changed again. Ella wiped and wiped a stainless steel kettle, even though it was dry and shining already. She was thinking about Aunt Sarah's coleslaw. It almost amused her to think Aunt Sarah had thought it tasted as if it had too much oil, and Aunt Emma hadn't tasted any oil at all. Ella's thoughts went on to to the raisin pies and to what Uncle Ben had said about finding fault with something so the women would brag on it.

"Ella, you've been drying that piece for five minutes," laughed Cousin Katie. "It should be dry by now."

Ella looked up and turned red in the face. "I— I guess I forgot what I was doing," she said finally.

"Ella shouldn't be helping with the dishes at all," defended Aunt Sarah. "She did her share before supper. I don't know what I would have done without her help."

Ella flashed Aunt Sarah a grateful smile, wiped dishes rapidly, and forgot all about coleslaw and raisin pies. If she had liked Aunt Sarah before, she liked her even better now.

THE NEW YEAR STARTED in much like the old one had left off. There was a day-by-day routine in school that got just a little tiresome. Teacher Mary must have felt it, too, for she tried different projects to keep school interesting. They had a series of contests in school— an essay contest, a writing contest in which the children tried to outdo each other with neat handwriting, and an art contest. Of the three, Ella was most interested in the art contest.

Teacher Mary had said each pupil was to make as many pictures for the contest as they wanted to, but they were to enter only the one they themselves felt was their best one. There was to be a prize for the best picture in each grade, and an additional prize for the best picture of all.

Ella knew from the beginning that she had a good chance in the art contest, for there were only four pupils in her grade. None of the other three was especially good in art. No, it wouldn't be hard to win the art contest in her grade, but could she win the additional prize for the best picture of all? The possibility challenged her.

Ella set to work at once. She made quick sketches, trying to decide on a certain scene. She crumpled her paper and started over. At last she had made up her mind. Her picture would be a water scene, with the shore in the foreground. Her body of water would not be very wide, for on the opposite shores she would draw high cliffs, with mountains in the far background.

Planning the picture was one thing; drawing it in the right proportion was another. Ella worked on scrap paper, threw it away, and started over. She worked on her drawing every spare moment she had, and suddenly she no longer felt bored and tired of school. She could hardly wait to get to school each morning. She did her lessons quickly, so as to have more time left over to work on her drawing.

Finally Ella was ready for a piece of art paper. She worked carefully, outlining her picture in light pencil. Then she worked from there, filling in details. At last she was ready to color the picture.

Ella was very careful to select just the right colors. The water was to be blue, though not quite as blue as the sky. The mountains were colored very lightly with brown, then covered with a combination of blue and green. As Ella worked, it seemed as if the picture had almost become a part of her. She enjoyed working on it very much, and as she worked, she felt a deep feeling of satisfaction—the satisfaction of having produced something which had taken her very best work.

After almost a week the picture was ready to hand in. Ella held it at arm's length, eyeing it critically. Deep down she admitted to herself that it was by far the best piece of artwork she had ever produced.

Several mornings later Ella came to school and found her picture, among all the rest, on the bulletin board. Since the bulletin board was not big enough to accommodate all the pictures, some of them were fastened to the wall beside it.

As the children came to school, the crowd around the bulletin board increased. The boys and the younger children took a quick glance at the pictures, then hurried outside to play, while the older girls stayed there and discussed each picture thoroughly.

"I wish now I had made the water lighter blue," Ella heard herself say. "It's just too deep blue to look natural."

"Oh, your picture is just plain beautiful," said Esther Mast, Ella's classmate. "If mine were half as pretty as yours, I'd be well satisfied."

"Mine just doesn't look right," Ella said. "I worked so hard to make those mountains and they still look funny. There's no crayon in the world the right color to color mountains."

"That's for sure," agreed Rebecca Keim, an eighth grader. "But you really did well by combining different colors."

"One mistake I always make in drawing a picture, I crowd in too many details," Ella said. "After I was almost done, I wished I had forgotten about the mountains and just taken the water on back to the horizon. That way the picture wouldn't look so crowded."

"I don't think your picture is crowded," said Esther. "I just wish I could draw a picture like that."

Before Ella had time to answer, the door burst open and three first-grade boys came in. "Do you have our pictures on the wall?" Perry Bontrager asked the teacher.

"Yes, I do," said Teacher Mary with a smile. She pointed over to where the girls were standing. "Do you think you can find your picture, Perry?"

"Oh, sure," said Perry, coming over to the bulletin board. "Right here it is. I drew this barn and silo. It looks just like our barn and silo at home. I think it's nice."

The girls looked at each other and smiled, but Perry didn't notice. "Which picture did you draw, Emanuel?" he asked the boy beside him.

"I made this school bus," said Emanuel, pointing to a picture in the bottom row. Aside from the fact that it was yellow, the picture held little resemblance to a school bus.

"My barn is nicer than your school bus," said Perry bluntly. "I bet I'm going to get the prize, because I made the nicest picture in our grade."

"Stop bragging," said Rebecca Keim. Perry was her cousin and she felt responsible to put him in his place. "Your barn isn't that nice."

"It is so," defended Perry. He turned to Teacher Mary. "My picture is nice, isn't it?"

Teacher Mary was hesitant in answering. Finally she said, "Yes, Perry, you did well for a first grader. All the first graders did well."

Perry, satisfied with the praise he had received, turned and walked away, the other boys following. Ella stood and stared after him, and then at Teacher Mary. She couldn't understand why Teacher Mary hadn't told Perry to stop bragging on his own picture.

As soon as Perry was out of hearing distance, Rebecca started to laugh. "He's not proud of himself," she said in a way that told the other girls she didn't mean what she was saying. The other girls burst out and laughed.

Once more Teacher Mary came to Perry's defense. "He's just like the rest of us," she said quietly. "He likes to be praised. But instead of asking for praise in a round-about way, he asks for it right out."

The girls no longer thought things were funny. They

When to Worry

When we see the lilies
Spinning in distress,
Taking thought to
Manufacture loveliness;
When we see the birds all
Building barns for store,
'Twill be time for us to worry-
Not before!

-Selected

were silent, trying to figure out what Teacher Mary was trying to say. "Asking for praise in a round-about way?" Ella thought, a puzzled expression on her face.

Esther abruptly changed the subject just then, and the girls walked away from the display of pictures on the bulletin board. Though they chatted about other things, Ella couldn't dismiss Teacher Mary's remark from her mind.

Later, in the quietness of the classroom, Ella tried to think matters through. Suddenly she remembered a similar remark—the one Uncle Andy had made at Granddad's on New Year's evening. He had said the best way to make women brag on something was to find fault with it. Ella sat and stared at her open writing book until the words on the page blurred. But even as the words were blurring, things inside her head were beginning to clear. What Uncle Andy had tried to say was Aunt Sarah criticized her own pies just to make the other women brag on them. But was it really true? Had Aunt Sarah really felt deep down that she had made good pies?

Ella did not know about Aunt Sarah and her pies, but she did know all too well about herself and her pictures. Deep down she knew she had done well, and she wanted to be praised for it. She had gotten that praise by finding fault with her picture. She hadn't been like Perry, who came right out and asked for praise, yet she had done the same thing in a round-about way. △

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 4

Maturity in Marriage

Remember the scene at the Troyers that morning when Abe asked his wife to get his denim pants? When Ruth discovered that he was planning on going to a sale to buy another cow she placed her hands on her hips and put her foot down. Somebody is going to have to put a stop to this buying more cows for they had already been late for church the three last times. When Abe explained that he would like to get another cow to help pay off the debts, she retorted that they already had more work than they could do and she felt like she was about ready to collapse. When she absolutely refused to let him buy another cow, he stumbled out the door muttering, "Who's supposed to be the boss around here, anyhow?

What did our readers think about it? Sixty-three people thought about it strongly enough to write in their opinions, many of them in no uncertain terms. All of them agreed that Abe Troyer had plenty of reason not to go to the sale that day for there was much more important work to do than buying a cow. Nearly all of them felt that both Abe and Ruth were at fault. Thirty-one felt that Ruth was further out of her place than Abe, while twelve thought Abe was more to blame than Ruth. Twenty writers indicated that one was about as much to blame as the other.

A reader from St. Jacobs, Ontario says, "Abe and his wife Ruth were both right according to human reasoning. When both parties come to realize that there is nothing between them except the devil himself, the matter will vanish in thin air as a morning mist."

Most of our readers quoted one or more verses from Ephesians 5 or Colossians 3:18-19. They pointed out that the solution to the Troyers' problem is found in these chapters. We agree wholeheartedly but to save space we have omitted many of the references to these verses.

All the letters have been condensed or only portions used so as not to be repeating the same thing over again. Some letters we did not use at all because of a lack of space.

THE FIRST MISTAKE

One basic mistake which Abe and Ruth apparently made was in being concerned who is supposed to be "the boss." Many of the readers remarked that they think neither one should be "the boss." Here is what a few of them said: "I don't think it's right for the husband to feel "I'm the boss", much less the wife."

"I understand the Bible doesn't give anyone the right to feel he or she can be boss over the other and rule the home. The man should be considered head of the home same as Christ is the head of the church."

"I dislike the question, 'Who's the boss?". Not that it doesn't fit the matter at hand. It fits all too well. Abe and Ruth's problem seems to have been a lack of communications."

"I don't think either one should consider themselves the boss when there is a difference of opinion but the final decision is Abe's."

From LaGrange, Indiana comes this discussion. "Anyone wondering who should be the leader, not the boss would do well to read Ephesians 5,21-23. Here is an article I once read in a magazine telling the difference between a leader and a boss.

The Boss drives his men, the Leader coaches them.
The Boss depends upon authority, the Leader on good will.
The Boss says "I", the Leader says "We."
The Boss fixes the blame for the breakdown, the Leader fixes the breakdown.
The Boss knows how it is done, the Leader shows how.
The Boss says "Go", the Leader says "Let's go".

PENNSYLVANIA: My husband's father always let his mother know that he is going to be the "boss." The results were not good and he had to learn the hard way. They didn't have any arguments because his mother was kind natured and endured it all with patience. Finally his Dad saw and admitted his mistake.

MARYLAND: I know of one place where the husband rules the home to the extent the wife can't buy anything without asking her husband. This man tells his wife what to cook, how to cook it, how much to can, how to can it, buys the groceries and gets only what he thinks she needs. I feel there are times the husband has decisions to make and times the wife has decisions to make, for the husband isn't always around. If they talk things over together they will know how to make big decisions.

PENNSYLVANIA: Of course the husband is supposed to be the boss but I don't think that means he should always have his own way. Doesn't he have a wife for a helpmeet? How can she help, if she doesn't have any say-so at all?

ONTARIO: The word "Boss" has no place in marriage. Marriage is a partnership. God made woman not from his feet that she should be his slave, nor from his head to be over him but from his side to be his helpmeet.

PENNSYLVANIA: I feel the ideal marriage is where no one "seems" to be the boss. There have been times when I did "put my foot down" where my husband's health was concerned and he was big enough later to admit that he is glad I did. But for most things we have found through trial and error that we're both satisfied better in the end if we talk it over ahead. We discuss all the different angles but do it at a time when we feel calm, and then often don't come to a decision right away. Sometimes I can spot a weakness in his plans and he sees some in mine. Then we sort of weigh the different plans we have discussed and pick out what we feel is best. While he usually has the final choice especially if it concerns the farm, if it's for the house, I often do.

I think they are both to give their opinion on a matter and then choose which one is nearest God's Word. I remember I read once of a husband who started to get angry when his wife disagreed with him. She calmly laid a hand on his arm and said, "Remember, I'm on your side."

ABE'S MISTAKES

Although more than twice as many readers thought Ruth was more to blame than Abe, let us first consider Abe's mistake. As head of the house, if he could have been a better leader and example, perhaps his wife would not have gone so far out of her place.

PENNSYLVANIA: "Experience teaches me that Abe should not have waited till the last minute to tell his wife about the sale. Talking things over before making any major decision and getting one's partner's views first, builds a stronger union. Often when I go ahead and do something without asking my wife first, I regret the move afterwards. When we discuss it together she will ask, 'Is it necessary' and perhaps point out some things I had not thought of. Neither partner should say absolutely "No" to what the other wants to do, but should give his reasons in meekness and godly fear."

PENNSYLVANIA: I see there are quite a few husbands that keep on spending for more cows or horses and lose on them sometimes instead of paying off the debts. I'm sure it must be hard on the wife, knowing they have lots of debts to pay off. Is it just a habit that they can't resist buying more? I can hardly blame a wife for complaining if she tries to skimp in the house and he just doesn't pay any attention.

PENNSYLVANIA: I know of a man who brought home ten cows, all on borrowed money. His wife didn't know anything about it until the truck was unloading. Ruth might have been more kind, yet kindness may not have helped. I know of a case where kindness didn't help, and the husband went his own way, not asking his wife, even though she knew more about money affairs than he did. Finally they were in such deep money troubles the church had to step in. I wonder why a husband can't take good advice from his wife?

Let nothing disturb thee;
Let nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changes.
Patience gains all things;
Who has God wants nothing;
God alone suffices.
-Selected

INDIANA: A better way would be to kindly discuss matters before making decisions and this is where Abe failed. Very few wives will appreciate a husband's habit of planning and making major decisions without confiding in her. However it may be partly her fault if she fails to be reasonable and doesn't try to understand his viewpoint also.

In this case my husband would have laughed at me and gone ahead and bought the cow. No, he never becomes angry. Very seldom in all our years of married life has an angry word been spoken to me, but my opinions mean very little to him. I guess I used to be too much like Ruth. Sometimes I was "boiling" inwardly and such feelings are hard to hide even though we don't want to show them. It was only after I wanted to be submissive for Christ's sake that I could happily give up and let my husband make decisions.

OHIO: Clearly Ruth was out of her place but I think she has the same trouble with her husband that I sometimes have with mine. When I was at home, my father used to always tell us women where he was going ahead of time, even if it was only to the back field. He would always come in and tell us. I soon learned that my husband doesn't have that habit. He went to the neighbors without giving a thought to tell me. The first few times it happened, it scared me if I couldn't find him where I'd thought he'd be but am used to it now. But that isn't the question you asked.

My husband works away and I have to make decisions that my mother could ask Dad about. The hard part is when you do what you think is best and then when he comes home, you find out you were all wrong.

MISSOURI: I think it's important for us as husbands to be cautious in going ahead against our wife's will, even if we feel certain we are right. I once bought a horse from a dealer that didn't prove out like we expected so I took the horse back. He said he'd take the horse back and give us another one that he had gotten just lately from an Amishman, but I would have to pay extra money. I didn't know what to do so I talked with the man who owned this other horse and he gave him a good recommendation. I decided I would buy him but when I got home, my wife was rather stirred up and said if the dealer beat us once, he would again. So the matter was dropped for the time being but the next day I brought it up again and then we carefully considered all the circumstances. After talking it over we both agreed that it would be a good buy so we bought the horse and were well satisfied. I always felt that it was well worth the effort to take some time to it instead of just insisting "I'm the boss and I know what is best." Of course I am also thankful for a wife who values unity above self-will.

INDIANA: "I think Abe has to make the decision but it could be done in a better way. If he would have talked it over with her some evening after he saw the sale bill, asking her how she feels about milking more cows, she probably wouldn't have cared. Usually the husband can make a suggestion so that she will give her consent if it's done in the right way, and not just to show her who is boss. If the matter is discussed, sometimes the wife has a better suggestion, too.

MISSOURI: My husband sometimes asks what I think, sometimes even asks if I'd have time to go along to see some cows. He considers what I have to say but the final decision is made by him.

ONTARIO: This was not the first time something like this had happened. Abe was wrong in not discussing this with his wife sooner.

RUTH'S MISTAKES

PENNSYLVANIA: Ruth should have had a right to express her feelings of whether or not to buy a cow, but I feel she failed to give him the respect she should have, as head of the house. I know from experience that this means a lot and encourages a man to try even harder to live for his family. After being married 12 years, I feel at times my wife is a little bossy, but then I also realize she has good talent in managing and I try to be thankful for her helpful decisions. Here's a saying that would do me good to think of more often: "If men would be self starters, women would not have to be cranks."

PENNSYLVANIA: I think Ruth should have talked it over nicer as to why it goes against her conscience instead of saying no and turning and walking away.

INDIANA: I think Ruth was wrong for stopping Abe if he wanted to get an extra cow. I feel as long as the husband has fair management, then the wife should go along with his plans and ideas. I have a sister-in-law who wears the pants in her house (as she calls it). I remember when I told her we were getting married, she said, "Oh, how nice. Now I want to give you some good advice and start right now, be sure and let him know that you're the one who is going to be the boss. Start right away for its so much easier." I told her I don't want to be boss, that I want him to be the head of the house. She looked at me like I was crazy and answered, "Well, I can wrap my husband around my little finger and that's the way I like him best."

Now, after 16 years of married life, I would not trade places with her. I don't think they're happy although she would never admit it and I can truthfully say I feel sorry for them.

OHIO: The conversation between Abe and Ruth makes me feel guilty. A number of years ago we, too, were in the milking business. The children were too small to help and one Saturday evening it seemed like too much for me. We were threshing that day and wanting to finish the job, the men folks worked late, past choring time. This left only me to milk and separate and whatever I could manage to get done. Besides this, I wanted to get the children bathed, combed and ready to retire early for the Sabbath.

When they were finished, my husband come in with a satisfied smile, but I was discouraged to tears and maybe a bit angry. I told him if someone would come tonight and want to buy those cows, I'd sell every one of them. As time went on, he decided that with all our other chores and income, it really isn't necessary to milk cows. I can easily see now how this extra income would have helped us to pay our debts. Now the children are big enough to help milk and I would be only too glad to. But I am the one who was at fault. I should have been more patient back there and looked over the hill at the brighter side. I failed him but with God's help I am trying to stand by him now instead of being bossy. I had to learn the hard way.

It seems to me that sometimes husbands are too easily influenced by their wives (also in spiritual things). The husband is to be head of the house.

PENNSYLVANIA: We can't think of any home where the woman tried to or even did overrule her husband that the home was blessed with obedient children, or with love and harmony. There was always something lacking.

On the other hand when the husband was her "conscience" (as expressed in Family Life) we have seen peaceful conditions that could well be the envy of many frustrated couples and families. Naturally Ruth and Abe cannot change overnight but if there is a willing mind, progress can be made in the right direction.

ARKANSAS: I feel Ruth should not have talked to him the way she did because this doesn't show love and respect. I know from experience that it hurts my husband when I fail and blow my top at him, but I'm trying hard to overcome this. As a wife, I want to be submissive. Sometimes its hard to see it his way and vice-versa. The sailing isn't always easy for we weren't both brought up under the same roof.

INDIANA: When something like this comes up that I do not agree with my husband, I still want him to have the final decision if he can't see it my way. He is still the head of the house and does the financial management. If it proves out that he was wrong, we face the loss together. If we do it my way, and it turns out to be wrong, then I'm sorry I spoke up, and know he shouldn't have taken my advice if he couldn't see it. If Abe thought they should buy more cows to pay their debts, then his wife could have suggested getting up a half hour earlier to get to church on time. If both would have been willing to discuss the matter, it should not have been hard to reach a conclusion.

PENNSYLVANIA: We lived double with different people already and I feel I have learned some valuable lessons. The first woman I never heard complain or nag at her husband when things didn't go right. She left it up to him and however he decided was all right with her. Now we live with a different couple and she not only tells her husband when and how to do things, she also goes out in the barn and tells my husband when he didn't do something she thinks should be done. I can't help but pity her as it isn't hard to see which has the most satisfying marriage. It isn't easy for a wife to know when to be silent and when to speak, but too often we demand things simply because of our own selfish wants.

INDIANA: We had been raising pigs for a feed company but things started going wrong and my husband wanted to raise the pigs on our own. But I didn't agree until I finally saw he was right so then I gave in. If I had let my husband been boss then we would be a lot better off now. Since that we try harder to see the same. He often comes in and asks my advice on something. Sometimes I can help him and other times I tell him to do as he thinks best.

INDIANA: That woman should be spanked! If Abe is trying to pay his debts and feels they need another cow, she should agree to get up earlier. If you get up earlier, you get a good start. The man of the house should be the boss. Talk things over first.

OHIO: When I read of wives acting like Ruth, I get all worked up. What is another cow to be milked if your husband goes to church, if he is faithful to you, if he helps you rear the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and if he seeks to walk the straight and narrow way. I have all the above problems with my husband. As long as his wishes do not conflict with the Bible, I try to submit to his will. Wives, wake up and thank God every day for a Christian husband! You don't realize how richly you are blessed.

MISSOURI: Poor Abe Troyer! Or perhaps I should say, poor Ruth. I feel it is seldom if ever fitting for a wife to be as bossy as Ruth was, even if Abe should have talked it over with her sooner. Although some women may have better management than some men, and may have to be firm, they should try to do it in a gentle way.

I remember an incident that happened at a place where my sister worked. The man came home from town with a new scoop shovel and he got a going over from his wife for not having asked her first. I was just a boy at that time but thought it was awful.

ONTARIO: It says Ruth put her hands on her hips to speak to her husband. This does not seem to be a Christian way for a wife to act. Had he said he wants to buy half a dozen cows, she would have had reason to be perturbed but her hands should never have been on her hips as she approached Abe. This was apparently not the first time she bossed her husband. It could have all been done in a loving way if Abe had the courage to talk it over with Ruth and she could have told him why she was not in favor.

Sometimes I envy those women who know all that goes on in every corner of the farm. I believe we have a more peaceful home if I let my husband do the managing in the barn. I would lose all confidence in myself if he were to tell me how to cook and sew, etc. But still we should be able to show an interest in each other's work.

Ephesians 5 is one of the passages which is always read at our weddings and it ends up with, "and the wife see that she reverences her husband." It would be good for Ruth to hunt up the meaning of this word and not only Ruth, but all of us wives, and then examine ourselves thoroughly.

INDIANA: How Abe must have felt when he left the house and decided not to go to the sale. The wife's role in an ideal marriage is found in Ephesians 5. Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. It says the wife is to be subject unto her husband in everything. In Genesis 3:16 it says the husband shall rule over her. I feel if Abe takes care of the farm and Ruth the house and what goes with it, things will go better. Work together is good advice.

OHIO: In arriving at a decision a husband should be considerate enough of his wife to seek her council and advice. The wife should then offer her advice (more meekly than Ruth did) but the final decision should be left to the husband. If Ruth had daughters within hearing distance, she left a bad influence on them. Such a thing can be carried on for generations. A woman was not meant to make such important decisions and Ruth was certainly out of God's order. My heart went out to Abe. He must have felt like a little child. In our home I gladly let my husband have the final say and our children know that Daddy is the boss.

PROBLEMS ABOUT THE FARM

ONTARIO: I wonder if Ruth helps in the barn and does her part elsewhere so they can be on time in church. My wife and I work together a lot if she needs help, I try to help her if I can. The same goes for my work, she helps out when she can. If it's her work then she decides what to do and in my work I am usually the boss but sometimes if you take someone else's advice, you will have less trouble.

OHIO: Is Ruth one who likes to take it easy or does she do all she can? Does Abe do his duty or does he pile all the work on Ruth that he can? Do both of them get up when it's time to get up or does it take some rousing? If the man lacks in pep or management or both, then he'd better let the "weaker vessel" help with things in order to make a go of it.

MISSOURI: It's not necessary to be late for church just about the cows. Milking should be started early enough to allow time for sick or freshening cows. Then if all goes well, you have time to get ready for church in a relaxed way. Try early to bed and early to rise.

ONTARIO: If they were not ordinarily late, a fresh cow shouldn't have caused them to be late nor should a sick calf. I feel Ruth has a point here that Abe knew was true. They had all they could do already to get ready.

PENNSYLVANIA: It appears they are in the same rut a lot of folks are around here, of having too much work on Sundays and putting too much emphasis on paying the farm off. He should have know long before the day of the sale that she doesn't want any more cows.

INDIANA: We have been late to church and I used to think it is just because we have too many chores. I have found out it helps a lot to get up earlier. We were just too slow in getting started with them. We need the milk checks to pay off the debts.

My husband has a problem of spending money faster than it comes, sometimes for things we really don't need. Then when it comes to buying groceries, he doesn't realize that we need groceries worse than some of the things he buys.

INDIANA: Being late on Sunday morning is a bad habit. If you have a lot of chores on week days, you get up earlier. On Sundays you feel tired and lazy.

My father used to have a habit that every Sunday morning there was something wrong. A post was broke off and a cow could get in the corn while we were gone, or a sow was ready to have pigs and had to be watched. Every Sunday morning Mother would say, "Dad let's hurry. I hate to be late in church every Sunday." His reply was, "I do, too, but I just have to do this."

When we would get to church, we children would

THE BIBLE

When I am tired the Bible is my bed;
  Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
When I am hungry it is vital bread;
  Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine
  Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
  Or naked, it is raiment, soft and warm;
Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide
  Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm;
Would I adventure, there is much to see
  Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

listen whether they were preaching already. If they were still singing, we'd say, "Oh, good."

Then Father died and the first Sunday after this Mother said, "Children, hurry up, we do not want to be late. What we can't do now, we'll do later." We were never late as long as we went to church with Mother. Father was dear to us but different.

WISCONSIN: I know of a family that had a big dairy farm and were always late for church. Then the husband would sit and sleep half that time yet because he had been up so early. Otherwise they would have missed it all.

PENNSYLVANIA: Ruth did not give advice, she gave orders. I feel she was out of place. Abe seemed willing to get up earlier to do his share of the work but being late in church three times in a row was the limit. Some people have nerve trouble and if it was really driving Ruth to the crazy house, Abe should have considered it. Sometimes it appears people are trying to see who can ship the most milk but with their debts to pay, I can't see that Abe was in the wrong.

INDIANA: I think Abe Troyer's wife is in the wrong. The old saying is that if you're hard up don't sell a cow, buy one. It only takes a few more minutes to milk that extra cow, and adds so much to the milk check. Getting up a few minutes earlier doesn't harm anyone.

PENNSYLVANIA: I think Ruth was too hasty in giving her opinion but maybe Abe could have explained to her how a good producing cow can help pay off the debts, that one good cow can bring in more profit than several ordinary cows. Then perhaps Ruth would have found it easier to live up to her marriage vows. I know I have often failed to see my husband's viewpoint but after talking it over with him, I see he had a good reason for going to the sale. If he comes home empty handed, I also know he had a good reason.

ONTARIO: Our bishop used to say a man should listen to what his wife has to say and not just think that she doesn't know anything. At times her judgement is better than his.

An older man once said, "I never had the courage to buy cattle to fatten so I just had what I raised from our few cows. Perhaps if my wife would have urged me or as much as stood behind me, I would have had the courage to try and things would be different now." They had only a small herd of cows, and I don't believe his wife helped him at all. The boys left home when grown.

What is the ideal marriage? If my husband can say of me when I'm gone, "She was my right hand man and always there when I needed her", I will feel I succeeded in my role as a wife. Have you ever heard the expression, "Behind every successful man stands a woman," This should be a woman's aim, to "stand behind" her man to give encouragement and advice where needed.

OHIO: Sometime ago my husband wanted to buy another cow. We did not have the money to pay for one but the seller agreed to let us pay later. My husband wanted the highest priced cow, which of course was supposed to be a real good one. I thought since we don't have the money we should settle for a cheaper one. I told my husband my opinion but he made the final decision, and bought the expensive cow. Later she went bad for us and I was glad the decision had been his and not mine for I would have been out of place to insist on having my way whereas he wasn't. Of course if the cow had done well, she would have soon paid herself off.

MISSOURI: I feel Abe did the right thing by not going to the sale but he should not have waited till the last minute to talk it over with his wife. It looks like thinking of work was getting Ruth down more than the actual work. Work is a lot easier when done cheerfully together. At times when I have not been able to decide, I would ask my wife and say whatever she says I will do and it has often worked out fine. But I have made other deals, with her full consent and haven't been blessed with it but I am careful never to blame her if her advice didn't work as we all make mistakes. I have found that when she gives encouragement, it is a very great help even if she doesn't understand it.

MISSOURI: If Abe had asked her about buying a cow before demanding his pants, it might have struck her different. Maybe her trouble is she doesn't feel "included" except at milking time. On the other hand, to my way of thinking, only in very extreme cases does a wife have the right to say "No, you're not," such as perhaps if something is out of church rules.

In all my years at home I can not remember that my mother ever gave my dad a flat "No". He always came and asked her what she thinks about buying something and I can still hear her say, "I guess it's whatever you think best."

Sometimes my husband also makes investments which I could easily say "Oh, no," but I never do—I say the same thing my mother used to tell my dad. I try to realize that my husband wouldn't want to buy a bunch of sows about ready to farrow if he wouldn't think there was money in it.

Just lately he found five sows he wanted to buy. My mind went back to the last bunch we bought—we had one little pig to take back to the sale barn with its mother and several other sows. I almost cringed at the thought but we got them. Yesterday one had 10 healthy pigs, three others had 12, 9, and 8 pigs with one more sow to go. Now I'm glad I didn't say what I felt like saying when he wanted to buy the sows.

MISSOURI: We had a little the same problem as the Troyers. We were milking 20 cows and I thought that's enough but my husband said if we had 40 or 50, we could get our debts paid off much quicker. I wasn't too happy about it, but went along with it because he wanted it that way. After one summer of having a lot more chores, and still not as much milk or money as he figured, he decided to reduce the number to 35. He also has a neighbor boy to help chore, one who needs the work. So we have found a solution to our problem that pleased not only us but also helped the neighbor boy get a start in dairying. Now chores get done in good time and we also have peace and harmony in our home. (I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had taken the stand Ruth Troyer did).

PENNSYLVANIA: We try to talk it over and decide what will work best for us. I remember one time when my husband had already made up his mind. We had a tractor which had caused a lot of trouble and expense. He got it fixed and said, "I've made up my mind now I'm going to sell it before it breaks down somewhere else."

At first I agreed but then I said, "If you're really honest then you won't be able to recommend it to sell it. And if you want to almost give it away, we might just as well keep it."

Was I being the boss? No, he merely decided that he'd rather keep it than sell it to someone if he couldn't do it with a good conscience even if it meant losing money on it.

I know a grandfather who used to tell his wife, "You may "boss" as long as you boss the right way." What he meant was that sometimes the wife sees something that is not according to God's Word. Then it's in her place to say something.

ABE DID NOT ACCEPT HIS RESPONSIBILITY

"The husband should consider his wife before making any major decisions but as the head should still feel the responsibility to decide what is best. I feel every Christian woman would want it so. If the wife can not give her consent, in some cases, it might still be best to go ahead after all is considered, but in other cases not.

ARKANSAS: Once I was in a home where a discussion was under way and the wife was sure it was the way she said it was. Her husband reproved her gently but firmly and told her she knows where her place is. She was quiet then but cheerful and submissive. How like her I want to be.

WISCONSIN: If I would have had the nerve to tell my husband he couldn't go to a sale and buy more cows, he probably would have told me, "Ich hopp frogt-wo sind my hussa? Ich hopp net frogt- soll ich mae kee kaufa?" (I asked, "Where are my pants? I didn't ask, Shall I buy more cows?"

And I would have scampered for his denim pants. It's obvious that Abe knew what he was doing and he should not have let his wife run over him. If he did, then it was his own fault, not hers. Sometimes a wife has good advice, but if it isn't good advice then the husband's duty is to stand on his own two feet. You can't get around it. The Bible plainly says the husband is to be over the wife and she is the helpmeet, not the boss.

Usually if a wife goes out of her place, it's the husband's fault for not doing his duty. It is usually easier for a wife to reverence her husband if he very firmly takes his stand as Head of the home, with Christ as his Head. This letter is written by one who likes to be kept in place.

A few more answers from vastly different families then we will have to let it suffice for lack of space.

NAME OF STATE WITHHELD: How sad to see husband and wife arguing about something that could be talked about in love. When we were first married I was like Ruth and gave my opinion too often and in such a way that finally my husband quit telling me when he intended to do something like buying a cow. In fact he didn't talk to me at all for long periods of time and I got very lonely but I learned. I learned that if my husband were to ask me about buying another cow and I wouldn't think so, I would say, "Yes, if you think so, then you should certainly go ahead and buy one" but I would ask a few questions after this such as "What about the chores, don't we already have enough?" or maybe something like, "I think that would be a good idea except that possibly it might make us later yet on Sunday mornings." Then he'd start doing some thinking and chances are he'd think of other disadvantages and not even buy another cow. The main thing is for me to give up my own self will and when he sees I try to agree with him and respect him, he is much better to live with.

INDIANA: Ruth, you should not have set your foot down and said, "I won't put up with your buying another cow!" What did you mean, if he did you would beat him up or leave him? Or was it just a bluff? If you refuse to suffer for what you feel is an injustice, but try to rule over your husband, you will not win him or win anything for yourself or for him.

Also a word for you, Abe. I want to commend you for wanting to work hard and pay off your debt. I hope you found your pants and that your wife has not been wearing them. But I question your statement (were you altogether honest?) about going to the sale when you said to Ruth, "Why yes, didn't I mention it." You should have talked it over with your wife sometime earlier.

MISSOURI: It is true that our husbands are not perfect and may not always make the best decision (who can) and yet the final decision is theirs. Does this make the life of a wife difficult? No, not really. As I read the fifth chapter of Ephesians my heart is filled with thoughts inexpressible. The marriage relationship, as God intended it, is so beautiful and so deep. Truly the mystery is deep. No wonder God chose this to illustrate the relationship between and church and Christ.

And now one more letter which we will call the "gem" letter for this time although we feel that many, many more would fall into this category. We are printing it word for word as it came in.

We hope you are not disappointed to learn that there are no bosses in our home.

I looked up boss in the dictionary (pocket-size) and it said- overseer. That being the case, I am the boss. I oversee the washing, ironing, sewing and mending, the cooking, cleaning and baking. I organize the furniture, bathtimes and clutter, and if pushed I'd be able to mention some other things. But behind it all is a loving husband who looks and plans ahead for his family. He takes care of the financial affairs, his job and the things that the Bible commands including me.

Should the Ruth and Abe problem arise— I'm always given the opportunity to agree or disagree. I would remind him how late we've been arriving at church, that we would be in deeper debt if that extra cow would die (pessimist) and the suggestion to rise earlier is fine with me but would he care to suggest how I am to get him up?

I would be told all the reasons that we need a new cow. The suggestion that we would get out of debt quicker would be all I would need. I'd go find his denim pants and hunt for his shoes, too.

But I doubt the problem would come. We always ask each others opinion before making a major decision, like buying a cow or a new sewing machine. He'd not say 'I'm buying a cow' but rather 'What do you think about getting another cow?' And I do the same with a new set of pans.

Naturally someone must make the final decision. That responsibility would be my husbands as he is the head of our home and I have promised to love, honor and obey him.

We know of some cases which are good lessons for us all. There's the husband who sits all day at auctions while his wife and seven small children take care of the already too many chores. He's boss. Then there is the wife who says '_____ go get the corn or wheat or whatever planted.' She is boss. There's the husband who bought a farm 500 miles away without the wife's knowledge. He's unloving. Then there is our kind who talk things over. We are companions. △

Sometimes you have to be silent to be heard.

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

PROBLEM NO. 6

TENSION BETWEEN PARENTS

Young Bennie Blank stopped in astonishment. His parents were arguing! It was a hot day and Bennie had come in from the barn to get a drink. Henry and Savilla Blank were in the living room unaware that anyone else was in the house. This was not the first time Bennie had heard his parents talking when they did not know he was around, but the first time he heard them arguing. Other times they were talking in a quiet voice, perhaps relating some incident that had happened. Quickly he got a glass of water and left the house as quietly as he had come in.

Bennie knew what the trouble was. Four years ago Grandpa Blank had died and Grandma had come to live with them. Mom and Grandma didn't get along very well from the start and it seemed to be getting worse. Often times Grandma was not feeling well and her thoughts were mixed up. Sometimes she even said things that weren't true, apparently after thinking something for some time, she accepted it as being a fact. This caused trouble in the family. Dad's sister, Edna felt that her mother was being misused and soon there were rumors going around.

At first Bennie's parents ignored the rumors but Edna kept getting more and more stirred up. She spent quite a bit of time talking to Dad any chance she could get to talk to him alone. Soon Dad had started siding in with his sister and that is where the trouble really began as far as Bennie was concerned. The other uncles and aunts got involved too, and there was much loose talk. Bennie hoped things would quiet down for he knew his mother was not guilty of what she was being blamed. Now after he heard Dad and Mom arguing, he was confused and didn't know what to think. He had always had a lot of confidence in both his parents but how could it be that they were arguing? Was it really true what Aunt Edna had said, that his mother could act friendly to a person's face but underneath, she is cruel and heartless? Bennie's head started going round and round.

That evening Dad hitched up and left. Bennie asked his mother where Dad went and she nearly burst out crying and said he had gone to Chris Kings. Chris was the deacon. Now Bennie wished he hadn't asked.

Things kept on going this way for several years. Although the parents tried to hide it, Bennie and his younger brothers and sisters knew there was something wrong. There was tension, suspicion and mistrust between Dad and Mom. Sometimes they acted so queer that it was hard to understand. The old feeling of absolute trust and confidence in each other had vanished. Sometimes the children cried themselves to sleep.

Then after a number of years Grandma died and things gradually quieted down. Bennie and the other children hoped that now things would be like they were years ago but they were disappointed. There still seemed to be ill-feeling,bitterness and mistrust between the parents. How could it be like this between two people who according to the Bible should be as one?

What mistakes did Bennie's parents make and how could it have been avoided? Have you had any experience or seen what effects disagreements between parents can have on their children, whether because of in-law problems, church matters, money matters or anything else? How might it have been prevented and what could be done once it has happened? If you have anything to share with the readers on this subject let us hear from you but don't wait too long. Your reply should be postmarked not later than May 3, 1975. Your name and address will be kept confidential. Address your letter to:

Department MM
Family Life
R.4 Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

(Continued from back cover)

eggs. The birds also make an easy target for trigger happy hunters. The call of "Robin in the cherry tree" has been the signal for the killing of many robins. One of their weaknesses is that they do like to feast on fruit such as cherries, strawberries and Juneberries. However if there is wild fruit or berries available the robins will usually not seriously bother the gardens.

Years ago robins were classed a game bird and considered a delicate dish. In 1870 a law was passed to abolish the open season on robins. It is now a violation of the law to kill these birds. It is much easier and more practical to plant an extra cherry tree or a few more strawberries, than to try to keep these friendly birds away.

A SECOND RATE SINGER

The robin is not really considered as a first rate singer although it has two or three different songs which it sometimes sings. The best known of these is the clear ringing continuous carolling early in the morning or late in the evening. This sometimes has a joyous, sometimes saddening effect on the listener, coming as it does at this unusual time of the day. One writer remarked that the song of the robin "seems to combine two opposite qualities of bird music, plaintiveness and joyousness, in some indefinable manner."

Another characteristic of the robin is its stiff military actions. It has no slow or leisurely movements. Often it is motionless and its body is alert,erect and tense. Suddenly it will run rapidly a few feet and then freeze itself again watching for a worm or an insect to pounce upon. △

BEWARE OF THE SMOOTH TALKING SALESMAN

It was a beautiful late summer day and I was baking cookies when I heard a knock on the door.

I went to the door and there stood a salesman, who acted very friendly and asked in a round about way if he could come in and show my husband and myself what a beautiful product he is selling, and from the way he sounded it was something we couldn't do without.

Before we knew it, he had spread a cloth on my dining room table and was getting some china from his bag, he also had crystal, cookware and some very expensive knives. He said there is none finer and probably even our food would taste better eaten off something as beautiful as that.

He made it sound as if my husband would be a very poor provider, were he not to buy it.

My husband is the type that needs time to think, so he was very bewildered by all the fast talk.

The salesman did not say how much this would cost until he had filled out the contract and said to my husband, "Now sign here."

He hadn't even asked if we wanted it!

You probably already guessed it, we signed. In a split second we spent $1,000!

To this day we wish we hadn't, if we had known then that we'd have unpaid bills now we never would have signed. And if only we'd read the small print we would have known that we could've cancelled the contract within three days, (something the salesman never told us).

I've heard many salesmen but never have I heard such a smooth, fast talker. I hope this will help someone else to always think twice and always read the fine print.

-One who got taken, Ohio △

DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW

I have felt very sick at heart for a long time, and with God's help, I want to write to you about my problem. You know that since marrying your son and moving to your community, I had to give up my parents and my family for they now live far away. Naturally I don't get to see them very often although we do write regularly, but this is not like having Mother close at hand to ask advice, etc. But with you living so close, I should have no problem, should I?

That is where the difficulty comes in. I know you have wondered why I do not come to you more to ask advice but do you realize that I can't as long as you do not show enough interest in me to come and visit me occasionally in my home. Maybe you don't realize how I feel so let me explain. My parents live so far away and you are so close. Yet long periods of time go by that you have not entered our doorway once.

At first I thought it is only because I am so new, that when you get to know me better, you will surely come. But I am here several years, have visited you often and borne you a grandchild. Still you keep your distance. Why?

I know you think you are needed at home since you still have a large family to care for. But it seems to me that your grown daughters can go on with the work even if you are not at home.

You have mentioned that your son, (my husband) is over at your place sometime nearly every day and if there is anything of importance you can tell him or vice-versa. Can't you see that in this way you are smothering the love which should be getting stronger between mother and daughter-in-law? In a way, you are keeping your son tied to your apron strings, almost forgetting he has left father and mother and joined himself as one flesh unto his wife. I don't mean that you can't talk to your son, but some topics would be more appropriate to discuss with me instead of him. I know that when we visit you, often the younger children are about which would not be a fitting time to discuss some things. Surely you could find an opportunity to talk alone with me for when my husband comes you talk with him behind the barn or in such out of the way places. Wouldn't it look better if you would come to me to discuss such things or if it is something he should be included, that you would do it in my presence, too?

And while you're in our home, you could make my heart so much lighter by showing an interest in my garden, my work, and- and especially in me! Such little things would show us that you really care about the wife your son married.

You raised such a wonderful, loving, kindhearted husband for me and I know I am not half good enough for him. I know I shouldn't feel so hurt by such a trivial matter as being ignored. Forgive me this weakness. You could help me so much by merely accepting me for what I am, your daughter-in-law and your- Beloved Son's Wife.

FARM & FIELD

PLANNING FOR PEAK PASTURE PRODUCTION

Lower grain prices during the next few years will probably bring more attention to pasture and grassland farming. Many farmers are aware that pasture is by far the cheapest feed for dairy or beef animals as well as horses. Tests on a dairy farm in southern Indiana showed that the nutrients furnished by pasture cost only 27% as much as from the remainder of the feed. From a study of New York dairy farms it was estimated that pasture cost only one-sixth as much as an equal amount of feed value from grain, one-third as much as from silage and one-half as much as from good hay. In these tests, the cost of producing milk was only 55% as much while the cows were on pasture as during the winter time.

Ordinarily pasture will produce less per acre than corn or alfalfa hay which is a factor that must be considered where acreage is limited. But improved pasture with fertilization and good management can produce almost as much as other crops. In Maryland tests a good pasture mixture of legumes and grasses with fertilitzation yielded 88% as much as alfalfa hay on similar land. Unfertilized pasture in the same trials which was grazed continuously produced only 50% as much as the alfalfa hay.

YOUNG GRASS RICH IN PROTEIN

Young plants, especially of the grasses are much richer in protein on a dry basis than the same plants at a later stage of growth. In the northern states young grass usually contains 16% protein when dried to a hay basis. This is more protein than there is in alfalfa hay of good quality. Young legumes such as alfalfa and clover will contain 20 to 25% protein on a hay basis. The protein decreases rapidly as the plants mature and start heading out. Alfalfa hay just before bloom has 18% digestible protein while after bloom there is only 12%. Hay that is over-ripe has very little digestible protein, it may come as low as 3% and is comparable to straw in feeding value.

The reason for this is that as the plant matures, the lignin increases. This is a carbohydrate but is very low in digestibility, somewhat similar to wood.

RAPID GROWTH THE KEY TO GOOD PASTURE

Grass is usually rich in protein and is of high feeding value as long as it can be kept growing rapidly and prevented from heading out. It is usually worth more in spring and early summer than later in the season. If hit by dry weather the protein and total digestible nutrients drop rapidly perhaps from 16% protein to 12%. When fall rains come and the grass resumes growth, the protein content will be nearly as high as it was in the spring. Fertilization and good pasture management including rotation will keep the grass growing and provide more feeding value. In case the grass is allowed to head out and to go seed, the protein content will be comparatively low.

Clipping of pastures is important to keep the plants from going to head and also to control weeds. Sometimes an early crop of hay can be taken from part of the acreage which will provide rich succulent pasture during the middle of the summer when it is most needed.

There is a difference in various kinds of pasture crops. Bromegrass retains its palatability and nutritive value over a much longer period than most other grasses. It will still make reasonably good hay when it is gone to seed. Orchardgrass, on the other hand, and Reed canary grass become tough and woody rapidly if allowed to go to head. Timothy hay is 6% digestible protein before bloom but drops to 2.8% in the early seed stage.

The above rule holds for all pasture plants but not for corn and the cereal grains, such as oats, barley and sorghum. In these crops large amounts of nutrients are stored in the seeds, so should not be harvested until the seed has fully developed. Oats for hay should not be cut until they are in the soft dough stage, but while the leaves and stems are still green.

PASTURE IS NOT A CONCENTRATE

Even the best pasture is still a roughage as it will contain around 20% fiber when figured on a hay- dry basis. High producing dairy cows cannot consume enough pasture for maximum milk yields. In Montana tests, cows produced only 63% as much milk on high quality, irrigated pasture as they did with a concentrate mixture added.

Beef cattle need concentrates also to obtain a good degree of fatness.

WASTE OF PROTEIN ON PASTURE

Some dairymen waste protein by feeding a protein rich concentrate to dairy cattle on lush pasture. As has been pointed out, young and rapidly growing grass is very rich in protein, and no additional protein supplement is needed during this time. What is needed is carbohydrates which is best furnished by corn or farm grown grains.

But when the pasture gets mature or slows down in growth due to dry weather, additional protein is needed.

ROTATIONAL GRAZING THE SECRET

Pasture fields which are constantly grazed close cannot produce a good yield. Tests prove that constant close clipping such as in a lawn reduces the annual yield by as much as one-half. The reason for this is that plants need leaves to gather sunlight and produce their plant food which is stored in the roots. Alfalfa plants need a rest period during September in order to store nutrients in the roots for the coming season.

Pasture fields produce best when allowed to grow up, then grazed and clipped and allowed to grow up again, perhaps two or three times during the season and then again in the fall but not too closely to prevent winterkill. Dividing the pasture field into three or more parts with semi-permanent fences is one answer. Another way is to use electric fences for strip grazing but this requires considerably more work. △

Deadline for Answers May 10th.

WHAT DO YOU THINK

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QUESTION:

I see so often that schoolgirls, older girls and even women don't have their caps tied and it seems to be getting worse all the time. Years ago we had a school teacher who used to remind the girls, "Let's all have a bow tie." I see so much untied caps in church and as soon as the church service is out even the little girls have theirs untied. Is there anything that could be done about this or doesn't it make any difference whether they have them tied or not? It's such a little thing but I am wondering what will happen if it's let go? Should we just quit talking about it? -I Like Mine Better Tied

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ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION SHOULD MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS GO AWAY TO WORK? THE MONEY COMES IN HANDY FOR GROCERIES BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHERE IT SAYS WOMEN ARE TO BE "KEEPERS AT HOME"?

● I didn't realize there were plain communities where mothers and grandmothers go to work for wages. Perhaps in some circumstances it would be justifiable. If money is needed for living, maybe you could find other things to do. Home baking by the plain people is usually very much sought after. In the summer you could raise garden products to sell at the gate. Or if this is not possible or not to your liking, how about piecing quilts, hooking mats or rugs, weaving carpets? There are many things to knit or crochet that you could also sell. All these things you could do as time is available and still be at home with the family. -Ontario

● Mothers, do you realize what is happening to the church since you are taking jobs outside the home? A young generation is looking to us for examples to pattern their lives. Every day it seems to be coming more popular for plain people to be taking public jobs. Some give logical sounding reasons such as there are not enough farms for all, the money just doesn't reach, we can help others by sewing in the factory, or perhaps the husband has poor management.

Let us stop and think. What is our goal in life? Is it not to live a life so that we can some day inherit Heaven. Let us consider whether that extra money is essential to live a humble and simple life as we are admonished in the Scriptures. We don't need to have a large sum of money to be caught in the Lazarus parable. There is very little hope or promise for the rich in eternity.

If mother is ambitious, there is always work around the house. The more food we have from the garden, the less groceries from the stores and fewer doctor bills. Our bodies were made to thrive on food as it grows in nature. Let us walk circumspectly, humble, meek and lowly in heart, thereby honoring God.

-Aware of a Change, Ephrata, Pa.

● I do not think our household duties should be neglected. Small children need a lot of attention and lets do all we can to bring them up as Christians. I don't think we can spend too much time with them while they are young. They are young only once and if we fail them, it will be too late. Oh how sad that way.

These days prices are so high and I don't blame anyone for trying to make a little extra income if it can be done without neglecting anything else.

-Mother of Two, Indiana

● I think Titus 2:5 means exactly what it says. Being a Christian mother, wife, and housekeeper is a full time job and I do not think she should have to take another job. Especially so where there are children. As for me, I would not have time, for my hours are filled with housekeeping, rearing the children and most important of all trying with God's help to have a Christian home. My goal in life is not material possessions but eternal life for my husband, children and myself. What good will it be to have a nice home, new clothes, etc. if some day too late you realize you should have spent more time with you children, your most precious possessions, showing and teaching them the way to Heaven.

-Enjoying My Role as Mother, Ohio

● I expect you will get plenty of answers to your question but I dislike the idea so much that I will answer anyway. Women with spare time can sew for busy mothers at home, mending and baby sitting is much appreciated. Some make quilts and baked goods to sell at stores or auctions. It seems to me grandfathers are also working at pallet shops and the like more and more. Is there nothing to do at home on the farm for son or son-in-law or friend? Especially ministers and bishops I think should not be tied down with a job away from home for they never know when some troubled brother or sister in the church will stop to talk things over. Yes, there is much work for all of us but some does not give its rewards in dollars and cents. -Just a Mother, Ohio

● I think keepers at home means keepers at home. Unless these mothers and grandmothers must work on account of financial reasons, (sometimes the husband is unable to work), or unless they have no children or grandchildren who would greatly appreciate help, or unless the community has no sewing circle, no sickly persons, no projects to help the poor— then they belong at home. Although these things may not bring in dollars and cents, I would say it brings in far more in laying up treasures in Heaven, which is where our hearts are supposed to be. I wonder if it's not done to keep up with the Jones— Mrs. Jones works away so I should, too. I'm thankful my mother doesn't work away. I love her visits greatly. They do more good than much medicine.

-A F. L. Reader, East Earl, Pa.

● In my opinion, one of the greatest downfalls of the world is the working mothers and it has always been beyond me why the Old Order churches allow it. In this community, there are mothers with children still at home and grandmothers with children still at home that work outside the home, in restaurants, and housework. There are very few cases where the money is actually needed for they have husbands working.

Geauga County

● I say it should not be. So many things are neglected at home and also there is where most of these divorces come from. I know of grandmothers that work away from home and are well to do. Why not let other people have this work who need it. There are always maids that need the work for an income. - Indiana

● I think a mother or grandmother's place is at home. Of course not every day as there may be parents to look after, or a sick friend that needs help. The neighbor lady has a tiny baby and no one to work for her so I must go and help. I'm afraid these things will be neglected if I go away to work. My mother used to help me so much when my children were small. I once said, "What if I can't ever help you back?" Her answer was, "Then give help to those that need it." I think every community has people who really do need it.

It seems the more money we have, the more we will spend. So why not be satisfied with less and lay up treasures in Heaven? -Hoping I can help, Indiana

● I can't see much good in mothers and grandmothers going out to work for wages. Who will make the meals if word comes that visitors are in the community and will be at our house for dinner? Who will go to the homes where death has come to comfort and lend a helping hand? Will the sick and the aged be visited only on Sundays when these working wives have the time? Or won't they have time at all?

Who will do the sewing for that young mother with a family and no hired girl? Who will do the cooking, cleaning, washing, sewing, and mending that always has to be done in a home? I know I wouldn't have the energy to work away all day and then come home and do all that work in the evening. Or if father comes in during the day and needs help to find something or just feels like talking a little, who will listen? Can a wife keep her interest in the church and in spiritual things if she goes out to work, or will her interests be with those she works for?

We all feel sorry for the family that has to give up their mother when death comes. But wouldn't a home lose its heart if mother goes away to work? So I say let us older women stay at home and bake our bread, make our clothes, tend our gardens and raise as much food as possible and bring cheer to our own husbands. I believe this is what was intended for us to do. Let us do it cheerfully. Money isn't everything.

-Stay at Home, Pa.

ANSWERS TO KNOW YOUR GERMAN from page 16

1. Betreten A. meet with, follow, enter, find, ".... noch keine, denn menschliche Versuchung betreten, aber Gott ist getreu...." I Cor. 10:13
2. Dornen C. thorns "Etliches fiel unter die Dornen ...." Mt. 13:7
3. Dünken B. seem, look, appear "Darum, wer sich läszt dünken, er stehe, mag wohl zusehen, dasz er nicht falle." I Cor. 10:12
4. Fels C. rock, crag, or cliff ".... sie tranken aber von dem geistlichen Fels, der mitfolgte, welcher war Christus." I Cor. 10:4
5. Gebot D. commandment, command, order, bid. "Das ist mein Gebot, dasz ihr euch unter einander liebet ...." John 15:12
6. Gedächtnisz B. remembrance, memory, recollection, memorial, "....mein Leib, der für euch gegeben wird; das thut zu meinem Gedächtnisz." Luke 22:19
7. Geloben A. promise solemnly, vow "Und sie worden froh, und gelobten, ihm geld zu geben." Luke 22:5
8. Harre D. tarry, wait for, await, stay ".... wenn ihr zusammenkommt, zu essen, so harre Einer des Andern." I Cor. 11:33
9. Kein B. no, not a, not one, not any. "....,und trinken sein Blut, so habt ihr kein Leben in euch." John 6:53
10. Kelch C. cup, goblet, chalice "....und von diesem Kelch trinket, sollt ihr des Herrn Tod verkündigen, bis dasz er kommt." I Cor. 11:26
11. Lehrte A. taught instructions, precepts, doctrines, etc. "....in der Schule, da er lehrte zu Cappernaum." John 6:59
12. Ohren D. ear, hearing, handle "....und eure Ohren, dasz sie hören." Mt. 13:16
13. Ritterschaft C. knighthood, "Durch recht geistliche Ritterschaft, Des Lebens Kron' erlangen. Amen." Dichter, gebraucht bei dem Gedächtnisz mahl; O Vater, steh...
14. Sammt, Samt B. together with, along with; ".... auf dasz wir nicht sammt der Welt verdammet werden." I Cor. 11:32
15. Sauerteig A. leaven, yeast ".... Das Himmelreich ist einem Sauerteig gleich...." Mt. 13:33
16. Streben C. strive, struggle (after), press (towards), aim (at) "Nach seiner G'meinschaft allzeit streben." Dichter, O Gott Vater ins Himmelsthrone.
17. Unterscheidet D. distinguish, discriminate, separate ".... damit, dasz er nicht unterscheidet den Leib des Herren." I Cor. 11:29
18. Verlanget B. desire, claim, ask for "....Mich hat herzlich verlanget, dies Osterlamm mit euch zu essen,...." Luke 22:15
19. Verstockt B. stubborn, impenitent, hardened, also stained with, damp "Denn diese Volks Herz ist verstockt, und ihre Ohren hören übel...." Mt. 13:15
20. Wäret C. were "Wäret ihr von der Welt, so hätte die Welt das Ihre lieb; ...." John 15:19

AFTERGLOW

The day died in a flood of crimson flame
That bathed the hills in beauty richly rare,
All the world bowed down
And I, too, came to stand and wonder in worship there.

Then a small voice seemed to question me,
When death shall come and I must gladly go,
Will there be someone to love my memory
Oh, Lord, shall I, too, leave an afterglow?
-Selected

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

GARDEN TIME AGAIN

It's time to take your rake and hoe,
Your shovel and your spade,
To find your way outdoors again
And get your garden made.
The April sun is bright and warm
Against your window pane
And beckons you to come along
It's garden time again.

Just see that little crocus there—
Its telling you 'tis spring
And yonder hill is budding forth,
Just hear the robin sing!
It's planting time, I'm very sure,
Just feel that gentle rain,
The blueness of the sky will tell
It's garden time again.

Old Mother Nature's come to life
Throughout this wonderous land,
The urge to get outdoors and work
Is taking you in hand.
The valley fast is changing green,
The trees are leafing out
The meadow and the rippling brook
Has children all about.

It's time to toss aside your cares,
And build a glowing dream
To pluck the weeds that don't belong
And plant a rose supreme.
My heart is bursting with desire;
I can't remember when
It ever felt so much like spring
And garden time again.

-Submitted by Mrs. Daniel R. Peachy,
Pennsylvania

THIS IS ONLY THE FOREPART of March but at my inside window tiny stems are pushing up through the soil. Outside my window the earth is slowly going through a transformation, making ready to receive the little seeds and started plants. But out in some gardens covered carrots and parsnips are hidden that still contribute their goodness to the table.

I once heard that our bodies contain the same minerals that are found in the soil. This sounds logical for we we are taught we are made from soil and will return to soil. Because of this, our bodies need the things from the soil to daily replenish the bodily elements that provide life. Thus, the closer we come to using the natural source, the better. So it is only natural that people are healthier when they eat of nature's unrefined foods, than when they gorge on the refined and fortified foods that are found on the market.

I'm acquainted with two wise parents who decided that their children shall be taught early to eat vegetables, for this would be cheaper and healthier. Not only that, but by eating many vegetables they would not become fat and sluggish. Through the years they planted a large variety of vegetables. This meant many years of hard work but now they have a large, lively and healthy family.

About twenty or more years ago a large family in California lived completely on raw foods. Through this they they became well known. They and their rosy-cheeked children were at times pictured in the newspapers as an example of healthful living.

If this method proved so successful then why were not more converted to this form of eating? Because few people wish to go through life without the pleasure of pies, cakes, candy, pudding and all the other tempting foods. When used in moderation, they may not be harmful but as the main fare, they are definitely detrimental.

Well, we haven't completely come away from the hominy discussion. Several friends wrote in to give advice so we'll let them have the last word this time. One wrote that hominy need not be stirred when the corn is put into a stainless steel canner. She says: "Make the canner only 1/4 full. Fill with water, then put the lid on and do not uncover until late afternoon."

The other friend wrote to remove hulls from corn for hominy, 2 tablespoons soda and 2 quarts cold water should be used for each quart of corn. Follow then the same procedure as with other hominy recipes.

I've learned several things about hominy lately. One is that it's good even if the hulls and centers are not removed, it can be added to meat loaves, and I also learned

HOW TO MAKE LYE

Take wood ashes and pour hot water over them. Stir and heat them on the stove for an hour or so; let them settle, then skim the clear water off the top. This is lye, but it should be strained first. This lye is not as strong as the bought lye. Maybe one of the readers can tell us how lye was made years ago.

Several pancake mixes have come in again that the thrifty mothers will welcome. After the pancakes are made and you have a small amount of batter left, don't throw it out. Add a little milk to make the batter thinner. Dip your hamburgers or other meat in the batter and fry them in hot oil.

PANCAKE MIX #3

12 cups flour
3/4 cup sugar
2 T. salt
4 cups dry milk
3/4 cup baking powder

Mix well and store in tight containers.

Method: 1 1/2 cups pancake mix, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup water and 2 T. salad oil.

Can use buckwheat or whole wheat flour for part of flour. Dry milk can be omitted if milk is used in place of the water. -Mrs. John Schmucker

PANCAKE MIX #4

1 box cornstarch
5 cups corn meal
1 cup white sugar
1 cup baking powder
1/3 cup salt
15 cups flour
2 cups powdered milk (optional)

If you have milk to mix the pancakes leave out the powdered milk. Sift all dry ingredients together three times. Store in a dry place. -Mrs. Melvin Bauman

Soon it will be time for dandelion, lamb's quarter (also a green), and watercress. All three make healthy dishes and can be served with sour cream dressing. The lamb's quarter is earlier than dandelion and not so well known. The watercress is usually found at a spring and is delicious even without the dressing. This is often found in the most expensive food supplements on the market.

Dandelion is not too tasty without the dressing. I'm reminded of the little boy who said to his mother, "I would like dandelion, too, if it wouldn't be for that green stuff in it."

Dressing for Greens

Cut up a few strips of bacon into a pan and fry. Use part of the fat to make pan gravy with 1 tablespoon flour. When brown, stir in 1 cup water. Let boil, then add 1 tablespoon sugar. Salt and vinegar to taste. A bit of sour cream, or buttermilk may be added. Fold in two hardboiled eggs, diced. Add the greens just before serving.

DANDELION

Dandelion flowers are good fried in butter. The root can be dried and ground for a coffee substitute. Dandelion is a blood purifier and is very good for liver complaints. (It has been recommended for the kidneys also. -Aunt Becky)

Burdock can be taken off as rhubarb and stalks prepared as asparagus. -Mrs Harry Oberholtzer

POTATO-CARROT-TURNIP DISH

Scrub potatoes, carrots and turnips (peel, if desired). Slice about 1 inch thick and place in baking dish. Make hamburger patties and arrange them on top. Cover dish and bake until done.

Any root vegetable has more flavor when baked. Place them in a heavy pan or dutch oven on top of the grate, on bottom of oven. Add butter and salt before serving. Later put the pan on top of the stove with a tight-fitting lid. The vegetables will steam from their own moisture. -Mrs. Harry Oberholtzer

Here is a cake that you can bake when you're in a hurry. It is also simple enough that little girls can bake it. It's my eight-year-old's favorite.

CRUMB CAKE

Make crumbs of 2 1/2 cups flour (doesn't need to be sifted especially when in a hurry) 2 cups brown sugar 1/2 cup soft butter or oleo 1 t. cinnamon 1 t. nutmeg

Take out 1/2 cup crumbs for top of cake. To the remainder of crumbs add 1 egg, well-beaten, and 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk— or add a little vinegar to sweet milk in which 1 teaspoon soda had been dissolved. Pour into greased pan. Put 1/2 cup crumbs on top and bake.

-Mrs. A. L. Troyer, Ohio

COCOA CAKE

6 T. butter or oleo
2 cups sugar
2 cups sour milk or buttermilk
2 t. soda
3 cups flour (scant)
1/2 cup, or less, cocoa
2 t. vanilla

Melt the butter and mix with sugar. Add the sour milk in which the soda had been dissolved. Add vanilla and then the flour and cocoa which have been sifted together.

-I. B., Indiana

Kindness

Kindness is to human relationships what an April shower is to the flower—refreshing, nourishing and stimulating. Growth and beauty are the results.

Kindness is a most needed ingredient in our time. With its increased use we could see changes on all fronts, which eventually would bring the sunrise of hope we all await.

Kindness is an oil of healing to a broken relationship, which unstops the clogged channels of love and lets them flow freely again.

Kindness is my response to a need with help; my response to hatred, with love; my response to despair with hope.

Kindness is my response to anything less than the best, with something better.

Kindness is service with its best foot forward, its hand outstretched, its heart open, with love dictating the moves.

Kindness is more than deeds, it is an attitude, an expression, a look, a touch. It is anything that lifts another person. -C. Neil Strait

Some Mothers Write

I'll tell you about Abdon. It is marked in the almanac. It has been handed down from my great-great grandparents. I don't believe many people follow it anymore, but we still like to practice it. This was the day to go through all the chests, closets and drawers to look for moths that would get at the wool clothing. We never see any moth, but it's just this, if you have a certain day to do it you get it done. -Lancaster, Pennsylvania

One of the pre-school children asked one day (having in mind we all must die), "Mom, when the last person dies, who will bury him?" -Mrs. E. Y., Ohio

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

The greatest beauty is that which can't be seen: love, peace, joy, faith, etc.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

I TRIED TO SMILE

There once was a time when all was well;
My busy life was going just swell;
There were many things for me to do
So I'd hurry—hurry so I'd get through.
The house I'd clean, the meals I'd cook
Then bake a cake or read the "Book."
From early morn till chores were done
It seemed I always was on the run.

Then came the time when I slowed down,
Not all was well and trouble found;
It seemed before I'd really start
I was so tired with pain in my heart,
The Dr. called it so and so—
Big long words all in a row.
"It may take long, a year or two
Till you're recovered, good as new."

Friends were concerned, they came to see
What all was happening to me.
Some were the loyal, faithful kind
The true and precious, hard to find;
They'd give a kindly hand-out here,
And before they'd leave a word of cheer,
Then some were quite the opposite
They knew my troubles and all about it.

They all gave good advices, true,
If they were sick, just what they'd do.
"I'd always look on the brighter side
And keep my feelings all inside.
I'd smile and take life cheerfully
Then God would surely be pleased with me."
Without a word I thought, "I'll try."
And hoped they did not hear me sigh.

I knew at once a helper I'd need
So I went to the One, Who's our Helper indeed;
I poured out my heart and I asked if He would
Please help me to stay just as gay as I could.
With efforts so strong till I hurt when I breathed
I tried, oh, so hard to be cheerful indeed.
How often I turned when a pain gripped my side
So friends wouldn't see what I tried to hide.

"How are you?" they'd ask when we happened to meet
"I think I'm some better," I'd smile nice and neat,
Omitting the pains that I had here and there
(Cause I knew that to some, " they would never pains share.")
"Oh, I heard you were better and thought you're all right
Or I would have been over to visit one night."
Then busily onward they'd go with a wave
While I tried to be thankful for thoughts that they gave.

But there now, I didn't mean to complain
'Bout my fellow-men; we're on the same train;
I'm sure they'd talk different if only they knew
How fast some things change if they wear your shoe.
If you hide all your troubles they'll think you'll feel well;
If you tell them or show them, that's also not swell.
So the only thing left is to go to the Man
Who lives up in Heaven for He'll Understand.

"Dear God," I'd pray as I struggled along,
"Please help me feel good towards the hurrying throng
For I'm sure that they really don't understand
Cause I didn't either, till you lent me a hand.
And pulled me away from the bustle of life
To a quieter pace where there's not so much strife;
Now take me, and guide me, and mold me with love
Till you can then use me in Heaven above."

-One Who Was Shut-in.

* * *

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

It was January 22, 1950, the day of our wedding.

My husband turned to me and said, "Who knows what we'll have to go through by 1975."

The future was closed to us and we had to take only one step at a time. Within these years, six sons and seven daughters came to live with us. Lewis was the second from the oldest and our oldest son. When he grew to manhood, he became a new person; he was born again and lived daily for Christ. Lewis was very concerned about the young folks. One day he said to his wife Leah, "Maybe I must give my life for the young folks."

Little did he realize it would be so soon. But we feel his death was not a lesson for the young folks only, but also for his parents, brothers and sisters, his wife and children— actually for all who knew him, for we all have room to better ourselves. We know he would not want us to praise him for the good he has done. We feel what has happened was all God's leading. May His will be done.

Lewis had done some painting and one day he sprayed a chicken house. The mask he was wearing was not complete so he breathed in the odor of the chemicals. Some may think he should have know better, but he didn't realize how serious it could become. Afterwards he became sick with chemical pneumonia. He was taken to the hospital and placed in the intensive care unit. During these days he suffered severely.

We prayed for strength to endure our sorrow and as God's children, we didn't want to question, "Why, oh why, Lord, does it have to be us?" It matters not when we meet death, just so we are ready to meet our Master when death comes.

When Lewis saw his wife weeping beside his bed in the hospital, he said, "You must have faith; I will be taken care of." He knew that God cares for those who love Him. (Lewis had told us at one time that by reading ONE WAY STREET his faith was strengthened very much.)

That last day we were all sitting in the waiting room beside the intensive care unit. Lewis was in great suffering and we were praying for him.

At this time Leah, his wife, went into his room and said, "The whole family and also my brother and sister are in the waiting room."

Lewis answered, "Tell Paul I'm praying for him."

Here we were all concerned about Lewis and praying for him, while he lay there suffering and praying for others and not for himself. Will we have such a strong faith on our last day? We praise not Lewis but praise God and thank Him that Lewis was ready to go and be with Jesus. Twenty-two years is such a short time, but young people should think this way, "Will we become that old before God calls us home?"

On our wedding day we didn't know what God had in store for us in 1975, but on the day of our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, our oldest son was buried. It was a day of sorrow, that we had to part with our beloved son Lewis; but amidst all sorrow there's joy. We had the joy of the living hope that he went to be with the Lord. If it would have been us, would we have been ready to die? -by Lewis' Mother

* * *

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS WE offered a hardbound book to those who contributed an article for the Shut-In page that was accepted. Different friends responded. Within the coming months we hope to print of the articles that we received.

It seems a handicap would have many incidents to write about, for he often finds himself in situations that others know nothing about; not unless they, too, have been afflicted. Through these incidents a lesson is often derived which gives added courage or helps in other ways; and this can be a blessing to others as well, when shared.

We are always glad to hear from the handicapped, the shut-in or those who have been or are in connection with the "lame, the halt, or the blind."

THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND

Maybe some of the readers will not feel that I am handicapped, but I have a handicap of the worst kind. Of course, those that know me would say, "Why do you call yourself a handicap for you can see, you can walk and you can hear." This is all true, and I can work; in fact, I can compete with my sisters when it comes to cleaning. But there are many other jobs that I can do, and can do well.

Now I suppose you'll be wondering what my handicap is. I am epileptic. One who has never gone through this cannot realize what a great handicap this is. An epileptic can never know when an attack comes on. They never know where or how hard they'll fall.

I was young—only ten months old—when I started walking. But it wasn't long after that that I began having convulsions. One attack lasted more than three hours. My parents didn't know at the time what had caused this but afterwards they were agreed that it was caused by some fresh paint that I had chewed off an object. They didn't know some paints are poisionous. The paint had been good and dry but even then it was harmful. One doctor thought it probably caused my convulsions and the convulsions brought on the epilepsy.

We didn't know in the beginning that epilepsy can be helped by watching the diet; but it is well if we can first find out what we are allergic to. My troublemakers are: muskmelons, bananas, pork, greasy food, chocolate and peanuts. I get along quite well when I avoid these foods.

We find that many epileptics are "pushed back" or made fun of. I was no exception. Everything went fine until I came into the third grade. The ones in my class avoided me. I would sit alone to eat my lunch. To provoke me, they would check my papers and also go to the teacher's desk and look through the class papers until they found mine then they would laugh and poke fun at my answers. Because of this I lost interest in school. I was taking pills for my epilepsy and had very little seizures in school, so we decided not to tell the children that I had this trouble. Nevertheless, they found out. Then matters became worse. When I was included in their games, I could expect nothing but being scoffed and ridiculed.

One day the report cards were handed out, a girl grabbed my card and then laughed and showed it to the others. Now that I am older I wonder why teachers are not more alert to what the children are doing. And why parents do not teach their children to be kind to everyone, for

It takes so little to make us glad
And it takes so little to make us sad. (Susan Coolidge)

-One who suffered through others

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

LUNG FEVER SALVE

Get at a drug store:

white rosin	6 oz.	balsom peru	4 drams
Bees wax	6 oz.	oil turpentine	4 drams
camphor gum	4 oz.	oil cidar	4 drams

Mix together in an old kettle with 12 oz. lard. Heat until all is melted then strain into jars and cover tightly.

To use, spread the salve on a cloth, apply to the chest. Cover with a very warm thick flannel cloth. (If this is good for lung fever, it is probably good for bronchitis, also-smw) -Mrs. M. Slabaugh

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT The cover for this month was sketched by Mrs. Melvin Bowman of St. Clements, Ontario.

The Thoughtful Person Knows

...the truth wears better unvarnished.

...that a closed mouth often means a closed incident, instead of hard feelings and unpleasant memories.

...that short cuts to knowledge are apt to prove unsatisfactory.

...that there is a wonderful amount of satisfaction in climbing the upgrade.

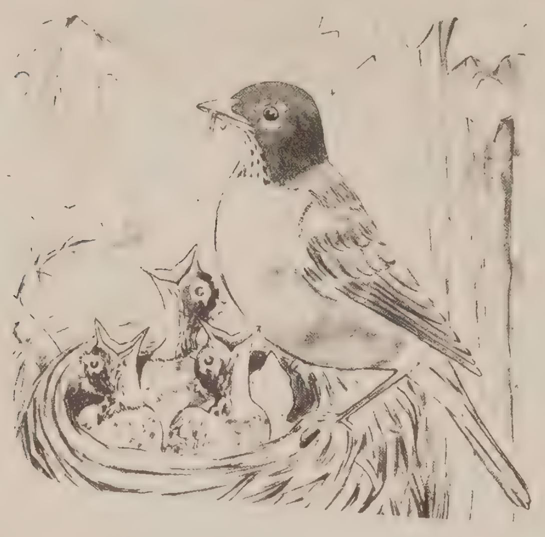
...that many troubles are nine-tenth imagination, and the other tenth curable.

...that worthwhile knowledge is so scattered that one will find it profitable to glean in many fields.

...that exaggeration is nothing more or less than quicksands of the evil one.

...that the field of the learner is the largest field in this old world. -Selected

THE WORLD AROUND US



THE HERALD OF SPRING

One of the best known and sometimes least appreciated of our common birds is the robin. The sight of a robin anytime during the winter is sometimes considered to be the first sign of spring, which it really isn't because it may only be a migrating robin. Each fall large flocks of robins move southward and many of them spend the winter in the southern states. Not all of them go so far south because some have been known to winter as far north as southern Canada. These are birds which go further north to nest in the summer time. As soon as the ice thaws, the robins start north. Most of them return each spring to the exact location where they spent the previous summer and claim the same territory.

Migrating robins do not sing so when you hear the familiar song of the robin you can know that spring has arrived and that your own personal pair of robins has returned to its nesting ground. The male is singing his love song to the female.

Although few people realize it, robins have two totally different natures. When they come back in the spring they are as tame as the English sparrows and nest at our very doorsteps, or in the tree in the yard. When the rearing season is over, they gather in large flocks and live in the woods. Then they are as wild as the other birds of the forests and fly away in alarm as soon as a human being come close. For three seasons of the year they live in flocks and stay in the woods most of the time living off of wild fruits and berries as well as insects.

The American robin belongs to the thrush family and is closely related to the blackbirds and brown thrushes. It is a totally different bird from the Old World robin which is properly known as Robin Redbreast. But our robin has some of the same friendly characteristics as the English robin, the early settlers called it by the same name when they came to America in spite of the fact that it is twice as large.

The robin is the state bird of Connecticut, Michigan and Wisconsin. It builds its nest from 2 to 10 feet from the ground but has been known to build 80 feet high in the tree. Its first nest in the spring is usually built in an evergreen tree because the deciduous trees have not yet come in leaf at that time.

The nest is often built in one day's time. The male helps to build the nest by bringing mud and sticks for the female to build it with. If the female is too busy to take the material right away, he often drops it and flies away. There are very few people who have never seen the familiar sight of a robin nest with its 4 blue-green eggs. The number of eggs may vary from 3 to 5 and may even be 6. The Mother robin usually does all the incubating and it takes from 11 to 14 days for the eggs to hatch. Two weeks later the young will be ready to leave the nest on their clumsy fluttering wings and the pair is ready to start all over again with another nest.

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The young robins have tremendous appetites as soon as they are hatched and are famous for their enormous mouths. The young live mostly on earthworms and Mother robin sometimes has been known to dig up freshly worked garden in order to get them.

ENEMIES OF THE ROBIN

Since a pair of robins will raise two or three broods of young in a season, if all of them survived, there would soon be an over-population of these birds. But there are many enemies, cats find the birds easy to catch while they are in the garden looking for worms. Cowbirds often lay their eggs in robin nests and the young cowbirds crowd out the little robins. English sparrows also destroy the eggs at times.

Perhaps one of the biggest enemies is man himself as children will sometimes tear down the nests or take the

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FAMILY LIFE

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

WHERE IT'S THE MINISTERS' FAULT

In regards to the article, "Mostly The Ministers' Fault" (March F. L.), I'm afraid it's only a little too late. Someone who isn't in the ministers' or bishops' place doesn't know and realize what it is like. I believe a lot of people would do differently if they were in that place for awhile. Where it's the ministers' fault is when they let things get by and don't deal with them according to the Bible teachings.

What hurts me and I feel sorry for is when people dig up things which are to be forgiven and forgotten. Quite often this is done for a come-off or to defend themselves. In Luke 9:62 Christ says, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God."

Too often some take the attitude, "Oh well, I was young once, too. Let them have their fun. Once they are ready to get married, they will settle down." Maybe they'll settle down, but will they be ready to settle up for the things they have done? Are they truly and honestly sorry? We can't expect to be forgiven until we realize we are sinners and are sorry. To become a born again Christian we have to come to that place. If we are sorry for what we have done, we will be ready and willing to do all we can to help and warn others to keep them from doing the same thing. -B., Iowa

WHAT THE MINISTERS SHOULD HAVE DONE

The story "Mostly The Ministers' Fault" was an interesting story and for Ben it really turned out sad. I feel what the story wanted to point out was that it was not the ministers' fault and that Ben was the one who would have to give an account for the way his children turned out. This is right as far as Ben having to give an account.

Ben's attitude wasn't a Christian attitude at all, therefore the ministers should have worked with him on this point, just as they wanted to help his boy Steve. So should they also have tried with the grace of God to help Ben get the victory over such a wicked spirit. The Bible teaches plainly how the church is to be pure and without sin.

I feel the ministers should have tried to change Ben's attitude and if this would not have been possible, then he was to be excommunicated according to the Scriptures which is the "last love" that can be shown toward the erring one.

The Church of God is to have a close tie and a tender love flowing from brother to brother and sister to sister. How could they really greet each other with the kiss of charity and peace when the feelings were such?

There will always be concerns and problems in the church and we must continually labor to keep sin out if we are to expect and receive the blessings which we need. If we tolerate sin in the church then we might as well stop having church altogether. May we be inspired with a heavenly zeal to keep the church pure. -Indiana

NOT STRICT ENOUGH?

The article, "Mostly the Ministers' Fault" was almost heart breaking. Yes, the ministers get blamed either way. Either they are too strict or not strict enough. Maybe if we'd put ourselves in the bishop's shoes we could respect him more for what he is. I'm sure they often lay awake nights praying for guidance.

In our community there is a man who has a habit of coming to the bishop quite often saying why don't you do so and so. He thinks the bishop isn't strict enough with the young folks. Can the bishop do it all. Discipline has to start at home. If the parents aren't willing to do what they can, how can the ministers get the young folks straightened out?

This man is not altogether consistent in his daily walk. Sometime ago he put up a building which was not in accordance with the zoning laws, He was fined and told to quit building. He paid the fine but went ahead and kept on building. Is this being faithful in the least? It takes prayers from both the old and the young to keep the church bonded. -Not Perfect either.

SUPPOSED TO BE PLAIN

I appreciated the letter on Modesty and Consistency. It made me wonder how often I as a plain person have bought something which I could have gotten plainer. Of course we can make excuses but how do we excuse ourselves in the eyes of God. After all, He sees everything, even knows our thoughts before we buy.

We have always been taught that many of the things mentioned in that letter are for the world. But how many of our plain houses are so fancy you can hardly tell there are plain or "supposed to be plain" people living in them? I couldn't even enjoy such a fancy home. And to realize we are living in the last times according to the Scriptures.

When we say the Lord's Prayer do we really want to be "delivered from all evil," or are we just saying it as of a habit and not realizing what it means?

The world respects us plain people for living up to what we claim to be. How much more does God see, hear and know all things. He is the Judge and the signs we have the last few years are that he is coming soon to judge. Let us be ready for his coming.

-M.P.H., Indiana

THE DOG WAS NOT AT FAULT

Frequently we read of things which should not be in the church. This reminded me of an incident that our non-plain neighbor related some time ago. He has a

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FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

business at his home and to guard it, he has several enormous watch dogs. These are registered and he also raises puppies to sell. Being fond of his dogs he was talking of the subject. "I can make more raising puppies than feeding steers. Even one of the plain people got a pup out of the last litter. He had it only a short time when he phoned me saying I should stop in sometime. Since he gave no reason why, I got curious so went as soon as I could. When I got there he told me that the pup is making trouble for him. I asked if he is sick or something and he said no, the church doesn't like it that he has a registered dog. He wondered if I would put my name on the registration papers instead of his and then the dog would actually be mine but maybe he could still keep him."

He ended his story by saying with a smile, "The man is a minister at that!" -Name and Address withheld

KEEPING PURE THOUGHTS

In the Maturity In Marriage, a wife made the statement that she doesn't repeat questionable stories to her husband due to his weakness. Wouldn't it be a virtue for all to strive to do this? Philippians 4:8 admonishes us to think on the things which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. If our thought life is to be pure and holy, our conversation should also be that way. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. There is a certain sister of the faith who because of circumstances, I feel duty bound to visit occasionally. But I don't relish the visits. I nearly always leave with a miserable, empty feeling. Why? Because she seemingly enjoys relating questionable happenings which she has heard or experienced. I have tried to steer the conversation in other directions already but without success. Sometimes such stories have a way of slipping into one's mind when we least wish to think on these things.

But through it all I have learned a lesson not to repeat something that stirs up impure thoughts. Perhaps it will save someone else a battle for which I am responsible for otherwise. -Pennsylvania

SOMETHING NOT TO ACCEPT

In the Maturity In Marriage letters Mrs. Virginia says she is slow and believes it is her God-given talent. Excuse me for disagreeing. I am very slow by nature, too, but I don't believe God is pleased with it. If we have a sharp temper, we don't just accept it and plan to live that way the rest of our lives. Our faults are something we need to pray about earnestly. With God's help we can do better.

Keep your eye on the clock and time yourself often in your work. Try and do the dishes in a few minutes less time each day. It's a struggle like you've never had before in your life but it's worth it over and over again. You'll see a big improvement in your home. Another thing that helps a lot is to make a schedule. Even if you don't stay right with it, it helps. Write everything down in detail, the most important things first. There'll be days you think you are going backwards instead of forwards but don't give up. The rewards are too great. -Kansas

LIKE THE WISCONSINS

On the subject of being geared the same, my husband and I both love the farm, our sons, reading, the smell of lilacs, Christian fellowship and of course each other. But on many other subjects and activities we're exactly opposites. He's a lot like Mr. Wisconsin and I'm like the Mrs. I'm still working to suppress my desire to "reform" him. It can't be done. He would be unhappy and I'd be worn out.

I've secretly entertained the idea that maybe our sons will take after my side. (I know already the middle one never will). But on second thought, if our sons were like me and they chose a "different speed" wife, the problem still wouldn't be solved!

The time our "problem" bothers me the most is when it bothers someone else. Like company arriving late in the evening and we're only half done choring. You can tell by their "raised eyebrows" they're wondering whether there's a reason we're late. But there is no explanation they'd understand.

I Corinthians 13 goes a long way toward pouring oil on problems and partners. Try it.

-Mrs. Pennsylvania

MOCKERY TO THE LAST WORD

I was glad for the comments on singing the worldly tunes on the sacred songs of the martyrs. I believe it woke up some people to this awful sin. It's mockery to the last word. I sat one evening and listened to the tune "Comin' around the Mountain" being sung on a sacred song for a person who was dying. Most of the songs sung that evening were tunes from love songs, army, dancing or party tunes. My prayer that night to God was "Forgive them for they know not what they do."

When I was in a Conscientious Objectors Camp during World War II, I often heard a song being sung over the radio where the soldiers were marching through Africa towards the shores of Tripoli. How awful we boys thought this song to be with all the bloodshed and killing it referred to. I made up my mind that I never want to be singing that song. Imagine my shock on hearing that tune being sung at singings of our own people.

-O. A. Graber, Michigan

MORE SOUND THAN MEANING

I was glad for the opinions expressed on fast tunes. Everything wants to go fast in our day, home equipment, farm machinery, and even tunes. All these things add up to detract from our way of living. Here is where our duties come in to retain the rules and regulations which are grounded on the principles of the Scriptures and to hold fast to the traditions which we have learned.

I often have to think of once when a new modernized tune was tried on an old martyr hymn at Groffdale church. When the minister rose to make the opening, he started out by saying there was possibly more effort and attention "zu der Schall, als zu die Worten" (to the sound than to the meaning of the words). I thought it was well said. -Ephrata, Pa.

LEFTOVER BLESSINGS

In regards to the unmarried as mentioned in March issue, I feel they have just as much right to voice their opinions in this paper as anyone else. If they are not treated right in their own families, it may be the parents' fault, or perhaps the parents are reaping what they sowed if they had the wrong attitude toward unmarried girls in other families. So come on and tell us if we are the ones who are not using you right, for we are the ones that ought to know. I doubt that your trials are any harder than ours, only of a different nature. We all have the same Lord to help us, but I once heard a minister say that perhaps those who do not marry are closer connected to the Lord than those with companions.

I always have to think of Lazarus and Martha and Mary, where Jesus often found comfort and shelter. If the characters of the unmarrieds were examined, we would find that they vary, the same as persons who are married. We all must conquer self-will and let the Lord rule in our hearts.

I have seen instances where unmarried girls lived faithfully with their parents, caring for them as long as they were needed, and then afterwards married and had a good home of their own. Who would want to make fun of such persons. Sometimes they are called "left-over blessings." If we make fun of someone, I am afraid Jesus will take it as if we are making fun of Him. This life is no joke as many seem to consider it.

-Married but still struggling with self-will, Iowa

NOT ONCE LOOKED DOWN ON

Since I belong in this category, I, too, would appreciate seeing more articles concerning the unmarrieds. I have been blessed with a very considerate and thoughtful family. Not once have I been looked down on or mocked, and am well accepted in my single role. In fact, on a number of occasions, my married sisters have expressed a deep gratitude for being blessed with a single sister. My teen-aged brothers have given up their "Sundays" to take their "old maid sister" to visit her friends. Otherwise I could not have gone. It is nothing unusual for my brothers to offer to hitch up and take me to the place where I work. (The distance could be walked).

In short, I feel unworthy of such a kind and loving family. But I know some of my friends don't have it like I do. Even their parents "drill" them for being single. Naturally this hurts for it is not in the girls' power to change such circumstances. -Pennsylvania

A CHILD NEEDS NO TOYS

I would agree with the writer who said that if a child is taught to sit quiet, he does not need any toys to do so. Only the small babies need anything to hold their attention.

Once our 20-month old daughter was cranky in church and talked aloud and started crying when I told her to sit still. Then I took her outside and spanked her (enough so that she would remember it). The next time we went to church I told her she would have to sit still or I will have to spank her again. Through no fault of hers, I had to go outside during church and take the little girl with me. She started crying and said she wants to be a good girl. I tried to explain to her it was not because of her that we are going outside. Now I seldom have trouble with her in church. How innocent such little ones can be. And to think, they trust me so. It makes me feel small when I think of how easily one can lose some "zuvertrauen" to a sister, brother or even to one's life partner. -From one who likes to read.

MORE ABOUT FRESSA

I would agree with what was said about over-eating. I think it can come to that before we realize it. If we look at it like the Revelation article writer did, we could probably think we know what was referred to when the warning was written.

When Rome was the chief city of the world, there were many feasts which lasted for days. These were held in the fashionable palaces which were built with a room called a vomitory. It had a marble railing where after the feasters had eaten their fill, they would go and lean over this railing. A slave would tickle their throats which would make them vomit. Then they would go back again and proceed with their feast. -T.D.B., Michigan

THINK BEFORE YOU PLANT

Notice is hereby given to all Lancaster County tobacco farmers. The farming of cigarette tobacco is coming in the last few years. Some farmers have reported returns of $1500 per acre. This sounds good if we only look at the money end of it. But let us stop and think. The council of the Old Order Amish and Mennonite churches is against the smoking of cigarettes. The young boys and girls make the excuse that their dad farms it. Who, then is the guilty one? Listen to the different excuses:

I only raised it.
I only made the cigarettes.
I only sold it.
I only smoked it.

Here are several excuses which are brought forward to justify the raising of tobacco:

1. We need the money to pay our taxes and to provide for our children for the Bible tells us that he that provides not for his own is worse than an infidel. Answer How about the people who smoke this tobacco and ruin their health. How will they be able to provide for their families?

2. God created tobacco and he lets it grow. Answer God also put a tree in the middle of the Garden of Eden and let it grow. He also lets plants grow from which drugs are made, and yet we should not grow them.

Would it not be much better to grow food to feed the starving nations?

-With Regret, Once a Tobacco Farmer, Ephrata, Pa.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN FARM WORK

We often hear it said that it's hard to find a hired hand for the farm. Many like the higher paying factory jobs. But I wonder if they realize what they're missing.

What's nicer than working out under the clear blue sky with white clouds floating by and the warm sun shining on your back. Or the rain suddenly comes down and you hurriedly run for shelter. Afterwards how clean and refreshed everything looks and smells.

You have time to think and to look around while driving a team of horses. Everything is so quiet, no noise, no exhaust fumes which pollute the air. Of course you don't get as much done but then again you don't have to.

Why don't neighbors get together and do their farm work together by helping each other with the big tasks that need extra help. Is it because we are all too selfish and want our work done before the others? Is that why we don't have time to help our neighbors like it used to be done years ago? -M.M.H., Indiana

STILL BETTER CIRCLE LETTER?

After reading the letter from the woman who asked, "Is there any other circle letter in the world as good as ours?" I had to think, how could it be better than ours? There are six of us and we have already met three of them and are looking forward to meeting the other two. It's even gone on to the next generation. Our little daughter is writing to two other little girls about her age and really enjoys it. I say anyone who is not in one of these circle letters is missing something.

-M. S., Middlefield, Ohio

SAYING THANK YOU WITH OUR LIFE

Concerning the "Thank You" article (March issue), these words were not stressed as of importance in my childhood. But one thing I am thankful for is my Dad's statement about being thankful for food. He'd say whoever is not willing to eat what's on the table is not thankful. The hardships of the '30's hit us hard.

I think the best way for me to say "Thank You" is with my life. I have seen where folks have used these words and then denied it with their life. We all know that a sincere spoken "Thank You" is acceptable to the Lord. We remember the ten lepers and only one of them returned to say, "Thank You." How gladly He would have also heard this from the other nine. -Iowa

THANKS ONCE MORE

"Thank You" for the little article on "Thank You."

-Thankful, too, Ohio

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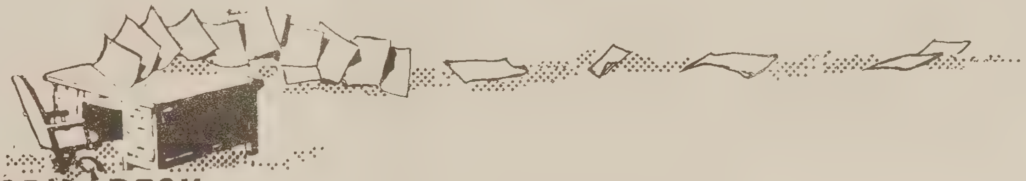

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Perhaps it would be in order to say a few words about DIE BOTSCHAFT. Although we are not involved in the undertaking, mention has been made several times in the pages of Family Life about this proposed new weekly newspaper. We have just lately received some information which may help to clear up some of the questions being asked about the matter. We also did some private research and checking as to the reasons behind it.

For as far back as I can remember the Budget has been a unique newspaper linking the many Old Order Amish communities together and furnishing weekly news from the various regions. It is safe to say that the National Edition of the Budget goes into practically all these communities and in those days probably ninety per cent of the letters were written by Amish writers. The editor was careful to screen the news and to publish only that which was of general interest and value to the Amish readers. Objectionable material was omitted and some questionable correspondents were taken off the list.

Some persons among the Old Order groups (those responsible for Die Botschaft) point out that this picture has changed in recent years. We know the number of subscribers and the size of the newspaper have both nearly doubled in the last ten years. We scanned several recent issues and came up with some surprising conclusions. As near as we could tell, only about one-third of the newsletter space is taken up by letters from Old Order Amish writers. Another sixth is taken up by writers from the Old Order (horse and buggy) Mennonites. Although we were unable to find out what percentage of subscribers come from these two Old Order groups, we have reason to believe it would be around 75%.

Apparently about half of the space is taken up by writers from the more liberal groups, among whom there are very few subscribers to the Budget. Some of the most prolific writers are from churches which apparently have but few subscribers.

Of course the Budget staff has a perfect right to do this and to represent these groups and allow them to take up as much place as they wish. But what the Botschaft publishers question is the wisdom of allowing so much of this kind of reading material to enter the homes of our Old Order groups. There always have been letters included in the Budget from the more liberal groups but they were of such a nature as to not be considered objectionable. It's mostly when the writers start airing their views and taking up long columns with material which is not acceptable to the Old Order groups that the trouble begins.

Scanning over the various pages, I find that many of these letters are promoting a type of missionary work which we do not believe in. Often times they speak highly of Billy Graham and other modern day evangelists. Recently I noticed a letter extolling the virtues of women preachers. News items tell about people going to the hospital for plastic surgery to change their facial make-up. I can understand that such things add up more or less to being objectionable.

Even the ads, although most of them are of value may be advertising such things as radios and musical instruments. Some time ago considerable space was used in advertising a book which attempts to justify going to law and sue people and churches. There are also columns written by persons who are in the bann by the Old Order churches. To allow the writings of such people to come into our homes is no small matter.

This, then is the reason why this group decided to come out with a weekly paper called "Die Botschaft." The name is somewhat misleading as it is not to be in German. It was originally planned that the Budget would print this new paper and it would contain all the letters out of the Budget written by the Old Order groups. I understand it would include the Amish churches listed in Raber's almanac except possibly some groups that use the tractor for transportation. The Old Order Mennonites would also be included. Five deacons will be appointed to look after it and to take care of any problems which might arise.

At this time it is not certain whether the Budget will do the printing or if another printer will be asked to take over the job. The first issue of DIE BOTSCHAFT is to appear on June 5th, 1975. The subscription price is $7.00 per year. Because of sharp increases in printing and postal rates, this price may have to be increased, depending upon the number of subscribers. The more subscribers there are, the less it costs to put out per copy.

Anyone wishing to help this undertaking get started send your subscription at once to Ezra Wagler, R. 3 Bowling Green, Missouri 63334.

Occasionally we hear from readers who are being annoyed by chain letters which they receive by mail. We have said it before and we say it again, chain letters are illegal and the best thing to do with them is throw them into the waste basket. If there is an actual need, then there are better ways to meet it than through chain letters. If the letter promises the sender big rewards for sending the letter on or threatens misfortune or bad luck for breaking the chain, then that is so much more reason for disregarding it. To believe such stories is nothing more than superstition. To pass them on is not only illegal but also a waste of time and money.

Thanks to all who responded to our request for information about jury duty. Elsewhere in this issue we are printing a number of the letters we received.

We also received several letters from persons who were called to do jury duty and reported for the same but were never actually chosen to sit on a jury. After reading the other letters we felt it would be better to take proper steps to try to be excused from the task. It does not appear to ordinarily be very difficult to do. To simply ignore the summons would not seem like the proper thing to do, as this could easily end in a jail sentence or fine. Apparently the authorities are usually reasonable and can understand that it is not consistent with our religious convictions to serve on a jury. Therefore, it might be best to ask for exemption from this duty as soon as we learn our name has been chosen. As has been pointed out, the names are usually chosen from the lists of registered voters, therefore the plain people will ordinarily be spared. However, sometimes they are taken from the lists of eligible voters and almost anyone can be called.

Sometime ago one of the readers made the suggestion that a new magazine should be started for the unmarried. A number of people wrote in to say they think this would be a good idea and that they would be interested. There are also other categories which could be started such as for handicaps. But Pathway simply does not have the time or help available to put out any more papers. It keeps us jumping to take care of the ones that are already started.

On the other side of the matter, suggestions have come in that all three of our papers should be combined in one. We can not see our way clear to do this either. It would be a saving in some ways and solve some problems while at the same time creating some new ones. So for the time being, the unmarrieds, the handicaps and all the other smaller groups will have to be satisfied to avail themselves to take part in the pages of the existing magazines.

In these days of high prices we have to learn to cut corners wherever we can. Some time ago we went to the drugstore to buy some beeswax to make up a batch of salve (see recipes in this issue). We used to always get dried beeswax at the drugstore for 15¢ an ounce, but found that it had suddenly jumped to 60¢ which would figure up to nearly $10.00 a pound! After spending considerable time looking for some at a reasonable price, it occurred to us to contact a local bee keeper. They use the sheets of pure beeswax to put in the starter foundation on the frames.

"Yes," he said, "we have beeswax but it is getting pretty expensive."

When I asked him what it costs he said it is $1.60 a pound. Of course it didn't take me long to make a deal. Now we have an ample supply of the "Nancy salve" again for treating cuts and bruises. We also use it in the dairy barn.

With this issue we are starting a new feature, THE FAMILY LIFE BOOKSHELF. Each month we hope to review a number of books at random which we feel are of value to our readers. It is very difficult to find books which do not contain some points which may be questionable. The books we sell through the bookstore are such books which we feel are outstanding in their class. But most of them may contain some things with which we do not agree 100%. We hope the readers will be able to benefit from the good parts and leave the rest.

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW

TWO BOYS KILLED IN PARAQUAY

Two similar accidents in the Menno Colony of Paraquay claimed the lives of two boys within a week's time. In one case two boys were riding in a horse-drawn buggy and leading another horse behind with a rope. The horse being led was unruly so one boy tied the rope around his body. When the horse pulled back again, the boy was dragged from the buggy and the animal ran away causing the boy's death.

In the other accident a boy was leading a spirited horse and had the rope wrapped around his hand in such a way that it could not easily come loose. This horse also ran away, dragging the boy to his death.

TOO MANY POTATOES

Because of an over-supply of potatoes in Idaho, around two million pounds a day are being dumped. To prevent them from rotting and spoiling the potato cellars, the potatoes have to be moved. Since there is no demand for them they are either burned, dumped on the desert or sold to cattle feeders. Recently a 30-ton truckload was taken into the state capital of Boise and given away free to anyone who wanted some. In other parts of the world people are starving.

BREAD WITHOUT SUGAR

Researchers at Manhattan, Kansas have discovered that a high-protein bread can be made without using any sugar. Extra malt in the dough helps the bacteria to convert more of the starches into sugar. Then by adding soy flour, the finished bread contains about as much protein as meat. The bread would sell for a few cents a loaf more than regular bread. If this formula were used instead of the regular recipes, the use of sugar would be reduced by 400 carloads a day.

SMOKERS ARE GETTING TICKETS

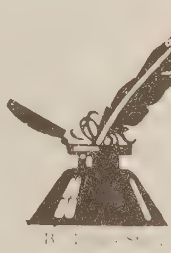
Smokers who disregard the "No Smoking" signs on city buses are now being given tickets in the city of Cincinnati. Plain-clothed policemen are riding the buses to nab violators of the federal order. The bus company is also printing and distributing cards pointing out the discomfort smokers can cause to non-smokers.

In Kansas a law is being passed to provide stiff penalties for persons who smoke in public places where "No Smoking" signs are posted. There are many people whose very lives depends on not smoking. It has also been shown that there is a significant danger for non-smokers who are forced to continually inhale second-hand tobacco fumes.

INDIA NEEDS THAT FERTILIZER

A statement was recently made by a U.S. Senator that the amount of fertilizer Americans use on their golf courses, lawns and flower beds is enough to meet India's total fertilizer needs for agriculture purposes for the whole year. Because of high prices and scarcities, India is getting only a fraction of the fertilizer they usually buy, which still further aggravates the food scarcities in that starving nation. △

Views and Values



But Would It Help?

February 2, 1971 started out like any other winter day for the Dezotell family living in a quiet residential section of the city of North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Neither the father nor the mother, nor the two pre-school boys had any idea what evening would bring.

Ronald and Elaine Dezotell were devoted parents. They thought the world of their two boys, Glen and Michael, aged 4 and 5. And when Ronald left for work that morning, he kissed the two boys good-bye as usual, waved to his wife and went off whistling to his job.

Sometime after ten that morning a neighbor girl came to the Dezotell home to play with Glen and Michael. It was five-year-old Cindy, a good friend of the family. The sun came out, and sparkled on the ice and snow in the yard. Soon the three children were begging to go outside to play. Mrs. Dezotell dressed them warmly and sent them out, reminding them to be careful and not to play on the street, where they could be hurt by a car or something.

The children played as children play. They wandered a half block— then a block from home. They came to a lot where a basement had been dug out to build a house. The hole had filled with five or six feet of water, and now ice had frozen over the top.

"Ummm, let's skate," one of the children suggested.

They scrambled down. Carefully they put their weight on the edge of the ice, testing its strength before trusting it. It seemed strong enough. Step by step they ventured out. Nothing to worry about. In a few minutes shouts of laughter and fun echoed from the ditch as the three slid and scooted across the smooth surface.

Then as suddenly as the fun had begun, it stopped. The cries of merriment and gaiety turned to screams of terror. With a sickening sound the ice splintered and the children were plunged into the icy water below. Cindy was nearest to the edge, and by flinging herself down, and clutching and clawing, she managed to stay out of the water and scramble to safety.

Cindy glanced back over her shoulder. She saw Michael go under water. Glen was holding to the ice, close enough to the edge that he could pull himself out. Glen was hesitating in an agony of indecision whether to turn back to help his drowning brother, or to run for help.

Cindy felt a wave of panic shiver through her, and grip her for a second— a feeling as numbingly cold as the freezing water she had so narrowly escaped from. Then movement came into her legs, and she shot like a frightened deer to the nearest house. The door was locked. She called. She pounded on the door with her bare hands. She shouted louder. Tears burned her cheeks.

The door creaked open a tiny bit. A woman's stern face looked out at her disapprovingly, cold eyes boring into her. "What do you want?" the woman rasped.

Cindy faltered. Her power of speech had suddenly fled. "Glen— G-l-eeeeen, a-a-nd Mi-mi-michael," she stammered. "They-they fell— fell into the water." Her breath was coming in gasps. "They- they're drown...."

"Don't bother me," the woman cut in impatiently. "Go tell your mother your problems."

The door closed, and the latch clicked back into place.

Cindy felt real panic seize her now. She caught her breath with a sob. She seemed so helpless, so utterly alone and forsaken. Her legs gave way and she crumpled into a despairing heap on the porch, her hands over her face. But a cry from the water, a desperate, pleading call for help brought her to her feet again, only a second lost. She sped away. She knew she had to try again. She couldn't give up and do nothing while two boys drowned.

She couldn't go to her own home, for her parents were away for the day. There was only one thing to do— go to Glen and Michael's mother. It was true, she had to run past a row of houses to get there, but she would not again make the mistake of knocking on the door of a heartless stranger.

Cindy lost no time knocking when she reached the Dezotell home. She flew up the steps, flung the door open and burst into the room. Elaine instantly knew something was terribly wrong. One look at the girl's face told her that. Cindy gasped out her story, and Elaine turned and raced away, dread and fear and love giving wings to her feet. As she neared the hole, she strained to hear the sound of some call for help that would reassure her that she was still in time. But all was silent.

Her eyes swept the black water. No trace of her sons. She never slowed at the edge of the hole, but leapt into the water. The coldness of it hit her like an electric shock, jolting her into a dazed numbness. She tried to dive under the water, but was driven back. The cold was too much. It gripped her like a vise, taking her breath away. There was no way she could dive under water and live. She felt around the pond with her feet, searching for what she hoped she wouldn't find. But she did. The lifeless bodies of both her boys.

She was a registered nurse, so she must have known the hopelessness of what she did next, but she did it anyhow. She carried them to the edge of the water, then worked frantically to give them artificial respiration. She went with them as they were rushed to the hospital and the doctors worked for nearly an hour to restore life, but all in vain.

A terrible grief and shock settled over Elaine. There was nothing to do. She had only had two sons, only two children, and now they were both gone. The one had drowned because he turned back to help his brother. It was hard for her to believe that only an hour before she had been humming to herself, happy in her kitchen, busy at work, a rich woman, and now this. In one moment of time she had lost what mattered most to her—the lives of her two sons.

Days passed, and with them, many other things passed too. The funeral. Consoling friends. Cards of sympathy. But other things remained. The emptiness. The loneliness. The ache within her heart. The silence in the house. And worst of all, the temptation, the struggle to avoid letting feelings of resentment and bitterness and self-pity overwhelm her.

One day some friends who meant to be helpful said to Elaine, "You know, that man was really in the wrong to have that open hole there. That was a deathtrap. You shouldn't let him get by with it. You should sue him. You could get thousands of dollars."

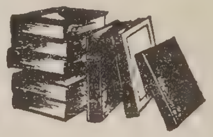
Elaine thought a few moments. Then she said calmly, "Yes, I know. My husband and I have talked that over many times. We know we could sue. We know we could get thousands of dollars. We could ruin that man, and a lot of people tell us he deserves it. But when it would be all over, it still wouldn't have brought our boys back. We could sue, but would it really help?"

And so the couple never did sue. Instead, in the days that followed when they were tempted to take a certain course of action, they would ask themselves, "But would it help?" When they were tempted to feel sorry for themselves, the question would come in full force, "Would that help?" Would taking revenge help? Would being bitter help? Would harboring feelings of resentment help?

With the aid of that question, they have tried to sort out ways to react to their loss that will be a benefit to them and to others. Today Ronald has trained himself to watch for things that may bring grief to others, and to do what he can to prevent such sorrow. When he is going down the road, and sees an open ditch, or other hazard, he will take time to stop and point out the danger to the one responsible for it. And he will tell how he lost two sons, and he would not like for anyone else to suffer what he has. In the same way, his wife, Elaine, will sit down and write a letter of sympathy and encouragement when she hears or reads of some tragedy where others have experienced loss and sadness. She tells them how she, too, thought she couldn't live without her sons, but how with time and willingness, the wound can heal and life can still hold purpose and worth. And she adds how their home once again is filled with the sound of children playing, for they now have a little boy and a girl who sleep in the cribs where Glen and Michael used to.

Most of us have never experienced any such tragedy as Ronald and Elaine did that winter day in February of 1971. And yet the same question that helped them sort out their course of action can help us in lesser problems and disappointments if we will take time to ask it honestly. Will it help? All of us have times when we are tempted to get even with someone, to give him a piece of our mind. But would it help? Telling someone off might make us feel better momentarily, but would it help? Would it help us? Would it help the other person? Or would it only add to the problem, tearing down confidence and good-will and make it harder to get along? There are dozens of times and circumstances in our lives where it would be good to ask the question— "But would it help?" △

the Bookshelf



SELF-HELP

HOW TO WIN OVER WORRY by John Edmund Haggai

This little book gives advice as to how to improve your home life, how to control your feelings, how to live optimistically, how to have boundless energy, how to cope with guilt, and how to find peace of mind.

Although we may have faith and know how to pray, this book can shed light on our everyday difficulties and teach us how to overcome them. Even though some people consider themselves free of worry, yet this book should still be of value to them.

The author had suffered a nervous breakdown when he was 35 years old. The experience taught him the destructiveness of worry and he now considers it a sin. He sees worry as the root of much of the domestic strife, business failures, social injustices, economic crisis, seemingly incurable diseases, and premature death. He says worry is the cause of much heartbreak, failures, misunderstanding, suspicion and much unhappiness. We feel most people could profit by reading this little book. Paperback. Price 60¢ smw

COOKBOOKS

WONDERFUL GOOD COOKING FROM AMISH COUNTRY KITCHENS

Although there are literally hundreds of cookbooks on the market here is one of special interest to the plain people. In addition to the approximately 250 old-fashioned recipes from Holmes County which it contains, there is also a somewhat lengthy section devoted to the history of the Amish. This history traces them back

450 years and shows a family tree which gives the relation of the different branches of the Amish and Mennonite churches back to the reformation. It also emphasizes the points which have kept the church together through the years such as non-conformity, nonresistance, brotherhood of believers, church ordnung, baptism, schooling, marriage customs, farm sales, barn raisings, and funerals. The story was supplied by Fred J. Wilson and we must admit he did a real good job of it. The color pictures, too, are authentic and natural and there is at least one picture we would sooner not see, but we can't say that it isn't authentic, at least in some communities.

The book is spiral bound, well made and beautifully done up. 136 pages, price is $3.95 dlw

GENERAL READING

FAMILY LIFE 1974 BOUND VOLUME

Each year a number of copies of Family Life magazine are bound up in hard cover. It makes an interesting book for homes, libraries, schools, etc. Those that have them say that children will curl up with the book and spend many an hour reading and re-reading the stories. It is also worthwhile for anyone who wants to keep a copy of the many articles and features available for occasional reference. The 1974 volume has just been bound. Price $8.00.

Also a few copies left of the following years: 1973, 1972, 1971, 1970. All priced at $8.00. dlw

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORDERING

The books listed in The Bookshelf can all be ordered from Pathway Bookstore, R.4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761. Send check or money order. Indiana residents please add 4% sales tax. △

THE NOISY LITTLE CHILDREN

Little children do not understand, they simply cannot comprehend. So it was with us when our little three-year-old brother died suddenly and unexpectedly from a burst appendix. We children simply could not fathom the depth of what had happened. Mother told us Leon went to heaven but it wasn't until much later that we finally came to realize he would never play with us again in this life.

Our house was constructed so one could start in one direction, passing through each room and ending up in the room where he had started. At the base of the stairway was a platform with three steps down one side to the living room and three down the other side leading to the bedroom. The setting was perfect for active youngsters. We would chase each other round and round through the rooms, up the steps, over the platform and down the other side until we got a spanking for being too loud.

Now as time went on and I became lonesome for my little brother, my thoughts were always of his high-pitched screams of excited delight. He thoroughly enjoyed being chased through the house and to scramble up the steps over the platform and down the other side in his attempts to get away. How glad I would have been to get a spanking if only he could be back and I could hear his innocent screams of excited glee.

More than thirty years have passed and now we have some little youngsters of our own. When they romp and shout, those memories come back as if they had been only yesterday and I hesitate to put an abrupt end to their fun. We can never know whether this might be their last time. -Melvin L. Yoder

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

In the home where I grew up we weren't taught to buy things like people do now. We did without paper towelling, wax paper, tinfoil, Saran wrap, baggies, cake mixes, pizza mix and dozens of other things like this. We had two wash cloths for the family, one was for everyday, the other for Sundays. For baths we had a homemade wash cloth. Now each one of our family wants a clean one every time they wash.

What about women going to do the grocery shopping, hiring a driver, eat at a restaurant, miss all day's work to buy all these unneeded things, while a baby sitter takes care of the family at home? This adds up to being a lot more expensive than shopping at a local store and helping to keep the community up. Isn't this high and costly living? Would our time be better spent visiting crippled or sick people in the community? Is it right for a Christian to live like this? -Ohio

This is a true story from the depression years. Names have been changed.

A Job Away From Home

Levi Hochstetler had high hopes of seeing some country— and having a good time. He bade his parents goodbye and started on his trip. Things went well for some time but finally after being about 700 miles away from home, he came to realize that it takes more money than he had figured. So all of a sudden he found himself without a job and almost out of money, and above all without father or mother close by to give a helping hand. But being in an Amish neighborhood he did some serious thinking and began inquiring about a job. Finally he heard that Sam Mast might have work for him. So he headed for Sams.

After finding Sam, he explained his problem and asked, "Could you give me a job?"

After thinking it over awhile, Sam answered, "Yes, I will give you work."

This took a load off of Levi's heart. The next morning Sam said, "We are going to make logs and haul them to the sawmill. But you will have to furnish your own axe."

Levi decided to go along with the idea for he felt now that he had a job, he would be prospering. So they headed for town and bought an axe for $3.00. Now they were ready for business and headed for the timber with their team and wagon and with chains and other supplies and a brand new axe.

"Now, Levi, take the team and pull them trees out of the snow," Sam said.

The trees had already been cut down. Finally they got a load of logs cut with their crosscut saw. Levi used his new axe to trim off the limbs. When they had a load, Sam headed for the sawmill and Levi headed for more trees to work on until Sam came back.

This went fine for around four days even though it was cold and they had a lot of snow to contend with. By this time poor Levi started getting homesick and thinking how how nice he had it at home with Papa and Mama.

After a few more days of giving it some serious thought, Levi got up enough nerve to bring it up to Sam. "Would you mind if I went home for awhile? I've been thinking about it for a few days."

"Oh, no, that would be all right," Sam answered. "If you want to go home to your parents that will be perfectly all right with me."

Then Sam went into the living room, picked up the paper and started reading. He sat there reading and Levi sat there thinking. Finally Levi saw that he could not sit him out so he began a bit nervously, "What, what do you think I have earned already?"

"Oh, Levi, I can't pay you anything," Sam answered.

"But— but you said you would give me a job," Levi said meekly.

"Sure, that is right, I did. But I didn't say I would pay you anything."

"But-but," pleaded Levi, "but you will buy my axe off of me, won't you, for I need the money."

"Oh, no, I have a good two edged axe and I don't need another one."

After awhile Levi asked Sam if he would take him to Middlebury to catch the train.

"No, Levi, I don't have any business in Middlebury." And Sam began reading again.

There sat Levi just thinking, and 700 miles from home. No money, no work, and no way to get to Middlebury except to walk, and with his suitcase.

All of a sudden Sam laid his paper down and said, "Levi, if you will help me get another load of logs ready and load them, then I will take them to the sawmill and you can ride with me up to Middlebury."

By this time Levi was pretty well disgusted but he consented to help load another load of logs. Then they headed for Middlebury with Levi standing on the snowy logs trying to balance himself with his suitcase and new axe.

When they came to Middlebury, Levi got down off the load of logs and with a heavy heart looked Sam in the face and said, "Won't you buy this axe from me so I will have a little money to start home with?"

It was too much for Sam to refuse the boy altogether so he finally said, "If you will let it go for $1.00, I will take it off your hands."

"All right," said Levi and gave him the axe for the dollar and started looking around for a way home. He bought a ticket for Topeka and there he learned that there was a man who would soon be heading for his home town. So he asked the man if he could go along and promised to borrow some money from his dad to pay him when he got home. He reached home all right.

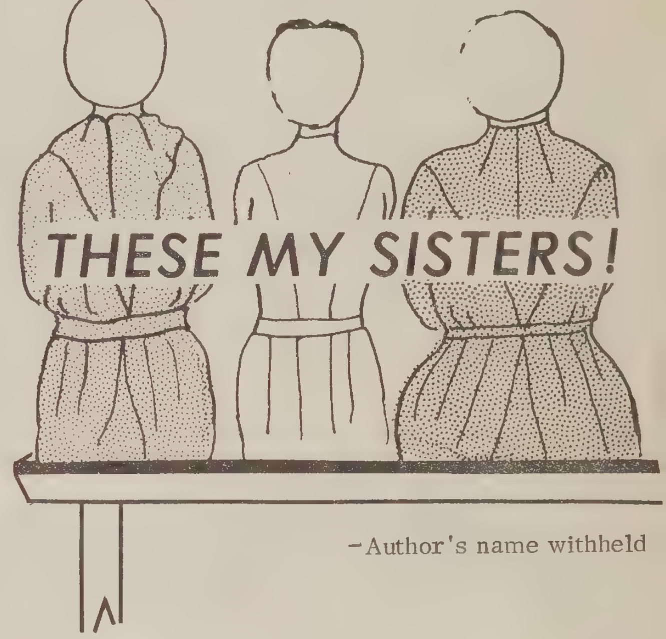
When he got home he thought he could relieve some pressure by telling his sob story to his parents. When he was through with the story he expected some sympathy. But to his surprise, his dad said, "Levi, this is a very good lesson for you."

So Levi had learned his lesson the hard way and found out how precious it was to be able to be at home with his parents. So he decided to stay at home and work which he did, and saved himself and his parents a lot of grief.

△

MaryAnn recoiled at the thought of holding the sloppily dressed baby with milk spilled over its dress.

THESE MY SISTERS!



–Author's name withheld

IT WAS SUNDAY morning. MaryAnn stood in front of the mirror, combing the last stray hairs in place. "I sure hope I don't have to sit beside that Andy Martha again today," she was thinking to herself. "I can't stand her even if she is our neighbor. Her clothes are so sloppy and the way she dresses her baby! She must think it's out of style to be neat. I'm ashamed when someone 'fremdt' asks me who that was I was sitting besides."

Dale slipped into his Sunday jacket," Ready, Marie?" he asked, using his pet name for her. "Judging from the look on your face, your thoughts must be a thousand miles away."

"Yes, I'm ready, Dale. Let's go earlier this morning. The last time we were almost late." She tied her cap string very neatly beneath her chin and reached for her bonnet. As Dale went outside to hitch up, her thoughts continued, "Maybe we'll be early enough this morning that I can choose my seat and it won't be beside Andy Martha. I'd really like to sit beside Dan Elvie. She's always so neat and smells like expensive perfume. I bet if she had any children, they wouldn't look or smell like Andy Martha's babies."

She reached the end of the sidewalk as Dale drove up. The morning was warm and humid and Dale let the horse choose his own gait as they started off. The first half mile was driven in silence, broken only by the steady clip-clop of the horse's hoofs against the pavement. Dale started humming "Das Loblied." MaryAnn loved to hear him sing. Although she herself could not carry a tune, she simply adored Dale's rich melodious voice. The three miles disappeared quickly under his soft singing.

He drew to a stop in front of Henry Brenneman's house and as Mary Ann stepped deftly from the buggy, two other surries pulled in behind them. "Good, we're not too early and not too late," she was thinking to herself, but then a groan almost excaped her. Andy Miller's buggy was in the lane and by the time Mary Ann had her bonnet hung up, Andy Martha was coming in the door carrying the baby and followed by several little children barely able to toddle.

Neil Sylvia was right behind her and since they both had a baby in their arms, Mary Ann said to Sylvia, "Here, let me hold your baby." Sam Annie had hung up her bonnet already and offered to hold Martha's baby. Martha gave her a big smile which Annie promptly returned. Mary Ann felt uncomfortable and thought to herself, "Well, Annie doesn't have to sit beside her in church every Sunday like I do or she wouldn't have offered to hold her baby."

Since Sam Annie was the oldest, she made the suggestion, "We might as well go in. There'll be others coming who'll need the space we're taking up." After they had greeted each other, Annie took the lead and started for the house.

As Mary Ann was the youngest in the group, she was the last to go in. She and Dale had been married only five months and she felt awkward going in with the women. Sometimes she felt like a little girl playing grown-up for she was the youngest married woman in that district.

She followed the women into the room and watched in dismay as they seated themselves. There was still plenty of room beside Andy Martha but Mary Ann definitely didn't want to sit there. But she had only one other choice, and that was to sit on the next bench in front all alone. Gingerly she slid over and seated herself besides Martha, careful not to touch her dress. The women behind them chatted cheerfully about the weather and their gardens. Martha and Mary Ann sat in silence.

There was room for only one more beside Mary Ann. Soon a group of women came in and started filling the benches up front. Mary Ann kept watching and hoping that Dan Elvie would come in and see the empty space beside her. When Elvie came in, Mary Ann gave her a big warm smile. Elvie returned the smile but when she had finished greeting the women, she took a seat up front. Disappointed, Mary Ann watched Martin Weaver's wife plop down in the space beside her. Now she knew for sure her day was ruined.

When the singing started, Mary Ann miserably found the page and tried to follow the words. Who could enjoy the singing, she thought bitterly, when they had to sit between Martha with her sloppy children, and fat Martin Edna?

Mary Ann was so busy feeling sorry for herself that she paid no attention to the opening sermon. Now as Perry Yoder rose to his feet and started the main sermon, she only halfways gave her attention to what he was saying. The other half of her attention was directed toward Dale. She could see him in the living room sitting straight and listening to the sermon. "No wonder I fell in love with him," she thought. "He's the nicest looking man in the room." She smiled at him but he never thought to look her way. How could he be so absorbed in what the preacher was saying?

The sunlight streaming into the window fell on Dale's head, dancing on his hair and she could see the blue of his eyes. Abruptly her attention turned toward Perry when she heard him talking about love. What did he know about love, a preacher nearly fifty years old?

"You hear a lot about love in the world today," he was saying. "You even see signs that say, 'Make love, not war' and that is a good idea if it's the right kind of love. In the Bible we read of the love we all should have. In John 4:21 it says, 'And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God loves his brother also.'

Mary Ann's thoughts flashed to her brothers still at home. Fifteen-year-old Dan, Stephen who was twelve and cute, lovable, little Thomas who was seven. Who couldn't help but love them?

But Preacher Perry wasn't finished yet. "I know that most of you here today have brothers and sisters by birth, but this is not what Jesus was talking about. At one place we find that Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.

"How many of you here today have enough love in your

IT ISN'T THE CHURCH— IT'S YOU

If you want to have the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your church,
It isn't the church— it's you.

When everything seems to be going wrong
And trouble is everywhere brewing,
When brother blames brother and love seems gone
And your thoughts are constantly stewing;
Just take a look at yourself and say,
"What is it that I can do?
Have I done my part to place peace in the hearts?"
For it isn't the church— it's you.

It's really strange sometimes, don't you know,
That things go as well as they do,
When we think of the little— the very small mite
We add to the work of the few.
We sit, and stand 'round, and complain of what's done,
And so very little but fuss.
Are we bearing our share of the burdens to bear?
It isn't the church— it's us.

So, if you want to have the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
Put off your guile, and put on your best smile,
And hike, my brother, just hike,
To the work in hand that has to be done—
The work of saving a few.
It isn't the church that is wrong, my boy;
It isn't the church— it's you.

-UNKNOWN

hearts to call your neighbor your brother or your sister and really mean it? Take a good look at the person sitting beside you. Will you call them brothers or sisters today but then go home and say something entirely different about them? Be honest with yourself. Does your love include all your brothers and sisters or are you reserving it for only certain people? Will the love you have today stay with you tomorrow when the sun may not shine? Is your love only for those days when everything goes your way and the sun is shining brightly?"

MaryAnn glanced at the women sitting on either side of her. The sweat was dripping from Martin Edna's forehead, glistening on her huge arms. How could she stand it to be so fat. Then she looked at Martha. Sloppy Martha. She had the baby in her lap, with a bottle stuck in its mouth. The milk was dribbling down the baby's chin and onto its dress. These are the ones Preacher Perry wants me to call my sisters. These, my sisters? MaryAnn had always wanted to have sisters but she had never pictured them looking like this. The baby was finished with its bottle and was curling itself contentedly on Martha's lap.

Now the preacher was quoting from the book of John again. "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The preacher pounded his fist into the palm of his hand as he went on, "Beloved, this is love, not that we love God but that He loved us. He loved us enough that he sent his only Son that our sins might be forgiven. If God loved us that much, then we should be able to love one another, to love freely without misgivings or ill feelings. If you have the love of God in your heart you will have love enough for everyone, not just for those who love you. You will have enough love in your heart to forgive the man who wronged you last week, enough love for the one who is going to disagree with you tomorrow, you'll still have plenty of love left for your neighbor who doesn't keep his fence fixed. . . ." At the mention of fixing fences, several men smiled knowingly but Marietta did not notice, for her head was bowed in shame.

I know it is the truth what he is saying, she thought, but how do I go about it to love someone, someone like. . . like Martin Edna or Andy Martha? Yes, someone as sloppy and careless as Andy Martha? "Humble me, Lord, and help me to love these people," she prayed with downcast eyes.

But the minister was not yet finished. "The biggest obstacle in the way of loving our neighbor, is our very own selves. Too often we are wrapped up in ourselves in our own wants and desires. We are busy trying to raise the finest field of corn in the neighborhood, and then what happens when the neighbor's cows break through the fence. We run out of patience pretty quick. Maybe the women are busy having the cleanest and most orderly home, the neatest clothes, and then look down on others who are busy caring for their little children and don't have time to have everything so nice. Is this the love of God that the Apostle talks about? No, it is the love of self. It is not doing as the Apostle tells us in Galatians 5:24, 'Die da Christo angehoeren, die kreuzigen ihr fleisch sammt den luesten und Begierden,'"

"Yes, yes, it's me he is talking about now," MaryAnn said, "I have done all those things. I am wrapped up too much in myself and in my own little world. I have plenty of love for women like Dan Elvie, but none at all for those who are sitting beside me right now." She bowed her head in silent prayer.

Just then Edna shifted uncomfortably and jostled MaryAnn against Andy Martha. Before she realized it her temper was flaring again. She didn't like being pushed around especially by someone like Martin Edna. But then she caught herself and remembered she had just resolved to be more loving toward those around her. She looked up and smiled at Edna. Surprised, Edna smiled back in return. A strange warm glow warmed MaryAnn's heart, a warmth which seemed strange to her. Could it be true that Edna's smile could cause such a warm glow in her heart? It was hard to understand.

MaryAnn's attention was caught by Martha who was whispering something from the other side, "Would you hold my baby? I have to take the little girls outside."

MaryAnn recoiled at the thought of holding the sloppily dressed baby with milk spilled all over its dress. But she forced herself to smile as the baby was dumped into her lap and Martha was on her way outside with her other two little girls.

Baby Doris looked up and cooed at MaryAnn. "You sweet, cute, little baby! If only your dress would fit you better, but no, you don't care one bit, do you?" The innocent little face was turned up and broke into a smile. "You're a sweet little baby and you certainly look like your mother." Was Andy Martha once a cute little baby like this? No doubt she was, and grew up to be a little girl, then a young woman and finally the mother of such cute little girls. Who could know all the struggles she must have gone through already in her lifetime, went MaryAnn's thoughts.

Preacher Perry was still preaching about love and now MaryAnn felt that she knew what he was talking about. She had always thought love is the feeling like she had felt toward Dale. Now she realized there is a completely different kind of love, and one which she had known very little about, but one which she now felt full of.

The minutes passed and Baby Doris shifted her position in MaryAnn's lap. Suddenly a warmth began to spread in her lap. She gasped! This was the last straw? Then she caught herself and smiled down at the baby lying so contentedly before her. MaryAnn was surprised at herself to find that she really didn't mind.

Just then Martha came into the room again with her two little girls in front of her. Martha reached for Baby Doris, but MaryAnn pulled back, "I'll hold her awhile," she whispered.

When Martha had seated herself again MaryAnn leaned over and whispered in her ear, "If you'll reach me the satchel, I'll take Baby Doris out a little, if, if that's all right with you?"

Martha reached for her satchel as a big smile came across her face. "You may if you want to," she said.

"I'd just love to, the cute little thing!" MaryAnn whispered into Martha's ear.

MaryAnn was surprised at herself for she knew that her feeling toward Martha was not pretended, it was genuine. As she made her way across the room she realized that God had answered her prayer quickly. He had sent a little child into her lap to melt her heart. Now she could truly say of even those who were sitting beside her on the bench, "These are my sisters!"

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Amish In The 48th State

By David Luthy

Arizona became the forty-eighth state in February of 1912. Three-fourths of its land was either owned or controlled by the government. Only one-eighth of its soil was suitable for farming. It was a very unlikely place for Amish farmers to settle, yet they did. In fact they moved there several years before Arizona achieved statehood.

Part One: Unrest in Kansas

The Tobias Schrock family was one of the earliest Amish families to settle in Reno County, Kansas in 1883 when the Amish settlement began. Minister Noah T. Schrock, one of Tobias' sons, settled there at the same time. Tobias died during his first year in Kansas, but Noah lived there for many years. As time went by, he became dissatisfied with the Amish church. He felt Amish people did not keep Sunday in the way it should be kept. There was too much laughing and playing on Sunday—too much pleasure. He also considered the courtship practices to be wrong and held that unrepentant young people were joining the church. He accused the people of striving too much after material things.

Noah T. Schrock decided to separate himself from the Amish church. He was not alone in his decision. His brother John T. Schrock agreed with him as did Noah's married sons in Kansas and several other states. His son-in-law Moses C. Amstutz and Moses' married brother Christian C. Amstutz also agreed with him. These two Amstutz brothers had moved to Garnett, Kansas from Berne, Indiana. They had been raised as Swiss Mennonites, had later joined the Old Order Amish, had gone with the David Schwartz division in 1894, were in the ban by the David Schwartz group, and had united with the Anderson County, Kansas Amish. Now they were pulling off with Noah T. Schrock.

It is not known why the group chose Arizona as their new location. The first to settle there from Kansas was Moses C. Amstutz. He and his family arrived in Arizona in November of 1908. He reported in the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget: "The writer has rented a house and moved November 13th, and we are settled now. We expect to put out five acres of sugar beets and some potatoes and garden truck, and part of the time will work for Mr. Hooley at $40 per month and live rent free."

In January of 1909 Noah T. Schrock moved to Arizona. He was joined in February by his son Jacob N. Schrock and Christian C. Amstutz. Another married son, Joseph L. Schrock, soon moved there. His newborn son died February 15th and was the group's first death. Then in October three more families arrived: John T. Schrock, Isaiah T. Schrock, and Christian Coblentz. Altogether the settlement received 11 families during its short existence. Following is a list of the families and where they had lived before settling in Arizona.

1.	John T. Schrock	Hutchinson, Kansas
2.	Isaiah T. Schrock (brother of No. 1)	Ford County, Kansas
3.	Noah T. Schrock (brother of 1 & 2)	Hutchinson, Kansas
4.	Ananias N. Schrock (son of No. 3)	McMinnville, Oregon
5.	Joseph L. Schrock (son of No. 3)	Garnett, Kansas
6.	Jacob N. Schrock (son of No. 3)	Hutchinson, Kansas
7.	Jacob M. Beachy (son-in-law of No. 3)	Anderson Co., Kansas
8.	Moses C. Amstutz (son-in-law of No. 3)	Garnett, Kansas
9.	Christian C. Amstutz (brother of No. 8)	Garnett, Kansas
10.	Christian Coblentz (brother-in-law of 1, 2, 3)	Ness County, Kansas
11.	Daniel A. Miller (brother-in-law of No. 4)	McMinnville, Oregon

Part Two: Making a Living

The Amish settled between Phoenix and Glendale, Arizona. Their address was "Route 4, Phoenix." Glendale was a town nine miles northwest of Phoenix along the Santa Fe Railroad. Phoenix, which today has a population over half a million, was then a city of 40,000 people. The area around Phoenix was one of only three areas in the state that had irrigated land at that time. It is quite likely the Amish settlers thought that they could grow nice crops because of the beautiful climate and the irrigation canals. A ready market waited nearby in Phoenix, and they could ship produce to other states on the Santa Fe Railroad.

Right at the time the Amish were settling near Phoenix, a Mennonite named D.Y. Hooley was leaving the area. He was the man for whom Moses C. Amstutz worked. Hooley reported in the February 1909 Budget: "We like this country fine, but we never had the courage to invite any of our own people here on account of land being so high in price. It is selling from $150 to $200 per acre."

This gives us an idea of what the Amish had to pay for land. It certainly wasn't cheap,for land in Michigan and other unsettled areas was selling for $10 an acre. Of course, the Amish settlers probably figured they didn't need to buy many acres and could farm more extensively. Records show that Isaiah T. Schrock purchased a 50 acre farm that had no buildings. John T. Schrock and Christian Coblentz each bought 10 acres of land that had good buildings on them including five-room houses. Noah T. Schrock rented a 400 acre ranch.

Because of the warm Arizona climate and irrigation, crops grew well all year round. Moses C. Amstutz reported in the Budget in February of 1909: "Alfalfa is growing nice. The writer measured a stalk that was 30 inches long which grew from about Dec. 15th to Feb. 1st." This meant the settlers could grow six or seven cuttings of hay a year. Also their livestock could be on pasture all year. Several of the settlers decided to take advantage of the year-round hay and pasture and have dairy herds. Noah T. Schrock, who had 10 children yet at home, milked 31 cows during the spring of 1909 and sold butter. Two of his married sons, Joseph and Jacob, were also milking cows and sold cream. Moses C. Amstutz had six cows and sold 25 pounds of butter a week at 30¢ a pound. He also had chickens and sold eggs for 27 1/2¢ a dozen.

Other crops grown by the settlers were barley, potatoes, sugar beets, cabbage, lettuce, and corn. Corn was usually planted in July, as it did better than corn planted in the spring. The Arizona summers were too dry for raising good corn. Barley was sown in the fall.

The area was ideal for fruit trees. Oranges, peaches, pears, plums, and grapes were commonly raised. In 1909 pears sold from 2¢ to 3¢ a pound, while peaches brought from 2 1/2¢ to 6¢ a pound.

To supplement their farm income, some of the settlers worked at other trades. Noah T. Schrock worked as a carpenter and was paid $3.50 a day. His bachelor son, Dan, ran a milk route in Phoenix for the Daws Creamery and was paid $65 a month. And Mrs. Christian C. Amstutz made from $4 to $6 a week washing laundry at home.

Part Three: Church Life

Since the group had a minister, Noah T. Schrock, right from the beginning, regular church services were held. The first known church service was held at Noah's home January 31, 1909. The Arizona Amish did not fellowship with any other Amish churches. As the months passed they became more and more critical of the Amish. They wrote letters back to Bishop Jonas Borntrager in Reno County, Kansas condemning him and the whole church.

Soon John T. Schrock said he had experienced visions and that God was calling him to the ministry. On Feb. 27, 1910 he was ordained by council of the group and held by them to be a prophet. It was not long before he was ordained their bishop, once again without an Amish bishop present. He placed his brother Isaiah T. Schrock in the "Bann" because Isaiah and his wife had left Arizona and reunited with the Old Order Amish at Ordway, Colorado. John T. Schrock then held a communion service. And on June 11, 1911 he united Jacob M. Beachy and Noah Schrock's daughter Elizabeth in marriage. He also preached funeral sermons, as Jacob M. Beachy's 10-day-old son died September 15, 1913 and was buried in an Arizona orchard. The following year in March, Moses C. Amstutz's one-day-old son was buried. Sixteen babies were born between 1910 and 1913. The group also had many older children. Whether John T. Schrock baptized any older ones is not known. Since he performed the other duties of a bishop, it is quite likely he also baptized.

It was not long before disunity appeared in the group. Noah T. Schrock and three other families began doubting the worth of their baptism. They had all been baptized by the Old Order Amish and now were so critical of the Amish that they felt their baptism was not true Christian baptism. John T. Schrock and three families didn't agree. They felt if John and Noah were to rebaptize each other and then rebaptize the rest of the group, as Noah had suggested, they still wouldn't be any further ahead since both of them had originally been baptized in the Amish church.

Another point of disunity was that John T. Schrock felt they should keep the Law of Moses either literally or spiritually. Noah at first agreed to this, but soon disagreed. Noah and his followers then began to feel that they never should have placed Isaiah and his wife in the "Bann" for if they themselves weren't baptized correctly, they really weren't part of God's church and thus had no right to excommunicate anyone. John T. Schrock and his followers felt Noah and his group should stop thinking along this line or they, too, would be excommunicated.

Part Four: Letters to Indiana

In 1894 a large number of families had broken away from the Old Order Amish in Adams County, Indiana and started their own church. They claimed to be the "One True Church" and called themselves the "Amish Christian Church." Locally they were referred to as the "David Schwartz people," for their leader was David Schwartz who had been a full-deacon in the Amish church. Two of the Arizona Amish, Moses and Christian Amstutz, had once belonged to this group and were in the "Bann" from them.

During the Arizona group's period of disunity, they heard of the David Schwartz people and wrote them to see if they might be able to help them. The letter was written January 20, 1913. It was signed by John T. Schrock, Noah T. Schrock, Ananias Schrock, and Jacob Beachy. David Schwartz responded right away and said he was quite surprised to hear from them as they were "gantz unbekannt," (complete strangers).

Then followed 22 letters from January through July, all in German and all immediately answered by David Schwartz. Six of the letters were written by John T. Schrock, but it soon was obvious that he and David Schwartz weren't agreed on the Law of Moses and other matters. Sixteen of the letters were written by Noah T. Schrock. Noah was looking for somewhere to move and hoped that the David Schwartz group was the right place to go to. Noah wrote David Schwartz that John was threatening to excommunicate him and three other families. Schwartz responded that he didn't feel their group was in a position to excommunicate anyone as they weren't a church. He went so far as to compare John T. Schrock with Herod who sought to destroy the baby Jesus! Needless to say this did not improve the feelings between John and Noah, for Noah always sent one of his boys over to Johns with the latest Schwartz letter.

Noah wanted to know what "signs" God had given the Schwartz people. David Schwartz replied that their minds had been opened and they were mocked and hated by all men, thus they must be the "True Church." Noah wrote that he felt it was best if he and the three families left Arizona, for he saw no hope of unity there but did see possible unity with the Indiana people. He then asked Schwartz some questions about their "Ordnung" (church rules).

David Schwartz answered that they had nothing against cars, bicycles, motorcycles, if they were needed and rightly used. He said they did not allow pleasure trips by car or train or any means— not even by spring wagon. Concerning clothing, they wore no distinctive clothes but that of the common people in their neighborhood. Some men shaved and others didn't.

At no time did David Schwartz coax the Arizona families to move to Indiana. He encouraged Noah T. Schrock to come and visit, as seeing how they had things and talking matters over was easier than trying to picture it through letters. But Noah said they didn't have the money to make a trip. David Schwartz offered to send him money for the trip. Noah was more concerned in his reply to Schwartz with why Schwartz had addressed him as "Mr. Noah T. Schrock" than he was with the offer of money. Noah said he felt that calling him "Mr." was using titles, and that was unscriptural. David Schwartz replied in his next letter that he was very sorry. He, too, felt using "Mr." was unscriptural. He had been so busy trying to finish the letter before the mailman arrived that he had gotten his 12-year-old son to address the envelope and hadn't checked it.

Noah reported that his brother John had now excommunicated them but that he didn't feel they were in the "Bann" in the eyes of God. He wrote that they planned to move to Indiana bringing a traincar of horses, some for themselves and some to sell. He hoped David Schwartz could find pasture for the horses until the families got settled.

David Schwartz once more cautioned Noah about moving without first having visited. He mentioned that Noah still wore Amish clothing, and their group didn't. He sensed that Noah might be offended by this. He also questioned whether it would pay to transport horses all the way from Arizona and then rent pasture for them.

We would like to obtain Raber's Der Neue Amerikanische CALENDER for 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1938, 1948. Anyone having any of these, please contact: Historical editor, Pathway Publishers, Rt. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Part Five: Thinking Things Over

In June of 1913 Noah T. Schrock and family went to Kansas to visit and left from there for their new home in Indiana. They arrived in Berne, Indiana June 18th at 1:35 in the afternoon. They were at Daniel Mazelin's home when the telephone rang and said their two railroad cars of livestock and household items had arrived in Berne. Men from the David Schwartz group went with wagons to help unload the cars. Pasture was found for the horses, and the family stayed with David Schwartz.

Two of Noah Schrock's married sons arrived with their families, namely Joseph and Jacob Schrock. Also, Jacob M. Beachys arrived. The people lived with families in the David Schwartz group until they could find farms to rent. Men from the Schwartz group took the Schrocks around looking for farms to rent. There weren't many available. Each farm that was found the Schrocks turned down for one reason or another. Finally they came to a large farm which Jacob and Joseph Schrock wanted to rent. They asked the Schwartz people to stand good for them. The Schwartz people felt the rent was too high and had formed the opinion that the Schrocks were poor managers. They were afraid Jacob and Joseph would not be able to pay the taxes or the rent. Privately they had been told by Noah that his son Jacob was unstable. So they refused to back them in renting the farm. Joseph and Jacob rented it anyway.

The three Schrock families and Jacob M. Beachys eventually settled on farms, but they were far from settled spiritually. Since the Schwartz people looked at themselves as the "One True Church," they felt these people from Arizona were in darkness and should come to them with the attitude of "Here we are, now tell us what to do." Instead of this, the Schwartz group felt Noah had too much to say how things should be. One day Noah was writing a letter to his brother John in Arizona, trying to convince John of his errors. Noah went to David Schwartz for help in writing the letter. Schwartz told Noah he should not worry so much about John's errors but about his own. This did not go over very well with Noah, and he stopped attending the David Schwartz church. He changed his mind about not having been properly baptized and began preaching for his small group.

Nearly two years passed since Noah Schrock had moved to Indiana. He obviously was not agreed where he was, but where was he to go? The more he thought about his condition and prayed about it, the more a burden began to bear down on him that he should return to the Old Order Amish. So, in the spring of 1915 Noah Schrock and his son-in-law Jacob M. Beachy returned to the Amish church, settling at Garnett, Kansas. Noah put himself in the "Bann", and it is said that Jacob Beachy and his wife were remarried by the Amish bishop in Kansas at their request. Noah lived in Kansas until he married his second wife at Mt. Hope, Ohio. Until his death he resided in Ohio and was a minister in the "Stutzman Gma" of the Old Order Amish. It is remembered by some that he preached very moving sermons on how the devil can cover people's eyes when they become so "selbstgerecht" (self-righteous).

When Noah T. Schrock returned to Kansas from

Indiana, his son Joseph L. Schrock moved to Arthur, Illinois and made peace with the Amish church there. In 1918 he was ordained minister and served faithfully until death. Two of Noah's sons remained in Indiana: Jacob and Noah Junior. The latter married a girl from the David Schwartz group and united with that church.

The David Schwartz group was shocked that Noah Schrock and the others would return to the Old Order Amish. In 1915 they published a 125-page booklet, *Eine Sammlung von Briefen*, which contained the letters Noah Schrock had written from Arizona and the replies by David Schwartz. This was undoubtedly an attempt to "save face" as a Chinaman would say.

Many years later Jacob M. Beachy traveled through Indiana and stopped to visit David Schwartz and reported: "David Schwartz got in trouble in his own church, and he had a big church. They all left him but his son-in-law Jacob Lichty. I think he died that way and was past 90 years old. His church split 5,6 or 7 divisions. I considered him a smart and self-righteous man. By the fruit you shall know the tree."

Part Six: Arizona to Alabama

When Noah T. Schrock and his followers had left Arizona in 1913, four families remained: John T. Schrock, Ananias N. Schrock, Moses C. Amstutz, and Daniel A. Miller. Christian C. Amstutz had moved to St. Joseph Co., Michigan, and Christian Coblentz had rejoined the Amish in Ness County, Kansas.

The four families in Arizona became more radical as time passed. They felt it was wrong to laugh and told their children not to laugh or to play at recess in the public school they attended. They also felt all pictures were wrong and either colored them over in the children's textbooks or tore them out. Since the books belonged to the school, the school board got after the parents. The situation got to the point where the officials were going to take the parents to court and take their children away from them. To avoid this, John T. Schrock took the children of school age to Reno Co., Kansas while the parents disposed of their property, cattle, etc. Then they moved around 1916 to Alabama which was known for its easy school laws.

The Arizona group settled about 10 miles away from the Old Order Amish settlement at Bay Minette, Alabama. A former resident of the Old Order Amish settlement in Alabama remembers the Arizona group and writes: "They had no 'Ordnung', you might say, of clothing. The men wore long hair and had beard and moustache, and the women wore no head covering. And the saying was that they did not believe in washing their clothes, and by all appearance you could believe it." Another person remembers that they felt it was okay to work on Sundays: "They would load their truck with grain, then go to church with it, and after church they'd take it to the grinder. Men and women greeted each other with the holy kiss. Any modernism wasn't forbidden as long as it was plain. Time and again they had divisions among themselves, and to this day they have very few families. Many of their children are in the world." Another source says the group was so small that their young people married first cousins or their "schwartz cousins" (first cousins one generation removed.) A check of the *Family Record of Tobias Schrock* published in 1950 plainly shows this.

Christian C. Amstutz, who had left Arizona for Michigan, joined the group later in Alabama. But he later left Alabama and rejoined the Old Order Amish in Delaware and died a member of the Amish church. His brother Moses C. Amstutz rejoined the Old Order Amish in Missouri and later moved to Delaware. He was a member of the Amish church when he died.

The Alabama group later moved to Aberdeen, Mississippi. They are still a small group and fellowship with no other churches. Occassionally in the 1970's a letter appeared in the *Budget* from Aberdeen, Mississippi written by Nancy Miller (Mrs. Daniel A. Miller) the last surviving member of the Arizona group. ■■

Editorielles —

Herzlich tut mich erfreuen
Die liebe Sommerzeit,
Wann Gott wird ſchön verneuen
Alles zur Ewigkeit.
Den Himmel und die Erden
Wird Gott neu ſchaffen gar;
All Kreatur ſoll werden
Ganz herrlich, hübſch und klar.

2 Die Sonn wird neu und reine,
Der Mond und Sterne all
Gar vielmal heller ſcheinen,
Daß man ſich wundern ſoll.
Das Firmament gemeine
Wird Gott euch ſchenken ſein,
Das wird er tun alleine
Zu Freud der Kinder ſein.

3 Alſo wird Gott neu machen
Alles ſo wonniglich,
Vor Schönheit wirds gar lachen,
Und alles freuen ſich.
Von Gold und Edelſteine
All Ding wird ſein geſchmückt,
Mit Perlen groß und kleine,
Als wär es ausgeſtickt.

4 Kein Zunge kann erreichen
Die ewig Zierheit groß;
Man kanns mit nichts vergleichen,
Die Wort ſind viel zu blos
Darum wollen wir's ſparen
Bis an den jüngſten Tag:
Dann werden wir erfahren,
Was Gott iſt und vermag.

5 Denn Gott wird bald und alle,
Was je geboren iſt,
Durch ſein'r Poſaunen Schalle,
In ſein'm Sohn Jeſu Chriſt,
In unſerm Fleiſch erwecken
Zu großer Herrlichkeit,
Und klärlich uns entdecken
Die Wonn und ewig Freud.

6 Er wird auch unſre Seelen
Mit neuem Leib anton,
Sehr herrlich wird umgeben
Gleichwie ſein Engel ſchon,
In Klarheit ewig leben,
Der hellen Sonnen gleich,
Da wir mit Freud dann wohnen,
In unſers Vaters Reich.

7 Sein Engel wird er ſchicken,
Der Herr Chriſt unſer Troſt,
Ihm entgegen zu rücken,
Der uns aus Lieb erlöſt,
Wird uns gar ſchön empfangen,
Mit aller Heil'gen Schar,
In ſeine Arm umfangen,
Und uns erfreuen gar.

8 Da werden wir mit Freuden
Den Heiland ſchauen an,
Der durch ſein Blut und Leiden
Den Himmel aufgetan.
Die lieben Patriarchen,
Propheten allzumal,
Apoſtel und Getöd'ten,
Bei ihm ein große Zahl.

Der Frühling und die Sommer Zeit

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt, ſo iſt der Winter vorüber, der Frühling iſt da und die Sommer-Zeit am kommen. An die Zeit da ich dieſes ſchreibe iſt der Boden noch bedeckt mit einem ſchönen weißen Schnee. Wir hatten ſchon ein wenig mehr Schnee dieſen Winter als wie gewöhnlich.

Einen Dichter ſchreibt, die Winterzeit tut das Geſetz bedeuten. Die Frucht von göttlicher Gnaden war alles hart gefroren. Die Menſchenkinder waren in Schuld und Sünd, kalt, rauh, erfroren, durch Gottes Zorn. Können wir dieſes eigentlich begreifen wie der Schreiber das Natürliche nimmt um das Geiſtliche zu beweiſen und klar machen.

Er ſagt von die Vögel ihre Natur und Eigenſchaft.

Die Lerch ſich durch die Wolken ſchwang,
Mit ſüßer Stimm und Weiſe,
Durch Gabriel in Freuden ſchall,
Und lieblich Melodeien,
Spricht zu der edlen Magd mit Gier,
Gott iſt mit dir,
Du wirſt ein'n Sohn gebären tun,
Jeſus ſoll Sein Name ſein.

Im Winter tun die Vögel ein Ort ſuchen ſich zu verſtecken wo ſie warm halten können. In die Scheuer in die Ecken von die Sparren und ſo herum kann man ſie ſehen, ſie ziehen ſich zuſammen um ein wenig bequemlich zu ſein. Dann aber wenn der Frühling kommt ſo ſind ſie draußen am herum fliegen, ſuchen ſich Stroh und Federn um Neſter zu bauen, daß ſie ihre Eier legen können und Jungen ausbrüten ihre Zahl zu vermehren. Sie ſind luſtig und ſingen als ſie ihre Zeit da zubringen.

Können wir etwas lernen an dieſe Kreaturen wie wir Menſchen-Kinder ſein ſollen? Jeſus iſt gekommen und hat das Geſetz zerſchmolzen, welches ſo hart gefroren ward. Er brachte die Gnade, durch Gnade können wir ſelig werden. Können wir mit die Engel ſingen? „Ehre ſei Gott in der Höhe, und Frieden auf Erden und den Menſchen ein Wohlgefallen.“ Sind wir froh wie die Vögel in der Sommerzeit? Wir ſind froh für der natürliche Frühling und Sommer ſehen kommen. Sind wir ſo froh daß der geiſtliche Frühling da iſt? Jeſus hat der Winter ausgeſtanden, durch Speichel, Schläge, Strick und Banden. O wie dankbar ſollten wir ſein daß Er uns errettet hat von des Teufels Sündenketten. Ja, laßt uns ſingen mit dem Dichter: „Tauſend, tauſend Mal ſei Dir, liebſter Jeſu, Dank dafür.“

Wir leſen von ein Menſch der von Jeruſalem hinab gen Jericho gangen iſt, der fiel unter die Mörder. Die zogen ihn aus, und ſchlugen ihn, und gingen davon, ließen ihn halb tot liegen. Wir wollten nicht ein Stück Vieh in ſolch einem Zuſtand liegen laſſen und leiden müſſen. Hier heißt es ein Menſch. Und zum bedauern kam ohngefähr ein Prieſter der Weg hinab, er ſahe ihn, aber bekümmerte ſich nicht, ging nur ſein Weg hinfort. Ein Levit kam auch der Weg zur Stätte und ſahe ihn, der ging auch vorüber. Ein Samariter kam auch dem Wege nach und da er ihn ſah, jammerte ihn ſein, ging zu ihm, verband ihm ſeine Wunden, und goß drein Oel und Wein, und hub ihn auf ſein Tier, und führte ihn in die Herberge, und pflegte ſein. Des andern Tages da er weiter gehen wollte, zog er heraus zween Groſchen und gab ſie dem Wirte, er ſoll acht geben auf ihn, und wenn er mehr an ihn tun wird, ſo will er es alles bezahlen wenn er wieder kommt.

Welch doch ein großer Unterſchied, ein Prieſter und ein Levit vorbei gehen und ſich nicht bekümmern, aber ein Samariter half ihm. Jeſus ſtellte die Frage zu dem Schriftgelehrter: Welcher dünkt dich ſei der Nächſte geweſen zu dem der unter die Mörder gefallen war. Er ſprach: Der die Barmherzigkeit an ihm tat. Jeſus ſprach zu ihm: So gehe du hin und thu desgleichen. O die Barmherzigkeit, ſolch eine wertvolle Sache, tun wir desgleichen? Oder ſind wir wie der Prieſter und der Levit. Dies war leicht zu ſagen, der die Barmherzigkeit an ihm tat, aber vielleicht hat er wenig daran gedenkt daß er es auch tun ſoll an ſein Nächſter.

Dieſe Barmherzigkeit iſt nicht allein an einem der ſein Bein oder Arm gebrochen, oder der ein Stich in die Seite hat und am bluten iſt. Nein, wir wollen dies auch geiſtlich nehmen. Der Menſch kann geiſtlich verwundet ſein, der Satan hat ihn vielleicht verbiſſen bis er ganz hilflos iſt. Sind wir willig ihm zu helfen? Wollen wir die Barmherzigkeit an ihm tun, und ihn von dem geiſtlichen Tode zum ewigen Leben helfen.

Wir haben dieſen Artikel angefangen als ein Frühling und Sommerzeit anweiſung, aber jetz ſind unſere Gedanken weggeführt worden zu andere Sachen; Und ich denk es iſt nicht ſo viel daran gelegen, nur daß unſer Schreibes im ganzen uns hinführt zum Geiſtlichen. So daß wir können erinnert werden an unſere ſchuldige Pflicht.

Wir wollen aber ein wenig zurück kommen und uns erinnern daran, wenn der Frühling und die Sommerzeit kommt wollen wir nicht nur denken das iſt zu unſerm Vorteil geſchehen. Jetzt können wir wieder an die Arbeit gehen, pflügen und das Land bereiten, Samen ſäen und Früchte ziehen und einſammeln. Wenn das Spätjahr kommt könnten wir denken, wir haben viel Gemüſe im Garten, wir ſammeln es ein im Keller zu gebrauchen für der Winter. Wir haben vielleicht viel Korn im Felde, wir können große Krippen füllen, wir tun viel Heu in die Scheuer. Wir könnten hinkommen mit jenem Reichen der ſeine Scheuer noch abgebrochen hat und größere gebauet, dann ſagte er: „Liebe Seele, du haſt einen großen Vorrat auf viel Jahre; habe nun Ruhe, iß, trink und haben guten Mut.“ Zu dieſem war geſagt: „Du Narr, dieſe Nacht wird man deine Seele von dir fordern; und wes wird's ſein, das du bereitet haſt?“

O wie leicht können wir dahin kommen mit dieſem zeitlichen Erdengut, daß wir es höher ſchätzen als wie unſer geiſtlichen Aufenthalt hier für die Seele. Wir freuen uns wohl für der Frühling und die Sommerzeit ſehen kommen, gerade ſo wohl für der Herbſt und Winter, daran zu denken daß Seelen am verloren gehen ſind das ganze Jahr hindurch, ſie ſind auf dem Wege zur Hölle, der Satan hat ſie unter ſeine Zähne, ſie liegen auf dem Wege verwundet und kommt kein Samariter der Weg.

Frühling, Sommer, Herbſt und Winter, laßt uns Gott dienen das ganze Jahr hindurch. Wir haben nicht ein Gott der ſchläft im Winter; nein, Er ſchläft noch ſchlummert nicht. Darum wache auf der du ſchläfeſt und ſtehe auf von den Toden, ſo wird dich Chriſtus erleuchten.

Seid Gott befohlen, und betet für uns.

Wer iſt beſſer

Zwei Weiber (Johovah Witness) haben der Amiſch Kleider Betrag und der Bart getadelt: „Ihr ſeid wie die Schriftgelehrten und Phariſäer, ihr ſuchet eure Gerechtigkeit in ſolche Stücken, und dünket euch beſſer als andere Leute."

Der Mann vom Haus antwortete ihnen:„Wir wollen gerne unſere Kleider machen in einem ſchriftmäßigen Weg, und wir glauben ſie ſind näher wie ſie früher waren. Ihr habt vielleicht mehr verwechslungen gemacht als wir haben."

Ein Jüngling der ſich nicht konnte aufgeben zu der Ordnung von der Gemeinde hat ein Radio gehabt, geraucht und noch andere Sachen; der hätte gern Kompany gehalten mit eine junge Schweſter. Dieweil ſie es nicht getan hat war ſie beſchuldigt, „Sie dünkt ſich beſſer."

Ein anderer war ſtarkes Getränk angeboten, aber dieweil er es nicht trinken wollte, war auch zu ihm geſagt: „Du meinſt nur du biſt beſſer als wir."

Dieweil eine Jungfrau ihre Röcke länger gemacht hat und ihre Hauptbedeckung größer als ihre Schweſtern, war ſie auch beſchuldigt, „Du willſt nur beſſer ſein."

Wir müſſen wohl bekennen der Satan will gern uns die Gedanken geben einen Ruhm zu ſuchen. Wir bekennen daß wir ſelbſt haben zu kämpfen gegen ſolche Gedanken, aber wir finden es auch daß der Satan will gerade ſo oft kommen und ſagen„Tue nichts ſchreiben, tue nicht vorſingen, laß andere zuerſt hineingehen in die Gemeinde, ſonſt meinen die Leute vielleicht du ſuchſt eine Ehre."

Iſt dies aber nicht wieder die nämliche Sach? Wir tun vielleicht zurück halten wie der faule Knecht und tun unſer Beruf nicht wahrnehmen dieweil wir begehren daß die Leute uns halten für demütig. Doch können wir wieder in einem rechten Sinn, ungern Werken im Vorſchein bringen die einem Ruhm bezeugen. Wiederum können wir uns verwilligen mit zu machen in eine unrechte Sache ſo daß andere nicht meinen wir ſind beſſer als ſie. Iſt dies nicht wieder die Ehre bei Menſchen geſucht, ſo daß ſie uns in Ehren halten dieweil wir uns nicht beſſer dünken?

Iſt es nicht bedenklich wie der Satan immer ſo fleißig iſt in allen Wegen zu ſuchen uns ſtürzen? Wie können wir entfliehen?

Wir wiſſen nichts beſſers als wie immer ſuchen das Recht zu erwählen, und ausführen mit Gottes Hilfe. Die Gaben die der Herr uns mitteilt gebrauchen und unſer Beruf wahrnehmen. Immer Gott bitten daß wir doch alles tun können zu ſeiner Ehr.

Wenn wir recht bedenken wie oft wir uns verfehlen, wie ſchwach und unvollkommen wir ſind von uns ſelber, dann iſt nichts mehr übrig uns damit zu rühmen. Alles das Gute wo wir haben iſt nur ein Geſchenk von Gott, und wir ſollen dieſe Gaben gebrauchen Ihn damit zu ehren.

Ehrgeiz iſt immer letz, aber wir müſſen ſehr ſorgfältig ſein daß wir nicht verblendet werden mit ſolche Ausdrückungen wie gemeldet ſind und eine Ungerechtigkeit rechtfertigen. Wir bekennen wohl es iſt beſſer Gott zu dienen als der Satan, beſſer Gutes zu erwählen als wie Böſes. Es iſt beſſer ein Leben führen daß wir unter die Gnade und Barmherzigkeit Gottes ſtehen können, als wie zu leben daß der Zorn Gottes über uns hängt.

„Siehe, die Furcht des Herrn, das iſt Weisheit; und meiden das Böſe, das iſt Verſtand." Hiob 28, 28. „Nimm an Weisheit, denn ſie iſt beſſer als Gold, und Verſtand haben iſt edler als Silber." Spr. 16, 16.

Wenn wir die rechte Furcht des Herrn haben, dann fürchten wir uns etwas zu tun wo wir glauben daß letz ſei, und wir tun das Böſe meiden. Dann iſt es nicht zu unſere Ehr ſondern, zu Gottes Ehr getan. Hier muß kein Ueberhebungsgeiſt dabei ſein. Könnte es nicht auch der Fall ſein, daß der wo frech und unbekümmert kann in die Sünde fortleben ſich ſelbſt überhebt und beſſer dünkt. Er fürchtet ſich nicht wider Gott zu ſündigen und dünkt ſich als noch gut genug. Dieſer dünkt ſich vielleicht beſſer als der wo nicht will in die Sünde einwilligen dieweil er Gott fürchtet.

Der wo Gott fürchtet hat aber, nichts überkommen das dem Ungerechten nicht auch angeboten iſt. Er hat müſſen ſich ſelbſt verleugnen und ſein Kreuz auf ſich nehmen, gewaſchen ſein im Blut des Lammes, gerade gleich wie der Ungerechte auch muß um gerecht zu werden und vor Gott beſtehen. Wenn der Gerechte wieder in die Sünde einwilligt ſo kommt er wieder unter dem Zorn Gottes gleich wie alle andere Sünder. Wir ſind gar nicht beſſer.

Es iſt beſſer uns in einem ſchriftmäßigen Wege bekleiden nach der Demüt als wie nach den Moden der Welt. Kurze Röcke und kleine Hauptbedeckung gefallen Gott nicht. Es iſt beſſer für junge Leute Kompany halten mit die wo Gott fürchten als mit ſolche wo keine Gottes-Furcht haben. Es iſt beſſer ſtarkes Getränk nicht trinken, als wie mitmachen in die Ungerechtigkeit.

Samuel ſprach zu Saul: „Gehorſam iſt beſſer denn Opfer, und aufmerken beſſer denn das Fett Widdern, denn Ungehorſam iſt eine Zauberei Sünde und Widerſtreben iſt Abgötterei und Götzendienſt. Weil du des Herrn Wort verworfen haſt, hat Er dich auch verworfen, daß du nicht König ſeiſt." 1 Sam. 15, 22.23.

IF WE COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives
See the naked hearts and spirits,
Know what spurs the action gives.
Often we would find it better
Purer than we judged we should
We would love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within;
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loath the sin.
Could we know the powers working
In the hearts integrity,
We should judge each others' errors
With more patient charity.

Oh, we judge each other harshly
Knowing not life's hidden force.
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on page 31)

1. Begierden	A. encounter B. slander C. desire D. verify
2. Dienſt	A. yours B. ministry C. these D. allow
3. Gebühret	A. understanding B. troublesome C. pears D. fitting
4. Gilt	A. valid B. guilt C. quilt C. gilt
5. Ging	A. sent B. overcome C. went D. ginger
6. Haufen	A. help B. crowd C. houses D. happy
7. Hölle	A. light B. cave C. hail D. hell
8. Irre	A. in error B. yours C. honor D. narrow
9. Oeffne	A. deafen B. close C. open D. oven
10. Soll	A. sold B. inch C. wages D. shall
11. Söller	A. loft B. basement C. payee D. seller
12. Stets	A. towns B. immediately C. constantly D. states
13. Thaten	A. deeds B. tighten C. taut D. kill
14. Ueberzeugt	A. ancestral B. abundance C. late D. convinced
15. Verſtören	A. trouble B. destroy C. rumor D. slow
16. Beſtürzt	A. unusual B. confused C. fall D. stirred
17. Wähnet	A. suppose B. wean C. accustom D. usually
18. Wahrheit	A. wherefore B. questionable C. truth D. today
19. Weder	A. whether B. neither C. either D. against
20. Zuſehen	A. to sow B. reaping C. past D. watch

CHILDREN'S SECTION

-by Elizabeth Miller

WHAT MADE SUSIE SOUR

Henry tried to tell himself Susie deserved having a snowball in the face. Why did she always look as if she had lost her last friend?

IT WAS STILL SNOWING WHEN Henry Byler and the rest of the boys from Hilltop View burst out of the schoolhouse at three-thirty. The air felt moist, but not very cold. Just the way the snow packed under Henry's feet told him the temperature was just right to make snowballs.

Setting down his dinner bucket, Henry scooped up enough snow to make a snowball. Packing it loosely in his hands, he glanced around for a good target. Just then Edwin Miller walked around the corner of the schoolhouse, talking to another boy. He was not aware of the coming snowball until it hit him squarely on the upper arm, exploded, and splashed some snow up into his face.

"Hey, you!" he shouted, scooping up some snow and firing back. Henry was prepared and turned his back just in time to have the snowball land harmlessly in the middle of his back. He saw that Edwin had bent over to pick up more snow, and did the same thing. Meanwhile, the rest of the boys had joined in. The snowball fight was on.

The good-natured fun continued all the way home, with the boys in two groups. The boys in the front group ran ahead, then stopped and threw snowballs at those in the second group. Once Henry hit James Yoder right on top of the head, neatly taking off his cap. He was tempted to quickly throw another snowball, but something stopped him. He remembered something Teacher Fannie often said, "Snowballing is fun only when it ends in fun." So he waited until James had brushed off and replaced his cap before throwing another snowball at him.

All too soon the half mile between the schoolhouse and Henry's home had been covered, and Henry's fun had to end. He stood in the yard and threw snowballs at the boys as long as there were any within throwing reach. The boys threw at him, too, but Henry had the advantage of facing them, and dodged most of the balls.

When the boys had all passed, Henry turned to pick up his dinner bucket. It was then that he saw the girls come trudging up the road. "Hey, this'll be fun," he thought, quickly making snowballs and storing them behind the big oak tree in the front yard. He half expected someone to knock against the window and shake a warning finger at him, but no one did. Mom often sat by the window sewing and saw the children come home from school. Henry wasn't sure how she'd take it if she saw him getting snowballs ready to throw at the passing girls.

Then suddenly Henry remembered. No one was at home. Dad and Mom had gone to Uncle John's to help butcher pigs today. They had left before he had gone to school that morning, giving him orders to start the chores when he came home.

"All the more reason why I should have some fun," thought Henry, adding a few more snowballs to his pile. He grinned as he watched the girls coming up the road. By this time they had seen what he was doing and each of them had a few snowballs of their own. However, they were at a great disadvantage. They had to carry their dinner buckets, and keep one hand free to throw snowballs. That didn't leave them much room for extra ammunition.

Henry chuckled to himself, then stood beside the pile of snowballs and waited. The older girls grinned as they approached the edge of the yard. The looks on their faces seemed to say, "I know we're going to lose, but we're not going to let you off without at least a few snowballs."

Just then Henry noticed his cousin Susie trudging listlessly along about twenty steps behind the rest of the group. As usual, she looked sour and unfriendly. There were no snowballs in her hands, and the look on her face seemed to be daring Henry to throw any at her.

"That's Sour Susie for you again." thought Henry disgustedly. But he didn't have time to let his mind dwell on Susie long. Verna Bender had run a few steps in his direction, then thrown mightily. Though she had thrown hard enough, her aim was poor and the snowball whizzed by on the other side of the tree.

"Ho,ho," laughed Henry, landing a snowball on her back. "You couldn't hit a barn door if you were sitting on it."

The other girls took advantage of their number and threw snowballs faster than Henry could dodge them. He got hit a few times, but in the meanwhile, he hit most of the girls at least once.

"Stop that, Henry," shouted Susie, from the back of the group. Her voice matched the look on her face.

"What did you say?" asked Henry, pretending he hadn't heard. His next snowball hit her squarely on the upper arm.

"Stop it, I said!" Susie shouted, louder this time. "You have no business throwing snowballs at us."

Henry didn't stop to consider whether he had any business throwing snowballs at the girls or not. He scooped up a big handful of half-packed snow and ran out toward the road. "Oh, you want your face washed, do you?" he asked, letting his feelings rule his actions. Already he saw Susie's face flush with anger. She turned her back and tried to shield her face with her arm.

This was the exact position Henry wanted his cousin in. This way he could tease her without actually hurting her. Every time she turned her head one way, he had his handful of snow right in front of her face. When Susie turned her head the other way, he had a second handful of snow to threaten her on that side.

Then Susie decided to break away and run for it. In doing so, she bumped into Henry's handful of snow, dumping most of it right down into the top of her open boot.

"Look what you did!" Susie shouted angrily, tears streaming down her face.

Henry saw that he had taken his fun a bit too far, and ran away. He could, however, not run fast enough to avoid hearing the insults Susie shouted at him. "You're the meanest boy in the whole school!" she said. "I'm going to tell my Mom what you did."

As Henry walked around the corner of the house, he glanced around to see what Susie was doing. A feeling of shame and guilt swept over him as he saw Susie hopping around on one foot, trying to keep her balance while she emptied the snow from her boot. The other girls had already disappeared around the bend in the road. Henry knew Susie's chances of catching up with the rest were slim.

"Serves her right," he muttered to himself. "Why does she always have to drag along behind, looking sour as dill pickles?"

Henry went into the house, kicked off his boots in the entrance, then went to the window to see how Susie was making out. By now she had replaced her boot, and was gathering up her dinner bucket and books. She paused to blow her nose, then started to run down the road. Long after she had disappeared from sight, Henry stood glued to the spot. He was thinking of Susie and trying to shed the feeling of guilt that seemed to grip his heart. "You're the meanest boy in school." Susie's accusation echoed and reechoed in his ears. But when it came right down to the point, it was her second statement that bothered him even more. "I'm going to tell my mom on you."

Henry knew there would be trouble in store for him if Dad found out he, Henry Byler, was being accused of being the meanest boy in school. "But I didn't put that snow in her boots on purpose," Henry tried to reassure himself. "If she hadn't been so sloppy and left her boots open, it wouldn't have happened."

However, Henry's thoughts held little comfort for him, for he knew the problem between himself and Susie was more than a few hours old. He and the other boys often called her "Sour Sus," just to tease her. "The nickname just plain suits her, too," Henry thought. "If she wouldn't be so sour and lose her temper so easily, we wouldn't tease her like we do this way. It's her own fault."

Henry came to himself and realized he had lost quite a bit of time already. If he didn't hurry and get the chores started, he'd have some explaining to do when Dad came home.

"The meanest boy in school." The words seemed to follow Henry like a lonesome puppy all evening. He tried to tell himself that Susie had just been angry, like she often was. She hadn't really meant what she had said. "In fact, she was probably too angry to know what she was saying," Henry thought.

No, Henry certainly didn't have intentions of being outright mean. He remembered now tonight he had held off throwing a snowball at James Yoder while he was bareheaded. "See, that proves I'm not mean," he told himself triumphantly.

The saying that had kept Henry from throwing a snowball at James's bare head flashed through his mind. "Snowballing is fun only when it ends in fun." He realized that snowballing the girls had ended with a different feeling than the snowball fight with the boys had. "I— I guess I shouldn't have tried to wash Susie's face with snow," he thought. The guilt was back on his own shoulders, making him feel miserable. However, it wasn't long until Henry had himself feeling better again. "But I never would have dreamed of washing her face with snow if she hadn't been so sour. Why does she always have to walk around with a long face, as if she had lost her last friend?" he thought.

Just when Henry thought he had cleared himself of any fault in the evening's happening, a question flashed into his mind. "What makes Susie so sour?" he asked himself.

Henry tried to think of times when Susie wasn't sour— times when she looked happy. It wasn't easy to think of many such times. She was a slow learner, and Henry often saw her sitting in her desk, scowling darkly at her books. He remembered the day Teacher Fannie had reprimanded her sharply for giving up too soon when things were hard for her. She had really looked sour then, and finally tears had spilled down her cheeks. Now that he stopped and thought about it, that was the day he and the other boys had called her "Sour Sus" for the first time. The nickname had stuck, though the boys had to be careful not to use it when Teacher Fannie was around.

Susie was bashful, too. Henry remembered how Susie always had to be coaxed into playing when she was a little girl. "She's never really gotten over that," he thought.

Henry tried to compare himself with Susie. Lessons were easy for him, and he had a lot of friends in school. Being friendly just came naturally for him, and he couldn't think of a single time when Teacher Fannie scolded him for doing poor work. When he tried looking at Susie's sourness from this angle, he couldn't help but feel sorry for her. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that he and the other boys were making it hard for Susie not to be sour.

It was true, they couldn't help it that Susie could not learn well, or that Teacher Fannie often lost her patience with her, or that she didn't have many friends. But Henry knew deep down in his heart that all these things didn't make it right to tease Susie and make things still harder for her.

By the time Henry's parents came home, Henry had decided what he was going to do. Once his decision was made, he felt a lot better and was able to act normally around his parents.

THE NEXT MORNING Henry went upstairs to change into his school clothes. He kept glancing down the road, hoping Susie would walk to school alone. He saw Edwin and James and a few younger boys come into view. He noticed how they lingered hesitantly in front of the yard. He quenched the impulse to knock on the window and tell them to wait. Instead, he stayed back from the window where the boys wouldn't see him.

Henry almost changed his mind, telling himself things weren't as bad as he had thought they were. Realizing his own weakness, he breathed a prayer for strength to carry out his plan. "Please God," he prayed. "Help me feel right toward Susie, and stop being mean to her."

Then Henry saw her come. Her slow, indifferent walk told him it was Susie as soon as she came around the bend in the road. He waited until she was past the house, then he hurried downstairs, picked up his dinner bucket, and dashed out into the bright, snowy morning.

Henry ran until he had caught up with Susie, then he slowed down to walk with her. "Hi," he said, feeling suddenly shy and ill at ease. His heart hammered strongly against his ribs.

Susie barely answered, flashing her eyes in a manner that told Henry last night's happening was still fresh in her memory.

"Oh, so you're still sour, are you?" Henry thought, but then he quickly quenched those thoughts. "You— you didn't tell your parents about last night, did you?" he asked sheepishly.

"No," said Susie hesitantly. "But if you ever do it again I will."

"I won't do it again," Henry said quickly, feeling relieved and ashamed at the same time. "I'm sorry about last night. I hadn't meant to put that snow into you boots. It— it was sort of an accident."

Susie looked at Henry suspiciously, as if she expected him to take a snowball out of his pocket and do the same thing again. "You had no business throwing snowballs in the first place," she said, sounding more like a teacher then a fifth grader.

"I know," Henry said obligingly. "It was rather mean of me to try and wash your face with snow."

For the first time it looked as if the sour look on Susie's face might disappear. But then the trace of a smile vanished before it had more than stretched Susie's lips a bit. "You— you don't know how it is, having to go to school when I'd much sooner stay at home." Her voice sounded jerky.

"Don't you like school?" asked Henry, not knowing what else to say.

"I sure don't," said Susie forcefully. "You wouldn't either if you were me."

"I guess I wouldn't," admitted Henry. For a while the two walked along in silence. Finally Henry ventured, "Is— is it my fault that you don't like school?"

"You're not helping matters any," said Susie frankly.

"Would it— it make a difference if— " Henry stopped, groping for the right words. Then he started over. "Would it make a difference if I told you I'm sorry I called you nicknames, and promised not to do it again?"

Susie didn't answer— at least, now with words. But the smile on her face left no need for words. To Henry's surprise, Susie didn't look sour at all now. Her smile made her look friendly, just like any other girl.

△

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours;
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your night by stars,
Not shadows;
Count your life by smiles,
Not tears;
And on this and each tomorrow—
Count your age by friends,
Not years.

GARBAGE IN THE SALAD

One day as a mother was scraping and peeling the vegetables for a salad, her daughter came to ask permission to go to a worldly center of amusement. On the defensive, the daughter admitted it was a questionable place, but all the other girls were going and they did not think it would actually hurt them. As the girl talked, suddenly she saw her mother pick up a handful of discarded vegetable scraps and throw them into the salad. In a startled voice she cried, "Mother, you are putting the garbage in the salad!" "Yes," her mother replied, "I know; but I thought that if you did not mind garbage in your mind and heart, you certainly would not mind a little in your stomach!"

Thoughtfully the girl removed the offending material from the salad, and with a brief "Thank you" to her mother she went to tell her friends she wouldn't be going with them.

If you have spiritual indigestion, and have a sick testimony, maybe it's because you have allowed too much garbage in the salad. -Selected

(The following letter and poem were written recently by a married daughter and son separated by many miles from their widowed mother, and included in a family scrapbook sent her for her birthday.)

THANK YOU, MOM

...For the pain you bore to become my mother. For the bottles you warmed to feed me. For the baths you gave me. For the diapers you changed and washed for me. For the countless nights you jumped from your warm bed to tend to my little wants. For covering me when I was cold. For rocking me to sleep when I was sick and teething. For the doll you made for me. For those first braids that were hard to make because I would not hold still. For taking my hand in yours and helping me learn to walk and then when I walked, for the many times you picked me up and blew the hurt away. For those spankings you found so hard to give. For the patience you had with me when I began to wash dishes and it took longer to clean up the water I got on the floor than what I helped. For teaching me to work and to enjoy it at an early age. For the kiss you gave me that first morning I started to school. For the many lunches you packed for me. For the willing, listening ear to my little joys or woes. For the times you heated the salt bag to put on my ears when I cried from earache.

A special thanks for the extra attention I needed between the age of 12 and 13 when I expected to be understood when I didn't understand myself. For the worries and burdens I brought you in the middle of the night. For always willingly forgiving and forgetting. For kneeling down by your bed with Daddy and praying with me. For the desire you planted in me to give up my will and live for Jesus. For the good example of patience you were and the rebukes you gave me when I lost my temper and stomped my feet. For the love and respect you had for the ministers and for helping me when I wanted to go against the rules of the church.

For the example you left as a Christian wife and then for the advice you gave me before I left home to start our own marriage and home. These are just some of the reasons why I want to say, "THANK YOU MOM."

A Good Mother

God gave me a good mother;
For this I thank Him now.
Each night I kneel before Him—
'Twas she who taught me how.

The years have changed 'most everything
In one way or another;
But one thought still remains the same:
God gave me a good mother.

What can I do, what can I say,
My gratitude to show?
How can I e'er the debt repay,
The greatest debt I owe?

The way? Can there be any other,
But to kneel when the day is done?
"Dear Lord, you gave me a good mother,
Now give Mother a good son."

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 5

Maturity in Marriage

MEALS—GOOD TIMES OR BAD?

Ada Wengerd was an Amish mother with a table full of children, and it seemed when the whole family got together at mealtime, it was pretty hard on her nerves. At nearly every meal there was sure to be spilled water, loud voices, arguments and tears, and jam in little boys' hair. To top it all of, Ada got no sympathy at all from her friend Hannah Yoder. Hannah said mealtimes were the best time of the day, a time of togetherness, of sharing, of quietness, and certainly nothing to have a nervous breakdown about.

Ada Wengerd couldn't help from wishing she could be a mouse in Hannah's cupboard some day, and listen in to the family at mealtime and see if they really did have such a wonderful time. Whose home was normal, the Wengerds' or the Yoders'? Or neither.

THE WONDER STICK

A mother in Waterloo, Ontario, wrote us to say, "If this Ada Wengerd's problem is not a fake story, someone somewhere needs a bit of cheer. With our family of six, we have learned many things. If voices get too loud at the table, we put the Wonder Stick beside Dad's plate, and things simmer down fast. Rarely do they forget, but if they do, a sharp tap on the head or shoulder with this broken piece of yardstick works wonders.

"About spilled water, we found a great improvement in using low cups with wide bases. Thermos cups are good, and we wait to fill them until they are ready to drink. Let us imagine ourselves in the children's place, sitting at a table that comes to our armpits, and passing dishes or reaching for something over tall glasses. Instead of filling the glasses, we put a pitcher of milk, (in the summer, also one with water) on the table. Often it's not used until almost last, or not at all. I don't know if we average a spill on the table in three weeks or not, but then it might even be Mom or Dad.

"About jam in a four-year-old's hair, I take for granted this boy was not retarded. (With such, these things can be expected). I have a feeling I know of one mother who would have played her part of the game. Most boys don't like getting their hair washed. But should it happen that Johnny did like it, just this once the procedure would have lasted much longer and the brush would feel a little courser than usual, and he'd get explained why. At a very tender age children will test their parents to see what they can get away with. Let mealtime be a pleasant time for us all. How different it would be if we had no bread and jam to set before our family."

MEALTIME A THERMOMETER

A number of readers pointed out that it is hard to separate mealtime from the rest of the day. There are few families that get along ideally the rest of the day, and then fuss at the table. As one letter pointed out, meals may even be a sort of thermometer by which we can measure the health of the family.

Christiana, Pennsylvania: "My heart goes out in sympathy to the Ada Wengerd family, who found mealtime so unpleasant. Several quotes stand out in my mind, quotes which deeply inspired me many years ago. I resolved then that if I ever have a family and it's within my power, mealtime should be a happy time. I had read somewhere that if we find out how a family is at mealtime, we can determine pretty close how the family gets along the rest of the day. Also I heard a mother of eight children say, 'Mealtime is our family reunion. It is one of the few times in a day when our family is gathered in such a close circle.' The health rules say happiness helps digestion.

"As for spilling water, I know of a father who calmly used to say when a glass tipped over, 'Well, now that's done for this meal.' While the mother patiently cleaned it up. I also know of a family who made sort of a game of it. Since their mailbox was at the end of a long lane, they had the rule that whoever spilled his glass would have to fetch the mail, and this applied down to pretty small tots."

Myerstown, Pennsylvania: "I think mealtimes tell what kind of family and parents we are. Spilled water and jam in hair can be expected and should be accepted good-naturedly. If we rush and scold, the children will too. Things work on my nerves much sooner when I'm hurrying than when I have prayerful thoughts."

HUNGRY AND HAPPY

Of course, meals are a time of togetherness and sharing, and pleasant conversation, and all those things, but aren't they also for eating? Maybe that is why some mealtimes are so miserable— nobody at the table is hungry! Hungry children are usually happy at the table.

"I remember one family that had so much confusion at the table. The parents tried to be very careful to put the food on the right spot on the plate. But in spite of all their efforts, they would happen to misplace the food and the child would throw a tantrum. This happened as a regular occurance. When the next child came along it was the same problem. Don't ask a child where he wants his food. Also, there is no need for slapping faces and pulling ears to make a child eat. Explain that no food will be available between meals, but make no big issue of it. Even skipping a meal won't starve the child. Stick to your word. Ada's family had the problem of Mark not wanting to finish his soup. We know from experience this can be solved without any fuss. Allow no dessert unless the plate is clean of other food. Let the child make the decision. They will seldom go without it.

"In a real busy season, work has been lined out to the various members of the family at the table, but simply sharing is the general thing. Mealtimes are happy times."

A Young Mother, Pennsylvania: "The question took me by surprise for we always had happy mealtimes at home and now in our own home they are also happy. Avoid giving small children too much food. Rather, let them ask for more. They should with few exceptions be made to finish their food. Nor should children be allowed to reach for food before grace is said."

Another Mother, Pennsylvania: "When a child is old enough to eat alone, the time has come to be careful not to overload the child's plate, so he can eat it all—otherwise he'll get the habit of playing with food. When a child's hunger is satisfied, he should not be forced to eat more. It is also up to the parents to do all this in love and gentleness and firmness, and to have no overly loud conversation or bickering of any kind."

EAT EARLY

Sometimes little things make a big difference. When children or adults are tired and irritable it is easy for voices to get loud, requests demanding and impatient. One mother from Central America wrote the following suggestion: "I would encourage to eat supper a little earlier so the family is not too tired, and besides, I think we all sleep better since we started doing this. It is not always possible, especially in harvest. Why not try eating in the evening just before doing the chores instead of afterward? This gives the busy mother a better evening. The little ones are not so hungry, and don't have to wait until Dad comes in from doing the chores. Babies so often are restless the first part of the evening. By eating before chores, Mom can then bring the baby to sleep (or whatever else is needed) and then do the dishes while the children are playing or sleeping. Ours like to go to bed early. At our place things have improved a lot since we have started eating supper early, but there is room for improvement yet."

Bart, Pennsylvania: "Is mealtime at our house a happy time? No, not always, but that is what we are working for. I'd like to share one little thing that I've started that has helped to eliminate some of the inevitable fuss at a table with five youngsters from age 6 on down—the usual fuss of everyone asking at the same time for what they happen to want, etc. So I now fill their plates before grace. They each get some of whatever we're having, though I do pay special attention to their certain dislikes, like asparagus, lima beans, and make it only 3 or 4 pieces. Then the plate must be emptied before they may ask for more of anything—they get no second helping of noodles unless peas are eaten. We don't force them to empty their plates, but the rule stays firm—no second helpings and no dessert unless it is emptied. I'll be looking forward to the other answers for additional suggestions."

SHOUTING BEGETS SHOUTING

Kalona, Iowa: "Love must be felt to be displayed and where can this be better shown than at the table. I noticed in the many homes I worked as a hired girl that when the children weren't shouted at by their parents, you would not be so apt to hear them shout angry words to each other. We can easily get into such a rut, especially if we were brought up that way.

"I once read that a child will eat when he is hungry. It is easy for us to misjudge the size of a child's stomach. We have found this true in our family of eight. Eating snacks too close to mealtime will spoil this, though, and he will be hungry before next mealtime again.

"Most of ours got into a habit to dawdle. To tell them to hurry up and eat gave them extra attention, but didn't solve the problem. Finally I just quietly removed their plate and its contents, and refused them any more food until the next meal. This was a big disappointment for the child and it did not have to be repeated."

Ohio: "Our mealtimes aren't as perfect as we'd like them, but one thing I know, the way the mother acts helps to influence the rest. If the mother is happy or sad, flies up at little things or takes things calmly, all such things affect the children and they will catch the mood. Children have a sense of such things and automatically follow our example."

Middlefield, Ohio: "I think mealtime can and should be a time to relax, and enjoy the family. Perhaps if Ada had a happier attitude toward mealtime, the children would, too. Naturally if she has the attitude that meals are something to be endured, the children won't enjoy it either. If they aren't in a happy frame of mind, the children are more apt to argue and tease. I know of a household which is just the opposite. The children hardly dare talk at all, and I wouldn't want that either. In large families an occasional hectic meal can't be avoided, but surely that should be the exception and not the rule."

Pennsylvania: "The Wengerds' problem didn't just begin at mealtime. The picking and nagging must have been practiced and allowed between meals, also. Children can sense parents' feelings, even if they aren't spoken. Families can't pick and fuss at each other and parents disagree, and then suddenly expect to come to meals and have everything peaceful. Practicing the love of Christ in family living is a full time job, mealtime not excluded."

A MOUSE IN THE CUPBOARD

Fleetwood, Pennsylvania: "If you were a mouse in our cupboard you might have heard things at times already that were nearly as bad as the scene described. But I think these are the exception instead of the rule. What makes the difference from one time to the other? Maybe it's because one bee buzzing angrily soon has more buzzing angrily, too.

"Mealtime is usually when we discuss what all happened during our day, Mom and Dad, as well as the children. What all happened in school, and future plans. Many times we sit at the table an extra half hour and we talk, or else the children can play 'horsie' with Daddy. This time could be spent in clearing the tables and getting the dishes washed if we just considered how much work needed to be done. Yet it can often be the best part of the day for us. And yes, when Daddy isn't home it leaves such a big hole.

"Here are some rules we've found helpful. You must eat your warm things before you get dessert. If someone gets a notion he doesn't want to eat this or that, we ask him how they think it might be to live in Africa and be hungry most of the time. Any child who fights or gets angry is often told to leave the table until he feels better again.

"I believe that where children are growing up, there will always be a few things spilled and at times jam in the hair or else sticky fingers wiped on the dress or pants. And then the parents scold until the children learn to do better. I once worked where only empty glasses were put on the table and then milk was always on the table to drink. I always try to stay away from glasses that tip easily and for small children, it helps to only make them half full. I would feel that where meals are usually a 'trial' there is a lack of love somewhere."

Narvon, Pennsylvania: "Now this will be advice for Ada, because I feel Hannah won't need it. Because she just doesn't have to struggle with the weakness Ada and I work with. Yes, since I was so immature when we started housekeeping, I just had to grow up with the children. Then if things didn't go my way, just like a flash I'd fly off the handle again. Surely I didn't mean to, and when I went to bed and had time to relax and think over the day, I had to cry and ask God for forgiveness. I'm thankful God knows our hearts. We don't need any mice in the cupboard listening in, or unexpected visitors to make us ashamed about our poor housekeeping. We have an all-seeing eye watching over us. Once we realize this, we are on the road to recovery and growing to maturity."

THE SAD SIDE

We only had one letter like this this time, and maybe that's more than we should print. Understandably, we have been asked to withhold both name and address: "When we were first married, I hoped we could always have pleasant discussions at mealtime. You see, when at home yet, we talked about everything at the table, while Dad ate real slowly and tried to encourage us six girls to eat more (so we would look like something, he'd say.) Well, my husband not only didn't want to talk at the table with me, he thought women should work like horses and eat like birds. So finally I decided to ignore him at the table, which seemed to be how he wanted it. But then I got very conscious of how loud he slurped and gulped his food, trying to get done before I did to show me I was eating too much. When he started coming in from chores in the morning and looked to see what I was fixing for breakfast, then stalked out muttering, 'I'm not eating this morning,' I thought I was at my rope's end. I told him I'd end up in the crazy house if he kept up just trying to make me feel bad. He just smirked, but it seemed he was a little kinder. Now after twenty years I know the Lord has helped me. Otherwise I couldn't have tolerated it. He likes to plan everything, including the meals. Sometimes if it's not just exactly perfect, he'll push his plate back and hunch his shoulders and not eat a bite at the table, and then demand a feast the next meal. What really bothers me most is that I can't keep my confused feelings to myself sometimes when the children are around. There's nothing harder for me to do than to sit at a table to eat and try to communicate in conversation at the same time."

Goshen, Indiana: "When Ada Wengerd stopped to listen to what was going on in her family at mealtime, she was taking the first step to correcting her problem, for she certainly has one. Hannah Yoder is right. Mealtime ought to be a happy time. Even doctors can tell you that an unhappy person (or an angry one) can't digest what he eats, and is right in line for stomach ulcers and indigestion. Not for nothing Proverbs says that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"I had to think when I read how Barbara had her candy bar taken by Rachel, that Barbara had a problem that should be settled in a better way than by nagging Rachel. It was something that needed some consideration. A candy bar for a friend represents a real sacrifice to a 13-year-old girl. If the family mood were good, this would be a good time for a family counsel. How to compensate for the loss, for one thing, and how to make Rachel feel that such tricks are not funny. Rachel needs to learn that other people's things are 'hands off.'

"Could it be that Rachel and Johnny's real problem was that they were too hungry. I visited my children's school one afternoon, and walked home with them. Then I understood why they came home so cravingly, sufferingly hungry! I believe a small child's stomach needs food oftener than three heavy meals a day, but it has to be given wisely, not something sweet and rich just before a meal. But mid-forenoon and mid-afternoon a glass of milk and a sandwich, or a cookie, or something sensible will help Johnny to keep from reaching for bread before grace, and Rachel from snitching Barbara's candy bar.

"When Mark cried because he didn't want to eat all his soup, who had served the soup? Did he serve himself and overjudge his appetite? Or did Dad serve him too much? That was the standard at our house. If you took it out yourself you were expected to clean it up; if I gave it to you, maybe I misjudged. It isn't fair to a child to give oversize portions and then expect him to eat it all.

"Ruth at a year-and-a-half can hardly be expected to keep her hands down while grace is being said, but I had to wonder, the harder she pulled, probably the harder Dad held on, and maybe it hurt. A better way for little children is for the whole family to join hands around the table while prayer is being made, and it becomes a friendly, happy beginning to the meal. I've seen small children reach for the hands beside them when the family prayed.

"I don't want to criticize Dad, but that's a poor appetizer to slap a child's face. Maybe he ought to look at his own attitudes.

"It takes a lot of patience. At our house we didn't have more than one high chair and the next to the littlest sat on a 'benklie' on a chair, and it seemed to take her forever to get settled. If I'd been the Dad, I'd often have begun to pray before she got all her wiggles finished. But her father was patient and waited till she was settled. He respected her personhood, small as she was. And in doing it, he won her total respect for him. Which is no small thing.

"I wish Ada Wengerd happier mealtimes, but she'll have to furnish the first smiles, and she'll have to make her children feel some responsibility in bringing cheer to the table, too. Maybe Dad just doesn't understand. Let the rest of the family bring patience and forebearance and meekness to the table, and he won't need to slap little faces and pinch little fingers."

THE FROSTING ON THE CAKE

"Cheerfulness at mealtime is like the frosting on the cake. It adds something. But we don't apply frosting where there is no cake. You cannot enforce cheerful-

• •

HE WHO OWNS A GARDEN

He who owns a garden,
However small it be,
Whose hands have planted in it
Flower, bush, or tree;
He who watches patiently
The growth from nurtured sod
Who thrills at newly-opened bloom
Is very close to God.
-Selected

• • • • • • • • • •

ness at mealtime, and you can't expect to have it at the expense of more important things. First there must be discipline, order, manners, respect, sharing. If these are lacking, don't expect to have a happy mealtime. A march to the woodshed may disrupt things a bit, but it will pay off a thousand fold. What of those homes that have waited ten to fifteen years too long? This is a difficult situation, and will require much patience and prayer. But you dare not throw up your hands in despair. Mealtime is a very important time in the Christian home."

THE EYES OF THE HIRED GIRL

"I had the privilege of being present at a lot of different tables as a hired girl. From experience I know it isn't always alike— some meals go better than others. In one home I felt that a lot of crying, stubbornness, and spanking could have been avoided if the man would have come in on time. He had a habit of coming when he was ready. We would get the meal ready, and sometimes the table would be set a long time, and no man came in, and the children grew hungry. Yet they weren't supposed to eat until father came in. By the time he finally came, the children were so tired that when we wanted to eat, they didn't want to. The little boy usually ended up being spanked when he didn't want to eat, so he cried, and then he got spanked another few times to make him stop crying. Needless to say, by the time dinner was over, I would wonder who was more nervous, me or the little boy. Maybe the boy was somewhat stubborn, but beings that it was time for his afternoon nap, it was easier for him to cry and be stubborn. The boy had to take the punishment for what his father caused.

"I have also worked in a home where the greatest thing that lacked was that the children did not love each other. They were watching to see if they couldn't find fault with someone. The usual tattling was, 'Mother, look, Nathan is chewing with his mouth open.' 'Mary has stirred her things together.' 'Emma dished out too many potatoes.' Then the others would say, 'I didn't,' and soon they were slapping, next came crying, then a few words of rebuke from the father, but very soon it would start again. Somewhere it had been neglected in teaching them to love and appreciate each other.

"I once ate at a table where the family was big, but I had no reason to dread the meal. To begin with, the man and wife were both humble and not loud-spoken, and their life was a simple one. There was no jelly to get in the boys' hair, which I learned the first time I set the table. I put on bread, butter, and jelly, and the children all rejoiced, then I knew I had done something wrong. Later when the Mrs. came home with the baby, I asked her about it. She told me that they don't eat any bread at the table anymore, since there are so many school lunches to pack. And I was told to only set a glass of water at every other plate, as they could learn to share the glass between two. That way there were only half as many glasses to spill, and they learned to share. But when do glasses get spilled? Isn't it when the children lean over the table for something? But on this table there was not much of that, for there weren't many things on the table to reach for. There were usually about two dishes of warm things, and then a lot of that. Dessert was a treat to them. They weren't spoiled, but learned to eat what was on the table. The children had a chatter going among them, but not the nerve-wrecking kind. In fact, the meals were so enjoyable, and they lasted so long that I ate better than I was used to. I had been used to eating at a table that was nearly empty, and quiet, and so few people that it didn't enthuse us to eat. But here the children all dished out and ate heartily, that I gained appetite and ate with the rest and I discovered that I even gained a few pounds.

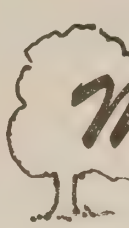
"Yes, different tables sure make a difference. The above family was so much different from another table where I ate where there was only a small boy and a baby and the parents. But even though the people were few, it was hard on my nerves, as the boy almost always refused to eat, except for the few things he wanted, which was usually dessert. Yes, he was often punished, but to no extent did it help. It wasn't just at the table where the boy's problem showed up— his will just wasn't broken. The mother so deeply loved him when he was small, and pleased him, and if he wanted things while she was making meals, she would give him things, and then he wouldn't be hungry. When I cooked and the woman was in bed, I refused to give him things when I was making meals. And when I set the table, I didn't put the desserts on the table until we were ready for it. By the time the woman came to the table again, she noticed the difference and said, "He eats better since you are here." How I longed to explain to her, but I was afraid she would not understand.

"I might add yet, there are other things that can cause one to dread mealtimes besides disobedient children. I well remember such a place where I dreaded meals. I wished many times I could carry my plate out in the yard to eat. The woman couldn't talk without talking over other people. The whole meal was taken up that way. Many people were judged and run down, then she would laugh and say, "Now I would have done so and so," or something of that manner to show that she was better. The only Christian thing I knew was to keep quiet and not even crack a smile, so she would know I didn't approve. No, I wasn't working for the perfect couple, just for the perfect woman, as when the man wasn't around, she could also say how she could manage better than he could. And if one of the children did something wrong, the child would get classed on the man's side of relations. Yes, she managed so good, she cleaned the spider webs down in the barn and left the cake burn in the house. Worst of all, the children were old enough to hear, and thus were forced to grow up and feel proud of themselves. Well, I'm getting off the subject, but as for mealtimes, I say that is only a reflection how children are brought up the rest of the time." △

THE LOVE OF GOD

As high as the highest shining star,
As deep as the sea of blue,
As wide as the silent realms of space,
As broad as the heavens, too—
So high,
So deep,
So wide,
So broad
Is the wonderful love of God!
-Jon Gilbert

BUILDING TOGETHER



MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

Problem No. 7

Lewis Troyer was deep in thought as he trowelled the freshly-poured concrete which was to be the floor of Neighbor Andy's new pig barn. Neighbor Andy had just moved in, and Lewis had been helping him for over a week now on the pig barn. And already the first day Lewis had sensed that there was something unusual about Neighbor Andy and his wife.

But it had been hard to put his finger on what it was. Andy and his wife seemed to think so much of each other. Lewis almost got the impression that they were just married a few months, but a glance at the row of children behind the table told him that was impossible.

"I'd sure like to know what the secret is of their marriage," Lewis sighed to himself. "I'd ask him, but that might give him the impression that my wife and I don't get along. And we do. At least we don't quarrel or argue. Yet our marriage lacks something when I compare it with theirs."

Lewis was being truthful when he mused to himself that he and his wife didn't quarrel. They didn't. At the same time, Lewis longed for a deeper relationship, for a better understanding of each other, and to be able to share his innermost feelings more, and to have the confidence his wife would understand him. On the surface Lewis and his wife got along well enough, but he still sensed that a depth of love and devotion was missing—something he saw in Neighbor Andy's marriage.

Several days later Lewis could keep his thoughts to himself no longer. "Andy," he said slowly, "you and your wife really think a lot of each other, don't you?"

Neighbor Andy seemed a bit surprised by the question, but then he said, "We sure do. Why?"

"I mean, I just couldn't help but notice that there is a very special feeling between you, and I've been thinking about it a lot. I always thought my wife and I got along good, but somehow, since being around you, I still feel as though we're missing out on something."

There was a hint of tears in Andy's eyes. "What you say makes me feel good, of course," Andy admitted. "Though in a way I don't feel we deserve your compliment completely. We have our ups and downs, too, you know. But I will say that we have come a long way from the marriage we used to have. Not that we used to fight, or say hateful things, but there was a time when we were more like two individual persons, each living our separate lives in the same house. We didn't really blend. We each had our own interests and work and goals, and we didn't really mean that much to each other."

"Maybe I shouldn't ask," Lewis said hesitantly. "But I really would like to know what you did to get it different. Or did the improvement just come by itself?"

Neighbor Andy chuckled softly. "No, there are very few worthwhile accomplishments that just come by themselves. Worthwhile things always require effort and striving. Our marriage didn't any more build itself that this pig barn will build itself. I know some people feel you either happen to have a happy marriage, or you don't, and that you just have to put up with what you get. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Your marriage is really what you make out of it. Everyone knows you couldn't have a nice dairy herd, or a well-kept farm without putting your interest into it, working on it, and keep working hard. Well, a marriage is the same way. If we're not willing to spend time or effort building a good marriage, we're not going to have one."

"I don't know if I understand what you mean?" Lewis said, perplexed. "How do you build a marriage?"

"The answer may be different for different people under different circumstances," Neighbor Andy said. "An important first step is for a couple to sit down together and take an inventory of their marriage. Do they really have the kind of relationship that used to be their ideal? If not, why not? What would it take to reach that goal? What obstacles stand in the way? How can they be overcome? What steps should they take each day? Love has to be nourished and cultivated, you know. It's a delicate plant that won't grow without being watered and hoed and fertilized."

Lewis nodded his head, hoping Neighbor Andy wouldn't stop there, but would go on with the discussion. "Could you give me any examples of some of the steps you took to improve your marriage, I mean things you do together to improve your marriage, and things like that."

"Yes," Andy said. But before he could do so, the vet drove in with a honk of his horn, and Neighbor Andy hurried to go with him to the barn to see a sick cow.

If Lewis had asked you the questions he asked Neighbor Andy, what would you have told him? Can you give some suggestions of things married couples can do to build their marriage? What things have you found meaningful to do together? Perhaps you go somewhere, take the day off, or just spend time talking? Give practical advice that you have found worthwhile and which others may profit from. Even though your marriage may not be as perfect as Neighbor Andy's appeared to be, or as Lewis Troyer's, if you have found meaningful ways to build your marriage and deepen your relationship, share it with others. But don't wait too long. Your reply should be postmarked not later than June 3, 1975. Your name and address will be kept confidential.

Address your letter to:
Department MM
Family Life
R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

JURY DUTY

In "Across the Editor's Desk" of the January 1975 issue you asked about jury duty among the Plain People. Serving on juries has been forbidden several times by Amish Diener-Versammlungen. Let me quote several instances:

1809: Article Eight: It is decided that jury service shall not be tolerated or permitted for brethren in the church.

Agreed to by Amish bishops and ministers of Maryland, and Pennsylvania (Somerset Co., Lancaster Co.)

[illegible] Article Four: Decided that worldly offices are not to be held, namely, serving on juries, or holding elections to elect officials.

This was agreed to by the bishops and ministers of three Amish congregations: Somerset and Johnstown in Pennsylvania and the Grantsville (Casselman River) congregation in Maryland.

1865: This meeting of Amish bishops and ministers was held in Holmes County with bishops and ministers in attendance from Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Ontario, and Maryland. No mention was made of jury duty. So it likely was no longer a problem among the brethren.

-David Luthy, Aylmer, Ontario

Some time ago I received a notice in the mail to set on the jury. I felt immediately I could not serve in this capacity so I wrote a letter back that I had religious convictions against serving on the jury. A few days later I received a reply stating that I was to appear on the given date with the rest of the jurors and explain my reasons there. On the day set for the court to begin I was there with the rest of the group. An officer came and escorted me into a room where the magistrate or judge was sitting. I tried to talk to him respectfully and told him that I could not serve with a clear conscience. He at once informed me that there was no murder case in this trial. I repeated that I wished to be exempt even if this was the case. He graciously granted my request but asked that I sit in for the day's court session which I did.

I think we as non-resistant Christians should be thankful for the consideration our authorities give us. It is our duty to pray for them.

-Alvin Gingerich, Zurich, Ontario

My husband received a summons to serve on jury duty in January of this year. He talked it over with our bishop who advised him to write in and say, "I'm opposed on religious grounds." He did this and has not heard from them since.

It sounds on the letter like everyone has to serve. The letter said if he fails to appear, he is under penalty of the law. -L.B., Middlefield, Ohio

About ten years ago while living near Stratford, Ontario, I received a letter telling me my name was picked for jury duty. I was to be at the court house at a certain day and hour. I knew of another man who had been called and since he was conscientiously opposed, he paid no attention to the summons. When he did not appear on the day he was supposed to, the police came after him. I think they let him off after paying a fine for not appearing.

Knowing this, I went to the court when the day came. There were forty people there from the county. I wanted to talk to the officials before the court started but had no time. They had a roll call and everyone had to answer as his name was called. They picked a grand jury that day and the judge told the rest of us we could go home and come back the next day.

I went to the constable of the court and he took me to the sheriff. I told him I didn't believe in jury duty and that if I were picked, I wouldn't serve. He said he knew our people don't serve on jury duty and that I should have appealed to him when I got my summon and he could have let me off. Now only the judge could let me off and I couldn't see him that day. He told me to come in earlier the next morning and maybe I could see the judge.

The next morning I went in an hour earlier and asked to see the judge. He wasn't in yet so I told the officer what I wanted. Apparently he told the judge for soon he came back and told me I could go home. I don't believe that anyone who is conscientiously opposed to jury duty will be forced to serve. I would advice to report it to the proper authorities as soon as they get the summons. I believe you will find they will work with you to have your name removed. -Reuben Horst, Tennessee

My Dad used to say he knew a man who was called for jury duty. He refused to serve on the grounds that he could judge no one. He was sentenced to jail for contempt. However his life had been so consistent to what he professed that when the people found out about it they pled in his behalf and he was released.

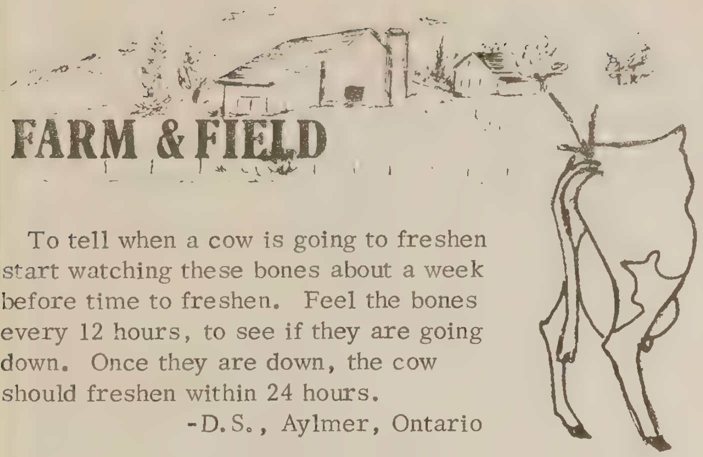
I understand that usually the names are chosen from the list of registered voters so those who do not vote are not chosen. -M.Y., Salisbury, Pa.

I once heard an old deacon say that he talked with a man who served on a jury and he said he learned a lesson. He saw how people will stand up (even under oath) and lie and lie! -M.B. Pennsylvania

About a year ago my sister who is still single and at home received a call to serve on the jury. I didn't see the papers but I understand she marked one place where it says that she had taken religious vows. She was exempt. Although she didn't realize it at the time, this classification had been intended to be used by Catholic nuns, but I suppose others might also qualify. -Ontario

About a year ago I received a letter stating I was supposed to serve on the jury and that there would be a penalty if I wouldn't. I wrote back and told them that I was Amish and that I have convictions that it is wrong

FARM & FIELD



To tell when a cow is going to freshen start watching these bones about a week before time to freshen. Feel the bones every 12 hours, to see if they are going down. Once they are down, the cow should freshen within 24 hours.

-D.S., Aylmer, Ontario

When you are through painting and still have paint left over, close the can tightly so it will not leak then place it upside down to store. If you do this, no "skin" will form on top. - Ontario

When you are working way back in the field and the end keeps coming off the singletree, try putting a tuft of horsetail hair over the end and driving it on. Chances are it will stay on so well you'll never need to fix it better. Works equally well on fork handles and many other kinds of handles that want to keep coming off.

-E.Y., Butler, Ohio

Here's an idea for corn-planting. Single cross corn will only pollinate about 7 days instead of 14 days for 3-way or doublecross. If there happens to be a lot of rain or very hot weather during the week it is pollinating, it can give a poor crop. If you will interplant with another variety which is either 5 days earlier or later, it will extend the pollination season an extra week. This interplanting can be done by putting one kind of seed in one hopper and another kind in another. (Ed. note: How about mixing a few handfuls of 3-way or doublecross of the same maturity into the hopper?) -E.B., Pa.

Slide a wooden shingle or a piece of plywood in between the tines of the hayfork and it makes a good scraper for cleaning grain bins or chaff from the floor.

-O.Y., Ontario

I store our curry combs in a gallon paint bucket half full of fuel oil. This way they stay rust-free and much cleaner. -C.E.O. Illinois

FARM QUESTION- When a horse gets into the grain bin and eats too much, what can you do to keep him from foundering? If he does founder and his legs become swollen and sore, what can be done to get him over it? Send answers to "Farm Page, Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3" Deadline for answers, June 5th, 1975.

for me to serve on a jury. I have never heard from them since. -S.C., Michigan

I know a man who was called for jury duty, I think at Elkhart, Indiana. He asked the clerk if there was no way to be excused, that he didn't want to take part in it. The clerk asked if he was basically prejudiced against capital punishment and he said he was. The clerk told him they couldn't use him, that he should return home.

-H.H., Paraguay

△

DENTIST (continued from back cover)

bedtime is about the worst possible thing that can happen to your teeth, and has probably caused more cavities than any other single cause. The reason for this is that the saliva produced at snack time is much less in volume and also only about half as strong as is produced at meal time. Such snacks as crackerjacks, marshmallows and soft drinks leave a strong coating of acid on the teeth which remains there until the next meal. For some reason, cookies are harmful, especially the dry kinds. The more fat a cookie contains, the less acid it seems to be. Dentists now question the wisdom of feeding arrowroot cookies to babies, or any other sweet cookies during teething.

During the night, the saliva glands practically dry up. Any sweets eaten at bedtime will leave a coating of acid over the teeth for the entire night.

What Can Be Done About It?

There are many things that can be done to lessen tooth decay. First in importance is to cut down on sugar. Tooth decay is always serious in countries where the people consume much sugar and starches. Substituting honey for sugar on cereals not only reduces the acid but can better bring out the true flavor of the food.

If it is necessary to have snacks between meals, then provide something like apples, carrots, celery, etc. An old proverb says "Give your friend a whole apple. Peel it for your enemy." It seems as though many people are their own enemies.

Milk is a wholesome food for everyone because it contains a rich supply of calcium. This is especially important during the first 13 years of a child's life while the teeth are being formed, but it is also good for older persons. A craving for sweets does not indicate a lack of some needed nutrient, but is probably the result of a poorly trained appetite. Wholesome foods like milk, fruits and vegetables can be eaten and appreciated by children and adults alike who are hungry. If a person's appetite has been ruined by constant stuffing with rich and sweet foods, he is seldom hungry for wholesome foods.

Soft drinks and coffee furnish hardly any real food value. Although a cup of coffee may not be harmful, there is always the danger of getting into the habit later on. Anyone who drinks 5 or 6 cups of coffee a day is putting himself in danger of damaging his own health.

Fluorine in the drinking water has a striking effect in preventing cavities in the teeth, but it must be provided during the first 13 years of the child's life. Tests show that cities which have the ideal amount of natural fluorine in their drinking water (one part per million is the ideal amount) have much less trouble with tooth decay.

Using some common sense also helps. Your teeth were not meant for cracking nuts. Better to use a hammer or a vise. Changing from hot to cold liquids is especially dangerous to teeth. When you drink hot liquid, the whole tooth expands a very small amount. If you change abruptly to cold liquids such as an ice-cold drink or ice cream, the enamel of the tooth shrinks faster than the inside, which can result in a very fine crack in the enamel, thus allowing the bacteria a foothold. △

DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS; June 11th

WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

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Some people always consult their almanac before planting crops to see if the sign of the moon is right. At times so much stress is put on this that if a field is ready to plant and the sign is not right, the planting must wait. Also for cultivating, hoeing or butchering. Some parents do not let their children marry except in the right sign of the moon.

Does this show a lack of faith in God? Does God give a special blessing to those who follow signs? Where do the signs of the zodiac originate? Is there any connection between this and astrology, superstition or witchcraft?

-Wondering about signs

??

ANSWERS FOR THE WOMAN WHO FOUND HERSELF IN DIFFICULTY AFTER HER HUSBAND DIED BECAUSE HE HAD NOT MADE A WILL. THE LAWYER TOLD HER THE FARM MIGHT HAVE TO BE SOLD TO SETTLE UP THE ESTATE. ALSO THAT THERE WOULD BE A LOT OF EXPENSES TO GET IT SETTLED.

● I believe the key to Malinda Hershberger's dilemma may be in how the deed to the farm is worded. If there is a right of survivorship clause, she automatically becomes the sole owner. However if there is not, the farm may have to be appraised and she be required to pay taxes on the entire value of it. This would depend on whether she could prove that she paid her half in the first place. The personal property would quite likely need to be either sold or appraised and this value divided according to the laws of the state. The children who are of age would receive their share but that of the minor ones placed in escrow. If Mrs. Hershberger is capable she may well be appointed guardian for the minor children. If she wants to keep the farm and home intact she can borrow money to meet the needs using the farm as collateral.

Malinda's husband could have saved her a lot of distress by making a will. Most states require two witnesses who sign the will in the presence of the person who makes the will and each other. They will be called to testify to the probate court of its validity. Lawyers' fees are high and some can be indiscriminate. Often they make simple matters look overwhelming so their clients will gladly pay almost any price to get the burden off their minds.

When we settled our father's estate (which was probably about the same size as Mrs. Hershberger's) the lawyer's fee was 1%. She can be glad the lawyer told her what his fee is going to be beforehand which would give her the chance to get another lawyer.

We as plain people tend to shy away from lawyers' offices because we are taught against going to law or perhaps we feel we would be spending money unnecessarily. How do we feel about going to a doctor? There can be times when a bit of legal advice can be worth just as much as seeing a doctor.

If minor children are involved, a lawyer should help write the will so that complications can be avoided. While the right of survivorship clause in a deed seems ideal, to have a deed written to husband and wife in equal interests can result in a tax saving. Then only the share of the deceased one can be subject to estate taxes. The husband and wife should each make a will to specify how their possessions should be disposed of.

Last but not least, Mrs. Hershberger needs to seek the help of another church member who has some experience who will probably be glad to help her free of charge. -J.D.R., Dayton, Virginia

● Even if the husband would have made a will and made no mention for the son who is away from home, the will would not be legal. I once heard of a woman whose one son left home and she had no contact with him for years. A daughter lived with her mother and nursed her through several years of illness. The mother made a will stating that the daughter who took care of her was to have the home while two other daughters were to share the savings account and some furniture. But the son who had left home contested the will and won. Everything had to be sold and divided equally to all the children.

The lawyers told the daughter, if the mother had made a will giving the son $1.00, the will would have been legal but because there was no mention of his name in the will, it was declared invalid by the court.

-Pennsylvania

● I have seen how it goes when someone dies without a will. In this case, the relatives knew how the deceased wanted the estate settled but the government has laws and according to these laws is how it was settled.

I have also seen where there is a legal will, much less time is spent in settling up the estate and it is done the way the deceased wished it to be.

Everyone has to die sometime. We know that anyone can die regardless of age so why don't we do what we can to make it easier for those left behind by making a will? Also another thing that can make it easier is if the wife is familiar with the financial end of the affairs. Maybe the husband could sometimes mind the children and make the meals while Mom does the business in town. Also if Mom is familiar with the business it makes it easier if Dad should suddenly take sick or be hurt. The lawyer which helped to make our will strongly urged that every couple should have a will. We never know when an accident can happen. Would it not be best if we could be prepared in all ways to leave this earth and not wait until we become sick to get ready. In a hymn the question is asked, who knows that we will go through a sickness, that we will not meet our end suddenly. -Ontario

● Since we are responsible for our material possessions while living, I feel we are also responsible to do what we can that they will be properly used after we leave this earth. This should include seeing that a large amount of the estate does not go into lawyers fees or that it will not be inherited by persons who will spend it for things we would not want to have it spent for if we were living. One of the points which the Hutterites stress in support of their practice of community of goods is that their material possessions will never be passed on to persons who are outside the church. This is something which would be well to consider. -Ontario

● When buying real estate, man and wife should get a joint deed with full right of survivorship. Even your banking and checking account should be that way. This will take care of the first death.

After the first death, the survivor can make a will, name the administrator and state that he is to serve without bond as this all helps to keep expenses down. If you want a joint deed after this, have a reliable person such as one of the children or a friend, put on the deed with yours. Then after your death he can sell the farm and divide the money according to your wishes and request.

But whatever you do, talk it over with a lawyer or well informed and experienced person first, as laws vary from one state to another. Here is part of a clipping I took out of a newspaper:

"Many years ago my uncle who was an attorney told my Dad and Mother that as far as the inheritance laws of Missouri are concerned, "and" and "or" have two entirely different meanings. "And" has to go through probate court for a clear title while "or" leaves everything to the surviving one. After this, a will can be used to determine how the goods are to be distributed. His advice was to sell all of the "and" property to another person and buy it back again and make the new deed an "or" deed. That is the way they did it. They both made wills to each other with the same wording, and both left their worldly belongings to me.

"Court costs and attorney fees can eat up an estate. The "or" deed takes care of the first death. Our case was settled in 1966. A lot of the red tape, court work and costs were eliminated." -G.D.Y., Missouri

● I know some people are under the impression that when a father (and sometimes a mother) dies, there is no other way but go to a lawyer and have him settle the estate. I am no lawyer and I only know what I have learned by the experience of others.

Many people have been getting "Quick Claims" deeds for their farm or homes, and then when one of the parents dies, the farm and everything falls to the one remaining. When the man dies, all the mother has to do with such a deed is take it to the county auditor and have it transferred.

It is well when someone has money in savings or in the bank, to have someone else's name on too; like, Mrs. Andy Mast or (son) Joel Mast. Joel could get the money out of the bank, but he wouldn't without advice for it would be his mother's. Nevertheless, should his mother die then Joel could get the money and divide it among the remaining family as the Mother would have him do.

I know of a young widow who didn't go to a lawyer after her husband died but continued with the farm. Her children are now married and I never heard that she had trouble with the court.

Then there is the family where the father died and left no will. The family learned— much to the lawyer's regret— that they can make a writing among themselves as to how the estate and money should be divided. Then they were all satisfied and signed the paper. These children were of age. I don't know how it would be where there would be minors.

I think we should obey the law— where there is a law, but I have seen too often where the lawyers had little mercy in taking fees from widows. Many people don't know that there are some problems that can be taken to the district attorney; he is paid by the county and there are no charges. The district attorney is a lawyer, too, and it is part of his duty to give advice when asked. -Ohio △

Answers to Know Your German from page 19

1. Begierden C. eager desire, (carnal) appetite, "....die Kreuzigen ihr Fleisch sammt den Lüsten und Begierden." Gal. 5:24
2. Dienst B. ministry, service, office, post, duty "Dasz einer empfanget diesen Dienst und Apostelamt..." Acts 1:25
3. Bebühret D. to be proper or fitting, becoming "....Es gebühret euch nicht, zu wissen Zeit oder Stunde, welche...." Acts 1:7
4. Gilt A. valid, be esteemed, hold good, etc. "Denn in Christo Jesu gilt weder Beschneidung noch Vorhaut etwas...." Gal. 5:6
5. Ging C. went, leave, pass, go away "Jesus aber ging an den Oelberg" John 8:1
6. Haufen B. crowd, heap, pile, batch, multitude "...die Schaar der Namen zu Haufen bei hundert...." Acts 1:15
7. Hölle D. hell "Denn du wirst meine Seele nicht in die Hölle lassen..." Acts 2:27
8. Irre A. in error, wrong, confused, astray "Wer euch aber irre macht, der wird sein Urtheil tragen..." Gal. 5:10
9. Oeffne C. open, unlock, unseal; reveal, disclose "Oeffne den Mund, Herr, deiner Knecht." Das Loblied
10. Soll D. shall, should, ought to, etc. ".... wer den Namen des Herrn anruffen wird, soll selig werden." Acts 2:21
11. Söller A. loft, balcony "Und als sie hinein kamen, stiegen sie auf den Söller,...." Acts 1:13
12. Stets C. constantly, continually, regularly, always "Diese Alle waren stets bei einander, einmüthig...." Acts 1:14
13. Thaten, Taten A. deeds, works, acts, achievements "....wir hören sie mit unsern Zungen die groszen Thaten Gottes reden." Acts 2:11
14. Überzeugt D. convinced, persuaded, convicted "....gingen sie hinaus, (von ihrem Gewissen überzeugt) einer nach dem andern...." John 8:9
15. Verstören A. trouble, disturb, interfere (with), confuse ".... auch ausgerottet würden, die euch verstören." Gal. 5:12
16. Bestürzt B. confused "....kam die Menge zusammen, und wurden verstürzt; denn....." Acts 2:6
17. Wähnet A. suppose, think, believe, imagine "Denn diese sind nicht trunken, wie ihr wähnet; sintemal...." Acts 2:15
18. Wahrheit C. truth, reality, fact "Und werdet die Wahrheit erkennen, und die Wahrheit wird euch frei machen." John 8:32
19. Weder B. niether "...Ihr kennet weder mich, noch meinen Vater; wenn...." John 8:19
20. Zusehen D. watch, witness, stand by, tolerate "....ward er aufgehoben zusehens, und eine Wolke nahm ihn auf vor ihren Augen weg." Acts 1:9

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

THIS MORNING SPRING marched boldly in... As winter slammed the door... But I could see his footprints white... Upon the forest floor...

Winter slammed the door rather late in this northern country this spring but April's friendly sun finally defrosted the countryside and warm days are with us again.

I once heard the remark, "When your feet hurt then you don't have any other trouble." Those with foot trouble will probably be quick to agree with this amusing statement. I'm not wholly agreed although I, too, have foot trouble, but of a different nature. It seems every time I enter a town, I think of shoes, although I don't always get into a shoe store. But when I do I'm sure the shoe clerk considers me the fussiest person around. They shouldn't, for more than once they have persuaded me to believe they have an answer to my problem. Nevertheless, in a short time I learn— to my regret— the shoe is too heavy, or too large, and not suitable for high-arched feet. By now I'm almost convinced that there are some troubles in life that seem to have no remedy. I guess that is why we are called upon to have patience at all times.

WHEN TRAVELLING to Canada this spring with James Lowrys, we had our lunch along. I watched as they began slicing a vegetable which looked somewhat like a potato. It was an artichoke and the most crisp winter root vegetable I've ever eaten. It is surprising that not more people are acquainted with this vegetable, being it is so good. Now is the time to plant many of these root vegetables and others that may be kept all winter.

A mother from Pennsylvania wrote that root vegetables can be put into plastic bags (partly open) in a cool, dark cellar. If they dry out too much, the bags should be made tight. Carrots and red beets can be kept solid until the spring planting when using this method.

Celery and cabbage can be kept in trenches in the garden until spring. Kale, parsnips, and salsify need not be dug, but may be used from the garden throughout the winter. Chinese cabbage is a delicious winter green but is planted later in the summer.

Another friend from Pennsylvania wrote: "It would be nice to see some recipes on home-cured meats, and how to dry vegetables like corn, beans, apples and other food. This would be of real value to us young mothers who are not taught Grandmother's ways. You may think everyone knows how to do these things but there are many who have not been taught in this."

Here is another question from a mother: "I've been making cheese lately and have tried to make some that would be like Philadelphia Cream cheese. So far I have not succeeded. Can someone help me out for the bought cheese is so very expensive?"

When cheese is made from milk which has been heated to a very low degree after it has soured and curdled, it can be stirred until it is creamy. This tastes somewhat like Philadelphia Cream cheese. Maybe someone has a better method.

"Does anyone have some good recipes for broccoli and brussel sprouts, cooked or otherwise?" -L. B., Pa.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Don't discard your pickle juice, especially if you have church and have a large amount of juice left over. Reheat and seal in jars. Think of the high-priced sugar that went into those pickles. The juice can be used when cooking salad dressings.

Pickle juice and also leftover fruit juice can be used to attract flies and other insects. In the spring fill bottles 1/3 or 1/4 full of this juice and hang them in fruit trees. By fall the bottles will be full of insects, decreasing the need for poisonous spraying.

If you have trouble removing the rings from your fruit jars, that stuck when you stored them in the cellar, try inverting the jars in a small pan of hot water for a few minutes. The rings will usually come off easily.

For a different flavor in rice, try cooking it in the broth of bologna or hamburger that's left in the jar when you cold-slice it. Add water and salt.

If your recipe calls for cracker crumbs, put the crackers in a plastic bag and roll them out with your rolling pin, and you won't have any mess to scoop up.

-Kalona, Iowa

RHUBARB CREAM PIE

2 1/2 cups cut rhubarb
2 T. flour
2 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1 T. melted butter
2 T. sugar

Beat egg yolks with 3 tablespoons water. Add sugar mixed with flour and melted butter. Stir all ingredients until smooth. Arrange rhubarb in unbaked pie shell and then add the sugar mixture mixing it with the fruit. Bake in a hot oven of 450° for 15 minutes. Then reduce the heat to 350° to finish baking. Add meringue made of the egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar. Brown.

-Mrs. Andy J. Byler

RHUBARB TAPIOCA

1 cup tapioca
3 cups hot water
2 cups rhubarb
Vanilla and lemon flavoring
2 cups cold water
2 cups sugar
1 can crushed pineapple

Soak tapioca in cold water overnight or a couple of hours. A little cinnamon may be added if desired. (When cooking tarty fruit, rhubarb, apricots, grapes, cherries or red raspberries, add a generous amount of cinnamon.)

-Mrs. Elmer Otto

RHUBARB JUICE

Cut rhubarb coarsely. Cover with water and boil 2 minutes. Drain off juice. Cover the cooked rhubarb a second time with water. Bring to a boil and drain again. May be sweetened to can.

Rhubarb juice may be added to other fruit juices. Or-add rhubarb juice and a little lemon juice to meadow tea for a delicious refreshing cold drink. -Mollie Zook

* * *

DANDELION FLOWERS AND EGGS

These taste like bacon and eggs if made right. Fry dandelion flowers in butter till crisp. They will turn black but they are not burnt...if you keep on adding butter while frying. Also add salt. As long as you can see some green, they are not done frying. When they are done, put eggs on top, cover and turn burner to off. Let set till eggs are done. It's delicious and a lot cheaper than bacon. An English man told my husband how to do this. It takes a little practice until you get them just right. -Mrs. Jonas Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania

* * *

After reading Maturity in Marriage, I decided to send a good popcorn recipe for "Mrs. Wisconsin." Hope she will like it.

BAKED CARMEL CORN

1 cup butter or margerine	2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup corn syrup	1 t. salt
1/2 t. soda	1 t. vanilla
6 quart popped corn	

Melt butter; stir in brown sugar, corn syrup and salt. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil without stirring 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in soda and vanilla. Pour over warm popped corn. Mix well. Turn into shallow pan. Bake at 225° for 1 hour. Stir every 15 minutes. -Mrs. Elam S. Glick

* * *

FRUIT PUNCH

Boil together 3 cups sugar and 3 quarts water. Leave stand until cool. Add 4 cans frozen orange juice, 4 cans frozen lemon juice, 1 1/2 cups strong tea and 4 quart ginger ale. Add water. This recipe makes enough for 75 people. -Mrs. A.J.Byler

* * *

HONEY WHEAT BREAD

2 cups milk	1/3 cup honey
1 T. salt	1/4 cup lukewarm water
2 cakes yeast or 2 pkgs. dry yeast	5-7 cups unsifted whole wheat flour

Warm milk. Add honey, salt and shortening. Blend yeast with water. Add to milk mixture. Stir until smooth. Add flour in three parts beating well after each addition until mixture is stiff dough consistency. Turn onto lightly floured board or cloth. Grease fingers and knead until smooth (8-10 min.) Let rise in warm place (80-85) until doubled (about 50 min.) Heat oven to 350°. Bake 40 minutes or until done. Makes 2 loaves.
-Pennsylvania

* * *

HOMEMADE MIRACLE WHIP

3/4 cup cooking oil	1/2 t. dry mustard
1 egg plus water to make 3/4 cup	2 t. salt
1 T. lemon juice	2/3 cup sugar

Beat very thoroughly together with egg beater.

Cook the following in a quart sauce pan:

2/3 cup flour	1/2 cup vinegar
1 cup water	

Bring to a boil, then blend in the other ingredients. Beat hard until smooth. -The Eichers

* * *

A METHOD FOR CANNING RHUBARB

Parents who teach their children to eat rhubarb are lucky since some of the other fruit are so high priced. I know one family who canned over 100 quarts of rhubarb one year. This is no "shift" when made with pineapple and jello. There are many variations in canning rhubarb by canning some with pineapple and some without, and some with different flavors of jello. Use 2 small boxes of jello to 6 quarts cooked rhubarb. On each can write what flavor it contains so you can decide which flavor your family enjoys the most.

Rhubarb may also be canned for pies by putting the raw, diced fruit in jars and filling with cold water. It need not be heated; the acid in the fruit keeps it from spoiling.

* * *

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER

How many buttons are missing today?
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many cares does Mother's heart know?
How many joys from her mother heart flows?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many prayers by each little bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but Mother.

-Selected

* * *

Some Mothers Write

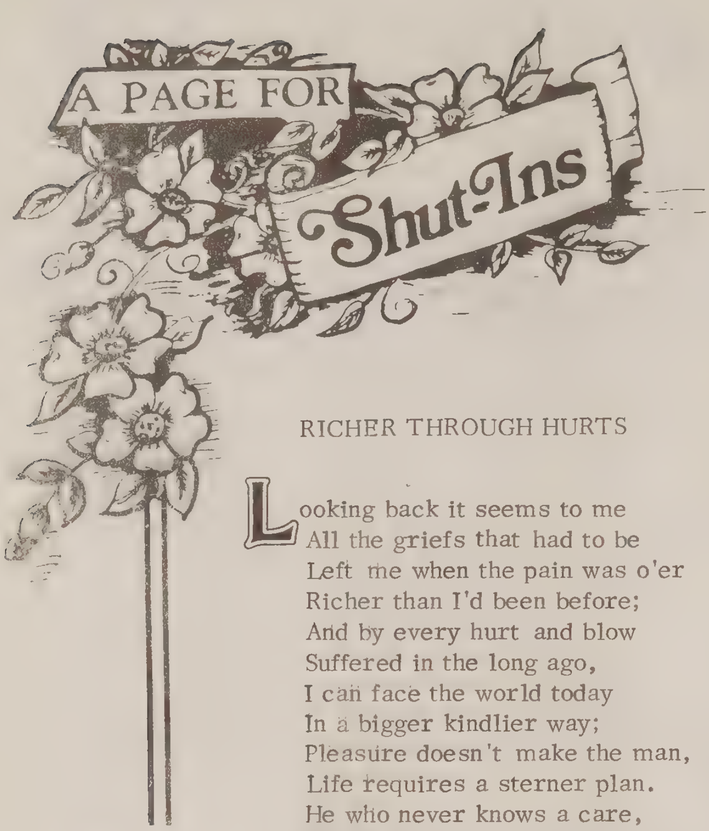
Sometime ago I was trying to get our active 3 1/2-year-old to take a nap and had let my voice sound impatient. She looked up innocently and said, "Don't you like little girls?" This gave me reason to feel ashamed with myself and I want to try harder from now on. -A Reader

Our 4-year-old thinks it would be so great to be big like Daddy. He is always asking, "When am I big so I can help in the fields and barn?" Then one day he said, "Mother, plant me in the garden so I'll grow once."
-V.H.

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Every year
spring time
seems like a
special gift to
us.
Aunt Becky



RICHER THROUGH HURTS

Looking back it seems to me
All the griefs that had to be
Left me when the pain was o'er
Richer than I'd been before;
And by every hurt and blow
Suffered in the long ago,
I can face the world today
In a bigger kindlier way;
Pleasure doesn't make the man,
Life requires a sterner plan.
He who never knows a care,
Never learns what he can bear.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God (Acts 4:22). The best things in life come out of grinding. Wheat is crushed before it becomes bread. Incense must be cast upon the fire before its odors are set free. The ground must be broken with a sharp plow before it is ready to receive the seed. The sweetest joys of life are the fruits of sorrow. Human nature seems to need suffering to fit him for being a blessing to the world.

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IT WAS HARD TO FACE THE TRUTH

I WAS QUITE SMALL when I became handicapped, so I easily adjusted to my condition... at that age. When I started to school, I soon noticed that there was a great difference between me and my friends. There were some things that didn't bother me. I didn't mind when others ran and played more than I, for I was a happy onlooker and there were times that I joined them in their games.

One of the first hurts that came was when others walked or ran faster than I, and I was left behind. My hurt went even deeper when at times I noticed they did it on purpose so they could start playing and not have me included.

Later in years I began to realize the extent of my handicap. It was not only hard for me to do things, but I also walked with a severe limp. How I wished I could walk nice and straight like the other girls. While the others were out playing, I would go to a mirror or to a glass door. I watched my reflection as I stiffened my back and made it as straight as possible, and tensed my muscles to try and lessen my limp. "Humm," I consoled myself, "I don't walk as bad as I thought I did."

How deceitful and vain I was! There was no benefit in trying to pretend I was better than what I was. I had to accept facts and not run away from them. In time the bare facts of the handicapped life dawned on me; but even these thoughts were not pleasant so I tried to hide them with imaginations. Many times I'd imagine I'd be doing things just as the healthy people would, but this didn't help my situation at all. Sooner or later something would happen to bring myself to face the facts of reality.

Finally I began pitying myself because of my condition. I became very self-conscious and didn't like when anyone talked about my handicap, even if it was in a kind way. I didn't share my feelings with anyone.

For a time I had the privilege to go to a school where other handicaps attended. Our teacher thought it very nice how we joked about our afflictions, but it was easy for me to talk to other handicaps about my physical weakness. I couldn't admit to her though, that I could not talk like this with other people.

Finally through the friendship of others like myself, I learned to accept myself just as I am. I still have many blessings, although they are not the same as my neighbor's. -A Former Dreamer

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GROWN IN A SHELL

DURING HER CHILDHOOD days, Anna became sick which left her crippled. She could not go out-of-doors to play with other children her age, for she could not run. So she would while away her time in the house while her brothers and sisters were outside enjoying their childish adventures, and there are many adventures found on a farm. Many days Anna would sit by the window and watch the others who were outside playing games, if they were close enough to the house where she could see.

It was soon taken for granted that Anna would stay in the house by her lonesome self and could not take part in other children's games. Because of this she grew up in a "shell," and the time came when she would rather be alone than with other children. She did not want to bother them and keep them from having their fun. Anna often felt lonesome and left out.

By the time Anna approached her teens, she was very self-conscious and could not talk freely with other girls her age. Whenever she talked with other girls she felt her face getting hot. She imagined it was getting red which added to her feeling of being odd.

Sometimes a thoughtful girl would go out of her way to speak to Anna. At those times Satan would try to tell her, "This act of kindness was done through a sense of duty, rather than out of love." Anna did not want anyone to do something for her if they were forced to do it by a "feeling of duty" instead of through love.

Anna was not able to attend the young folks' singings and wasn't with other girls her age very often.

Then one Sunday church services were held in the home of her married sister. Anna's sister talked her into staying for the evening singing and overnight. Anna enjoyed seeing the young folks and helped sing, but she felt odd and out of place among them.

After the singing a line of boys filed outside, then a line of girls. Some of the girls remained seated and visited among themselves. Anna sat within her lonely shell feeling rather sorry for herself for she didn't have anyone to visit with. Some of the older girls shook hands with her and spoke a few words.

Soon another line of girls filed out, then one girl, who was several years younger than Anna, left the group and came over and shook hands with Anna and said, "I'm so glad you could be here tonight as I often think of you."

These words struck a responsive chord in Anna's heart. "Did this girl really mean what she said?" raced through her mind. "Do the girls care about me more than what I had realized?"

Anna fought back tears. She had mixed feelings—shame from feeling sorry for herself, and joy for the loving kindness shown toward her. A tight lump formed in her throat and stuck there. She did not want anyone to feel sorry for her, but much more she wanted to be accepted by others— accepted as if she were not handicapped.

This was only the beginning. Slowly Anna's shell began cracking. It took several more incidents of kindnesses and efforts of her own, to break the shell apart. After the shell was broken, it took faith and courage to step out and care for others, showing love for them. What happiness she found when finally she wasn't "shut-in" in a self-centered shell. -by Anna

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

FOR LUNG FEVER

Onion and Vinegar and Barley flour. Grind onion, add flour and vinegar to make a paste. Heat and use as poultice on chest.

FOR HIVES

Every morning take, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tarter and 1 teaspoon Salts.

FOR ERYSIPALAS

Take wild Forget Me Nots and bruise good and put on.

A GOOD HEALING SALVE

Take equal parts of Beeswax, sheep tallow, grated raw carrots and white Turpentine. Fry carrots in a little lard and squeeze through a cloth. Then add other ingredients and melt together and it is ready for use. Spread on bandage once or twice daily until sore is healed.

HEALING SALVE

1 lb. yellow resin	1 pint linseed oil
1 lb. beeswax	1 lb. fresh lard

Put all ingredients in a new crock (or stainless steel container). Set crock in kettle of warm water. Melt very slow on back of stove. Stir often. This is a good all purpose salve, and also called "Blood Poison Salve."

-Mrs. Noah Gascho, Aylmer, Ontario

Can someone give me a tried and true remedy for parasites, pin worms and round worms which does not require a doctor's prescription? -Ohio

WILD POKEBERRY

Most of us have seen wild pokeberry or inkberry growing in fence rows or woods, without realizing that there is some very good eating in those plants. This is a poisonous plant only after it has started to bloom or has berries on it. The poison is in the roots, and spreads throughout the plant when it starts to bloom. Until then, by peeling or parboiling, the plant can be made safe for eating.

Poke is ready to eat in the spring long before most garden vegetables, and has a higher vitamin content. Each 100 grams of raw poke contains 2.6 grams protein, 3.7 grams carbohydrate, 1.7 milligrams iron, 136 milligrams Vitamin C, 8700 International Units of Vitamin A, and also thiamin, ribioflavin, and niacin.

Poke has deep green, pointed leaves. In the fall, the stems turn deep lavender or purple, and the berries are purple and hang in long clusters. The berries should never be eaten, as the seeds are highly laxative and can be fatal.

Lest you decide such a plant should best be left alone, let me remind you that the sprouts of potatoes and the leaves of rhubarb are also poisonous. And yet most of us enjoy cooked rhubarb stalk, and potatoes!

Our favorite poke recipe is fried poke. I peel the stems, after they have grown to an inch or more in diameter, then slice into circles. Then I dip them in flour or frying magic, then either stir-fry in butter or bake in a casserole, adding chunks of butter. If we have a surplus, I freeze some. I dip the peeled stalks in boiling water three minutes, then into cold water. Then drain, wrap and freeze. We think fried poke is a good substitute for asparagus.

The young poke sprouts, and the tip leaves of the larger plants, make a good boiled green vegetable. Cover the leaves or sprouts with boiling water and boil ten minutes. Drain, add small amount of water and a hunk of butter, cover, and simmer until tender. Add salt to taste, and enjoy! -A Herb Lover

* * *

FORGIVE ME, LORD

Forgive me, Lord, for I have wounded
A small child's heart with angry tones;
I scolded her because she vexed me—
And children are thy choicest ones!

Forgive me, Lord! How can I utter
Words of wrath to these of Thine
Whom Thou hast bless'd in tender phrases?
Oh, forgive these lips of mine.

Forgive me, Lord, and hide my weakness
Beneath the strength of Thy sweet love,
And teach me patience with the children—
Their angels watch them from above.

Forgive me, Lord, and help me win them
To myself by gentleness,
That I may lead them to Thy kingdom
Through Thine own pure righteousness.

-Selected

NOTICE REGARDING "DIE BOTSCHAFT"

We have just received word that "Die Botschaft" will be printed by The Budget and that subscriptions may be sent to The Budget, Sugarcreek, Ohio, 44681 instead of to the address given elsewhere in this issue. Your subscription should be plainly marked that it is intended for Die Botschaft. The first issue is to be printed June 5th, 1975, and we understand it is to contain all the letters from the Old Order Amish writers, as well as some from the Old Order Mennonites.

How To Beat The Dentist

What is the most common disease in the world, the one which affects 90% of the people in the U.S.? The answer is tooth decay. Two out of three persons have false teeth, partial dentures or bridgework before they reach the age of 35! This is hard to understand considering the fact that teeth are made to last. The enamel coating which covers the teeth is by far the hardest substance in the human body. This enamel is much like the enamel on your cookstove, you can't make a mark on it with a hacksaw.

For many years it was a mystery why teeth go bad but scientists now know the answer. The same as in many other problems, learning to know the cause is half the solution. In this case there was found to be one big culprit, one which is probably responsible for more than 75% of all tooth decay. His name is Sucrose which is the proper name for common sugar.

How Teeth Decay

Like most other diseases, tooth decay is caused by bacteria. This particular kind is called streptococeus Mutans and is found in practically everyone's mouth. But these bacteria are helpless to fight against the hard enamel coating of the teeth unless they have some ammunition to help them. The ammunition they need is acid and in order to produce acid, they must have sugar.

If sugar is taken into the mouth such as when we eat or drink something sweet the bacteria start working on it immediately and change it into a sticky mass called dextran. This dextran is somewhat like glue and clings to the enamel of the tooth, providing an ideal place for the bacteria to hide in and keep working. One attack cannot hurt the tooth, but this sticky mass builds up day after day and once the teeth are coated, it is difficult to remove. The dentist calls this matter "plaque." After repeated attacks, the enamel is sometimes pierced and a cavity is formed. Once a cavity is begun, the damage is done and the tooth can not repair itself. The next thing is a dentist appointment, or if nothing is done about it, the tooth may be lost.

Cutting Down On The Acid

One way to reduce the amount of acid in the mouth is to eat less food containing sugar. The idea that sugar is necessary either to supply energy or to help the brain function is without foundation. The normal body does need some carbohydrates (sugar is pure carbohydrate) but it is almost impossible to eat an ordinary meal without getting sufficient carbohydrates. Most meals, even without sugar, contain more carbohydrates than the body needs.

Pre-sweetened foods are especially bad. There is a vast array of pre-sweetened breakfast cereals on the market which offer plenty of sweets to tempt the taste but little else. On the list might be mentioned such names as Alpha Bits, Honey Combs, Sugar Crisp, Frosted Flakes, Froot Loops, Apple Jacks, Sugar Pops, Captain Crunch, Sugar and Spice, Pop Tarts, etc. Some of these are fortified with vitamins or iron to give the impression they are healthful foods and can thus be more misleading than without the added nutrients. The ingredients of one food (Count Chocula) are listed as follows: chocolate, marshmallows, sugar, oat flour, corn syrup and fortified with iron. The dental profession considers this a dangerous way of supplying iron, which is practically the only worthwhile nutrient in this product.

Fruits and vegetables as well as honey also contain some glucose and fruitose, from which dextran can be made to attack the teeth but these are not nearly as dangerous as the foods containing sucrose (sugar).

Saliva And Brushing

During a main meal, when a person is hungry, a large amount of saliva is produced by the saliva glands in the mouth. This is alkali and a powerful neutralizer of acids. When something sweet is eaten at mealtime the saliva neutralizes much of the acid which would normally be produced.

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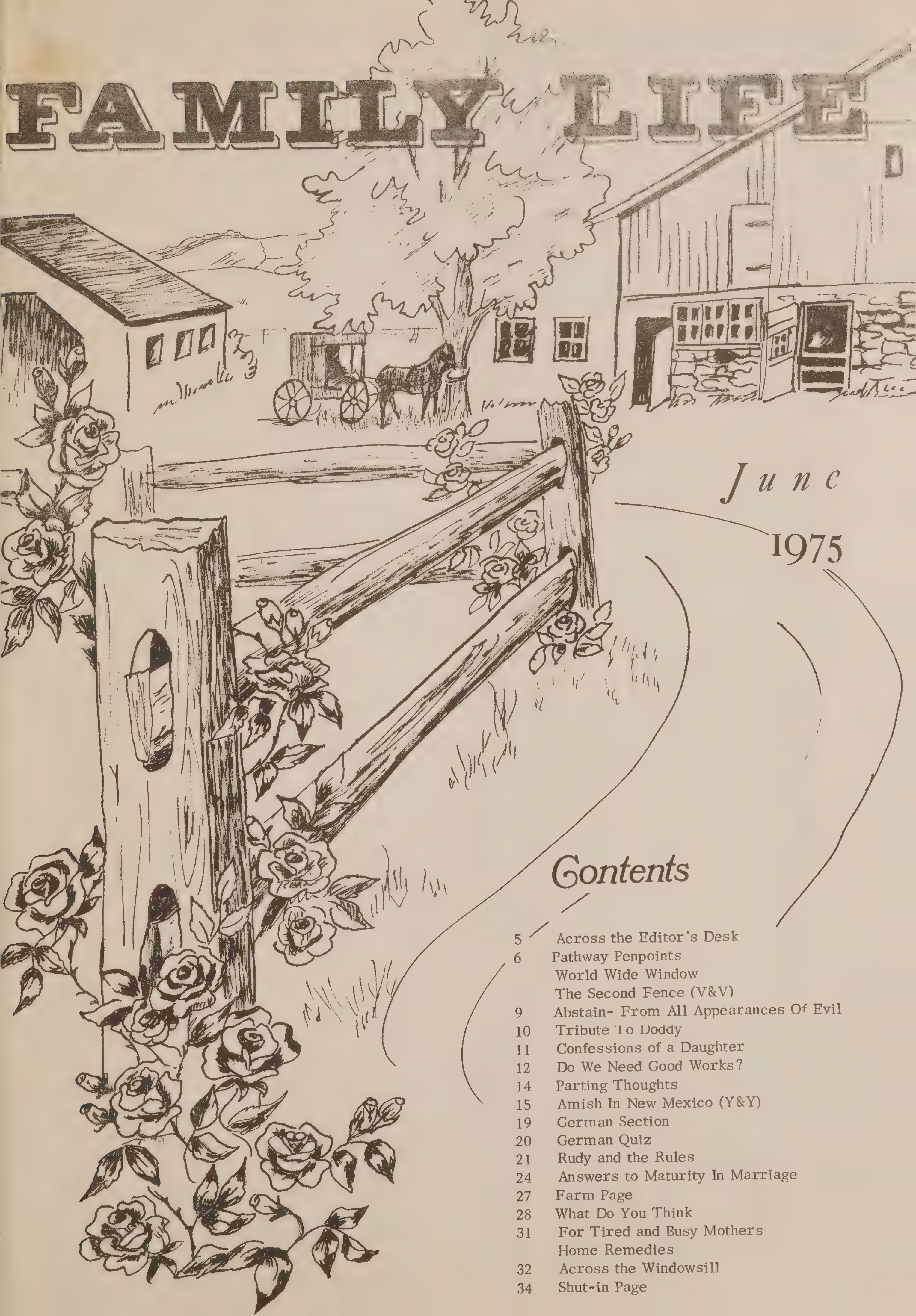
Dentists recommend that teeth be thoroughly brushed after each meal. The stroke of the brush should be up and down (the way the teeth grow) instead of crosswise over the teeth. Vigorous and thorough brushing removes most of the coating (plaque) although there will always be some which the brush cannot reach such as in crevices and between the teeth. Putting a little toothpaste on the brush leaves a clean taste in the mouth but may not have any other beneficial effect. Toothpastes containing fluorides may be of value but for most people there is nothing better (or as cheap) as using a powder made by mixing equal parts of commom salt and baking soda.

Snacking The Number One Enemy

The habit of snacking between each meal and again at

(continued on page 29)

FAMILY LIFE



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Letters
TO THE EDITOR

HARMONY BETWEEN WATER AND SPIRIT

My spirit was stirred within me while reading the wonderful write-up on Christian Baptism (April issue). I think it would be well for all seekers of truth to read it and study it carefully as it does contain many beautiful Bible illustrations of the harmony between water baptism and that of the spirit.

But it does contain one sentence which I cannot understand. What does it mean where it says that the pedobaptists used immersion? -H. W., Virginia

ANSWER: The word pedobaptists means people who practice infant baptism.

BAPTISM APPROPRIATE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Am thankful for the article on baptism. I think it is well-written and brings out the true Apostolic standard of baptism. I agree that it is disheartening how friends can be separated through different interpretations of certain Bible verses.

The article also shows how the Old Testament is a "schoolmaster" to bring us to the truth in Christ. I do not know of any Mennonite writer who did not occasionally resort to the words of prophecy as given by the Holy Spirit. The word "prophesy" does not necessarily mean to foretell but it also means to expound or explain.

The mode of baptism brought out in the article proves its adaptability to a wide range of conditions so that nature or reason would teach us what the Scriptures also do, that sprinkling or pouring are more appropriate for most occasions because of convenience.

I would agree with the writer that this is the preferred mode of baptism but would not want to necessarily condemn the other mode. This reminds me of how some people put so much stress on lineage and consider no baptism valid unless it is administered by someone who can trace his lineage to St. Peter. This, too, seems unreasonable to me in the light of history, of which the story "Fire In The Zurich Hills" is a good example. It is quite unlikely that the group at Zurich ever had any direct connections with the Waldensians for they were hardly aware of each other. -Pennsylvania

MORE ON THE MINISTERS FAULT

The article about being mostly the Ministers' fault brought out some deep thinking. It is good to see that parents are concerned enough to ask for help, and when they do, God and the ministers can help.

But if the children surmise (and who can hide anything from the eyes of a child?) that the parents are not satisfied with the decisions of the ministers it is nearly impossible to help.

Although it has been done with much concern and prayer, many trips to a certain family in our district have proven hopeless. Those parents feel their children are being picked on. I believe they actually feel they are not taking their children's part. Sad, sad, Satan has many ways to deceive a person.

-A Deacon. Address withheld

SADDEST PART OF THE STORY

The story "The Ministers' Fault" was very interesting to me. If more people would be like Abe Miller the ministers would not have so many heartaches in looking after the church. Some people seem to forget that God has ordained them for a purpose. How sad that there are so many Ben Nisleys in the churches to make it hard for the ministers. I feel the saddest part of the story is that in his old age, Ben was still blaming the ministers for chasing his family out into the world. We should not forget to pray that such people might awake out of their sleep before it is forever too late.

-Myerstown, Pa.

SOMEBODY'S PET

The story about "Somebody's Pet" in January 1975 issue of Family Life has prompted me to write. People buy a puppy for their children to play with and he romps and plays with the children until he feels like he is one of them and why shouldn't he feel that way. He goes where they go, exploring every corner and as he grows up, he takes on the role of Big Brother. He thinks it his job to protect the children at whatever cost. He is brave and knows no danger, he may even give his life for the children, in this case he did. When he saw this horse and buggy how did he know but what it could be a big monster ready to stomp the children to death so he tried to chase it away as far as he could. Of course they do go overboard sometimes just like people. Perhaps if someone took time to stop and throw a few stones at them, they could go back where they belong. Also I think motorists could slow down to give an animal time to get out of the way. -Virginia

TIME TO VISIT THE CHILDREN

Concerning the letter, "Dear Mother-in-Law" (April issue), when I was reading it I could not hold the tears back. My husband asked, "What are you reading, anyway?" My mother can't come and help me either so I'd really enjoy it if my husband's parents would come. They live only a few miles away but one summer his mother didn't come for seven weeks. I once heard a minister's wife say we're getting so worldly we don't have time to visit the children anymore. It gave us something to think about. I hope that if we ever have married children, we can help and visit them as often as health permits. -Still Watching The Road

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FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
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Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

GIVE THE HIRED GIRL A REST

I worked for five years as a hired girl and at many different places but only at one place did the woman allow me a noon rest every day. I really appreciated it. I don't think they realize how hard a person works or how much good a 15 minute rest can do. It seems to refresh me and give me strength to continue with the day's work instead of just dragging along all day. I am hoping that if I ever have a hired girl I may allow her a few minutes rest each day. -Name and state withheld

FOR THE UNMARRIEDS ONLY

I read with interest the letter about a "Magazine for the Unmarrieds" and am all enthused about it. I'm in a circle letter with eight leftover blessings and two married ones and there are not many things on this earth that I treasure as much as the arrival of that pack of letters. I was just thinking how interesting it would be to have a set-up like the Budget where all single girls would write letters then you would put it in a paper for us and send us each a copy, say once a month. But I don't think it should be like a public newspaper where the publisher would sometimes leave out parts. Would it be possible to start a paper which would go only to single girls, well, all right, anybody could get it but nobody would be allowed to write in about things that they don't agree with. There would be no "Letters To The Editor," it would be just like a big circle letter and each of us would get a copy.

I don't mean just girls which are classed as "old maids" but anyone who is a leftover blessing. I find myself there at the age of 23. It is a special joy to try to live up to the name, by trying to be a blessing to the ones around us, and it would be so interesting to share our thoughts with others around us and see how they are filling their places. It might help some to get meaning out of their lot who are now discouraged. Our lot is much too interesting and important to waste away by fretting over what thoughtless people might say. Do you have any suggestions as to whether such a thing would be possible? -Name and address withheld

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sounds interesting. Anybody have any ideas how it might be done?

HOW THEY CAN CARRY ON

The story "Round-about Way" (April issue) was very good, not only for children but also for older ones. We know of a sister who is a very good cook but as soon as the table grace is done she starts right in how bad everything turned out. Oh, this doesn't have enough salt, this has too much sugar, it's just too rich and on and on until the meal is past. Everyone always says they think it's good. I guess one way to end the carrying on is to agree it could be better or not answer at all. I can't see how people can carry on like that. When we stop and think how many millions of people eat the same food three times a day, sometimes hot and sometimes cold and it's not seasoned a certain way. The Bible says to give thanks unto the Lord for everything. How it must grieve our Heavenly Father to hear us complaining in a land of plenty. -Illinois

PEOPLE WITH A MEMORY

I would like to send an answer to the person who wondered if people were healthier during the depression. I was one of a family of nine. We ate what we raised or the berries we picked wild. Very little was bought and very little meat or milk did we have to eat. Mom used meat as a flavoring in gravy and soup. We were not as healthy as my own family is.

We have nine children, live on a farm and raise a lot of our food. We encourage milk drinking and have meat every day. When fruit or "salad makin's" can't be had from the farm, I buy them. I can well remember of catching a cold when I was a child and having it for months. Sometimes when we got the flu the whole family got so sick we could hardly chore. When we got childhood diseases, we were laid up for weeks. At least four of us had dentures in our twenties.

I'm not saying that we won't still have such times before us but our children seldom have colds or flu and then it's usually only a day or so that they are "under the weather." They got vitamins until they were six years old and also a few other times for various ills.

Never do I crave the "good old days." People who do never were poor or else they have a poor memory. It wasn't a case of whether you needed a doctor or dentist. You just didn't go unless it was an emergency.

-Wisconsin

THE SUFFERING MEN

The Maturity In Marriage problems sure do cover a lot and I suppose the Honeymoon question was a good one to start out on and kinda gave the impression that most marriages run smooth. But the later questions give us an inside view of what mankind is made up of and that almost everyone has some kind of difficulty or another.

About the one man who tells his wife what to cook and looks over things like that, this could easily give the wife an inferiority feeling. Yet on the other hand, I'm afraid there are many women who bake and cook to the whims of their men, such as a special cake, cream pie or any other rich food just because they know that's the husband's favorite. It seems the women get a pleasing effect when they hear "Really, I've got all I can hold" from the suffering men. Since the woman has the greater responsibility for the family's health, if it so happens that the woman fixes a lot of soft starchy foods then the husband has the duty to do some directing. I think we should consider what is good for us, not just what we want. In the same way we should think what is our Father's will and not just go by our own desires.

-Pennsylvania

TOO MUCH SALT

I wonder if you had a veterinarian to check your salt article in December. If I remember right, it said livestock won't eat too much salt. I worked for a farmer once that had some pigs almost ready for market. They seemed salt hungry and he put loose salt before them and they really went for it. By the next day he saw something was wrong so he called the vet who said it was salt poisoning. Some of the pigs died. -Maryland

EDITOR'S NOTE: The warning is good. There is a danger of livestock eating too much salt, not only pigs but any kind of livestock if they have received little or no salt for a length of time. If the livestock are salt-starved, then they should be handfed a few days, gradually increasing the amount until they have all they want. After this they will not eat too much if some is before them all the time.

GIVE A GIFT THEY CAN USE

In the March Family Life, a mother wrote about giving hired girls gifts that are in ordnung. I feel this can be applied to other cases also such as baby gifts. Some time ago a piece of material was given to me which was almost too light in color. What are we supposed to do with it if it is given to us. We don't want to hurt the person who gave it by not using it but neither do we want to go against the ordnung of the church (or crowding the line). I went ahead and made a dress for the baby but later found out it is offensive to some people.

I think if we want to give something, we should make sure it is something which can be used (with a clear conscience) and not just think, "There are lots of people using material like that." It makes the temptation so much greater.

-A Young Mother

BETTER TO HAVE THREE

No, please don't ever combine your three magazines in one. It would create chaos— who would get to read it first? How long would this privileged "first one" get to have it? No, three separate magazines is much better for the three children can all be happy at the same time.

-Wisconsin

△

New!

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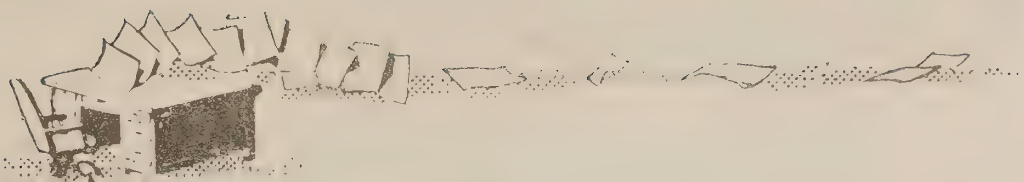

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Occasionally we receive a letter such as we have never received before. Here is part of a letter which arrived recently:

"I would like to send an answer to "How Do Others Feel" in January issue. Call me a black sheep, an outcast. I don't care. I'm one of those girls that left the Amish and I'm sure there's a reason behind every one of them.

"I heard a woman say one time, 'Every time after I take my children over my knees, I take them on my knees!" That's the way it should be. It keeps them softhearted. I remember when I was a little girl, when Mom would come to hit me she would stick her tongue out and bite on it and beat me on my back until I thought my back would break. Then she'd say, 'Now get out of my way.'

"I know we all make mistakes, myself for one. It makes me so sad sometimes when I think of a plea I made to my parents when I was just 19 years old. I pleaded and cried that I wanted to stop working in town and start working in Amish homes. I could feel what it was doing to me and I do have a passion for mothers who need help. 'No,' my father said, 'you have to keep on working. We need the money.'

"I was always obedient and helped my parents and always gave them my wages until I was 21 years old. After I was 21, another sister married and it was hard for them to accept that there wouldn't be so much money coming in. They asked me to loan them money and I didn't mind at first then pretty soon they wanted me to loan more and more, and this made me very stubborn. It came to the point where Mom told me if I don't help, I haven't got a home at their house anymore. It wasn't long after that I left home and married an English boy. Now he has left me and two very sweet little girls. It was kind of hard to keep my sanity for awhile.

"In spite of all the problems we've had, I still have 'grose leva' for my husband. Maybe with prayers to God, he'll see things different some day. My parents have changed a lot in the last couple years and they have also paid me back the money I loaned them. I am not bitter toward them."

So much for the letter. We have given it considerable thought and cannot agree with the writer that there is a real reason behind every child that leaves home. A reason, yes, but is it a valid one? The above case must have been an extreme one. It is doubtful that very many of the persons who have left home were ever treated the way this girl says she was. But even so, suppose they were, would it be a justifiable reason for doing what she did?

Let us take a look. First, is she happier than she would have been if she had stayed in the church and taken her Christian duties seriously even in spite of any mistreatments she may have received? We doubt it from what we could surmise from the letter. Secondly, is the boy she married any better off than he would have been without her? Again we have to wonder in view of the circumstances. Lastly, was it a help to her parents to do what she did? Again we seriously doubt it. Although it probably caused them immeasureable sorrow when she left home and possibly through this they may have come to realize some mistakes they had made, yet it would surely have been more Scriptural to be a good example to them and possibly to point out these mistakes to them or ask the ministers of the church for counsel or assistance if necessary in dealing with her problems.

We would like to take this opportunity to remind this person that it is still not too late to retrace her steps. If she was really as obedient and concerned about her spiritual welfare at one time as she says she was, then this would really be the reasonable thing to do. As far as her husband is concerned it is altogether possible that he might respect her for doing this and who knows but what he might not sometime do the same.

Lastly, as far as her parents are concerned, it sounds encouraging if they have changed considerably during the past years. Hopefully they do see the mistakes they have made and would do anything they could to make them right. No doubt she could bring them just as much joy now in returning as there was sorrow in leaving.

I would also like to add that many of the statements which would apply to this particular case, I feel, would also apply as a general rule to any case where children have left home.

For the last several issues we have published a doctrinal article each month dealing on such matters as baptism, millennialism, and in this issue good works. We think it is profitable for all of us occasionally to stop and think as to why we believe as we do. Of course in each case we are presenting the traditional views of the Amish church.

We do not mean to say that we are absolutely sure that we could not be mistaken. Neither do we want to argue with those who have been taught different interpretations of the Scriptures than ours. All we are saying is that we believe we have ample reason for believing as we do, and that this is the nearest Scriptural. We would not want to claim that our upbringing and the teaching we received didn't have something to do with our arriving at that conclusion.

We received at least one letter from a subscriber asking us to cancel his subscription after reading the baptism article. He must have felt rather strongly about it for he called the article false teaching.

We have never felt that strongly. We wouldn't want to say that other modes of baptism couldn't be acceptable before God. What we can't have much patience with is the idea of some who were brought up with the same teachings as we have and suddenly start questioning everything they were taught and making changes right and left. What they end up with is usually something altogether different than where they started but seldom any improvement.

△

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

ARE WE TRUSTWORTHY

One morning I wanted to catch the local bus to go to a town about twenty miles away. I had to hurry as I had slept too long. I got there just in time to catch it before it drove off. I reached into my pocket to get my wallet to pay my fare. To my embarrassment, my pocket was empty. In my hurry, I had forgotten to take my wallet along.

There was nothing else I could do so I told the bus driver of my predicament. "Oh," he said, "You'll be riding on this bus again. You can pay me next time and I'll trust you."

He even offered to lend me a dollar to get home on. I told him I would be collecting some money in town and would not need his money to get home on.

I met one of our ministers in town and told him about what had happened. He said, "Let's hope we can keep up our reputation so that anyone can trust us."

-U. L. M., Ontario

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

HOPE FOR ARTHRITIS SUFFERERS

A British scientist claims to have found the cause, the method of prevention and the method of control for common arthritis, a disease which has crippled millions of Americans. It is on the increase, and today there are twice as many people afflicted with this painful disease than there were ten years ago. The British doctor claims he has evidence which shows that a lack of pantothentic acid in the diet is the cause of the condition and that it can be prevented and controlled by supplying ample amounts of this vitamin. While it was formerly believed that 10 mg. were sufficient for the average person, the doctor believes a level of 25 to 50 mg. per day is required to be effective against arthritis.

Common foods which are rich in pantothentic acid include pork and beef liver, peanuts and peanut butter, cashews, beans, mushrooms, brewers yeast, and the cereals such as wheat, oats and rice. Bran is especially rich, also egg yolk.

"If every individual could be sure of consuming at least 25 to 50 mg. of pantothentic acid in his diet daily, preferably from infancy, arthritis would be as rare as other vitamin-deficiency diseases such as scurvy, beriberi, pellagra and rickets," the doctor said.

POOR LITTLE FAT BABY

Mothers who brag about their infants taking baby foods at an early age may be stuffing them with excessive nutrients and preparing them for obesity (overweight) and other diseases later in their lives. A study by John Hopkins doctors indicates that the early use of baby foods may easily result in a fat chubby baby, who looks cute but may have to suffer for it later on. The report showed that 97% of the infants which were studied were taking dry cereals at the age of two months and 70% were eating strained food.

"It is important that mothers do not yield to the pressure to introduce baby foods too soon," the doctor warned. "Milk foods alone provide adequate nutrition for most babies for the first six months of their life."

Views and Values

The Second Fence

The last three years we have been doing a lot of fence building. We bought a farm where most of the fences were either torn out, or worn out. And so we have been fencing. As a result, I tend to notice the fences on other people's farms. I notice the fences along the road when I go to town.

I've discovered that there are many different kinds of fences. Old fences and new fences. Woven wire, barbed, electric. Steel post, wooden posts. Fences so loose they sag and hang. Fences so tight they fairly sing and shout.

But a few weeks ago, I saw something new in fences. Something I had never seen before. I was curious. I was fascinated. And in the end I was left saddened, for here was a black mark, a blot on the world of fences. And of men.

What I saw was a line fence. In fact, two line fences. Not that there is anything wrong with line fences. In fact, I like to see a good line fence, standing tall, marching straight down the line between two farms.

line fences are where neighbors often meet, lean on a post, and chat and visit and share things while their horses rest.

Then why were these two line fences saddening? Because they were built at the same line. They were stretched tight, and built well, and marched straight, but they didn't sing, as other good tight fences do. Instead, it seemed to me that they stood there bristling and glaring. The two fences were only a foot apart. And that was the sad thing. One fence should not have been there at all.

The fences proclaimed to every passer-by their disgraceful story. Here were two neighbors who couldn't get along. Two neighbors who couldn't work together.

Farmer-on-the-East was afraid Farmer-on-the-West would get by without building his share of the line fence. Farmer-on-the-West felt the same way about Farmer-on-the-East. And so, unable to get together on building the line fence, each of them built his own fence. It's not hard to imagine how it went, probably something like this: Farmer-on-theEast said, "You should build more than half of the fence. Your horses trampled down the old one, always stretching their long necks across." Farmer-on-the-West said, "Huh! You're the one who should pay more than half. You turn your calves out, and they wander through the fence, and cause the cows to follow."

Both farmers were so afraid the other was going to get the best end of the deal. Feelings between them worsened, and the gap widened. Each became more determined not to permit the other to take advantage of him. In the end, Farmer-on-the-East was in a hurry to turn his cows out when spring came. So he went to work and built the fence himself. Then he went over to his neighbor and said, "I built the fence, and it's mine. You can't use it. If you want a fence for your horses, build one."

Farmer-on-the-West was all angry inside, but he did as he was told. He built a fence, too, the full length of his farm. Today, the two fences are there, symbols of two men who were determined not to let the other person get the best end of the deal.

The tragedy is that it would not have needed to have ended that way. Generosity begets generosity. How differently the line fence squabble might have turned out, had Farmer-on-the-West said, "We need a new line fence, so I guess we should get together and decide how we want to build it. I think I should pay more than half, because my horses are pretty hard on fences. I want to pay my fair share."

No doubt, if faced by that approach, Farmer-on-the-East would have said, "Nonsense. It's true horses are hard on fences, but so are my calves. And it's about as hard to keep a fence repaired for one as for the other. If anyone pays more than half, it should be me." Thus they would have ended up with good feelings, and with a line fence they built and paid for together.

Many years ago that wise man, Solomon, observed, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger" (Prov. 15:1). Common sense and experience has always told us this verse is true, and recently it has even been borne out by research done at a leading U.S. university. Researchers found that a genuinely friendly approach to another person called forth a friendly response 65 to 90 per cent of the time. An unfriendly approach drew an unfriendly response in about the same proportion. "Thus," said Dr. Pitirim Sorokin, who headed the research, "the age-old observation that love generates love, and hate generates hate is essentially correct."

And love is what we need in order to be generous. It is a lack of love that makes it difficult to give our neighbor more than his fair share. If I am quite ready to give my neighbor the short end of the stick, yet complain if I must take it, that is plenty of proof that I do not love my neighbor as myself. Selfish people cannot be generous, and generous people cannot be selfish.

Two neighbors were settling business accounts after a period of borrowing and buying for several months. Some of the details had not been kept track of accurately, and in the end, there was a good deal of estimation and guesswork done in order to arrive at who owed who how much. But neither of the neighbors seemed to be bothered by the fact that their final figure might be off a few dollars one way or the other. "After all," one of them said, "what does it matter if we don't get it 100% accurate? If I pay more than I actually owe, it won't be wasted. My loss will be your gain."

The curious thing about it all is that people who are tight-fisted and selfish and stingy often end up with less than those who are generous. If I am obsessed with looking out for myself, I may soon be forced to look well indeed, for few of my neighbors will feel like looking out for me! People who enjoy giving someone else a good deal, discover that others enjoy giving them a good deal in return.

Of course, the greatest reward of generosity in far beyond any material gain or measurement in dollars and cents is the growth and spread of friendliness, warmth, and trust between neighbors and brethren. That is why building two fences where only one is needed is a double tragedy— not only is the second fence a waste of time and money, but a dismal failure of the human spirit.

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NATURE'S SONG

Some poems are written that have been born
In the hearts of men, while others scorn
Such thoughts as merely empty dreams
And worthless as the rocks in streams.
Perhaps it's so but our thoughts have wings,
And dreamers listen as nature sings,
Through wind or sunshine, rain or snow,
And feel each season's special glow.

The autumn trees in gold and green
Show summer's gone, winds grow keen,
Clouds floating in a deep blue sky
Make shadow patterns for the eye.
Then winter cold brings on the snow,
The hardy ones have cheeks that glow.
But time will soften into spring
And geese again northward will wing.

Spring peepers tell us winter's o'er
With Summer coming 'round our door
Warm humid days and thunderstorms,
Each season's change, our earth transforms.
So men who dream feel close to all
The throbbing earth, which does enthrall,
And those who pause to feel a part,
Praise God for all with reverent heart.

-Louella Stauffer

ABSTAIN — From ALL Appearance of Evil

(This story is based on an actual happening. Names and details have been changed)

AMOS YODER SMILED ACROSS the breakfast table at his wife, Wilma. The June morning sunrise was a fascinating wonder through the east kitchen window. The beautiful morning made Amos feel good. Carpentry work was always better during the summer and they were just getting into the busy season.

After finishing up his cup of peppermint tea, he said to Wilma, "I hope we can finish that pole shed today and settle up with George before we go home tonight."

"I hope so, too," his wife replied. "There are quite a few things we are needing right now and I was hoping we could go to town together Saturday afternoon."

The conversation was interrupted by a crying from the bedroom. One-year old David was awake. David was truly their pride and joy but Amos felt a deep responsibility as he looked down into the big curious eyes.

"Don't you think we should do the morning prayer before you go?" Wilma asked when she returned to the kitchen with David.

"Hi, David," Amos said and then turning toward Wilma he answered, "George should be here in 15 minutes and I better fix that orchard fence where the horse got out last night." So saying he got up from the table, grabbed his hat and went outside.

Amos was just putting his fencing tools back into the workshop when he saw George Smith coming with his station wagon. Quickly he ran to the house to get his lunch pail. Wilma was giving little David his breakfast. "See ya, Wilma. Bye, David," he said glancing at them as he turned to go. He thought he saw a hurt look in his wife's face but George was here and he had to go. Amos' younger brother, Johnny, and his wife's brother, Melvin Miller, were already in the station wagon. "Good morning, everybody," he said as he crawled into the back seat.

During the day as Amos worked away in the warm June sun his mind wandered back to that look he had seen on Wilma's face that morning. Inwardly he felt guilty about his finding an excuse for not doing the morning prayers. He and Wilma had both been taught to do so in the homes from which they had come. But now he often found other things to do instead. Since he was a father and a daddy to little David, he began to wonder if perhaps he was failing his duty. "I should be doing the best I can, with God's help, in being a good example for little David," he told himself.

At noon the three carpenters sat under a large maple tree to eat their dinner. "Looks like we should be able to finish by 3 or 4 o'clock," spoke Amos. "Only have to finish putting the metal on the one side and then hang the doors."

Just then George came walking out of the barn towards them. "How's it going?" he asked.

"Pretty good," replied Amos.

"Well, whenever you get done, you just let me know what I owe you then we'll get all straightened up before I take you home. I'll be working here in the barn this afternoon. So just give me a holler when you're through."

"O.K., we'll do that," said Amos.

"He's a real good man to work for," said Melvin after George had gone into the house.

Everything went real well and it was only 3:30 when Amos announced, "Well, that should be it." He pushed the door shut which he had just finished hanging. "Guess I'll get George to inspect our work before we gather up the tools."

"Good work, good work," said George after taking a look around and trying all the doors for himself. "I think you fellows deserve a little treat for doing such a good job. After all, it's a hot day. I'm very well pleased with your work. Now I'll run into the house and get my check book while you figure out what I owe you."

A few minutes later George returned with his check book. But he was also carrying a tray and on the tray were four bottles of Blue Ribbon Beer, ice cold. "Here you go, Amos, have yourself a treat, you surely earned it if anybody ever did."

Amos was taken by surprise. He would much sooner have had a glass of cold lemonade or a bottle of soft drinks, but- but surely it wouldn't hurt to drink a bottle of cold beer on a warm day like this. There was no one else around except the three of them and George and George evidently thought it would be the thing to do or he would not have offered it to them. Amos blushed as George handed him the bottle of beer. He took it. Then George gave Melvin and Johnny each a bottle and they took theirs after seeing that Amos took his.

As they were figuring up their bills the dog suddenly started barking. Looking up, they saw a man walking up the driveway.

"Shut up, Shep," yelled George and then turning to Amos, he said, "That's only my neighbor, Harold Brown, that lives down the road."

"Sure is a warm day," spoke Harold when he reached the shade tree. "George, I brought that V-belt back I borrowed last week. It did the trick all right."

Suddenly Harold's face took on a surprised look, "What! What in the world is going on around here? You boys drinking beer? Now, that's the surprise of my life. I thought only us bad people did things like that." He gave a little laugh.

Amos's face turned a deep red and his forehead tingled. He did not know what to say and wished he could go and hide himself in the woods behind the barn.

Amos busied himself with the figures while Harold visited with George a few minutes. As Harold was ready to go, he turned once more toward the group and said to George, "I still can't get over it to find these boys drinking beer."

"I guess they get thirsty same as anyone else," George mumbled to Harold. As the two walked out the driveway Amos thought he heard George saying, "I was kind of surprised myself that they took it."

That evening Amos took off his shoes and sat back on his favorite rocking chair to relax. Little David was in bed already. Reaching over to the end table he picked up his Bible and opened it absent-mindedly. Reading a few pages, he was struck by one verse which seemed to stand out from the rest. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

"Abstain from all appearance of evil," Amos thought to himself. "That includes a lot of things like-like even drinking a bottle of beer when no one would see us."

Just then Wilma came into the living room and when she saw he was reading the Bible she pulled a chair beside his. "Why don't we read a chapter together, Amos?" she asked.

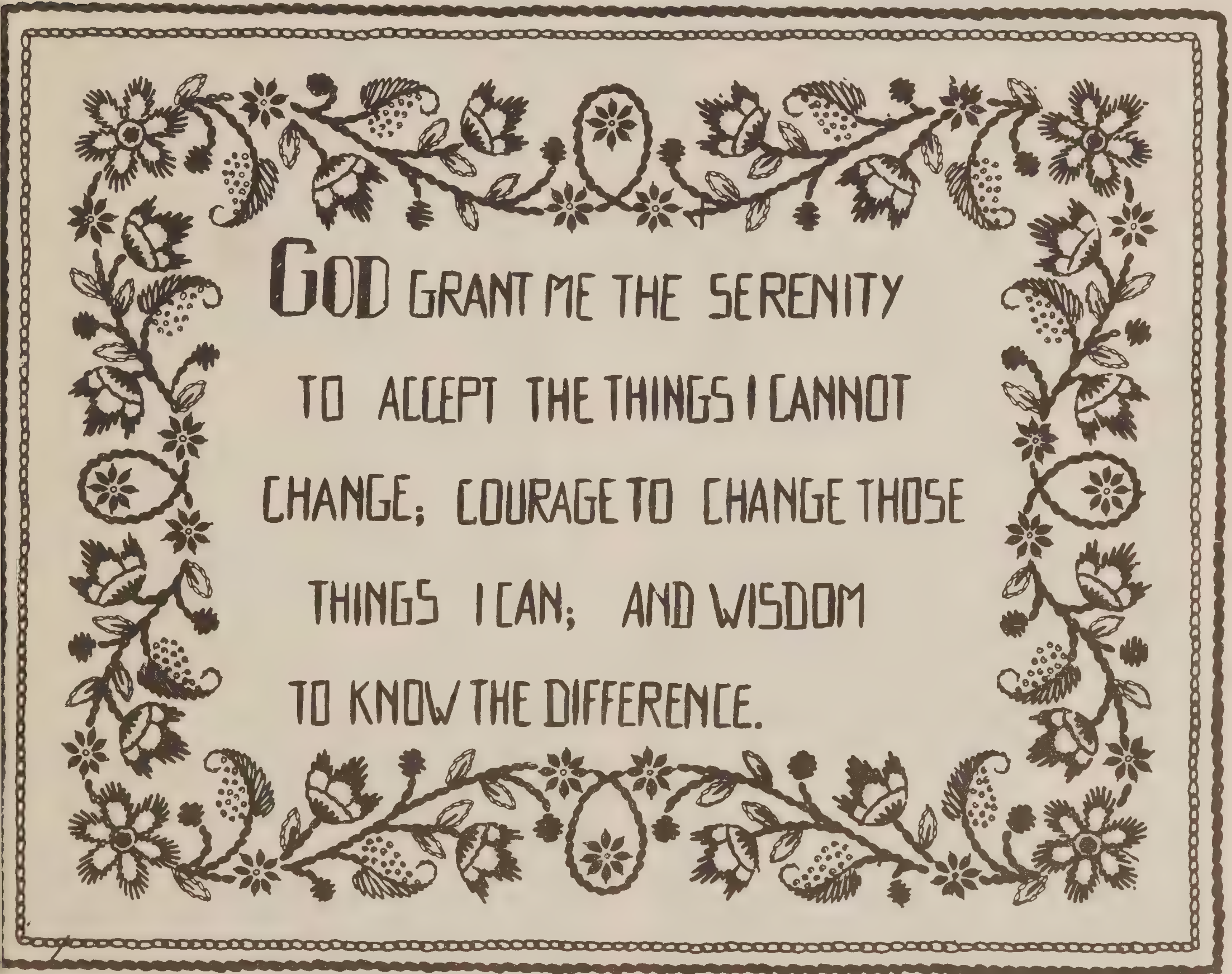
"What shall we read?" he asked.

She took the Bible and opened it to the 15th chapter of John which was one of her favorite chapters. As they read, Amos stopped and read the 4th and 5th verses over again. "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

Turning to his wife, he said, "Wilma, I think I learned my lesson today. I'm sorry I left this morning without doing our morning prayers. I know I shouldn't have."

"Why, what happened, Amos? Did something go wrong?" she asked.

Amos told her of the incident which had happened that afternoon. She listened in silence, sorry that it had


GOD GRANT ME THE SERENITY
TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT
CHANGE; COURAGE TO CHANGE THOSE
THINGS I CAN; AND WISDOM
TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

happened but glad that Amos realized now how important it is to be concerned about the spiritual things and to put first things first. When Amos had finished, he smiled down into her big blue eyes and said, "Wilma, I think if we start the day with prayer, then maybe we will have enough strength and courage to stand up for what is right and to abstain from all appearances of evil."

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the Bookshelf

EVOLUTION

REMEMBER THY CREATOR

-By G. Richard Culp

This is a new book about evolution vs creation, written by a man who is well known in Amish and Mennonite circles. He takes many cases from the world around us, from animal and plant life, from rocks and the soil, and from fossil remains to show that the theory of evolution is merely a theory and a very poor one at that. Not only does he show that there are many weak and missing links in the evolution chain, but also presents much evidence to show that many things all around us are so wonderfully made that it would be practically impossible that it would all have happened by chance.

Among the unexplainable things in nature is instinct, the power that guides birds and fishes to certain places year after year. It was new to me that there is a place in the Atlantic Ocean where all the American and European eels go to lay their eggs. There is a difference between the American and the European eels but both species go to the Sargasso Sea to lay their eggs. When the young eels hatch, the American eels head for North America while the European eels head for Europe. None of them have ever been there before, but they never get mixed up and take the wrong route.

The Author tells how many college teachers use faulty reasoning in order to make evolution sound reasonable. He points out that evolutionists use the fact that there are certain similarities between people and animals and birds and fishes to prove that they all came from the same ancestor. However, the truth is that all it really indicates is that they were all designed and created by the same Designer.

Some parts of the book may be a bit too technical for the average reader but nearly anyone can easily glean enough to make it well worthwhile.

Dr. Culp received degrees at Purdue University, the University of Michigan and also an Osteopathic license from the Osteopathic College, Des Moines, Iowa. He practices osteopathy, is a minister of the Gospel, does writing, and is co-editor of Christian Family magazine. He has written a number of books.

"Remember Thy Creator" has 207 pages, paperbound, and the price is $3.95. Order from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761. (Indiana residents please add 4% sales tax.)

* * *

[illegible]

To

Doddy

Your eyes of blue shone kind and true,
No malice lingered there.
[illegible] never heard you speak a word
Unkind, untrue, unfair.
[illegible] this life of pain and strife
[illegible] your way were cast
You [illegible] proved that love not hate
Might overcome at last.

Your voice we hear no longer near,
Yet memory leaves us still
The richest store of days before
When you were with us still.
When life was hard you did your part
With uncomplaining spirit.
Your faith in man was such that can
Win through, where all else fails it.

In sleep so deep, so peaceful, sweet,
You lay in last repose.
With rising awe and joy I saw
A perfect finished rose.
And so I weep, yet would not keep
You here amid life's woe.
It's hard to part, yet in my heart
I know God planned it so.

And so I'll find with passing time
The sting of death has flown,
And left in place the joy we face
Of our eternal home.
You've gone ahead, your body dead
Has freed your longing soul
To meet your King, his praise to sing,
While I strive toward that goal.
-By a grandaughter, Ontario

WATER (continued from back cover)

perform a very important task in cooling the internal organs such as the heart, stomach, etc. These pores in the lungs are throwing off perspiration all the time which is the reason there is vapor in the air we exhale. All the time, both summer and winter, the body is busy regulating its temperature and keeping it at approximately 98 1/2 degrees fahrenheit. Even during cold weather the body throws off about a quart of water per day through the sweat pores of the skin and lungs. In hot weather, when we are working hard, we may sweat as much as five gallons in a day.

In one sense of the word, our bodies are air-cooled, the same as a gasoline engine. But the body has a much more efficient system than that of a gasoline engine. While the engine depends on water circulation, our body uses a built-in secret called latent heat which is five times more efficient than water cooling.

The Secret Of Latent Heat

Water comes in three different forms. The most common of these is ordinary water, the other two are vapor and ice. To change water into vapor requires a tremendous amount of "latent heat." To change water into ice, we must remove the same amount of latent

Confessions of a Daughter

DEAR DADDY,

THANK YOU for being the kind of a person you are. But first let me tell you why I say that. Until recently I didn't really think an awful lot of you. (Sometime I wished I could change you.) That sounds awful, coming from your daughter, doesn't it? But it's true, anyway, and I realized it. That's what bothered me. I wanted to respect and love you like a daughter really ought to so finally I prayed that God would change me so I could.

He really took me at my word. I had always thought you were rather hard and "austere" man, sort of unfeeling about some of my problems. But now I know that you really do care, even though you do not say much. I thought you were a man who put things ahead of people, you know, like saving money at the expense of people's feelings, etc. Now I realize you are a good provider for your family and that you willingly sacrifice time and money for people when you see it's for their good. (You are pretty good at saving, though, and now I can even appreciate that, too. How could we learn to be saving if you were wasteful?)

I thought you weren't too spiritual-minded and then it dawned on me that your religion consists more in doing and being than in saying. After all, you and Mama have brought all of us children up to be a part of God's family and that is something very much for me to be thankful for. You are a man of few words and you don't show your feelings very much. I thank God from the bottom of my heart for changing me so that now I can see what kind of a person you really are— a wonderful father as well as a child of His.

Sincerely,
Your Daughter

heat before it will freeze. On a warm windy day water evaporates into the air rapidly and if we are sweating, it feels cool. This is because the evaporation draws out a large amount of heat from our bodies, thus cooling us off.

Steam is one form of water vapor. When we put a teakettle of water on the table and bring it to the boiling point, steam will come out and disappear into the air. This steam is still only the same temperature as the boiling water but it takes much more heat to produce steam than it does to make the water boil. In fact it takes 5 1/2 times as much heat to turn the boiling water into steam than to bring the teakettle full of water from freezing to boiling point. This is called latent heat because the steam is still the same temperature as the boiling water, but the steam will scald your finger five times as quickly as boiling water.

On the other end of the scale, it takes 5 1/2 times as much coldness to change freezing. The heat which is lost in the process is the same as that in the steam for it is called latent heat. The ice is still the same temperature as the water was at 32 degrees.

This latent heat shows up again when we melt the ice. Here again, it takes 5 1/2 times as much heat to melt the ice (without actually changing its temperature) than it does to bring the same water from 32 degrees to boiling point.

Now to come back again to the body's cooling system, it is indeed a marvelous thing that our bodies have such an efficient cooling system. When sweat evaporates from your lungs or the surface of your skin, it pulls out 5 1/2 times as much heat as it would take to heat that amount of water from freezing to boiling. What this would add up to in warm weather when working hard a man might produce enough heat in a day to boil twenty-five gallons of water! It is nothing short of a miracle that the body is able to get rid of this amount of heat while keeping its own temperature at a constant level all the time. Where is a mechanical heating system that can do this? No wonder the psalmist exclaimed that we are wonderfully made!

The Search For Pure Water

Years ago the pioneers looked for a good spring before building their cabins for they were concerned about their source of drinking water. Today it is difficult to get clear fresh water which is not at least partly polluted by some kind of chemical. Industrial wastes are becoming harder to get rid of all the time. It is reported that in the industrial area around Hammond, Indiana, several holes have been drilled deep, deep into the earth and mercury waste is being forced down into these holes. No doubt that in time it will show up somewhere in the drinking water.

Pure water is colorless. Sometimes a body of water will look blue but this is merely a reflection of the sky above it. Put a sample of your drinking water into a clean bottle and shake vigorously. If little bubbles appear, then be assured that it is not firsthand water. The bubbles are caused by detergents and chances are your water has already gone through someone else's kitchen sink, or maybe even through a weeping bed.

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Do we need GOOD WORKS?

SOME PEOPLE FROWN ON THE IDEA THAT GOOD WORKS ARE NEEDED IN CONNECTION WITH OUR SALVATION. ARE THEY MAYBE RIGHT IN THEIR BELIEF?

IN THIS GENERATION many people are hesitant to encourage good works and some even frown on the idea that good works are needed in connection with our salvation.

The question could be asked, just what are good works? A lot of things might be named but it could all be summed up in a few words, namely a godly walk of life, and even being obedient could be classed as a good work. James says that Abraham was "justified by works when he offered up his son." Also that Rahab was justified by works when she received the messengers and sent them out another way. Would it be classed as good works if we were to receive spies into our home, or to do as Abraham did, offer up his son as a sacrifice? No, indeed, it could be a great sin. But Abraham had direct orders from God, and was put to a severe test.

Abraham proved himself by his deeds that he was faithful and obedient. Many things which Jesus tells us to do in the Sermon on the Mount are good works such as "give to him that asketh of thee and him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." Then at the end of his sermon, Jesus said, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man that built his house upon a rock, etc." Then Jesus also said, "and every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man that built his house upon the sand..."

So as Christians, if we will build upon the solid rock of Christ Jesus, we must hear and do those sayings of his. Otherwise we will fall and as Jesus said, great will be the fall, yes, down into the bottomless pit. Jesus, the Son of God was obedient and willing to be offered as a sacrifice for our sins even though it was a heavy burden for him. Three times he prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me but not my will but thine be done."

The sinner is convicted, sometimes through a sermon, sometimes through reading the Bible or some other Christian literature or maybe by that "still small voice" (The Holy Spirit). But it is not easy to give up his own self-will for the flesh also has an enemy, namely the devil who will say, "There is still plenty of time, you can repent and join church later." Or to those who have already been baptized, and have fallen again into sin, he will come as an angel of light and say, "You don't need to confess your sins to the church. Don't you remember that beautiful song, 'What can wash away my sins, nothing but the blood of Jesus.'"

But the good Spirit will also come with a song and ask, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone and all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one and there's a cross for me."

This can go on for weeks, or months or years. The sinner is sick, he can't sleep well, has no appetite, he weeps and prays to God.

Finally he gives himself up and says with the prodigal son, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, I am so unworthy but I am willing to do what I can." He confesses his sins before God and the church.

The Father has mercy on him and receives him as a son. He becomes a new creature, he is born again but the birth was painful. He is saved without any good works, only through repentance. If he were to die in this stage we believe he would inherit eternal life.

But if he keeps on living, can he remain idle? Jesus said in John 15, "I am the true vine, ye are the branches. Every branch that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."

To the rich young man, Jesus said, "Sell what you have and give to the poor and you shall have treasures in heaven." Does this mean that we can earn merits by our good deeds? We can not earn salvation but we need to be obedient to stay in harmony with God that we might receive salvation.

The lack of good works is sin. In James 4:17 we read, "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." If we want Jesus as our Saviour than we must also have Him as our Lord and Master. If He is our Master, then we will want to serve Him with our whole heart. This includes good works. In the parable which Jesus gave about the talents, those who worked with their talents, received the reward. But the servant which refused to work with his talent, heard the sad sentence, " "Thou wicked and slothful servant." How sad, and all because he did not do what he was capable of doing.

In Revelation 2 & 3 we read what Jesus had to say to the Angels (bishops) of the seven churches in Asia. Every one of them he starts out with "I know thy works." In Rev. 2:23 He says, "I am He which searcheth the reins and hearts and I will give to every one of you according to your works."

Of the seven churches, there were but two with which he found no fault, namely the Church of Smyrna and the Church of Philadelphia. The Church of Smyrna was poor for Jesus said, "I know thy poverty but thou art rich." We do not know whether they were poor in spirit in their own eyes or whether they were poor in material things. But it was quite different from the Laodiceans who said, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing." But Jesus said, "Thou knoweth not that thou art wretched, poor, blind and naked."

The Bible teaches good works from cover to cover. To the first one born into the human family, God said, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door."

And in the last chapter of the Bible Jesus said, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his work shall be. Blessed are they they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates of the city."

Now let us take a few verses from near the middle of the Bible. Ezekiel 18:22-24; "If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live. All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him, in his righteousness that he hath done, he shall live." He goes on to say that for the righteous who turns away from righteousness and commit sin, it will be just the opposite.

The Apostle Paul encourages good works very much. In Romans 2, he makes it clear that everyone will be judged by their works, whether it be good or bad. Chapter 12 has many instructions for our walk of life. In II Cor. 9:8 he says, "That ye may abound in every good work." In Galatians 6:9-10, he says, "Let us not be weary in welldoing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." Eph. 2:10, "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Col. 1:10, "That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful unto every good work."

In Phil. 1:12 he tells us to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." The Lord owes us nothing but we owe to the Lord. He bought us with great price and although we can never work it out, He wants us to keep busy working at it with fear and trembling.

In II Timothy 3:16-17, he writes, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

In Titus 2:14, he writes, "Who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a people zealous of good works."

Most of Paul's letters were written to churches, but the letters to Timothy and Titus were written to bishops admonishing them what to preach. In Titus 3:1, Paul writes, "Put them in mind to be ready to every good work." Then in verse 8 he goes on to say, "This is a faithful saying and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they who have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men." I think it is six times in the short epistle to Titus, that Paul mentions and encourages good works. If the letters of Paul are inspired and to be a part of the Bible (as we believe they are), then God is still saying to the bishops and ministers, "I will that thou affirm constantly that they who have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men."

Jesus said in Luke 17:10, "So like ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants, we have done (only) that which was our duty to do." So we can see that if we do all the good we can, we are still unprofitable servants. It is by grace that we are saved. But who among us is able to say that we have done all that is commanded of us to do?

Jesus said we should strive to enter in at the strait gate. If we make no effort to do good and to do what we can then we may someday find ourselves in the class on Jesus' left hand to whom He says, "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire." Why will they hear this sentence? Is it not because of what they have not done? "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger and ye took me not in. Naked and ye clothed me not, sick and in prison and ye visited me not." Matt. 25. Jesus is here saying that if we do not help those who believe on Him who are in need then it will be the same as if we did it not unto Him.

In Matt. 7:19-21, we read, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." "Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father in Heaven."

Many such verses are found in the Bible which are easy to understand. However there are also some verses which sound as if they were against good works. In Matt. 7:22-23 it says, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Had these people really done good works? The way I understand it is that these are people that are not poor in spirit but think they have done many good things. For example, we read of a Pharisee that went up to pray (Luke 18:10) but all he did was praise himself. The deeds he had done looked very big in his own eyes. This kind of people depend on their good works for their salvation and often like to tell others of the good things they have done.

The fourth chapter of Romans is often used by the followers of the "faith only" doctrine. In order to understand what Paul was writing about, we must turn back nearly 2,000 years and consider the conditions as they were in the time the Epistle to the Romans was written. This was a time of great change in the way of worshipping God. In Acts 21:20 we read when Paul came back from his third journey among the Gentiles he met with the Apostles and declared to them what the Lord had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. "And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord and said unto him, Thou seest brother, how many thousands of Jews there are which believe and they are all zealous of the law."

These believing Jews were all zealous for the law of Moses but Paul was aware of the truth that Christ had come to fulfil the law. In the fourth chapter of Romans he was telling these Jews that the true righteousness does not come by doing the works of the law, or in other words, in keeping the law of Moses. "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Here Paul means he who believes, and does not depend on the works of the law. He does not mean good deeds. If he did, it would conflict with the admonitions which encourage good works. It would conflict head-on with the second chapter of James where it says that Abraham was justified by works when he offered his son Isaac upon the altar. James is not detracting from the value of faith, but is merely emphasizing that faith without works is dead.

In the third chapter of Romans, Paul makes it plain what he is talking about. Verse 28 says, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Also verse 20, "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight."

The Plan of Salvation is plain and easy to understand. Jesus, the Lamb of God died on the cross for the remission of our sins. "For by Grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2:8). If it were not for the Grace of God, all would be in vain. If we belong to Christ, we are to serve Him with our whole heart, which means that good works will follow so that we will at all times strive to do all the good we can. This will not earn us our salvation for after we have done all we are told to do, we shall still say we are unprofitable servants. We dare never have the attitude that we have done something great, that God owes us something for all the good we have done.

Good works are not a cover up for sin. We can not earn merits by the good works we do. Yet faith and good works go hand in hand— they can never be separated.

△

Parting Thoughts

Have you ever thought what it would be like to part with the one most dear to you— your wife or your husband? First of all is the shock. Once death has come, we realize the finality of it all, we are numb, our feelings are mixed, we cannot think. If we believe in God, we cannot argue; if we say we love God and want peace there is just one way— we must surrender to God's will.

Your friends come to give comfort and to help, so on it goes until the day after the funeral. You are carried along like a log in a swollen river. You are strengthened by your own prayers and words and prayers of friends. By this time you feel you have fully surrendered your will to God, you can truthfully say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

The funeral is over and everybody has said their good-byes and expressed their best wishes. For the past several days your heart has been choking with tears, you feel you are suffocating and cannot breathe, but you try to take it all as God's will. The time has now come that you are alone. Although you may have children or other members of the family, there is this empty chair. There are the things that used to be done which are now undone. The voice is no longer heard and there are many things you think of now which you never thought of before. Sometimes you even imagine you see or hear the loved one but it is not so.

Your friends and neighbors will say you are taking it courageously but they cannot see behind the mask or know the real feelings. It is evening, you have carried this mask before you all day but it is time to rest. As you enter your bedroom you find the emptiest place of all. The log which has been floating mechanically along is now sitting on a lonely island feeling sorry for itself. You fall to your knees and pray for strength but now the tears are no longer suffocating you for the floodgates are open. After you are emptied out all is well between you and God and you feel better.

But this is not always so. Satan stayed behind at first but now he is growing bold and trying to make your faith waver. "Why did God have to pick on me?" Thoughts of others come to your mind, people who fight with their companions, who mistreat them or divorce them. But you loved your companion, and yet God took yours and left these others to fight and scrap. Is this a God of love? Satan may tell you that God is punishing you for what you have done or not done. He is trying to undermine the foundation you have been building upon. Thoughts will come to your mind of times when you disagreed with each other. There were times you hurt each other with word or deed and now it is too late to make it right.

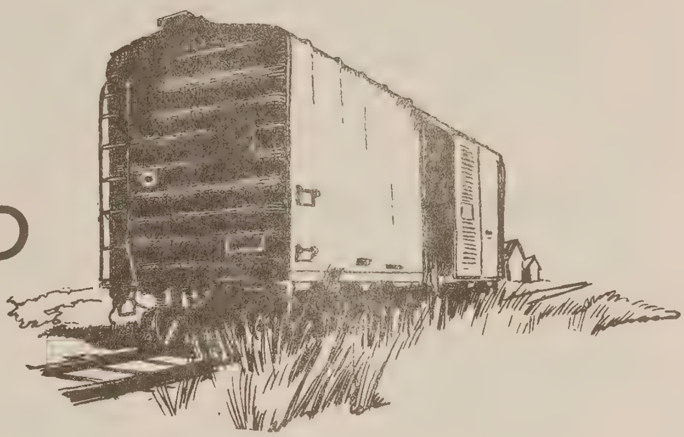
While you are thus reckoning with your God and feeling sorry for yourself, the still small voice comes to comfort you, "I will never leave you or forsake you", "Whom I cast down, I can also raise up." "Jesus wept when Lazarus died, so why should he not also have compassion on me?" So the words and voices soothe your spirit. You dry the tears, confident that He who let this come to pass will also help you to bear it. You fall asleep.

When you awaken, a new day has dawned. You will take one day at a time and not worry about what the future may hold. You are ready to face the day and try to hide the inward emptiness.

Dear brothers and sisters, if you are still enjoying the company of your beloved companion, remember that somewhere there are those who do not have this privilege though they dearly long for it. There are some who are lonely, and a loneliness which words cannot express. Remember to breathe a prayer for them that they may be strengthened in the faith to know that God has not forsaken them. And don't forget to thank Him for the privilege that you still have.

-J. F. M., Selected and adapted.

AMISH IN NEW MEXICO



By David Luthy

The Spanish were the first to discover what is now called New Mexico. They laid claim to the area in 1540. In 1821 the area passed from Spain's ownership to that of Mexico. Twenty-five years later the United States fought a war with Mexico and took possession of a large territory, part of which is the present New Mexico. In January of 1912 the Territory of New Mexico was admitted to the United States as the 47th state. Just nine years later some Amish families in Reno County, Kansas decided to move there. The leader of the group was Pre. Abe D. Nissley. Jacob T. Borntrager and his son-in-law Enos N. Mullet also decided to make New Mexico their new home.

Part One: By Train and Wagon

On March 1, 1921 the three Hutchinson, Kansas Amish families had sale. During the next two weeks they prepared to leave for their new homes in New Mexico. They planned to travel by train most of the way. But first they needed to pack their household items and transport the things and livestock to Hutchinson, where they would load the railroad boxcars. On March 15th they arrived at Hutchinson and began packing their railroad cars. Enos N. Mullet and Abe D. Nissley each packed a car, while Jacob T. Borntrager packed two cars. He and his nineteen-year-old son Ezra were taking along 16 horses and a cow, thus their need for a second railroad car.

By eight o'clock that evening the cars were loaded. The three married men and Ezra planned to accompany the cars. The women and children would follow the next day on a passenger train. Since the men were tired from the long day of packing the boxcars, they climbed inside and fell asleep. At about midnight they were rudely awakened by a sudden jarring and shaking. The train had arrived and was coupling the immigrant cars onto it. The tray of food which Ezra Borntrager was taking along was jolted from beside him and landed under the horses' feet. He scrambled down and picked up what he could and covered it with his coat. Then he walked over to the family's large Newfoundland dog which was trembling all over, not realizing what the shaking and jolting were all about. Ezra reports, "The dog thought it was awful, and so did I!"

Nearly half a day later the train reached Dodge City, Kansas and moved onto a switch. There it stopped and waited. Enos Mullet spied a lumber yard not far off and wanted to buy a plank. He jumped out the boxcar's door and went to the lumber yard. While he was gone the train began to move again and went ahead about 3/4 of a mile. Enos was quite worn out when he caught up with the train, having carried a 2x8 on his shoulder!

The plains of Kansas soon ended as the train cut across the mountainous southwest corner of Colorado. At Trinidad, Colorado two more engines were put on—one in front and one behind to help take the train over the mountains. Before long the train went through a tunnel and entered New Mexico. Traveling 50 miles south, it stopped at the town of Springer which was the "end of the line" for the Amish settlers' boxcars. It was midnight. The 500 mile train trip had begun at midnight on Tuesday and ended at midnight on Thursday.

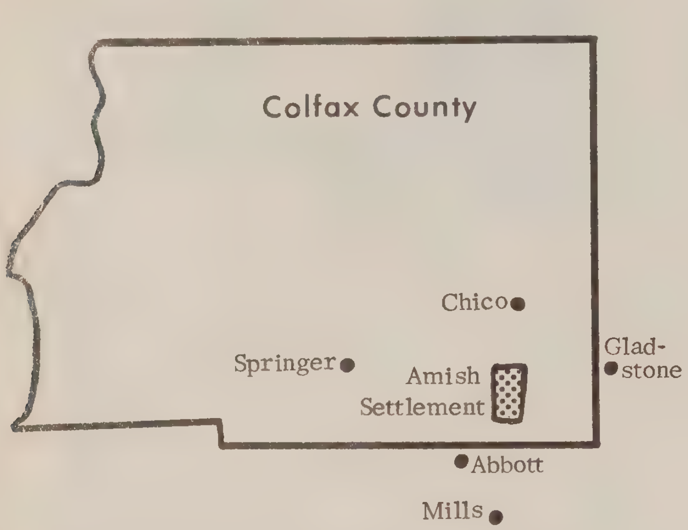
The train ride was over. Now the settlers had to unload the four boxcars and transport the contents 30 miles overland. The Amishmen hitched horses to wagons, and some non-Amish neighbors brought their trucks to help. The livestock was herded overland and went much slower than the trucks and wagons. It was sundown Sunday before the Borntrager boys arrived with the livestock. They were surprised to see how crowded the house was with items from the boxcars. One boy thought the stacks of things looked nine feet high. Another surprise awaited the boys in the morning—snow. By 11 a.m. nine inches of snow had fallen. It was an unexpected sight. But by late afternoon it had all melted under the warm New Mexico sun.

Part Two: Where They Settled

The first three Amish families arrived in New Mexico in March of 1921. During the next two years other families joined them. Following is a list of the 10 families which made up the Amish settlement.

1. Jacob T. Borntrager
2. Enos N. Mullet (son-in-law of No. 1)
3. Jonas N. Mullet (brother of No. 2)
4. Noah J. Fry (son-in-law of No. 1)
5. Christian D. Borntrager
6. Tobias C. Borntrager (son of No. 5)
7. Dan C. Borntrager (son of No. 5 and son-in-law of No. 9)
8. Jacob C. Borntrager (son of No. 5 and son-in-law of No. 1)
9. Abe D. Nissley (minister)
10. Daniel Y. Borntrager (son-in-law of No. 9)

The Amish settled in Colfax County in the northwestern [illegible] ico. The ten families lived in an [illegible] long and three miles wide. At the [illegible] settlement was Jacob T. Borntrager [illegible] Chico. At the south end seven miles away were Noah J. Fry and Christian D. Borntrager whose address was Gladstone. The other families lived within the area which separated the north and south families.



There was no rural mail delivery for the Colfax County settlers. This meant that they had to go to either Chico or Gladstone to pick up their mail. Jacob T. Borntragers were the closest Amish family to Chico, but it was eight miles north of them. That was quite a distance to go to pick up one's mail. But the problem was solved during part of the year by sending a homemade cloth mailbag along to school with their children. Since some children from Chico also attended the school, the Borntragers arranged with them to pick up the mail. Later a general store was built 4 1/2 miles south of Jacob T. Borntrager's farm. A post office was opened there named "Pittsburg" after the store owner, R. D. Pittman.

The families living at the south end of the settlement got their mail at Gladstone. Noah J. Frys lived eleven miles away. How they got their mail in the beginning is not known. But later the rural route out of Gladstone was extended eight miles and came well into the Amish settlement. The Amish lived on "Route A." Perhaps before the rural route was established they may have arranged to get their mail from the school bus driver. He covered a wide scope of territory and could easily have done this for the Amish.

The school which the Amish attended was named "Wheatland" and was located 2 miles west and 1/2 mile south of Jacob T. Borntragers. During 1921, the Amish pupils' first school term, there were 43 pupils in two rooms with two teachers. Later a two-room building was moved beside the school giving it four classrooms. The enrollment was well over 100 with only 12 of the pupils being from Amish homes. The others were English, German, Bohemian, Swedish, and Spanish.

Perhaps some of the pupils walked to school, but most came on the so-called school buses. Following is how a former Amish pupil describes them: "They had no buses, but they had trucks and fixed tops on them with curtains to roll up when it was warm, and when it was cold they let them down. They had the trucks fixed so you could get in up front like a bus and had a wooden bench all around the truck to sit on." Once for a few days Dan C. Borntrager drove the school truck while the regular driver was absent.

The school term began in the middle of September and ended in April. The school was quite well organized for such a newly settled county. A former Amish pupil reports the following: "Every Monday morning they had what they called 'Chapel'. The whole school went in the largest room and sang a few songs, had a prayer, and sometimes they got someone to tell a story or a few jokes. And if any of them had a fight the week before, they had to go up in front and shake hands and forgive each other. I think Wheatland was a pretty good school while Otis O. Graham was our principal. Everyone liked him well even though he did give one a slap on the cheek and took his belt from his pants to spank a few."

Part Three: How They Lived

When the first three Amish families moved to New Mexico, the men went with the boxcars of belongings while the women and children came a day later by passenger train. Both groups arrived at Springer, New Mexico at about the same time. Since the men were busy unloading the boxcars, the land agent offered to drive the women and children to their new homes 30 miles out on the raw prairie. Here is what one woman remembers of that day: "Ira Pennington, the big, fat land agent, with his Model T Ford was there at Springer to take the families out. Mrs. Abe Nissley and daughter Barbara, and two of Jacob T. Borntrager's girls Ida and Ola, and loads of luggage were the first to go. There were no paved highways, only dirt roads which seemed more like cowpaths side by side, stretched out across the prairie. After driving for hours, or so it seemed, Mr. Pennington raised his arms and cried, 'Home Sweet Home.' But it didn't look so sweet to his passengers, as what could be seen in the distance looked like two big store boxes sitting on the prairie. These were to be the house and barn of the Abe Nissley family. Here he unloaded them and started back to get the rest who were still waiting at Springer. At the new house, where the carpenters had just swept the shavings out the door, there were no beds yet. So Mrs. Nissley and the girls were taken on the back of a truck by one of the carpenters over a road which appeared to be half a dozen cowpaths side by side to a place a few miles northwest where Jacob T. Borntragers and Enos Mullets were to live. These buildings were older and also flat roofed and odd looking."

The New Mexico houses were indeed odd looking. They were box-like structures with flat roofs. The roofs didn't have shingles but were covered with roofing paper. The settlers soon discovered that hail storms punctured the tarpaper and made the roof leak. So Jacob T. Borntrager covered his roof with rocks to deflect the hail. Christian D. Borntrager covered his roof with a foot of earth.

Wood was a scarce item. The prairie was pretty well treeless. Thus the settlers had to go to the mountains for wood or 26 miles away to a lumber yard. The Noah J. Fry home was very small, just 14 x 24. But Christian C. Borntrager, who was a carpenter, built a new four room house out of rough mountain lumber. The sides were covered with tarpaper. His son Dan, who lived on the same farm, built himself a house of adobe blocks. He and Daniel Y. Borntrager made an adobe block making machine and produced thousands of blocks, using a mixture of earth and straw. Christian D. Borntrager constructed a chickenhouse out of adobe blocks.

The settlers' barns were also of very simple construction. Some had board sides but most were merely made of poles with chickenwire for walls. At threshing time straw was blown on top and around the shed to form the roof and walls. None of the barns had mows.

When the settlers needed poles, rough lumber, firewood, or fence posts they went to the Hog Back Mountains a few miles north of Jacob T. Borntragers. The wood was mostly pine and free for the getting, but some places the wood was owned by ranchers who sold it for 75¢ or a dollar a wagon load. Some settlers went 15 miles from home into the mountains to get wood. It was a two-day trip with one night spent on the mountain. A campfire was kept burning all night to keep the coyotes and bobcats away.

Besides supplying the settlers with wood, the mountains offered a place of recreation. Visitors to the Amish settlement were almost always taken to the mountains on outings. Sometimes the boys rode horses into the mountains, but generally people went on foot. As one former Amish resident states: "Many a pair of shoe soles was worn out going over the mountains and through canyons."

Another form of recreation was fishing. Not only was it relaxing but it also gave the settlers something to eat. One time a group of Amish and their neighbors went to the Florsheim Dam where they caught 700 pounds of fish in one afternoon. The fish weighed from 1 to 5 pounds and were said to have been carp. The neighborhood had fish to eat for quite a while.

The Amish settlers' lives were quite simple in their prairie homes. In the evening after a hard day's work in the fields, they would stand in the doorways of their flat-roofed houses and look out across the gently rolling prairies. They could watch the sun sink in the west behind the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes they would see a herd of antelope passing by. And every evening they would hear the howling of coyotes in the distance.

Naturally the Amish children were frightened by the evening "singing" of the coyotes. One of Jacob T. Borntrager's boys, Ira, relates how scared he was of this: "One Sunday evening we came home, and it was dark and we had to do the chores yet. Of course it was my duty to get the cows home, which were back in the corn stalks 1/2 mile from the barn. I was so scared to go because every evening we would hear the coyotes howl back there, and they sounded fierce. But Dad said go, so I went. I hurried back there and just ran back and forth to get the cows started, as I was afraid to call them to come. I had them all started for the barn nicely, when suddenly the coyotes started their evening jubilee. My hair stood straight on end and I froze stiff. The cows started running and kicking their heels and bellowing. By that time I had come to life again, and those cows just couldn't outrun me because I was in the middle of the herd all the way home!"

The coyotes were said to be dangerous, and so were rattlesnakes which were plentiful on the mountains. The Amish boys liked to collect rattles from the snakes' tails. While rattlesnakes and coyotes were plentiful, they did not seriously bother the settlers. More of a nuisance were the jack rabbits and wild donkeys which ate their crops. And perhaps the biggest nuisance of all were bedbugs! When the Jacob T. Borntragers built an addition to their house, they discovered afterwards that the lumber was full of bedbugs. They tried washing it with kerosene and put jar lids full of kerosene under the legs of the beds. But the bedbugs soon learned to crawl up the walls and along the joists and drop down on the sleeping people. Another pest were bobcats which liked to steal the men's dinners when they went to the mountains for wood.

Part Four: Church Life

Since one of the first settlers, Abe D. Nissley, was a minister, Amish church services were regularly held. During the summer months, Sunday School was held every other Sunday to help the children learn to read German.

While the Amish settlement existed in New Mexico, three young people were baptized into the church: Ezra J. Borntrager, Ida J. Borntrager, and Jacob C. Borntrager. The latter two were the only couple to marry in New Mexico. The wedding was March 4, 1923 at the Jonas N. Mullet home with the wedding dinner at the home of the bride's parents, Jacob T. Borntragers. The bishop who married the couple was M. J. Troyer of Haven, Kansas.

The Jonas N. Mullet home, where the only wedding was held, was also the only Amish home that experienced a funeral. Anna Mullet was born May 5, 1925 and died three days later. She was buried on the prairie land her father owned.

Communion services were regularly held for the group by Kansas bishops. One former resident feels Bishop Leander Keim helped the group at communion time. Perhaps he did, but records definitely mention two other Kansas bishops, Jonas D. Borntrager of Haven and John D. Hostetler of Dodge City. Visiting ministers who are known to have preached for the group were also from Kansas: Aaron A. Yoder of Dodge City and D. K. Borntrager of Haven.

Part Five: Farming the Land

In New Mexico the summer days were nice and warm but also had a cool breeze. At night it cooled off so that a blanket was needed. It was an ideal climate for farming with horses. Although the growing season was six weeks behind Reno County, Kansas from where the Amish settlers had come, it was still long enough to grow most any crops.

The pleasant New Mexico climate was what attracted the Kansas Amish to the state. Before purchasing any land, Jacob T. Borntrager and several others had visited the area and had seen what nice crops were grown. There was no doubt in their minds— Colfax County, New Mexico was an ideal location for an Amish settlement. So they purchased land, the price of which varied from $18 to $50 an acre. Many of the settlers bought a section of land, 640 acres. Jacob T. Borntrager and his son-in-law Enos Mullet bought two sections. Their first summer in New Mexico (1921) they had 250 acres of wheat. One One of Jacob T. Borntrager's boys, Ora, recalls the work:

"Spring work started and Harry plowed alone first and

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changed horses every day till they were toughened up. Then we rigged the other team up and I helped. Each had a 12 inch, 2 bottom plow with four horses, and we plowed 80 acres for oats. Harvest time came and we had 250 acres of wheat which averaged 25 bushels per acre. Dad and Harry did the cutting, each having an 8 ft. binder and four horses. It rained a shower just about every afternoon, and the fields were soft. The binders pulled hard, so Dad hired Enos' four work horses yet to put 2 ahead of the other four horses. Ira and I took care of the teams in front by riding one horse and the other tied on the side with a jockey stick. We cut wheat for a long time with Enos Mullet and Ezra shocking and Ola and Ada hauling water.

"The third year we were there we had to enlarge our farming, so I was out of school a lot to help in the fields. We put out again 80 acres oats and 250 or 300 acres row crops: corn, beans, and cane. I disked with 8 horses and a 8 ft. tandem disk loaded down with big stones. There we worked day after day, I don't know how long. But for a boy of 11 years it was long!"

The land worked fairly easily being a dark sandy loam. But the settlers also discovered it blew away quite easily, especially on land where beans were grown. Strong winds sometimes piled the light soil as high as the fences.

Wheat and oats were the main field crops, but millet, beans, cane, and corn were also grown. A former Amish resident remembers the corn as being "90 day corn with the first ears about 6 inches from the ground. It was backbreaking work to husk it."

Since wheat and oats were grown in such vast acreage, that meant a lot of threshing. The threshing went on into the winter when the weather allowed. Also much time was spent in hauling the grain to the Santa Fe Railroad at Springer, Abbott, or Mills. Many hours were spent by Amish boys and men transporting the grain 25 miles or more to the railroad. The grain was taken 100 bushels at a time in high boxwagons pulled by four horses. At the railroad there was a stable and bunkhouse so the men and horses could stay overnight, since hauling grain was a two-day trip.

The February 9, 1922 *Sugarcreek Budget* mentioned that Jacob T. Borntrager had "sold a few carloads of wheat for 78¢ a bushel which they are hauling to Abbott now." Jacob was well pleased with the harvest his first year in New Mexico. The summer had been as nearly perfect as possible. Crops had grown well. The family had worked hard in the fields, and they saw their labor repaid in the abundant harvest and good price they received for their crops. Colfax County, New Mexico appeared to be the "Land of Canaan."

Part Six: Lean Years

During the Amish settlers' first year in New Mexico, bumper crops were grown. But as each new year passed, the climate became drier and drier. One former resident says: "I believe I'm safe in saying if we had 1/2 the rain each year like that first year, I'd still be there. I never went through such a nice summer like the first year. It was so nice; the rains just came when we needed them."

Not too many years passed before the Amish settlers weren't making enough money to pay for the huge farms they had purchased. They became discouraged with the weather in New Mexico and wanted to return to Kansas. Since they couldn't find buyers for their land, they were forced to let it go back to the land agent and banks which held the mortgage. In 1925 half the Amish families left: Jacob T. Borntrager, Enos N. Mullet, Noah J. Fry, and Jacob C. Borntrager moved back to Reno County, Kansas. Their minister, Abe D. Nissley, moved to Thomas, Oklahoma.

During the next four years the other five families also moved away. The last to leave was Daniel Y. Borntrager. He had traded his 160 acre Kansas farm on 640 acres of New Mexico land. All he got for this large scope of land was $900. But he was likely glad to get that much, since many others hadn't been able to sell their land at all.

Noah B. Mullet had never moved to New Mexico but had purchased 640 acres for $50 an acre. His land was paid for and he did not lose it to the banks. He decided to hold onto it, hoping some day it would rise in value. When he died in 1939, he still owned the land. The following year his children sold it. It brought only $5 an acre.

When the Amish had moved to New Mexico in 1921 there was a saying going round that the only people who died in New Mexico were the doctors who starved to death because the climate was so healthy that they didn't get enough patients. But the Amish settlers soon wished they had never heard that saying. Although the climate was healthy it might be best called a "vacation climate" rather than a "farming climate." Although the Amish did not starve in New Mexico, they did get a taste of some very lean years. And the Amish were not the only people affected. The *World Book* encyclopedia says in it's "New Mexico" article: "In the early 1920's drought made life difficult for farmers and ranchers. Livestock prices dropped, and the stockman's financial troubles spread. Banks closed throughout the state and many persons lost their savings." It is doubtful whether the Amish settlers had any savings in the banks to lose, but they did lose their farms. As one former Amish resident says, "Many went out broke." Another did not cry about losing his farm; he says, "We were just glad to have enough money to leave."

An Amish woman who lived in New Mexico sums it pretty well up when she says: "It was a very nice climate down there; but when that's said. it's all said."

■■

(The material for this article was gathered from the *Budget* letters written from New Mexico between 1921 and 1926, also from the *Family Record of Jacob T. Borntrager*. And special thanks to the following people who sent in their memories of the settlement: Ezra J. Borntrager, Noah J. Frys, Enos Mullet, Mrs. Sam Knepp, Jacob C. Borntrager, Jacob E. Mullet, Mrs. Peter V. Miller, and C. C. Bontrager.)

SEEKING

Does anyone have a 1922 AUSBUND? We would like to have a copy for our Amish historical library.

We would very much like to obtain copies of HEROLD DER WAHRHEIT from 1912 thru 1922. If anyone has copies they would donate or sell to our Amish historical library, please contact: Historical editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Editorielles --

Ihr jungen Helden, aufgewacht!
Die ganze Welt muß ſein veracht.
Drum eilt, daß ihr in kurze zeit
Macht eure Seelen wohl bereit.

Was iſt die Welt mit allem Tun?
Den Bund gemacht mit Gottes Sohn,
Das bleibt der Seel in Ewigkeit
Ein zucker=ſüße Luſt und Freud.

Ja nimmermehr geliebt die Welt,
Vielmehr ſich Jeſu zugeſellt,
So überkommt man Glaubenskraft,
Daß man auch bald ihr tun beſtraft.

Nun weg hiermit du Eitelkeit,
Es iſt mir nun zu lieb die Zeit,
Daß ich ſie nicht mehr ſo anwend,
Daß ich den Namen Gottes ſchänd.

Ich hab es nun bei mir bedacht,
Und dieſen Schluß gar feſt gemacht,
Daß es mir nun ſoll Jeſus ſein,
Und wollt mein Fleiſch nicht gern darein.

Zur falſchen Welt und ihrem Trug
Spricht meine Seel, es iſt genug:
Zu lang hab ich die Luſt geliebt,
Und damit meinen Gott betrübt.

Ich eil nun fort zu meinem Gott,
Der mich erkauft vom Fluch und Tod;
Darum ich auch nun als ein Reb,
Hinfüro feſt an Jeſu kleb.

Nichts anders will ich, als Gott will,
Wenn Er mir hilft, daß ich das Ziel,
Wozu Er mich berufen hat,
Erlangen möge in der Tat.

So ſoll mein Herz mit Preiß und Dank,
Ihm ewig bringen Lobgeſang:
Gelobet ſeiſt Du in der Zeit,
Du großer Gott, von Ewigkeit.

Wache auf

„Wache auf, der du ſchläfeſt, und ſtehe auf von den Toten, ſo wird dich Chriſtus erleuchten.“ Eph. 5, 14.

In obigem Gedicht heißt es: „Ihr jungen Helden aufgewacht, die ganze Welt muß ſein veracht.“ O! wie notwendig iſt es daß die junge Leute aufwachen möchten, und die Alte auch nicht ausgenommen. Die ganze Welt muß verachtet ſein. Was iſt in die Welt das wir verachten ſollen? Ein paar Vers in Johannes gibt uns deutlich zu verſtehen was in die Welt iſt. Joh. 2, 15. 16. „Habt nicht lieb die Welt, noch was in der Welt iſt. So jemand die Welt lieb hat, in dem iſt nicht die Liebe des Vaters. Denn alles, was in der Welt iſt, des Fleiſches Luſt und der Augen Luſt und hoffärtiges Leben, iſt nicht vom Vater, ſondern von der Welt.“

Warum wollen wir mit der Welt machen, wenn nichts da iſt als wie Fleiſches Luſt, Augen Luſt und hoffärtiges Leben? Und es dünkt mir das hoffärtige Leben iſt ſo ſchlimm als eins von die drei. Wir fürchten es ſind manche Menſchen auf Erden heutiges Tags die behaft ſind mit dieſem hoffärtige Leben. Hoffart, Hochmut und Ueberhebung. Spr. 8, 13. heißt es: „Die Furcht des Herrn haßt das Arge, die Hoffart, den Hochmut und böſen Weg.“ Noch weiter in Spr. 29, 23. „Die Hoffart des Menſchen wird ihn ſtürzen; aber der Demütige wird Ehre empfangen.“

Johannes gibt weiter deutlich zu verſtehen was es geben wird mit dieſe Welt. „Und die Welt vergehet mit ihrer Luſt; wer aber den Willen Gottes tut, der bleibt in Ewigkeit.“ Jetzt iſt es auf zu uns, entweder den Willen Gottes tun und bleiben in Ewigkeit mit Gott dem Vater wo die große Freude der Fülle ſein wird und das liebliche Weſen; oder die Weltluſt lieb gewinnen und untergehen mit der Welt in die ewige Pein und Qual, wo ihr Wurm nicht ſtirbt und ihr Feuer nicht verlöſchen wird von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Umlängſt waren wir einer Leiche beigewohnt von einem alten Mann, 78 Jahre alt, der wir vor manche Jahre zurück bekannt worden ſind. Er hatte 118 Großkinder und 115 Ur=Großkinder. In der Lehr ſagte der Diener wie die Nachkommenſchaft ſollen zurück ſchauen und daran denken was ſie vom Großvater geſehen und von ihm gelehrt waren. Er war Biſchof von der Gemeinde. Die Gemeinde iſt wohl weiters vorgerückt als wie ſie an einer Zeit waren. Die junge Leute hätten ein weiter Weg zu gehen wenn ſie zurück kommen wollten wo ihre Voreltern waren, und das kann auch geſagt werden von uns als recht Altamiſche. Wir ſind alle am ſchleppen (driften), wir ſind nicht mehr was wir früher waren. Ja, die junge Leute wollen als mehr und mehr mit der Welt gehen.

Unſer Text=Vers ſagt: „Wache auf, der du ſchläfeſt,“ und wenn jemals eine Zeit war da es notwendig war um aufzuwachen, dann iſt es jetzt. Die junge Leute wollen ihre Haare ganz hoch über die Ohren, ſhingle=faſhion abſcheren, oder ganz lang hippe ſtyle, faſt unmäßig, dann kann es gerade ſo wohl eine Sünde ſein als wie wenn ſie zu kurz ſind. Die junge Mädchen wollen ihre Haare aufſtellen hoch auf dem Kopf, oder vorne ziehen daß ſie beinahe in die Augen kommen. Ja, einiger Weg nur daß ſie nicht in der Regel von der Gemeinde ſind. Es wird zu Zeiten geſagt die Kleider bringen der Menſch nicht in den Himmel, nein, nicht gerade ſo. Wir wollen auch nicht ſagen daß das Kleid der Menſch gerade aus dem Himmel halten tut. Es iſt nicht das Kleid, es iſt der ſtolze und hochmütige Sinn in unſerm Herz wo ausgeübt wird mit Kleider anlegen, Haar flechten, Gold umhängen, unſere Redensart oder was es ſein mag. Das iſt was uns dem Himmel halten kann.

Wir ſagen nochmals, Wache auf, ſtehe auf von den Toten, ſo wird dich Chriſtus erleuchten. Es iſt zu fürchten daß viele Menſchen am ſchlafen ſind gerade in die Gemeinden. Paulus konnte ſagen zu die Korinthiſch Gemein: „Darum ſind auch viel Schwache und Kranke unter euch, und ein gut Teil ſchlafen.“ Wenn ſo an derſelbigen Zeit, vielmehr ſo heute.

Es gibt nicht viel Sünden wo nicht Hoffart, Hochmut und Ueberhebung dabei iſt. Warum wollen wir die Ehre bei den Menſchen ſuchen anſtatt die Ehre bei Gott? Zu der Zeit da Jeſus hier auf Erden war, heißt es viel von die Oberſten glaubten an Ihm; aber um der Phariſäer Willen bekannten ſie es nicht, daß ſie nicht in den Bann getan würden. Denn ſie hatten lieber die Ehre bei den Menſchen denn die Ehre bei Gott. Iſt das nicht oftmals der Fall heutiges Tags? Wir ſehen daß wir im letzen ſind, aber die Phariſäiſche Art in uns will ſich nicht biegen laſſen, wir ſind zu ſtolz. O wir wollen uns doch erniedrigen und demütigen unter die gewaltige Hand Gottes das Er uns erhöhe zu ſeiner Zeit, alle unſere Sorge auf Ihn werfen, denn Er ſorget für uns.

Wir ſagen nochmals wachet auf, unſere Zeit iſt doch ſo kurz hier auf Erden, dies zeitliche Leben lauft zum Ende, und ehe daß wir es gewahr ſind kommen wir an die Tür der langen unendlichen Ewigkeit. Bereit oder nicht bereit, dies iſt eine Sache wo nicht kann abgeſchoben werden. Hier wenn wir etwas nicht fertig kriegen Heute, ſo denken wir das kann noch getan werden Morgen. Aber ſo wird es nicht ſein wenn unſer Lebensziel zum Ende läuft oder das End der Welt kommt, dann müſſen wir gehen.

So viel wieder geſchrieben in meiner Geringheit, prüfet alles und das Gute behaltet. Wir begehren das Gebet aller Gläubigen.

△

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on page 26

1. **Angenommen** A. obligate B. refused C. renewed D. received
2. **Bewahreſt** A. truthfully B. keep C. perception D. deception
3. **Brünſtig** A. fervent B. calm C. reasonable D. moderate
4. **Derſelbe** A. no one B. the same C. always D. likeness
5. **Deſto** A. not so B. nowhere C. everywhere D. the
6. **Erſchrecke** A. break B. conceal C. frightened D. favorable
7. **Gegründet** A. established B. greening C. renew D. growth
8. **Geſchäft** A. mischief B. rod C. shafts D. business
9. **Haltet** A. salute B. commonplace C. keep D. bring
10. **Hohen** A. scorn B. horns C. to hoe D. high
11. **Können** A. cannon B. know C. Canaan D. grain, seed
12. **Nüchtern** A. sober B. noticeable C. neat D. liberal
13. **Opfer** A. opening B. viper C. offering D. copper
14. **Schein** A. beam B. beautiful C. appearance D. shying
15. **Schnell** A. ring out B. snail C. slowly D. sudden
16. **Seien** A. be B. whisper C. care for D. sighing
17. **Verändert** A. extreme B. conduct C. changed D. reason
18. **Verkläre** A. declare B. glorify C. herald D. strain
19. **Wachen** A. grow B. weeks C. weaken D. be awake
20. **Waiſen** A. voices B. leaderless C. orphans D. widows

Our Refuge

Follow thou me, said the Master one day,
Though dark the night and rugged the way.
There's not a mountain too hard to climb
Just walk it in faith- one step at a time.
Ever look upward as onward you go,
Jesus will lead you thru this world below.
Even though we cannot understand
The angry clouds. 'Tis God's Hand
That's reaching down to us in love,
Leading to that home above.
Easy the road when he walks by our side,
We are then safe whatever betide.
He is a refuge- a safe retreat-
Though billows may roll and storms may beat;
Anchored are we, we've nothing to fear,
Christ Jesus our Lord is always near.
He's the Captain of our soul
Leading us to that beautiful goal.

-A Family Life Reader

CHILDREN'S SECTION

RUDY AND THE RULES

By David Luthy

"What a stupid rule," thought Rudy Bontrager. "I broke the point on my pencil and can't even go sharpen it. Recess is an hour away."

RUDY BONTRAGER LEFT his seat in the row of seventh-grade pupils. He passed the corner of the teacher's desk and was just sticking his pencil into the sharpener when the teacher's voice interrupted him. "Rudy, classes are being held. Don't sharpen your pencil until recess."

With a sour expression, Rudy withdrew the pencil and walked slowly to his desk. Slouching in his seat he thought, "What a stupid rule. I broke the point on my pencil and can't even sharpen it. Recess is an hour away. What would be wrong with sharpening my pencil anyway?"

Teacher Dan's eyes had followed Rudy to his desk. He thought to himself, "There was Rudy challenging another rule. He knew better than to sharpen his pencil during school time. He's enough to try out a person's patience. Ever since he transferred here from Oak Ridge School, I've had to stop him a hundred times from breaking some rule."

Rudy grudgingly reached into his cluttered desk and hunted for another pencil. He found one, but its point was also broken. Then he found a short pencil which wasn't very sharp, yet he could still write with it. He opened his arithmetic workbook and began doing the problems. He was busily working when the bell sounded for recess. He jumped to his feet and called to a classmate, "Hey, let's go out and play 'Pitch and Hit.' First one out to the maple tree gets to bat first." With those words barely spoken, he dashed for the door.

"R-U-D-Y," called Teacher Dan, "come back here a minute."

Rudy, who had left the classroom like a race horse, now approached Dan's desk like an "old plug." When he finally reached the teacher's desk, he leaned on one foot and stared sullenly at the floor.

"We don't run races in the classroom," explained Dan.

"Aw, I know that," answered Rudy. "It isn't as if I always run out the door. But today it was different. We were in a hurry to go play ball."

"I know," said Dan, "but the classroom is no place to run. You might knock one of the smaller pupils over or bump into a desk. And speaking of desks, you forgot to clear off your desk top."

Rudy's gaze shifted from the floor to the top of his desk. He walked over and put his books and papers inside the desk. He lifted the pencil which an hour before had needed immediate sharpening and stuck it inside his desk. "I can't take time to sharpen it now, I've got to get outside and play ball. I'll sharpen it at noon."

Teacher Dan watched Rudy leave the classroom, this time walking instead of running. But just as soon as Rudy crossed the entrance hall, he was off and flying with a CRASH BANG behind him— the schoolhouse door was slammed shut.

"Oh," sighed Dan, "that boy is hopeless. Will he ever learn to do as the others? What would it be like if all the pupils disregarded rules as he does?" Dan shuddered to think of the disorder there would be in school if all the pupils ignored the rules as Rudy did. "It isn't that Rudy is stubborn or mean," mused Dan. "He's very likeable in many ways, but he just has the opinion that rules aren't important. Will he ever learn to obey rules?" Dan thought a few minutes and then realized, "Rudy won't respect rules until he sees for himself that they serve a very good purpose."

Teacher Dan might have let Rudy continue his ruleless ways had it not been that some of Rudy's attitude was beginning to rub off on his classmates. "Disregard for the rules is spreading," thought Dan one evening after the pupils had gone home. "I've got to do something so that they will realize rules are needed if a school is to run smoothly."

Dan closed his grade book, leaned back in his chair, and rested his feet on top of the wastebasket. His mind searched for a way to bring out the value of rules. He thought of how rules are like fences. They protect things we value. "Maybe I can give the pupils a little talk on how rules are like fences," thought Dan. "Just as a farm needs good fences, so does a school need good rules."

Dan's mind wandered far and wide. He thought of church rules, government rules, all kinds of rules—even highway laws. "We are supposed to drive on the righthand side of the road," he found himself thinking. "But in England the law is that people are to drive on the lefthand side. We have a rule one way and they have the opposite. But we both have a rule and both rules are good, for they keep the traffic going in a uniform direction."

On and on continued Dan's thoughts. He tried to think of all the areas in a person's life which are governed by rules. His memory brought up the time he had been in a lawyer's office when he had gotten the deed for his farm. He had seen shelves and shelves of books and had wondered if they were all law books. The lawyer had told him they were books which gave the laws for the city, township, county, and state. Dan had remembered smiling to himself and realizing that everywhere a person goes there are rules.

"Life is filled with rules," mused Dan. "Funny that I'm not more conscious of them, but I guess I'm in the habit of obeying them and take them for granted. Since I don't challenge them and fight them, I don't really notice them. It's people who are always breaking laws that think there are too many. It's sort of like softball. It's a game with a lot of rules. We memorize the rules and never imagine challenging them. We are in the habit of obeying the rules. Every thing goes well and the game is fun, and—"

Suddenly Dan's feet which had been resting on top of the wastebasket came sliding off, upsetting the wastebasket with a crash. "That's it," declared Dan, jumping to his feet. "That's how the boys can learn that rules are necessary. Tomorrow we are going to have a softball game!"

The next morning the pupils were barely seated when Dan announced, "I've a little surprise for you today. You have worked hard all week, so this afternoon we are going to have a softball game."

"Oh, that sounds great," thought Rudy Bontrager. Then he had an idea and raised his hand.

"Yes, Rudy?" said Dan.

"If we had the ball game in the period right after the noon hour, we could combine the two and have a longer game."

Dan studied the proposition for a second and agreed. "Okay, you may have the free period right after lunch instead of after the last recess."

A broad smile crossed Rudy's face.

The clock's hands could not move fast enough for Rudy and the other pupils. When the morning recess came, Rudy suggested, "Let's get the teams chosen now so we can begin playing right at noon."

"Okay," agreed the others.

"Why don't Rudy Bontrager and Sam Coblentz choose sides," suggested one of the older girls.

"That's fair enough," agreed the others.

So the choosing began. The teams were chosen when the school bell rang. Rudy turned to the others and said, "Everybody eat fast at noon. Then we'll meet out here for the big game."

Excitement filled the pupils, but the most excited person was Teacher Dan. He had a hard time concentrating on the classes, for his mind was mulling over what he was going to do during the softball game. Several times he almost chuckled out loud but controlled himself. "I'll give the pupils a game they will long remember," he thought.

The noon hour finally arrived. "Now don't gulp down your food," cautioned Dan. "If you eat too fast and then run around, you'll get a pain in your side."

The pupils did not gulp their food, but they did not nibble at it either. Soon they were all out on the ball diamond. Dan, who was going to be the umpire, tossed a coin to see which side would bat first. Sam Coblentz won the toss. "Okay, Sam," said Dan, "get your batters lined up. Let's p-l-a-y b-a-l-l."

Sam's first batter hit a fly ball which one of Rudy's players easily caught. "That's one OUT," smiled Rudy. "Nice catch."

Sam's next player hit the ball between the second baseman and the center fielder. He ran to first base. The next batter was Susie Mast who was not a very good hitter. She swung wildly at the first two pitches. "One more strike and she's out," grinned Rudy to himself. "Susie swung at the third ball and missed it.

"You're out," called the pitcher, but his words were cut short by Teacher Dan, the umpire. "She only had three strikes. Let her try again."

"Oh, no," said the pupils. "Susie struck out. She missed hitting the ball three times."

"But what would be wrong with letting her have another chance?" asked Dan.

"Because that's the rule," protested several pupils.

"But why don't we play that it takes four strikes instead of three?" said Dan. "Really, I think three strikes aren't enough. Come on, Susie, take another try."

The pitcher was very confused. He didn't know whether to throw the ball a fourth time or not. But he didn't have long to wait for advice; Rudy came marching in from right field, his face quite red. "Hey, that's cheating. The rule is that with three strikes a person is out."

"But that doesn't seem quite right," said Dan. "Some pupils are better batters than others. I think the poorer batters should get to have four strikes or maybe even five. What would be wrong with that?"

"Well, that isn't how the game is played," said Rudy firmly. A chorus of unified voices backed him up.

"Okay," said Dan pretending to pout, "have it your way. But I still don't see what would be wrong with doing it my way, especially for the girls who can't bat well."

Many thoughts raced through the pupils' minds as they returned to their places in the ball diamond. They were visibly upset by the way Dan had tried to change the way the game was played. They were barely over their shock and back in the game when there was a commotion again at home plate.

"Home run!" cried Dan when Sam Coblentz's hard-hit ball sailed past the maple tree.

"Foul ball," shouted the catcher. "The ball went on the right side of the tree, so it's a foul ball."

There was a moment of silence. Then Sam explained to Dan that when a ball went on the right side of the tree it was a foul ball, as if Dan had never played ball at the school before.

"But that doesn't seem quite fair," argued Dan. "You hit the ball harder and farther than some home runs I've seen. I think it should count as a home run. Why don't we say a ball is foul if it goes on the other side of the swing set?" He pointed at the swing set beside the maple tree.

The pupils' eyes followed his pointing finger. Many shrugged their shoulders, but Rudy had by now arrived and protested loudly, "That was a foul ball if ever there was one. That wasn't a home run."

"Teacher wants to change the rule so that a ball is foul if it goes to the right of the swing set," explained one of the girls.

"Yes, let's use the swing set as the marker," spoke up Dan.

"No," said Rudy. "We've always had the maple tree as the marker, so why change it? We've gotten along real well with it that way."

"Well, it's however you want," said Dan. Then he mumbled just loud enough for those around him to hear it, "But I can't see why the maple tree is so much better than the swing set."

The ball game continued. Sam Coblentz hit the ball again. This time it was not foul, and he ran to first base. His next player also got a hit. The runner on second base ran to home plate for the first score of the afternoon. Sam ran from first to third base.

The next batter hit a high fly ball. Sam ran from third base to home plate. The fielder caught the ball making the third "out" for Sam's team.

"The score is 2 to zero," announced Dan.

"One to zero," corrected one of Rudy's players.

"But two players crossed home plate," said Dan, "so that makes two runs."

"Oh, but Sam's run doesn't count," said Rudy. "Does it, Sam?"

As much as Sam wished his run could count, he knew it didn't. "Naw, it doesn't count."

"Oh, I think it should count," persisted Dan. "You crossed home plate before the fielder caught the ball."

"That doesn't matter," said Rudy. "The rule is that the run doesn't count if the fly ball is caught."

"That sounds silly to me," argued Dan. "I could understand if Sam hadn't yet crossed home plate when the ball was caught, but why can't his run count if he gets to home plate before the ball is caught?"

Rudy kicked at home plate disgustedly. "Because the rule doesn't happen to be that way."

Many pupils were mumbling their disapproval of how things were going. Dan felt the tension had reached the point where it was time to let things cool off. He saw how frustrated some of the pupils looked and how determined others appeared. The younger ones looked bewildered. "Hey, everybody, let's sit down a minute and talk this over," suggested Dan.

When the pupils were seated on the grass, Dan asked them, "Now I want you to say if you have enjoyed the ball game this far."

A ready chorus of "no's" filled the air.

"Why not?"

Rudy was quick to answer. "Because you keep questioning the rules, and the game doesn't go smoothly."

"You hit the nail on the head," agreed Dan. "Now I think you all know how I sometimes feel in the classroom when you challenge the rules."

A wave of whispering passed over the seated pupils.

"You...you mean," stammered one girl, "that you did all this on purpose? Didn't you really want to change the rules?"

"Of course not," smiled Dan. "I just wanted all of you to see that when a game is played without rules it is confusing and no fun at all. What is true for the ball diamond is also true for the classroom. A classroom without rules or with people always challenging them is a pretty confused place. Rules make a ball game go smoothly and they do the same for the classroom."

Dan jumped to his feet and picked up the softball. "Now if you want to play this game right, let's get at it before our time is up. But don't forget that when we return to the classroom you will want to stay with the rules just like you follow the rules out here. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," agreed the pupils. △

NO EMPTY
SEAL

This is a story of several young girls who are in the instruction class for baptism. The reader will identify with some of these girls as they seek to understand the teachings they receive and as they submit to baptism, a symbol of their faith and not merely an "empty seal."
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DIE GRÖSZTE GÜTER

Viel Güter hen die Leut auf Erd;
Viel Reiche hen das Gelt.
Die Güter, die ich wünsch für euch
Sind nicht von dieser Welt.

Der wunderschöne Himmelheim—
Ich hoff ich kann dort gehen;
Und in der schöne Himmellicht,
Dort Jesu Christi sehen.

Ich hab sehr oft gesündiget;
Dasz weisz ich alles wohl;
Ich frag mein lieber Heiland,
"Kannst mich vergeben noch 'n mol?"

Der grÖszte Gut auf der Welt
Kann solch ein Heim nicht kaufen;
Gold und Silber sind nichts wert
Wenn Menschen nichtmehr schnaufen.

Ach, Herr, kannst du mich helfen da,
Auf dieser Weltweg gehen,
Dasz ich der wunderschönen Himmel,
Kann mit mein Augen sehen?

-Arlene Schmidt
Age 14, Grade 8

* * *

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 6

Maturity in Marriage

TENSION BETWEEN PARENTS

Bennie Blank came to the house for a drink on a hot day and overheard his parents arguing. That was the beginning of troubled times for Bennie and the other children in the Blank family. It seemed that Father and Mother Blank never could quite overcome the feeling of tension, suspicion, and mistrust that had arisen between them while Grandma stayed at their home. And it left its mark on the children.

Our readers responded with a number of opinions about the mistakes Bennie's parents made, and what effect the tension might have had on the children:

FEELING INFERIOR

Children know instinctively that Mom and Dad should agree, not disagree. They know something is wrong in their home. Other people have happy homes. They have an unhappy home. Other people's homes are right. Their's is wrong. Automatically a child is left with a feeling of guilt and of shame for being part of a home where there is discord. Very often a sense of feeling inferior, and of lacking confidence in their own ability develops, deep-rooted and serious. A wife from Pennsylvania says, "I grew up in a home where there was tension. I accepted home as typical until I grew older and began to work out. Then I began to wonder. We children could lie in our bedrooms upstairs and hear our parents arguing downstairs. Hired help was also around, and of course, also noticed the unhealthy atmosphere and talked about it. Eventually the community knew 'everything.' My parents began to accuse certain persons for 'telling their business.' In short, we children, as teenagers, had a very difficult life. Our own problems were called 'small and unimportant' by our parents. Spiritual help was lacking at the time we needed it most. I remember once when I expressed my thoughts concerning ideal married life shortly before I married, my one parent said, 'You're not being realistic.'

"That statement so shattered my confidence that it threatened my engagement to the young Christian man who had asked for my heart and hand. But in fear and trembling we launched out. Neither of us realized married couples could be so happy. Of course, there are problems, but we face them together. We pray together and we work together. The most important goal in our life is to live such a Christian life before the little family God has given us that they will never need to question our love for each other, our love for them, or our love for the Lord."

Another reader wrote of similar feelings, and the best part of her letter is the positive note with which she ends— a solution for tension— forgiveness: "Dad and Mom married at a young age and from what I know, they got along well the first couple of years. Then an incident happened which I will not mention and it seems neither one could forgive and forget. From this tension arose, and it seemed like continual arguing. This was very hard on us children and many times I cried for lack of love and for want of understanding why it had to be so when I knew it shouldn't be that way in a Christian home.

"People talked a lot about us, and this made it hard to make friends, and I was depressed and about ready to give up many a time. Often I felt like, 'What's the use of trying to get along with other people, I'm just one of the __________ children.' I believe this is one of the worst marks it left on us, this feeling of being inferior to other people and it has caused a lot of heartaches. As for me, my one prayer was for a partner that would be kind, loving, and understanding, and God answered that prayer. I often look back and wish it could have been different at home, but it was all for a purpose. I believe it could all have been avoided with two words from the heart, 'I forgive.'"

"I feel sorry for such children as Bennie Blank, because I have been in the same shoes. I, too, often have cried by myself because of mistrust between parents. So, please, parents, live a godly life together so as not to make a miserable home for your children. Then maybe they can truly say, 'Home, Sweet Home.' I often wondered how anyone could say that phrase, but now I also can, since I'm married." — Pennsylvania

A CRUEL CHOICE

When parents disagree, children are nearly forced to side with one or the other. Children could hardly be given a crueler choice. Torn between loyalities and their love for each, to make such a choice can be emotional agony. A grandfather from Ohio, writes, "We recently attended a wedding where the bishop admonished his listeners on the evil of parents arguing in the presence of their children. He once was told by the children of a deceased father that their parents never had an argument that they knew of. Later the bishop told the widow this, and she said, 'Yes, we had some disagreements, but we always talked them over and settled them when we were alone.' There is simply no better way to sow the evil seeds of discord than if the parents raise a rumpus in front of their children. Some of the children will side with Father, and some with Mother. Then the family will be split, and the hard feelings may last a lifetime. A closely-knit Christian family is the best insurance against the encroachments of Satan, and when Mom and Dad don't get along, you don't have that type of a family. Unintentionally and unconsciously the parents are tearing their family apart. I've seen many such cases in my lifetime of over sixty years."

A young girl from Pennsylvania writes along the same line, yet looking at the problem from a different angle: "I know of a home where communication and love has been severed. Since the children in this home cannot discuss things with the father, they go to the mother. Then immediately the father takes the position that the mother sticks up for the children, and the children turn against him. Life in this home is so tense that the children either want to leave when they are 21, or get married so they can be happy. How do I know? Well, I am one of the children, and I'm looking forward to the time when I, too, will be 21."

SHARP EARS

Many of the letters we received stressed the importance of parents discussing their differences in private. One letter added some additional words of caution, and that is make sure you don't underestimate the sharpness of your children's ears. They may be listening where you don't expect them, and hear snatches of conversation not meant for them. "I think parents are wrong to argue in front of their children. They should talk things over in their bedroom where children don't hear it. Also, parents should not forget that children have sharp ears. I remember my parents talking or discussing things. I slept above the kitchen where the stove pipe went through. I could easily hear what was said below. I know they didn't know we could hear so plainly, so we often heard things they never found out we knew."

BETRAYED HERSELF

You will remember that the problems in the Blank home might not have come up, had not some of the relatives stirred it up, especially Dad's sister Edna. She was sure Grandma was being misused, and kept watching for every chance to talk with Dad, and persuade him his wife was mistreating Grandma.

Nappanee, Indiana: "Edna should have been kindly reproved and told not to talk rumors. Yes, it's so very important to have close family ties in a home, but when an aunt or uncle stirs up trouble, it's time for serious and prayerful thinking."

Middlebury, Indiana: "Edna blamed Mom for being friendly to someone's face, but underneath being cruel and heartless. I'm one that believes Edna really gave her own picture— she betrayed herself, showing how cruel and heartless she could be by getting between husband and wife."

NO ROOM FOR GRANDMA

Apparently the problem of "Who will take Grandma" is something that frequently can cause tension in homes and among relatives, just as it did for the Blanks. Several readers gave suggestions.

Middlefield, Ohio: "The Blanks' trouble arose when relatives weren't satisfied with the way they were taking care of Grandma. I've seen very few cases where the old folks were taken care of by one of their children where there was not at least some fault-finding by other members of the family. It is very easy to sit back and say how it should be done, and say how poor old Mom or Dad are being mistreated. But let one suggest that these back-biters take them awhile. "Oh, no, we just don't have any room," or a dozen other excuses crop up. My advice would be, if those who criticize how the old folks are being taken care of, don't want to bother with them, they should be more considerate in their fault finding."

Ontario: "I felt very sorry for the Blank family. My in-laws live with us, too, and we get along well enough, but if ever the time comes that they start false rumors about us, then we want to give the other children a chance to take them and improve on where we failed. Of course, I doubt that any of them would have 'enough room.' But hopefully the suggestion would quiet things down. I'm lucky to have a husband who knows I want to do my part, but if ever he were tempted to believe stories about me, my guess is he would be better convinced of my innocence if I didn't argue, than if I were to insist his mother is queer and hard to get along with. And for the rest of the family, if they would take them in, well, seeing would be believing. But I realize that it's hard for the children to realize that their parents are aging and their minds weakening when they aren't with them daily like we are."

SOME GOOD CAN COME

When speaking to parents, it is hard to overstress the harm of discord and tension between parents. But when considering it from the children's viewpoint, we would like to end this month's discussion that usually some good can come from the most unfortunate and tragic circumstances. A father from Indiana points out both the harm he suffered, and the good he gained from growing up in a home where there was tension between parents.

"I can sympathize with Bennie Blank, as I grew up in a home where there was tension between parents. My parents disagreed on church matters, and this led to tension caused by alcohol. I can see that being in this kind of an upbringing formed some bad impressions in me that were hard to get rid of. For example, I thought ministers were people to avoid. It was all right to do something if the preachers didn't find it out. But later I tried to form good impressions from the bad experiences I had gone through. I tried to see things the way the ministers see them. Now, even if I can't see it their way, I try to give them the benefit of the doubt. My unhappy homelife also made me wish to try and keep alcohol out of my marriage. I saw how much unhappiness it brought in one marriage, and it made me determined to try to keep it out of mine. So I think if we try, we can usually get a little good out of any unhappy experience."

One last letter on how problems can sometimes work for good. A father from Pennsylvania writes, "We, too, have been under tension in some ways like the Blanks, except in our case the children were small yet. One of the mistakes I made was to let outside tensions and problems take first place, before family life. Although there was no way to change the circumstances that caused the tension to be upon us, habits were started under that pressure that we didn't realize at the time. A number of years later circumstances changed, and the pressure was removed, but the habits remained. Such habits don't go away overnight, and we found it helpful to remind each other later in the day when we were calm if one of us failed. In thinking over the experience and the lesson learned by it, I can only think of II Corinthians 1, 8 and 9 where Paul writes of being pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that he despaired of life, and thereby learned not to trust in himself, but in God. God would rather have us turn to Him and accept His provisions for our life without having to go through all this suffering. But since we keep insisting we can handle our life without help, God chooses the most direct, most loving way to show us that we need Him above all else."

* * *

Don't marry for money, you can borrow it cheaper.

* * *

MONEY MATTERS

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

Problem No. 8

It seems that in nearly every area of life there are problems connected with money— in government, in business, in the neighborhood, and in our personal lives. But in marriage? Does money ever cause any problems in marriage?

What is your answer? Has money ever caused any problems in your home? Perhaps there are problems with who gets to spend the money. How much does the wife get to spend on the house? Does one spouse place too high a value on money? Or perhaps not high enough?

If money (or the lack of money) has ever been a problem in your marriage, perhaps you have some comments or pointers that may be helpful to other couples. We would like to hear from you. The response for the last question was down quite a bit from former ones. Your reply should be postmarked not later than July 5, 1975. Address your envelope to:

Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3
Canada

ANSWERS to Know Your German from page 20

1. Angenommen D. received, accepted, admitted, retained, employed. "...haben es angenommen, und erkannt wahrhaftig, dasz ich von dir ausgegangen bin..." Jn. 17:8.
2. Bewahrest B. keep, preserve, save, protect from "...sondern dasz du sie bewahrest vor dem Uebel." Jn. 17:15.
3. Brünstig A. fervent, burning, ardor, sensual "Seid brünstig im Geist..." Rom. 12:11.
4. Derselbe B. the same, the latter. "...Der Vater aber, der in mir wohnet, derselbe thut die werke." Jn. 14:10.
5. Desto D. the, so much "Habt sie desto lieber um ihres Werks willen..." I Thess. 5:13.
6. Erschrecke C. frightened, scared, alarmed, or terrified "...Euer Herz erschrecke nicht. Glaubet ihr an Gott..." Jn. 14:1.
7. Gegründet A. established, founded "...denn du hast mich geliebet, ehe denn die Welt gegründet ward." Jn. 17:24.
8. Geschäft D. business, commerce, trade, deal, calling "...aber all Glieder nicht einerlei Geschäft haben." Rom. 12:4.
9. Haltet C. keep, hold, restrain, celebrate, endure "Liebet ihr mich, so haltet meine Gebote." Jn. 14:15.
10. Hohen D. high, elevated, top, hill "...Trachtet nicht nach hohen Dingen, sondern haltet euch herunter zu den Niedrigen." Rom. 12:16.
11. Können B. know, understand, ability, power "...wissen nicht, wo du hin gehest; und wie können wir den Weg wissen?" Jn. 14:5.
12. Nüchtern A. sober, temperate, calm, reasonable, sensible "Wir aber, die wir des Tages sind, sollen nüchtern sein..." I Thess. 5:8.
13. Opfer C. offering, sacrifice, victim, martyr "...dasz ihr eure Leiber begebet zum Opfer, dasz da lebendig, heilig..." Rom. 12:1.
14. Schein C. appearance, shine, light, gleam, bloom, etc. "Meidet allen bösen Schein." I Thess. 5:22.
15. Schnell D. sudden, rapid, fast, speedy, prompt "...es hat keine Gefahr, so wird sie das Verderben schnell überfallen..." I Thess. 5:3.
16. Seien A. be, exist, be alive "...auch sie geheiliget seien in der Wahrheit." Jn. 17:19.
17. Verändert C. changed, transformed, altered, modified "Und stellet euch nicht dieser Welt gleich, sondern verandert euch durch..." Rom. 12:2.
18. Verkläre B. glorify, transfigure, make bright or radiant "...auf dasz dich dein Sohn auch verkläre;" Jn. 17:1.
19. Wachen D. be awake, be alert, keep watch "..auf dasz, wir wachen oder schlafen, zugleich mit ihm leben sollen." I Thess. 5:10.
20. Waisen C. orphans "Ich will euch nicht Waisen lassen; ich komme zu euch." Jn. 14:18.

FIRE
IN
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FARM & FIELD

WATER ON THE FARM

How important is water on the farm? We all know it takes a lot of water to grow crops but can we realize how much water is actually used up by growing plants? Growing plants and trees throw off water from their leaves at all times. A large tree is giving off as much water all the time during the summer as a strong man could carry up a ladder with two buckets from the ground to the top of the tree. A stalk of corn during the growing season uses up 5 to 10 times its own weight in water each day. Does this sound like a lot? If so, listen to this: Approximately one-half ton of water are required to produce one ear of corn weighing a pound. It takes 10 to 20 tons of water to produce a basketful of corn. To raise a pound of beef requires up to 15 tons of water. Sounds out of reason, doesn't it? Don't argue with us as these figures were copied out of the World Book Encyclopedia.

Water For Livestock

Everybody knows that plenty of water is needed in raising livestock. It's just as necessary in carrying out the body processes in animals as it is in humans.

Production of a dairy herd is often lessened because the cows cannot get plenty of water when they need it. This is very unfortunate since there is nothing cheaper than water. In an average herd, the cows will drink about 100 to 150 lbs of water daily. Since milk is 87% water, high producing cows will require a lot more. A cow giving 100 lbs.of milk a day may drink as much as 300 lbs.of water. Experiments indicate that providing automatic waterers for dairy cows increases the milk production about 4% over watering twice daily and about 8% over watering once a day. Cows with automatic drinking cups drank water on the average of 10 times a day, of which about two-thirds was drunk during the daytime hours between 5 AM and 5 PM.

Swine need plenty of water for best gains. There is no proof that automatic waterers will produce better results than if they are watered regularly two or three times a day. But the savings in labor costs should more than offset the cost of providing water fountains as very few people take the time to water the pigs regularly three times a day.

Because of the hard work they do, plenty of water is a must for horses. The average horse will drink 100 lbs. of water in a day but much more when doing hard work in warm weather. The horse may be watered before, after or during the meal without interfering with his digestion of food. A horse that is very warm should not be allowed to drink a large amount of water. It is better to give him a small amount several times. A horse can founder from drinking too much water as well as from overeating. Automatic watering cups are especially well suited for horses as it keeps them from drinking too fast or too much at one time, while still assuring a plentiful supply of water at all times. There is also a considerable saving in time over watering them from a trough.

In warm weather, horses that are doing hard work should be watered every two or three hours. Since they sweat a lot, they need large amounts of water and get thirst just as quickly as humans who are working hard.

FARM HINTS

Instead of banging the strainer on the milk can to make the milk go through, try holding it upside down under a spigot and flush in reverse. -P.F.B., Liverpool, Pa.

When tethering a horse or cow to eat grass along the road or fence, slip the tie rope through a piece of garden hose. This will keep the animal from getting tangled up in the rope. -J.W., Ontario

To keep hog feed dry and out of reach of the pigs, set an old deep freeze in the hog lot. -A.Y. Mo.

To make a shelter for hogs or cattle put posts in the ground and planks over the top from one post to another. Then blow straw from the threshing machine over this frame enough to make it rain proof. If an opening is left on the south side, the livestock can enjoy sunny weather all through the winter. -Ohio

Now that dry weather is here, buggy wheels dry out fast. Take them to the shop to have them tightened before they get so loose. You will find it is less work and a lot cheaper. -T.D.B., Michigan

Farm question? What can be done for a horse with the heaves? Deadline for answers June 30, 1975. Send answers to Farm Page %Family Life R.4 Aylmer, Ont.

RECORD BOOK

If all the things you ever said,
Were written in a book:
And all your thoughts were on display,
So all could take a look;
I guess there's not a living soul,
Who wouldn't hang his head
And feel ashamed before the Lord
By all the things he said.
There is a record book I'm told
With every deed and word;
It even keeps the records
Of our thoughts that can't be heard;
The good, the bad and every sin,
For nothing has been missed;
It really makes me feel ashamed
To think what's on my list,
And yet the pages of my past
Shall never condemn me,
For they were nailed upon the cross
With Christ at Calvary.
And now I stand in Him complete
Redeemed from sin and strife:
And with His blood He wrote my name
Down in the book of life.

DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS:

July 31st

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

QUESTION:

Two years ago I offended and hurt my close neighbor and dear friend by letting my tongue run ahead of my better judgement. I have tried hard to make amends, told her how sorry I was and asked to make a new start. I even felt that I had sinned to the extent that a church confession could ease my grief so I did that. However the crack is still there for I understand that perhaps she has a harder struggle to forgive and forget than some do.

Should I continue to take for granted that we are welcome at her house for church singings and neighborhood gatherings as is the custom here, even though we are uninvited? In spite of repeated invitations, she has been to our house only twice since that time (including church services). We exchange help and borrow back and forth as before but we both have help to send. Is she perhaps doing as she would like for me to do and staying at home. We both have large families. -Needful Of Advice

??

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE WHETHER OR NOT CAPS ARE TIED. SINCE ITS SUCH A LITTLE THING SHOULD WE JUST STOP BEING WORRIED ABOUT IT AND HOPE IT DOESN'T LEAD TO ANYTHING WORSE?

● I was glad to see the subject brought up for I feel the caps should be tied. Why have strings — if not to tie them? We wouldn't want to see the caps without strings which would be the next step.

There was a time when I, too, liked to have mine untied. That was long ago and my father kindly asked me to tie them. Now he has passed on for many years already and I can't be thankful enough that he asked me to do this. Now I can't bear to have mine untied for even a short period of time. -Oakland, Maryland

● I feel this is a more serious question than most mothers realize. A cap string is big enough for Satan to lead us with. It always makes my heart ache when I see little children running around with the cap strings untied and I have to wonder where are the mothers? And it's not always little girls. The excuse they take is that it's too warm to tie the cap.

Another thing which is just as serious is how the caps are tied. If they have to be a certain way, such as if the tie is real small and the strings are left hanging long, what can it be except pride? Such things have a way of creeping into our churches. Pride goeth before the fall. -Marshfield, Missouri

● I like to see the cap strings tied. I once heard of a young woman who had a dream one night. She dreamt that there was still one thing that she was not ready to go to Heaven. She didn't have her cap tied. It was just a dream but it can still tell us something. It used to bother me to have it tied but now that I'm used to it, it doesn't bother me one bit. -Jackson Center, Pa.

● I think they should be tied. If we don't want to tie the caps, why have strings on them? I've seen girls who are members of the church wear theirs on their backs. If this is let go, what can we expect from younger girls? I suppose it is partly the result of factory work for they see how it is done in more liberal churches.

When I went to school I saw others do it so I made a tiny bow in the back. It didn't last long for my big sister soon cut it in two. I was warned not to try it again. When Grandmother was still living she used to say you can see cap strings flying in the air on the way to hell. I have often wished I had asked where she heard this but it doesn't matter for I feel it is true. I wonder if there is anyone who doesn't do it for looks? -Fredericksburg, Ohio

● When we were first married we lived where the barn was a little ways up the road from the house. One morning as I walked to the barn, I discovered I no longer had my cap on. Then I remembered that a truck had whizzed by while I was coming to the barn and I figured it had blown off then as I had a bad habit of leaving it untied.

I hated to think of going back to the house without anything on my head but there was nothing else to do. Luckily there was not much traffic but I did meet up with a couple of Amish men and I was very much embarrassed. Sure enough, I found my cap lying beside the road so I quickly put it on. From then on I have tried to remember to keep it tied. When I think of that incident I instinctively put my hand up to see if my cap is tied. -Huntsburg, Ohio

● I agree with the writer of "I Like Mine Better Tied." It may seem like a small thing but it can hinder our soul's salvation as to whether we are willing to have it tied or not. Once I was very sick and asked for anointing and felt so at peace. Then several nights later again became troubled and it came to me that I should have my cap tied at all times, not just on Sundays. After I decided to do this, I again had peace. Pride was cast out of Heaven and it will never again enter there. -Missouri

● How good it is that some people still see the importance of little things. Surely it is the little things that are let go that often cause a downfall later. I believe it is Satan that would like to have us think little things don't matter.

I am a member of a Mennonite Church and it is plain to see what happens when little things are let slip. In our group, first the caps were untied, then some were put inside the cape. After that some put them down the back and then of course some were dropped off altogether except for church. Some are pinned on so they can be taken off afterwards. How sad, one thing leads to another. -Name and State Withheld

● It does make a difference whether the cap is tied or not. Besides being untied, we also see small caps, pinned-on caps way back on the head. What is this for if it's not for hochmuth? I once had a very dear friend who was sick for a long time. She was very much concerned about her children and she prayed for them constantly. She once had a vision and saw Jesus coming to her and told her different things. One thing was that the caps should be big enough to cover the head and should be tied. He also said "Das Himmelreich ist plain und rein und kommt kein hochmuth hinein." -Indiana

● I think it should be enforced and I hope you keep at it. I am a member of the Conservative Church and I can see where it can lead to if they aren't tied. Our churches quit years ago. I'm in my thirties and can't even remember my Mom tying ours although we had coverings over our ears at that time. Now all that is changed and the strings are GONE! In some of our churches they have very small things sitting on top of a big pile of hair. Some mothers say we can keep our coverings large without strings. Alas, but it just doesn't work that way. We are responsible, not only for the size of our own coverings but also for those of our daughters both now and in the future. Strings are not going to get us to

I had made up my mind and had made my promise so in spite of being made fun of and being mocked I tried to take my stand and do what is right in everything I knew including dress. The Bible says Jesus was mocked and scorned and if we are His followers, we have to suffer it, too. I used to think this meant by the world but I found out that I had to suffer more by teasing from church members than from anyone else. After thinking this over, I decided there could be only one reason for this, the world is coming into the church.

I was baptized and became a member of the church and then something started bothering me. I lay awake some nights and felt I should write an article on this subject. But I felt too weak and the home Bishop had often said that there is no better way to help a situation than to set a good example. He also said as children grow up they will look on someone to copy after and he often wonders why so many of them look on the ones who are moving so fast. Why don't they take the example of the few that are in ordnung and try to do what is right. There is one day when those who try to stay in ordnung get a comforting feeling and that is the day when the church standards and ordnung are announced. It is very comforting to feel that we have tried to obey all the ordinances. Some people call these traditions and say traditions are not necessary but if they are based on the Bible then I think they are what Paul was writing in II Thess.2:15, "therefore brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught whether by word or our epistle."

Some people say having a covering tied is uncomfortable and I must say that at first it did seem to bother me. But it didn't take long until I was used to it and I don't even think of it anymore. My trust is no longer in pins and the strings never fail to do the purpose they were intended for. I never have to worry about it that maybe my covering will slip out of place. I have seen already with women who tied them so loose they have so much bother that babies grab hold of the strings. If the string is tied right, there is little chance that the babies will grab it.

I am glad to say that I have found the Bishop's advice was good, that an example is better than words. Twice I have worked at places where the women did not have their caps tied at home. But suddenly I became aware that these women were tying the strings and I had never spoken a word to them about it. I also worked at a place where the woman said she was once hanging up a curtain and her covering fell off but she wanted to finished her job. In the meantime a peddler truck came that goes around to a lot of plain people to sell merchandise. She went out into the truck to buy things and only then did she think about it that she never did pick up her covering. She wondered what the driver thought as he knew the plain people well. But I don't really think this woman learned anything by the experience as her strings still fly loose at home.

As I said before, some think it is too tight to have it tied at the throat but when we go on the road with the team we always have our bonnets tied tight. If someone would start tying their bonnet loose, it would simply get classed as sloppy or insane and rightly so. I think this started the same way but people finally got used to it.

How sad it is when even the young girls' mothers don't care or reprove them. Some even help them. I once saw when a young girl was desperately trying to make a neat little knot at the end of her loose strings but couldn't do it to please herself. Finally she turned to her mother and said, "You do it," and the mother made a perfect knot at the end of the loose strings. Who is really to blame?

So many times I have to think of a small girl who was tying her shoes and she had the knot at the end of the strings. Her older sister asked her how come she ties them so loose and she answered, "That's how the young girls tie their coverings!" A child is so honest and humble and innocent and this one had perceived that the strings on the shoes are for the same purpose as those on the covering. No wonder the Bible says, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God." -Wisconsin

● I am not Amish, neither do I have an Amish background. As far as I know nearly all of my ancestors were Mennonites except my Grandmother who was a Lutheran before her marriage, but then joined the Mennonites. Of course in those days the Lutherans as well as the Mennonites wore coverings. I think it was about 60 years ago that some of the young sisters in the churches of our conference began wearing the covering with the strings hanging down the front. I well remember the time that one of our preachers who has long since gone to his reward preached about this. This was one of the preachers who was especially concerned about the young people. This preacher, with tears in his eyes pleaded with the sisters to tie their covering strings. He said that if they would not tie them, the strings would soon be hanging down the back instead of the front and then would drop off altogether. Then the corners would go off the covering and the covering would go toward the back of the head and get smaller and finally drop off, too. Anyone who is acquainted with the circumstances today will recognize that he was a true prophet.

I think it was about 15 years ago that there was an article in the Gospel Herald under the title, "Will the Mennonite Church Learn?" in which the author points to a number of things where the Brethren Church drifted and that the Mennonite Church was following the same course. The Mennonite Church did not learn but I hope the Amish do not follow the same course.

I am amazed at how much discomfort people are willing to bear to follow the fashions of this world. Also how unwilling they are to bear any discomfort for their faith's sake or to heed the pleas and warnings of those whom God has ordained to lead His flock. The natural course of man is away from God, and we need to put forth every effort to be faithful. The Apostle tells us that we should beware lest we are being led away with the error of the wicked and fall from our own steadfastness (euer eigene Festung). I pray that the day may never come that the Amish lose their plain attire but will keep a covering that covers. In other words that you may keep the things you have believed and practiced.

In all fairness, I must say that several groups have left our conference in recent years who are much more Heaven but they might keep us out if we refuse to tie them. -Goshen, Indiana

● Strings on caps are for the purpose of holding the covering on. In our church (the Old Order Mennonite) we see girls and young women with a little bow in the strings dangling far below the chin. Generally these go about with an air of haughtiness and soon the covering becomes smaller and patterned a little differently. The hair is combed and set in a slightly more worldly fashion. Oh, dear young women, why do you wear a covering? You would probably answer it is to honor God. Pride and respect for God do not mix. Pride was cast out of Heaven.

Many of our plain customs were practiced by our ancestors in Europe and brought to this country and retained for so many years. What will become of these if we give up little things? We should be thankful for our Christian heritage and not mock customs of attire.
-Ephrata, Pa.

Yes, I think they should be tied but sometimes we see small children who still sit by their parents who don't want their caps tied. Who is at fault? Some are small and ironed back so they hardly touch the head so their moms pin them fast in order to keep them from falling off. What's the use of having them tied if their own mothers pin them on for them?

It really hurts me to see ministers' wives and grandmothers with caps out of the ordnung. -Baltic, Ohio

● An old proverb which I have often heard, "cap strings flying loose on the downroad to hell" may sound rather strong. But the next step is to eliminate strings altogether and then the road is cleared for the shrinking cap trend. Such fads always start on a small scale and eventually wreak havoc if not checked. Like a small leak in a dike, it deserves prompt attention and correction. Many ordinances of God are lost by such minor but Satan-inspired fads of carelessly neglecting the principles which God has given us. The saddest part is that when something like this becomes deeply rooted it is next impossible to correct it again. -Liverpool, Pa.

● I am an Old Order Mennonite and used to tie my cap only on going away. But one Sunday I was taught differently when our Bishop told us that all sisters should have their caps tied at all times. He said that some may think they can't bear it that way, it's too warm or uncomfortable — all excuses, and advices from Satan.

From then on, I could always have my cap tied but I had to make an adjustment first. The strings were too long and when I stooped over, the tie would get in front of my face. The strings were shortened to keep the tie under my chin and that is what the Bishop meant in the first place and the strings serve their purpose. I can not thank the Lord enough for the many times the Bishop has helped me. What grieves me now is when I meet sisters with their caps untied.

The clothes we wear and how we wear them tells more about us than we care to admit. It tells other people if we respect our church standards or if we are merely lukewarm, whether our profession is from the heart or merely from the lips. I think even people outside the church will respect us more if we live up to our church standards. Once two ladies were talking about the plain people and one of them said, "I have nothing against them but if they want to be plain, let them be plain, not just half ways." -New Holland, Pa.

● When I taught school so many of the girls' caps were untied that we finally brought it up before the school meeting as to how far a teacher should go in reminding the pupils about such things. The parents gave their consent that we should remind them and said they always have to keep working with it at home also. Imagine my surprise and disappointment the next summer when visiting my teaching partner at her summer job when I found her with her cap strings in a little knot on her back.

I feel we should get coverings on those little girls before they are a year old. They need not be made with organdy, but could be made of some wash-and-wear material that can be washed regularly and needs no ironing. This way they'll get used to it and therefore not be picking around on their good Sunday caps.
-Bloomfield, Iowa

● In our church the problem is a little different. The girls don't leave the strings untied but they tie them real loose. I followed the rest for I thought all the rest did and if there were some who were taking their stand, I didn't notice it. There was no one to tell me different. My mother died when I was young and Father didn't say anything about it. When he told me in other things what to do or not to do, I didn't always listen so he was not to blame.

As I grew older I started joining church and read the Bible more and studied it. Then I realized there were lots of things to change so that what I read wouldn't hit me or condemn me. But I really didn't consider cap strings as the other girls were all doing it. The time neared when I was to be baptized. In our church it is the ordnung that the girl's covering is removed by the bishop's wife so she can be baptized. On that day, the girls would not put pins in their caps to hold them on. I worried and many nights I lay awake wondering how I will keep my covering in its place all day without any pins. Finally I became convinced it can't be right to depend so much on pins and also that if it is out of place to wear pins that day, it is on other days, also. There was only one thing to do, I started using the strings on my covering for the purpose they were intended for. Some people tried to tell me, "No one else does and you don't have to tie it so tight."
in order in the line of coverings than the churches of our main conference. -Lancaster, Pa.

△

> Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools, because they have to say something. -Plato

FOR TIRED AND BUSY MOTHERS.

Enjoy your work, even washing out messy diapers, and be thankful you have them to wash out.

Let your baby sleep outdoors on nice days, protected from the wind. Don't let the sun shine in his eyes. He will sleep better. If he cries, put him in his coach, if you have outdoor work. If he continues to cry after you have done all you could for him, let him cry. You can stand it better outdoors. Talk to him and sing.

I started this when my baby was two weeks old and the weather was not too cold, or stormy. He slept outside all winter and hardly had any colds.

Stop feeding him during the night as soon as possible for mother and baby need a night's sleep. I let one of our babies cry for one hour one night when he was 6 weeks old. I read once that crying will not cause a rupture. Since then, she never asked for a feeding during the night. At times she was wide awake and kicking. A cool, well-ventilated room helps.

Learn to relax. I try to do my work for the wellbeing of my family instead of trying to keep up with my neighbor. Spend time with the little ones; they'll soon be grown. What if the yard has a weedy borderline and dirt waits to be swept away!

Take children along when convenient, even though it takes a little longer. Teach them to do little things, such as, putting away their own toys when done playing, hanging up their clothes, making their beds, and countless other things. Let them have their own little garden.

Learn to enjoy the necessities of life instead of letting it be a drag. This can be our best medicine. Should not a Christian be cheerful, which is hardly possible when burdened with overwork. How many nasty words could be avoided if we would practice good honest labor and not so often overwork. The cause of this may often be for a bigger income and not just to make ends meet. When the income is bigger it is too often spent freely for things that could be done without. The more we have the more we want. The less we have the more we learn to be satisfied with little.

Feed babies 4 or 5 times a day. Never give feeding closer together than 3 hours unless when nursing and they they weren't satisfied with the feeding before. If they are too insistent, I allow a half hour earlier. Feeding too often will upset them. -One who has learned from experience and wishes to learn more

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PERSPIRATION STAINS

When perspiration stains are first sighted, it's time for action. The older the stain, the more difficult it is to remove; so don't delay getting out the ammonia bottle and white vinegar.

These are all the materials needed to remove a fresh stain. Perspiration is usually acid, so an alkali is needed to counteract it. Moisten the spot with water, then hold it over the bottle of ammonia water and let the ammonia fumes do the rest.

Material that doesn't water-spot may be touched with a mixture of half ammonia and half water— using just a few drops, however. Should the ammonia start to remove the fabric dye, vinegar will stop the reaction. Use the vinegar immediately. In any event, rinse the spot thoroughly after using ammonia.

Old perspiration stains tend to become alkaline and may need milk acid such as vinegar in place of ammonia.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

Some doctors recommend cod liver oil for arthritis sufferers. A small amount should be taken to begin with (about 1/4 teaspoon) and gradually increased to one teaspoon. It should always be taken with unsweetened fruit juice four hours after supper.

DO YOU HAVE a colicky and fussy baby that doesn't gain? Try cooking oatmeal flour in water. Make the bottle half full with this and then fill with milk. Add 1 teaspoon yeast powder (from a health food store). Feed the child with this formula several times a day. The oatmeal may be sweetened with honey if the child does not care for it unsweetened. -Ontario

PIN WORMS

One tried remedy is eating peeled pumpkin seeds. I order mine from Natural Sales Company. However, there is a pumpkin seed that has no shell- the Lady Godiva. The flesh part is not palatable but the seed is and need not be peeled. (See your seed catalog.)

-Mrs. A. B.

Give the children hulled pumpkin seeds to eat. I can tell by experience that pin worms can get serious and the whole family can get them. For quick relief of pin worms, take common unsalted lard and heat to body temperature. With a medicine dropper, put a squirt into the rectum. -Baltic, Ohio

LAMB'S QUARTERS

Lamb's quarters, also known as white goosefoot or smooth pigweed, is a favorite green vegetable at our house. This common garden weed can be used from early spring until late fall, all except the tough stalk. In just a few minutes, you can pick enough for a meal. There is no peeling or slicing to do, just wash and cover with boiling water, bring to a boil, then drain. Repeat this procedure at least one time more, then add a small amount of water and a hunk of butter, cover, and simmer until tender. The parboiling removes the green flavor.

Even the seed-head of this plant makes good eating. We like to eat lamb's quarter before the garden vegetables are ready, and also during the summer or fall when vegetables are through bearing. Why open a jar of vegetables, when you have lamb's quarters in your garden, fields, and around your buildings? In fact, you probably have them everywhere except where you want them! This weed grows everywhere except in the Far North.

The vitamin content is high. Per 100 grams you will have 4.2 grams protein, 1.2 milligrams iron, 80 grams Vitamin C, and 11,600 International Units of Vitamin A.

Let your little ones pick these greens, and they will naturally think they taste much better than most vegetables! You needn't feel guilty about feeding your family this "common garden weed." It is higher in nutrition than most garden vegetables, and there is no planting, hoeing, and cultivating to be done. I even canned some to add variety to our winter menu. If you like canned spinach, you will probably like canned lamb's quarter, too. Check your encyclopedia, or a herbicide advertisement, if you need help in identifying this plant. Lamb's quarters seem to thrive on poor soil. -A Herb Lover

ACROSS the WINDOWSILL
-by Aunt Becky

My Pantry Shelves

My mind is built like pantry shelves
And each a purpose serves;
They do not hold the pots and pans,
Nor cake, pies, and preserves.

My shelves are my secret domain
And I would have those hid
That hold my peeves and meannesses
And the loveless deeds I did.

The top shelf is my shelf of hope,
Of love and all that's pure,
A dish of "grace" to snack upon
To be in temptation sure.

The next shelf holds my cluttered plans
That turned to crumbs, decayed;
It is the delight of scoffers all
And has me sore dismayed.

The next shelf's piled with packages
Of promises unfulfilled;
These are sweetened with "alibis"
Which help "digestion's" ills.

The lower shelf (I'm ashamed to say)
Holds discontentment's tears,
My envies, hates, pride, jealousies,
My selfishness and fears.

Oh, that my thoughts could ever dwell
Upon the highest shelf
And live in Christ's celestial light
Where I can die to self! -smw

SOMETIME AGO I came across a letter from a mother. She wrote: "I wonder if it is right to invite large crowds for supper the evening when we have church. It appears that those that don't, are looked down upon. On which ones does God look down upon? According to the Scriptures (I Timothy 2:2,3) wouldn't it be better for families with children to spend their Sunday evenings at home explaining Scripture to their children?

"If we would leave the suppers off we would have a lot less cost and work. To invite a neighbor or two and some young folks and then sing after supper would maybe be all right. Here in our community some even hire a car to take them home to do their chores and to go back for supper." (end of quote)

Some communities feel it a necessity (and find it a joy) to give supper to a small group of young folks and to several married couples. The suppers are usually simple, but good. After supper one or two hours are spent in singing, then everyone goes home early.

In some communities the group is larger and the suppers more elaborate. Naturally this is more tiring to the hostess. In one such community one mother had enough courage to go against tradition, and not give any supper. Other women who did not want to stand alone, gladly followed the leader. Now large suppers are only given by those who care to and no one thinks less of those that don't.

EVERYBODY SEEMS to be looking forward to strawberry time. If strawberries or any acid fruit seem to be causing rheumatism or stomach trouble, try eating them without sugar and on an empty stomach.

Guardsmen berries are very good for canning. They retain their bright red color and do not acquire a strong taste. The open kettle method of canning strawberries is still preferred by many.

A friend from Delaware writes: "We have found a way to stretch those first strawberries that don't want to go around the large family table. I add canned applesauce to them after they are sugared. It doesn't spoil the flavor and even goes unnoticed if the berries are crushed instead of sliced."

The following comes from Missouri: "We have a big family to care for and ends to meet, and hate to be wasteful. I discovered that good applebutter can be made from canned applesauce that doesn't taste right, or from leftover applesauce that has turned brown and sour.

"Put the old applesauce in a pan, add sugar (accordingly) and cinnamon. Boil down to the right thickness. By cooking, the strong flavor disappears. Our family doesn't know the difference from this applesauce and others."

Mrs. Willis Borkholder wrote: "If you have leftover peanut butter that doesn't get eaten at meals, use it in place of sugar and peanut butter in your favorite peanut butter cookie recipe. This makes a soft drop cookie."

Several mothers came up with ideas on how to make PHILADELPHIA CREAM CHEESE. Recipe #1

Let a quart buttermilk set until thick. Pour 1 quart boiling water over it, stirring at the same time. Let set a few minutes. Cheese will go to bottom. Pour off water. Put cheese in cloth to drain a half day. I used this for Philadelphia cream cheese and could not tell the difference.

For SMEAR CASE take drained dry cheese and add salt and milk. Mix well, then spread on bread. Molasses or applebutter may be put on top. -A Reader

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HILADELPHIA CREAM CHEESE Recipe #2

elect a quantity of very rich milk, or if thin milk is sed add 10 per cent of sweet milk. Mix with this 3 to per cent of its bulk of clean well-soured skim milk or etter still, this amount of a good commercial starter.

Set the mixture with rennet at 80 degrees fahrenheit. When well thickened, cool down to 60 degrees by placing n a refrigerator or by letting cold water run around it. Care should be taken not to break the curd. After it has ooled for 24 hours turn it into a cheesecloth sack and llow to drain for another 24 hours. It will then be eady to salt.

The presence of fat makes a smooth, soft cheese. It an be molded into balls or printed in a butter printer nd wrapped in oil paper or/and tinfoil.

Use about 2 ounces of rennet for each 10 pounds of nilk. Rennet may be purchased at almost any rugstore.

I've had very good results with this cheese. It is rom a book printed in 1931. -Mrs. Orla Miller

* * *

WISH I COULD get recipes on making all kinds of heese from cottage to hard to swiss, or whatever. Al-o ways to use buttermilk. (In one of the first issues of amily Life was a recipe for making very good cheese. Aunt Becky.) -Mrs. Amos Mast

ROCCOLI & BRUSSEL SPROUTS

Cover them with water and bring to a good boil. Drain nd add butter and small amount of water. Simmer un-il tender. Place several slices of processed cheese on op of the vegetables for variation. Or sprinkle with lour and stir then add a bit of cream.

-Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager

QUICK & EASY JELLY

basket of peach peelings and stones with 3 quarts of vater. Boil 5 minutes. Strain. For one quart of jelly ake 3 cups of this juice. Mix in 1 package of Sure-jell nd bring to a boil. Add 3 cups sugar and boil for 2 ninutes. Add a few drops of red coloring. Lemon peel r a few drops lemon juice may be added if desired.

-Sadie King

ELLY ICING

Combine 1/2 cup jelly, 1 egg white, unbeaten, and a lash of salt in top of bouble boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water. Beat constantly with beater, and cook 3 minutes or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove rom boiling water and let stand until cool enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides o two 9-inch layers. -Ontario

CHOP SUEY

1/2 lbs. pork, cut in small pieces
1/2 lbs. hamburger
cups chopped celery
cup sliced onions

ry until tender, then add:

2 cans chop suey vegetables
2 cans mushroom soup

Add about 2 cups water, add 2 tablespoons chop suey auce. Serve with cooked rice and chop suey noodles. erves 12.

BUTTERMILK PIE

1 cup sugar	2 cup buttermilk
2 eggs	2 T. flour
2 T. butter	1 t. lemon flavor
	1 9-inch pie crust

Combine sugar and flour; add beaten eggs, melted butter, milk and flour, and flavoring. Bake 350° for 35 minutes. -Fern

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

Prepare one package of lime jello according to directions. When it begins to set add one small can crushed pineapple, 2 cups cottage cheese, and 1/2 cup nuts, cut fine. Let set. Jello may be whipped before adding the cheese, fruit and nuts. -Ohio

DENVER BRUNCH

12 eggs	2/3 cup milk
1/2 cup miracle whip	1/2 t. salt
dash of pepper	

Beat eggs and milk; stir in miracle whip, salt and pepper. Pour into greased 9" x 13" pan. Set in pan of water. Bake at 350° for 35 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with toast. Delicious with the addition of lettuce and tomatoes. -Mrs. Joseph A. Horst

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When making jam or jelly put a string in the hot paraffin; it's simple to lift it out when opening. Be sure to have the jelly above the jar's neckline as it will settle and once below the neckline there's no advantage.

If you have extra skim milk, buttermilk, whey, etc. pour it on your beans in the garden. It seems to work as an insect repellant. I've tried this 10 years ago and again this year and have never had beans bear so heavily as then. -Mrs. Noah S. Yoder

After using charcoal, take tongs and put them in cold water. Use a metal pail— an old paint pail works fine. Pour on the edge of the lawn or garden and use again when dry. -A.G.

To keep ice cream frozen, wrap the package in a dacron comfort, place in the center of the bed and pile high with cushions. -A.G.

Some Mothers Write

To make bubble pipe mixture for the children, I take 1 part liquid detergent, 1 part glycerine, 5 parts water. Makes a generous supply. Put in small jars.

-Mrs. Enos Burkholder

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

The much-too-early riser is often one who wants to "over-do" his neighbor.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-ins

Give me an hour alone with God
to ease my earthly cares,
The path has grown more thorny
and there's so much pain to bear;
An hour to gain more courage,
more strength to bear my cross;
An hour alone with God today
is time that is not lost.

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Whose Fault Is It?

ANDY YODER SAT in front of the high narrow window and peered out toward the barn as he had done so often in the past years. He watched Shep, with his tongue hanging out, drop down on the green grass beneath the old maple. Sim had gone to town and Josh was threshing at a neighbor's place. No one was home but the two girls— Millie and Ida. Occasionally Andy heard them talking but not loud enough that he could understand; the shop window was too far distant from the house where the girls were.

As Andy sat their thinking his mind went back to the time when he had helped thresh. How he had enjoyed those days! At that time he was strong in body and felt he had a great future to look forward to. That was just before the accident. And now, what did he have to look forward to— a lifetime of making miniature animals from plywood and even that made him very tired. Then there were times he would shell beans, when there were beans to shell. Andy wished he could do something more worthwhile. If only Dad and Mother were still with him. This thought plagued him continually. There were many "if onlys" in Andy's life, but all this type of thinking never did get him anywhere. He was still the invalid in the shop who couldn't get around alone outside anymore, he was still Sim's brother and the hunchback who often sat by the window watching the others work on the outside, or watching the leaves that fall, or watching anything there was to watch.

Andy was tired working on the wooden animals; he was just plainly bored. He wished he would have someone to talk to, someone to listen to him, or just someone to do the talking while he sat and listened. Anything to break the monotony. But there was no one around, and even if there were, they would be busy with their own work. Not knowing what else to do, Andy reached out and pulled a string. He heard the bell ring in the house.

"What do ya want?" called Millie from the open doorway.

Andy pointed toward the house.

Millie understood and came running. Andy leaned on her strong seventeen-year-old frame and walked with her toward the house.

"What are ya goin' to do when you're in the house?" she asked in no unkind voice.

"I don't know," answered Andy, wondering himself. "I would sit outside in the sun but it's rather breezy and somehow it don't agree with me."

"Oh, Uncle Andy, you talk like an old man and you're only thirty-five. How'll you be when you're old?" Millie laughed. "If you come into the house you can't be in the kitchen, we're cleaning."

Andy didn't like her authoritive voice. He merely smiled in return. He really wondered if he was welcome at anytime in the kitchen when they were working. Just listening to their conversation helped break the monotony and he could at times find out what was happening in the neighborhood. But he remembered they often stopped a conversation short after a quick glance toward him. "I'll tell you later," put an end to what was being said.

Andy understood. He knew they considered him overly curious when he only wished to hear something interesting— something that would be refreshing to his mind.

Andy and Millie weren't in the house long until Sim Lovina came home. As Andy sat in his small room at the end of the hall, he strained to hear the news that she brought home. He was sure he heard that someone had been in an accident. Did he hear cousin Alvin's name? Painstakingly he got to his feet and with his slow steps and leaning on the walker, he dragged himself to the kitchen door. "Did you say Alvin was in an accident?" he asked. He thought he saw something of a sneer on Millie's lips, or did he imagine it.

"Oh, it wasn't serious," answered Ida hurriedly. She turned her back and began helping her mother put away the groceries that she bought.

Andy didn't ask anymore but retraced his steps back into his room. His head began hurting, and something pressed hard in his throat. "I guess I don't have to know," he tried to tell himself but there was sadness in his thinking and it was difficult to forgive as he wanted to.

"Let's hurry and get supper and get out into the garden," Andy heard Lovina say.

Who can eat? he thought unhappily. He could hear them visiting as they hustled about the kitchen. It wasn't long until the call came for supper.

"I don't want to eat," answered Andy from his room.

"...pouting again," he overheard, coming from the kitchen.

Andy didn't try to answer or explain. "They won't understand, anyway," he told himself. He had heard expressions before about himself saying, "he's queer," "he's different," "self-pity," "he's hard to understand,"... Andy drew still further into himself and pulled an imaginary cloak around him.

Soon he didn't find it any pleasure to attend church. He was glad for any excuse to be absent. He didn't want to be among the people, who had come to be almost like strangers to him. Of course when he did go they were always friendly toward him, would smile, and shake his hand. But Andy wanted more than that. He wanted a close friendship, someone to speak frankly to, someone who would understand— or at least try to, and someone who cared. He wondered if the world was full of inconsiderate and thoughtless people who didn't know the social needs of the shut-in, people who would force the shut-in apart and wouldn't share and then would wonder why they were different and just sat and thought of themselves?

Andy didn't realize that bitterness found its way within his heart. People don't have time for the shut-in, he thought. Oh, of course they can send me fruit, candy, and anything at Christmas and at other times, and think they've done their duty..."

IT WAS SUNDAY again. Church wasn't far off, but Andy didn't go. "Just one of my old headaches again," he excused himself.

It was a long day for him but he decided it was still more enjoyable to be alone than with people who didn't care nor understand. After he ate the lunch that Lovina had prepared for him, he settled himself down by an open window on the sunporch cot and fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by voices. "Did you say this Andy Yoder was a strong fellow until he was hurt?" a strange voice was asking.

"Yes, Joe, and I've been wondering if he's worse for he hasn't been attending church very regularly." Andy recognized this man as neighbor Alvin Miller.

"I can imagine it's hard for a fellow who was once strong and healthy to suddenly be unable to get about well and to sit around all day," said the strange voice that belonged to a Joe. "Does he seem cheerful?"

"Usually when I see him. Of course I don't see him too often. In fact, I don't know him very well. After his parents died he came to live here at Sims. That was about two years ago. Everyone says Sims are good to him and even the children have been taught to help him gladly."

"Well, that means a lot."

Andy pulled himself up on his elbow and peered through bushes at the two elderly men standing in the yard by the pump.

"Yes, I've heard say he's different from other people so that we don't hardly get to know him. I guess he's queer. My, I'm thirsty. I hope they have good water here."

"I'm thirsty too," answered the man Joe. "Did you say Andy is considered queer?"

Alvin nodded his head as he held a cup to the pump and began pumping.

Joe pondered a moment then said, "Do you realize that can be other people's fault?"

Alvin's forehead went into a frown. "What do ya mean?" He handed the cup to Joe.

"Just what I said. Other people can be part of the cause of people drawing in a shell and being classed queer."

"Are you saying I'm at fault?" Alvin stood waiting for Joe to drink but Joe was too busy talking.

"I don't know how guilty you are, but if a person is too much alone, pushed back, scoffed at, or rejected, they may withdraw themselves. Then these same people who were guilty of looking down on him or neglecting him are the ones who will be pointing their finger and accusing him."

"You talk as if you know quite well what the trouble is," said Alvin with a smile.

"I have reason to," Joe smiled in return. "After my son Elmo moved home and my wife died, I felt quite alone in the world. Of course right from the start many people came to visit me but that wore off. Guess they felt they had done their duty. I started with rheumatism and couldn't help with the work anymore or go away very well..."

"I remember when you had that rheumatism," Alvin interrupted.

"Yes, and I was so much of the time alone. Elmos saw to it that I had enough to eat, clean clothes, and a clean house but that's about all. They didn't mean to be inconsiderate or rude but their minds were busy with their own things. They didn't realize what they didn't give— and I was needing most— was a part of themselves. That is the hardest thing for people to give.

"My mind dwelt mostly on the past and came into a rut, so to say. Life didn't seem to hold much joy for me anymore. Since then I can easily see how and why people withdraw themselves. When they're withdrawn they become different, they come to realize this and it makes them lose confidence in themselves and in others and this makes them withdraw further into their shell. Soon they can't enjoy people as they used to. They become shy and may even become rebellious. Then they're called queer, funny and often laughed at. It's no wonder God said it isn't well for men to be alone."

Alvin chuckled as he watched Joe at last gulp down the water. "I suppose that's why you remarried."

"You guessed it, that solved much of my problems in that line, but when men failed me, I turned to God more and more. He is our best Friend and One that understands. When people don't understand yet think they do, it makes the sufferer's cross even more heavy."

"I must admit that I haven't been doing my part in visiting Andy and I hope I can do better." Alvin pumped water for himself, and then hung the tin cup on the wire by the pump.

"I hope we won't disturb him. Does he take a nap after dinner?" asked Joe.

"I don't know but don't worry about disturbing him, his room's at the other end of the house."

When Andy saw the men approaching the house, he quickly nestled down on the cot and pretended to be asleep.

—ANDY

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Last month's cover was sketched by Mrs. Alta Hershberger of Selinesville, Ohio. This month's cover was made by Mrs. Mahlon W. Stauffer of Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

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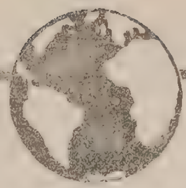
THE ANNUAL ADULT HANDICAP GATHERING is scheduled to be held at the fire hall in New Holland, Pennsylvania on July 26th. On the 25th will be the "Get-acquainted" day at the home of Crist L. Stolzfuses of Narvon. This is for handicaps only but allowances are made for those who require help. These may bring a friend along. Marriage partners of the handicapped are also invited. Each brings their own lunch. Directions to the Stoltzfus home: From New Holland take Route 23 to Blue Ball. At the light take Route 322 east to Churchtown Road south, or right (6 miles), two miles to Meadville Road, turn right, first lane to the right. If you come on Route 340 to White Horse then it's 5 miles north on Cambridge Road to Meadville Road. If you are coming, write to: Gideon L. Fisher R.1 Box 108
Ronks, PA 17572

A good heart does no ill; a better heart thinks none.

THE WORLD AROUND US



Water Wanted Everywhere

People have gone for many days without food but without water we would not last long. Normally after six days with no water, dehydration sets in. The longest case on record of survival without water is eleven days.

The coming of warm weather again makes us realize the importance of water. No wonder we get thirsty so quickly, for our bodies are made up of about 70% water. Next to air, water is probably our greatest need. We can be thankful that there is such an abundance of water in the world. Nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with water, which is about the same percentage as our bodies are composed of water. Scientists tell us they have not been able to detect water anywhere else on any of the planets. It must require a wide stretch of the imagination to believe that all these conditions which make it just exactly right for life on earth all came about by accident.

Perhaps like many of the best things of life, we take it too much for granted. Like the air we breathe, water is free, all we need to do is pay for the pumping.

A Great Mystery

Water itself is a most remarkable mystery. To begin with, it is made up of two parts of hydrogen gas and one part of oxygen. Hydrogen is a gas which burns easily and is lighter than air. It is often used to inflate balloons and airships. Oxygen is found in the air all around us; in the atmosphere is about 20% oxygen. Scientists can make water by taking 20 cubic feet of hydrogen and mixing it with 10 cubic feet of pure oxygen. It is then set off with a spark and makes an explosion which produces one pound of water. In May, 1937, the Von Hindenburg, the largest dirigible ever made, caught fire and burned in New Jersey. The explosion produced some water for it was filled with hydrogen gas.

Scientists can also change water back into hydrogen and oxygen by putting an electrical current through it.

There are numerous ways in which water is different than other materials. One of the laws of nature is that when an object gets cold, it becomes smaller, or shrinks. This holds true for practically everything except water. It, too, becomes smaller as it cools until it reaches 39 degrees fahrenheit. Then it stops shrinking, and when water freezes, it expands almost 10%. Lucky for us that it does, too. If it would shrink when it freezes, the ice would all go down and our rivers and lakes would freeze solid in the wintertime killing all the fishes and wildlife. Then this solid cake of ice would remain there for much of the summer, exerting a disastrous effect on the climate.

Water is a wonderful solvent. It combines with almost anything and thus becomes a useful carrier of many nutrients. Our blood consists mostly of water, as it moves food and corpuscles through the body. All plants depend on sap which is nearly all water to bring nutrients out of the soil and to transport food from one part of the plant to another. Water moves through the soil to bring plant food to the roots of the plants for all plant life depends on an abundance of water in order to grow.

Water is also an excellent absorber of heat and cold. When you put a pail of water on the stove, it absorbs a tremendous amount of heat. When this water is carried into another room or put into a hot water bottle, the heat leaves the water and warms the surrounding air. Water absorbs more heat than nearly any other liquid. Large bodies of water such as a lake or the ocean affect the climate by keeping the weather warmer in the fall and cooler in the spring.

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Perspiration

Water has many important functions within the body but one of the most noticeable, especially in warm weather is to regulate the temperature of the body. Anything we do produces heat in our bodies and without heat there is no movement of the muscles. When we work hard, we become uncomfortably warm. Our bodies are equipped with a most wonderful way of cooling itself. All over our skin, and in the linings of our lungs are tiny pores which open and pour out water when the body becomes warmer than normal. The pores in the lungs

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FAMILY LIFE

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Letters
TO THE EDITOR-

TAUGHT TO BE NEAT

The story "These My Sisters" in May issue of Family Life sounded sort of like me. Although I have never come so far where I can't stand to sit beside sloppy people in church, I have been at the point that they irritated me very much. My mother taught us girls to be neat, not only with clothes but also in keeping house (Our house never happens to be in order when company comes though.) Therefore it is hard for me to adjust to the fact that God is no respecter of persons and He loves those who are not so neat just as much as He does me. It has been a real struggle and it seems to take more than just one sermon to change me. It takes years! But God's love definitely helps me to love them just the same. I once found a poem which I have memorized and when I'm tempted to think evil of my church sisters, I repeat this poem quickly in my mind.

"Search thine own heart, what paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be.
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man, thou dost seek."

-Still Trying, Ontario

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

There should be more stories like "Dear Sister" (Special Feature for March). I am glad to see that others are also concerned about little things. I love my father and mother but as a child I often felt guilty about some of the things we were allowed to have. It makes it harder now to turn down temptations. But on the other hand I know some friends of mine who come from a more strict family and now they seem to get everything they can get their hands on. Why don't they respect more what they have?

Before I got married, I saw I have to make a change if there is to be any hope for me. I gave myself up and asked God to lead me, which he has done. Slowly I learned to take a step at a time. I have had some remarks thrown in my face which I find sometimes hard to forget and forgive. I was even told that those little things don't matter and that I am really going backwards by paying attention to them.

I think the ministers do their part in preaching and we hear many good sermons but it seems that is as far as it goes. If they don't do something about those little things they will soon be too big to do anything about. A bishop once said that if the heart is right as it ought to be, then we will also be in ordnung, even in the little things. I believe that is the only way we can find true peace, by giving ourselves up in everything and that is what we need among our people. Let us pray for each other and think of the future of our children. -Middlefield, Ohio

SPEECH AN OUTWARD EXPRESSION

In the article "Change Your Hitching Post" (Oct., 1974 issue) mention was made of sins that should "not once be named among you" (Eph. 5:3-4). Included in the list we find "neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting." The dictionary gives the meaning of jesting as "joking, fun, ridicule, something to be laughed at or joked about."

We as plain people are very careful to dress lowly and humbly as an outward expression of what is in the heart. This is right, but our speech is also an outward expression of what is in the heart. Don't we hear too much joking going on all around us? We can't put all th blame on the young folks because older folks and even leaders of the church are heard to be full of jokes and fun making. Then they preach with such seriousness. Which will the younger generation follow? -Ohio

TALKING WITHOUT SAYING A WORD

I am a convert to the Amish and I would like to write a few lines to those people who "don't have enough time" to stop and answer some unbelievers' questions.

I am glad someone took the time to "talk" to me. At first they did not have to say one word, their lives did the "talking." I feel this is the main way in which God called me out of the world into His kingdom. Brethren then spoke words to me, instructions in the Christian life. "Also lasset euer Licht leuchten vor den Leuten dasz sie eure gute Werke sehen und euer Vater im Himmel preisen." Matt. 5:16.

-Von der Englishe, Ohio

RAN OFF WITH THE SONGBOOK

Concerning the discussion about smaller and smaller caps, in some churches the women carry their wee, wee cap in their handbag until they arrive in church, th take it out and pin it on top of the head. One woman forgot to put hers on when she arrived at church and didn't think about it until they were singing. Then she became aware that she was minus a cap so she jumped up in haste and rushed to her car to get her cap. Then she noticed that she had torn the songbook out of the woman's hand who sat beside her and had carried it to the car with her. This woman finally went so far as to divorce her husband and married another one.

Whether strings are tied or untied seems like such a small item but where there is pride there is sin and tha is nothing small. -Ontario

MORE INFORMATION ON THE HUTTERITES

There are 150 Hutterite Colonies in the U.S. and Canada and I have visited two in Alberta and two in Montana. I still correspond with them and received a letter recently from John Kleinsasser of the Springdale Colony, White Sulphur Springs, Montana. My wife and I visited that colony two times already. The first time

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

we were there we had intended to only make a call but the Chief Minister wanted us to stay over night. He said, "Don't leave so soon, stay with us a few days."

My first visit there was not sufficient so four years later my wife and I made another trip and had a very enjoyable visit. We stayed with the Chief Minister, Peter Wipf for the night and they had many questions and so did we.

We can take lessons from these people who try to live a life that is pleasing in the sight of the Lord. They believe they can best honor God by living communally observing strict religious practices. They devote their time to farming and ranching and most of them have large families. They teach their children the mother language which is German. Some colonies have their preacher as a school teacher. In the morning they kneel and he leads in prayer. They are taught in English by a teacher with a state diploma who is paid by the colony.

Each man in the Hutterite colony is looked upon as being important. The man who tends the hogs is held in as high esteem as the field manager. Every one is of equal value to the success of the colony, and no man is better than the others. Children are taught responsibility and strict obedience to parents, teachers and elders.

Taking pictures is not allowed in most of the colonies. A man who visited a colony once asked the minister what would happen if he took pictures without asking. The minister said, "I suppose you could." After thinking over it, he asked the man, "Why don't you just live our way? If you would be around here for awhile you would see that this is the only way to live."

This man asked one of the boys who was working in the feedlot if he would allow him to photograph the cattle in the feedlot. None of the ministers was around so the boy said, "If you do, I want to get in and stand beside the cattle but don't tell the bishop."

This man was in the kitchen and had intended to take a picture of the women canning strawberries when the minister discovered him and called to him, "Hey, what are you doing? No pictures of the women."

We had a nice visit with the Chief Minister. I asked him if they lose many members that drift away. He said he is now 65 years old and since he was in the office, they have not lost any members. I asked him how many joined that were not raised Hutterite and he answered three.

At another colony the Chief minister told me they sent some of their children to college to educate them so they could have a diploma to teach English to their own children instead of paying a teacher $7,000 a year to come in to teach. He said after they had their diploma they preferred to stay outside and make money than to come back to the colony. He said they stopped sending them to college. I did not find out if these came back in later years or not.

Once while travelling I met several young men who had left the Hutterite colony for sometime already. They inquired what faith we are. They said they were from the Hutterite faith and they are going to go back again. They said the way they are living is no way to be living. Their conscience was leading them back to what they were taught in their younger years. It behooves us to be awake to our sense of duty and do as the Bible says, to train a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it. But to do this, we need the help of a higher hand. -Ezra Burkholder, Pa.

THE NEW BIRTH IS THE IMPORTANT THING

I think the "Bible Mode Of Baptism" in the April issue was very good especially in this time when many people are confused about many commandments of the Bible.

Many people insist that Jesus was immersed and that this is the only way to be baptized but this can not be proven from the Scriptures. In times past, I have wondered about this myself, but thank the Lord, since reading this article which sheds so much light on the subject, I have no more doubts. It is not the mode of baptism tha is so important but that the person to be baptized has experienced the new birth. -John Miller, Michigar

CUT THAT OUT

A few more thoughts on singing worldly tunes on religious songs. If anyone at a worldly place of entertainment sang a religious tune on one of their songs at such a place someone would be bound to make a remark like, "Cut that out! What do you think this is, a revival meeting." Why would it be any more fitting or becoming to sing a worldly tune on a religious song?

-S.H., Paraguay

A SILENT THANK YOU

Mention was made of teaching our children to say "Thank You." Our daughter died sometime ago and often now when we open a jar of fruits or vegetables which she helped can, we think of her and my heart cries out a silent thank you. Too often we don't appreciate their help enough nor use the words "Thank You" until it is too late. -Still Learning

HISTORY OF THE SCHROCKS

Concerning the historical section (May issue), Noah Schrock did not die in Ohio as was stated for he was living with his son-in-law Jacob Beachy near Dover, Delaware. I was raised in Delaware and recently was leafing through my diary and found where it was written on January 31, 1940 that Noah Schrock died that day.

Noah's grandson, named Sam, a son of Ananias, is living in east Paraquay. He is married to a daughter of John Schrock, making the marriage between first and second cousin. I believe they are the only ones left of that family to hold to plain dress. They moved here to Paraquay 7 or 8 years ago, with 3 sons and 3 daughters. Two of the boys have married Paraquayan girls and these have joined their way of life.

-Samuel Hertzler, Paraquay

TRYING TO LOOK LIKE GIRLS

I liked the story, "These My Sisters" and it hit me pretty hard but in a little different way. When older sisters in the church come all dolled up and in light-colored dresses, it gets me to thinking and I have a hard time keeping my love to all alike. I know it's not what's on the outside that counts but I feel it's not a light to the young girls when the women try to keep looking like girls by fixing their hair just so-so and the dresses, too, and wearing fancy eye glasses.

Family Life came yesterday and after reading the letters about the cap strings being tied, I had to think, if anyone had any doubt as to whether it's necessary or not, they should know now. I, too, used to think I couldn't stand it. -Missouri

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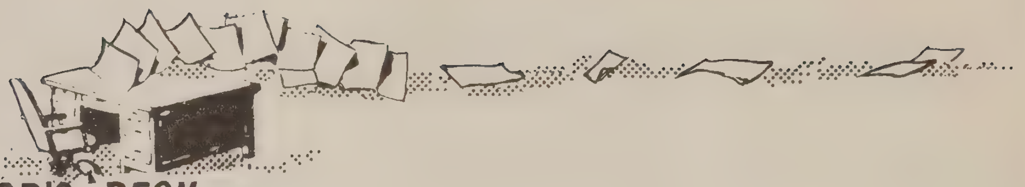

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

THIS ISSUE OF FAMILY LIFE is different from any other in that one regular feature is missing that was never missing before. The January 1968 issue of Family Life, which was the first one printed, had a Views and Values column and each one since but this time there will be none. This is the busy time of the year on the farm and it is not hard to understand that the author of that column would want a little vacation. But we hope it will be back again next month. After all, there's probably no better way to get ideas for an article than while working on a farm.

WE SUPPOSE THAT most of the people who read the answers to "What Do You Think" question in the June issue were aware that several of the letters were mixed up. For some unexplainable reason, three of the last letters were intermingled which might have made it a bit embarrassing for the authors in case anyone figured out who they were. The proof reader apparently was non-existant for that particular part. Sorry, but to better do, we'll from now on try.

LAST YEAR WHEN the Child Training Series was finished, there were odds and ends left over that didn't really fit into any of the articles. These have now been gathered up and made into a series of articles, the first one of which appears in this issue of Family Life. Child training is such an important part of family living that we feel it can not easily be overemphasized in Family Life. We believe the younger fathers and mothers will find these articles, like the rest of the series, especially worthwhile. They are the ones, after all, who are in position to make the most use of the many years of experience (and experiments) which went into making up the information contained in these articles.

We happen to know that many of the parents whose children are grown already, read these articles with a certain amount of sadness with the thought in their minds, "If only we would have had these articles when our children were small, it would have been of priceless value."

This reminds me of an incident which happened many years ago when I was a boy. A man of this world, who had spent his years trying to gather worldly riches without much success was nearing the end of his life. With much sadness he made the remark, "If I would have known what I know now when I was a boy, I would be a millionaire now." Apparently his goal in life was to make money and a few years later he died and with very few more earthly possessions than when he came into this world. Of the few possessions he did have, he was not able to take any with him when he died.

Our goal should be an altogether different and a much worthier one, namely the salvation of our own souls and those whom God has entrusted into our care. If we fail it is a much more serious failure than if we do not gather up earthly possessions. If our goal is attained, it is something which can follow us into eternity.

It might be well to mention that these Child Training Articles are also being put in book form.

SOMETIMES AN ARTICLE which appears in Family Life touches many people in a similar way. The "Dear Sister" letter which appeared several months ago apparently inspired many readers to send in a similar type of letter but on various subjects. Since it appeared we have gotten letters addressed to dear brother, dear mother, dear father-in-law, dear friend, dear married sister, dear handicap and I believe a few others. We hope to use some of these as time and space permits but we already had a number of short articles for this category. But luckily this type of story is just as suitable in some future time as it is now and it is good to have some in advance.

THE BARREL WAS pretty empty in our Letters To The Editor department for this month. Apparently many of the readers are too busy to write during the summer time. I suppose some of them are too busy to read much either. We know just how it feels and the truth is that those who get Family Life ready are sometimes almost too busy to do that, too, which is the reason why it has been late the last several months.

A FEW DAYS BEFORE this issue goes to press we received a letter from which the following excerpts are taken:

"With much grief we read the letter in the June issue of Family Life (in Across the Editor's Desk) which we think sounds like it might be our daughter. It certainly hurts us to be blamed like this. I thought we always tried to be good to our children, and tried to explain to them not to be like the world, etc.

We believe the punishment she received was just like the other children, not too severe nor too slack. Of course we made mistakes for which we are sorry. One of our other daughters said that she herself got more punishment than this one. I believe Satan at times tries to make everyone believe they have reason to leave home.

"We tried to have her work in at least one Amish home but the rest of the places were English. Our whole family has worked around English people a lot. I always tried to explain that they should be careful and not be "ferfuehret." I sure wish the Amish girls could all work among our own people for that would be better. But if you can't find work among the Amish, you have to work somewhere to make a little money.

"For many years I had a long lingering ailment and at one time I thought I was facing death. The doctor bills amounted to thousands of dollars. At one time we wanted to build an addition to the house and we asked our daughter to help and told her she could have a room, too. Not at any time did I tell her that she couldn't stay at home. Just the opposite, I told her to stay and be obedient. But the problem was that she kept things to herself and didn't tell us.

"After she left the church and everything went as it did, she had a vision of her grandmother, dressed in white, telling her to come back. She did come back and we tried to help her, but she left again in spite of our pleading not to go. I never thought that we would ever have to see anything like this in our family. We hope and pray for her every day. We need all your prayers.
Her Dad."

Since we do not know the woman who wrote the letter nor her parents, we must go only by what they write. Surely, it would be best to leave what is past in the past for it is not yet too late to make things right. We can never justify ourselves by the mistakes of others, much less if they have been repented of. We would still stick by the advice we gave to the daughter last month, for there is so much to gain and so little to lose.

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW

TWO DOLLAR BILLS ON WAY BACK

Most people in the United States have never used a $2 bill in spite of the fact that they were printed each year until 1963 when they were discontinued. Now the director of the U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing is using his influence to bring them back and get them into common usage. He says it would not only save time for the millions of people who could use them but would also cut down on printing costs. Expenses are the same whether large bills are printed or small ones. Printing costs have risen sharply over the past several years and it now costs more than a cent each to print any kind of bills. The Bureau has not printed anything larger than $100 bills since 1946 although denominations of $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000 are still around and are being accepted as legal tender.

The $2 bills were never widely accepted in the U.S. and had the stigma attached as being race track bills as they were commonly used in betting on horses. In Canada they have always been one of the most popular bills and probably more money changes hands in the form of $2 bills than any other denomination.

The director has been advocating the return to $2 bills for several years but has been unsuccessful because the officials of the Treasury Department are afraid no one would use them. All that is needed is the assurance that people would use them if they were available. If you want to help bring them back, ask your banker the next time you go to town to see what he can do to get you some. Or write a letter to the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C. expressing your interest in the $2 bills.

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PATHWAY PEN POINTS

GOD WILL PROVIDE

"Are you from the country?" a friendly gray-haired lady asked me at the supermarket.

"Yes, I'm from near St. Jacobs," I answered.

"How did you come into town today?" she asked.

It was storming badly and plain to see that no local bus would be running. I was already getting concerned as to how I would get home. "I came in by car this morning but I don't know how I will get home," I laughed. Was she going to offer to take me home?

"Well, just trust in God and He will provide a way," she smiled as we parted.

"Yes," I thought to myself almost amused, "I am sure He sees and cares but doesn't He also need people through whom to work His will? How easy it is to say, 'Trust in God' and then walk away."

At the bus depot they told me there would be no busses out of town that day so what now? "Trust in God and He will provide."

I knew that my little nephew was at the hospital so I decided to go and visit him. Perhaps I could find a way home from there. On the ninth floor I was directed to the room where a curly-headed six-year-old lay in a steel-barred crib with intravenous on his chubby arm. Tears were not far from his big blue eyes which held a most dejected, forlorn expression. Within a few hours he would be facing an operation and his parents could not be by his side for it was almost impossible for them to get through the twenty miles of blocked roads.

How glad I was to be here with my little nephew. Within fifteen minutes the nurse had everything arranged that I could stay with him at the hospital overnight. By morning the busses would be running again but tonight my nephew needed me. God always provides a way if we trust in Him. -Ontario School Teacher

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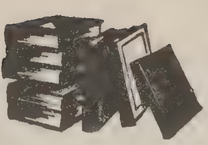
the Bookshelf



HEALTH

"HEALING- PRAYER OR PILLS?"

by Jonathon G. Yoder, M.D.

Have you ever been faced with such questions as this: "How can you be sick if you are a Christian?", "Don't you believe in miracles today?", "Are some people's sicknesses only in the mind?", "Does penicillin or vaccination poison the bloodstreams?" If you have been perplexed by such questions then you may be interested in reading the new booklet entitled "HEALING- PRAYER OR PILLS?" It was written by a Mennonite doctor who is also an ordained minister and deals with such things as pain, sickness, adversity, death, divine healing and faith in God. Although many books have already been written on these topics, we found this little booklet one of the most readable and chock full of common sense and biblical advice. Its seven chapters deal with such things as Disease and Decay, Natural Medicine, Miracles, Healing of the Mind, Death, and Life.

Especially helpful is the chapter on miracles as the author describes the conditions and diseases which are healed by the so-called miracles of faith healing. The author also explains that sickness and suffering were created and are sent by God and it is not good for us to be without them. He says if we cannot accept these things without resentment then we have not fully committed ourselves to God.

He also devotes some space to the question of "natural" medicines and points out that even penicillin is a substance that fungi produce to protect themselves against bacteria so therefore it must be a "natural" material. It is still basically the same substance even if it is mass produced in vats and put into a syringe for injection.

Another example is digitalis which is commonly prescribed for heart conditions. Generations ago foxglove tea was recommended for heart patients. But now the foxglove herb is dried and ground into a powder and put into tablet form and called digitalis.

Although he does not claim to know all the answers, the author believes that sickness, pain, adversity and death are normal experiences for all of us. This little book is small enough (56 pages) so that you can read it in one evening. The price is 95¢

ANIMAL STORY

"WOLF, THE STORM LEADER"

This is a reprint of a story first printed in 1910 and an old favorite of those days. Wolf is a timber wolf which was taken into captivity when young and trained to take his place on the dog team. In the Eskimo land he becomes the storm leader of the team in carrying the mail to the outposts of civilization. Wolf's master takes up an offer to take his dog team to Washington, D.C., with the promise that if he arrives before Congress convenes, he gets a large sum of money. If he fails, he gets nothing. The story gives a true account of the long journey, and the welcome given them by President Theodore Roosevelt.

The book is an interesting account of the life of the dog sled driver and his dogs in the Northland. But the language is old fashioned and some modern readers may find it hard to follow at places.

The book contains 183 pages, is hardbound and sells for $3.00.

Order books listed in the BOOKSHELF from PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, R.4, LAGRANGE, INDIANA 46761. Indiana residents please add 4% sales tax.

THOUGHTS IN THE OPEN AIR

I was on my way to town to do some shopping for myself and my husband. The weather was very nice. The leaves of the trees were all shades of green, red, yellow and brown.

The horse travelled at a leisurely trot. His head was up and his ears turned forward as if he were thoroughly enjoying pulling the open buggy in the fresh air.

My thoughts were not on the beautiful scenery. Earlier in the day I had talked with a sister who was planning on moving with her family to another state to start a church group there. She wasn't sure it was the right thing to do. Her husband and children were eager to go but she had doubts.

It so happened that two of our married children and their families were also going. That was the reason for my deep thoughts. If it is encouragement they need, we can easily give it to them. But there are so many things to think about and take into consideration that sometimes the doubts seem to get the best of me, too.

Years ago we helped to start a new settlement, too, but then we were young and didn't see the dangers as we do now. The main thing is to keep close to God. There have been many rough places in the path but we have gotten safely through with His help.

Sometimes the longing to see the home folks would get so bad that I would feel very blue. Then a letter would come which would mean so much. This means that we will have to take time to write letters of encouragement regularly.

When moving to a new neighborhood we should be careful at all times to be honest and fair. Sometimes it happens that one man will spoil it for the whole group. If he tries to take advantage of others or doesn't pay his bills as he should, the people will think they are all alike. They will think the only difference is the plain clothes. It is good to let our lights shine as the Scriptures say and to keep in line with the rules of the home church. There is always the temptation to think, "We are so far away that no one will ever see it if we get a little out of line." There is One who sees and knows all, even the intents of our hearts.

If they can have their own schools, I would say, keep them a little more like a school for Christians should be. No Halloween parties or dressing up for entertainments. Of course, our children are all through school so maybe it's none of my business but still it troubles me and I think it would be much better to keep away from such worldliness.

Now my shopping is done and I am on the way home. It is getting toward sundown and the air has a chill in it. The horse trots faster for he knows we are headed toward home. My mind is refreshed and my spirits renewed. It is surprising what a period of uninterrupted thinking can do especially where it is combined with fresh air and good health. My prayer is that those who are moving away will be strengthened, too, and encouraged to look ahead and let God lead them.

-Pennsylvania Mother

KIND WORDS

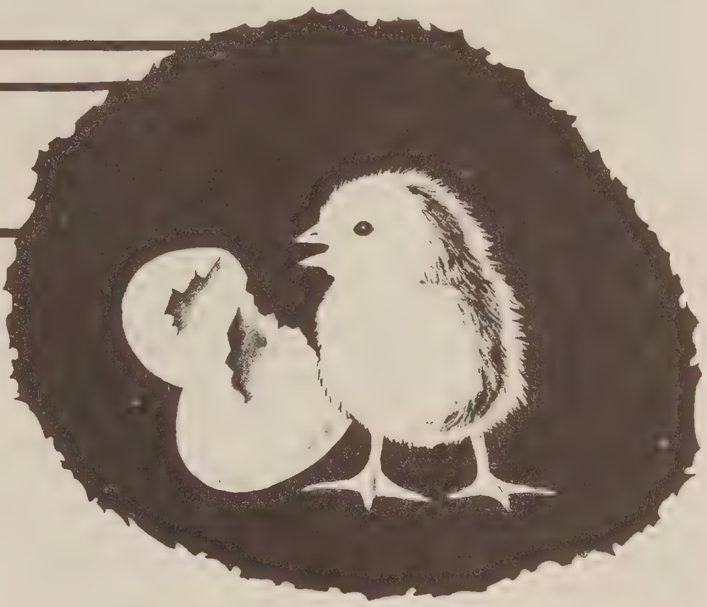
A little word of kindness may seem a thing so small
But somehow it seems to be a help to one and all.

A word that's spoken kindly seems to have the effect
That often helps to be the means to help someone direct.

For who'll obey an order if given by command?
But if it's spoken kindly will bring the result you planned

So always speak kindly words that'll melt another's heart
And they will gladly do the thing that your kind words
impart.

ONLY YOUNG ONCE



(The children were having such a good time that Lucy found it hard to punish them for disobeying their father's instructions. A true story, but names and a few details have been changed.)

LUCY BYLER CARRIED the bucket of water toward the little brooder house, when little Aaron and Katie came running to join her and asked breathlessly, "Mom, are you going to feed the chicks?"

Lucy smiled at their eagerness to help but to herself she thought, "If only they'd come running like that when I want them to set the table!"

As they neared the brooder house, Katie said, "Mom, Aaron tried to open the door awhile ago."

"Aw, I only peeped in the window to see if Dad had turned that thing at the top of the door," Aaron defended himself.

Lucy sighed, "Now, Aaron, you know Dad told you to stay away from the chicks unless Dad or I are along. We don't want the door standing open so a cat can get in or maybe the chicks will come out. And now be careful that you don't step on any and -."

"Last year Dad stepped on one," piped up Aaron.

"Yes, I know but he didn't do it on purpose," answered Lucy as she stepped inside. The little fluffy balls greeted them with their cheep-cheeps. Aaron and Katie soon had each one snuggled up close against themselves and Lucy felt a tug at her heart at the pure joy that shone on the little faces. It brought back memories of her own childhood. Last year she had sometimes wondered if it was worth all the work it took to raise and dress 100 roosters. Now as she watched the children enjoying themselves it seemed like enough reward.

That afternoon Lucy was out in the truck patch. Aaron and Katie were along again while two-year-old Andy was taking his nap. "Mom, can we help plant the corn and beans?" asked Katie.

"Yes, if you're real careful and don't put in too many."

"What kind of beans are these?" asked Aaron as he watched his mother make a row with the hoe.

"These are the beans we plant with the corn and they spin up the cornstalk," Lucy answered.

"Oh, I know," said Katie, "We helped pick some last year and you canned some of them and we helped."

Lucy's mouth tightened as she remembered how they had wanted to play and rebelled when she had wanted the to help clean beans. They could help so nice if they wanted to and now they still remembered they had helped last year even if they hadn't wanted to at the time.

"Here, Aaron you take the corn and put three kernels about this far apart, and Katie, you take the beans and... Look out, you're spilling them, Katie!"

Lucy took a deep breath, "Well, you can pick them up," and when Katie started to pout, she added quickly, "Aaron can help, too."

As Lucy started making another row, she wondered if all mothers felt as short of patience as she did at times. When they had finished with the planting, they took the hoe and dug holes where there was nothing planted and took turns planting each other's feet. Lucy watched them play and smiled to herself as she thought of the old saying, "They're only young once." Yes, it was true and all children should have the chance to cuddle newborn chicks and to play in the garden. Lucy felt thankful they lived on the farm. It was surely the best place to raise a family.

Lucy thought about Andy and wondered if he was awake already. "Aaron and Katie, go in and see about Andy. If he's awake, bring him along out but go very softly and don't slam the door."

"Mom, may we bring some water out and make mud pies?" asked Katie.

"No, you may not," Lucy answered. "Maybe when I'n finished here, we'll go in and make some real pies and you may help."

"May we both make a little one?" asked Aaron and then added, "I want a cherry pie?"

Lucy smiled, "How about a rhubarb pie for both of you?"

"Yes, yes, we want a rhubarb pie," the children said and Lucy heard them talking excitedly about the pies as they went toward the house.

A few minutes later she heard them in the barnyard and then she heard the rattle of the their little wagon in the lane. "Andy must still be sleeping," thought Lucy as she made another row to plant lima beans.

Between the house and the truck patch was a hill and the children had always been taught to walk along beside the road. Soon Lucy heard the rattle of the little wagon coming down the hill toward the truck patch. Lucy's mouth tightened. They knew they weren't supposed to take the wagon on the road. But she saw how they stayed so close to the side of the road and heard their laughter. Surely they were enjoying themselves, and Lucy didn't want to spoil their fun. Maybe she would just pretend she hadn't seen them. But when they got to the bottom of the hill, instead of coming to the truck patch, they turned and went back up again. Lucy watched them as they cheered and laughed to see if they could make the wagon go a few feet further. Soon they were on their way up the hill again. Oh well, they were young only once.

The third time the little wagon came quite a bit further down the road and it was only then that Lucy noticed with alarm that they hadn't stayed at the side of the road this time. That was why the little wagon had coasted so much further.

Lucy started for the road to tell them that they must stay at the side of the road but then she stopped short. She was shocked at herself. They had been forbidden to take the wagon on the road and last summer her husband had spanked Aaron for it and had even taken the wagon away from the children for awhile. "It's too dangerous," he had said.

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Lucy set down her lima beans and hurried up the hill after the children, who were getting ready to coast down the hill again. "You know you're not allowed to take the wagon on the road," she said rather severely. She had expected the frowns which came across both the little faces.

"But we're real careful that no car comes," pouted little Aaron.

Lucy took the wagon and started for the barn with it as Katie began to cry. If only she had taken the wagon away from them the first time they went down the hill instead of waiting until now.

"You may play with the wagon if you stay in the lane," she told them firmly, "but if you take it out on the road one more time, I'll tell Daddy and then he'll put it away so you can't have it for awhile."

"But there's no hill in the lane," protested Aaron.

"You heard what I said. You may go down the barn hill if you want to," Lucy told them.

"But the wagon doesn't roll good on the grass and stones," grumbled Aaron as both of them sat down broken-heartedly. Lucy left them sitting on the grass and went to finish planting her lima beans. She was thinking it over when suddenly she remembered what had happened the year when Aaron had been a baby. Several of the neighbor's children who lived down the road had a habit of playing on the road. One of the other neighbors had warned them and said, "Sometime someone is going to get killed." One day one of them was hit by a car and although he was not hurt seriously, it was enough to give everyone a bad scare. At that time Lucy and her husband had agreed, "That's something we'll never do, let our children play on the road. With the traffic as it is these days, it is just too dangerous."

Lucy was almost shocked at herself. Only a few minutes ago she had been watching the children playing on the road and thinking, "They're just young once!" What had blinded her to the danger? Was it the sight of what a good time they were having? She liked to see her children happy.

As she headed for the house, another thought came to her. Was this perhaps how it sometimes went with parents of older children? Are they blinded to the dangers in what their children are doing because they see how much they are enjoying themselves and don't want to hurt them? Or maybe the children insist, "We will be very careful, we will stay on the side of the road." How soon can they be carried away by the smooth sailing of the middle of the road and forget their well meant intentions to stay out of danger?

When Lucy got home, Aaron and Katie were still sitting on the grass with sullen looks. "When we went down to Mennos the other evening we took the wagon and you told us to stay on the side of the road and we did stay on the side of the road," pouted Aaron.

"When we went to Mennos, Daddy and I were along. Come with me now as I think I hear Andy crying. You can help me make the pies," Lucy told them.

"But no car will drive over us for we'll be real careful and look both ways," insisted Katie.

Lucy sighed as she went to the house. Andy brightened up when he saw her, and smiled when she picked him up. Aaron and Katie were still being stubborn. She couldn't give up now no matter how much it hurt her. If they didn't give up soon, she would have to give them a spanking. How could she get them to see that they must obey without questioning, that it was for their own good.

When she saw Andy's bright smile, an idea came to her. The children both loved Andy. Maybe this would help them to understand the dangers of going on the road. She started to make pie dough and then went to fetch rhubarb. Soon Aaron and Katie came in to watch her. This would be a good time to explain it to them.

"Maybe you would know enough to look whether a car is coming and to stay on the side of the road," she told them kind-heartedly. "But what about little Andy. He is so small and if he sees you playing on the road, he will want to play on the road, too. He will not know enough to be careful."

Lucy saw that it was soaking in at last. The children were listening. "If a car would drive over him then we wouldn't have any Andy anymore, would we? Then you would say, 'Oh, if only we hadn't played on the road, then maybe Andy wouldn't have either.'"

Now Aaron and Katie were listening with sober faces as Lucy went on. "Do you remember that little black and white kitty, how a car drove over it and mashed it?"

They nodded and Lucy went on. "Don't you remember how the old mama cat went over the road many times?"

"Yes, I know she goes over in Menno's field to catch mice," answered Aaron, "but she always looks to see if a car is coming."

"Maybe if the mama cat wouldn't have gone over the road, the little black and white kitty wouldn't have either," Lucy said. As she started to cut rhubarb, Aaron and Katie went to find their little pie plates.

Later that evening as Lucy told her husband about the little episode she said, "I had been thinking this morning, 'They're only young once' but I believe that's something parents should not say."

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"I don't really know, but that's what so many people say when the young folks don't behave as they should."

"My parents used to say that," he told her, "but they certainly didn't use it as an excuse for wrongdoing. What they meant was that it's all right to enjoy themselves as long as what they are doing isn't something wrong. They can go visiting, or ask their friends to come over, or go singing or swimming or skating or things like that."

"Do you mean it's all right to think Aaron and Katie ar young only once when it means playing with little chicks or making pies or so on. But if we use it as an excuse for letting them play on the road when we know it's dangerous, we aren't doing our duty?"

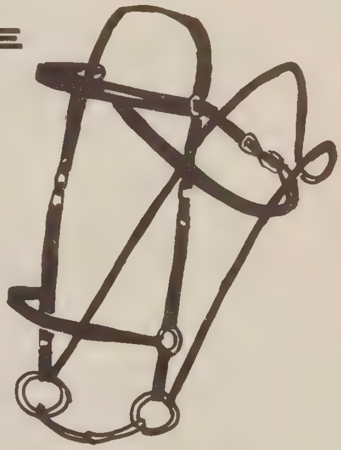
"Yes, I think that's probably the difference," he said.

Lucy breathed a prayer for guidance as she thought of how nearly she had been blinded to the dangers of allowing the two little children to play on the road. How much more serious would it be to neglect her duty when their children grew up and allow them to take part in dangerou things just because they enjoy it or because they themselves see no danger in it.

△

WHAT Everybody Else NEEDS

-Author's name withheld



"WHOA, DOBBIN," I called out to my horse. I turned the front buggy wheels to one side so Jake Miller could get down off the seat. He stepped off lightly (quite a contrast to when I lower my 235 lbs. to the ground.) Then he walked around to the back of the hack and started to unload. Jake hadn't gone to the auction for nothing.

"I got a bargain on these milk cans, don't you think?" Jake asked me.

I glanced over my shoulder critically. Jake was always talking about his bargains, and most of them were setting around the place unused. If you ask me, his frequent nods to the auctioneer were what kept Jake a poor man. It was also what had made the springs flat on the springwagon coming home on those roads. Poor dobbin.

But I hadn't answered Jake. "What did you pay for them?" I asked.

"Seven dollars apiece, but they're good. Someday I intend to go into dairying, and then they'll come in handy."

Yes, I thought to myself. By that time they'll be rusty, too.

Jake threw off the doubletrees and the old harness, then laid the chick feeders on the grass with the box of bolts, and stuck the silage fork beside the milk cans. "I guess that's it. Thanks very much for the ride," he said.

"It's nothing," I answered as Dobbin and I started toward home. The springwagon rode much lighter.

As we drove along at a trot, my thoughts kept time. It was too bad about Jake Miller. A nice man, really, except for his one big fault. He simply couldn't control himself in the presence of an auctioneer and a crowd. Self-discipline, that's what Jake needed. It wasn't that Jake didn't realize it. I had heard him several times apologizing for his weakness. He knew he should be more careful, but when he got to a sale he didn't have the self-discipline to keep his mouth shut. That was the trouble with so many people, not just Jake Miller. I could think of a half dozen others who didn't discipline themselves to do what they knew needed to be done.

I glanced to my right as Dobbin and I passed the Stutzman place. Take Levi Stutzman, for instance. You didn't have to look beyond Levi for another example, and Levi was a minister at that! Now I think a lot of Levi, and I respect him. But anybody can see he doesn't spend as much time studying the Bible as he should. Right after he was ordained, must have been three or four years ago, he did pretty good. He tried hard, and he could quote a lot of verses fluently. But lately he's forgetting them. Just last Sunday when he was preaching he tried to quote the Beatitudes and he only knew half of them. It must be a lack of self-discipline. Levi should set a regular study period and then review the verses he already knows. But that probably takes more self-discipline than he's got. It appears that way, at least.

Yes, a lot of people are weak that way. They don't run their own lives the way they ought to. Once my mind got started, it was hard to stop. A car came roaring at me from the front, then swerved past with tires screeching. I recognized the driver right away, Henry Zook's boy, Leon. He's a wild one this last year or so. You would not have expected it from that family, as strict as Henry always was. Why, I remember how that boy had to sit straighter and be quieter than any other child in church services. Henry was a strict man and he whipped his children plenty.

MARY HAD A LITTLE BOY

Mary had a little boy;
His soul was white as snow.
He never went to church at all
'Cause Mary wouldn't go.

He never heard the stories of Christ
To thrill his little mind.
While other children went to church
This child was left behind.

And as he grew from babe to youth,
She saw to her dismay
A soul that once was snowy white
Become a dingy gray.

Realizing now that he was lost
She tried to win him back;
But now the soul that once was white
Became an ugly black.

She even started going to church
And read her Bible too;
She begged the preacher, "Isn't there
Something that you can do?"

The preacher tried and failed, and said,
"We're just too far behind.
I tried to tell you years ago,
But you would pay no mind."

And so another soul is lost
That once was white as snow;
He never found his way to Christ
'Cause Mary wouldn't go.

-Author unknown

So it was hard to figure out how come Leon turned out this way. I studied over it for the next half mile, and then the answer came to me. Leon had never learned self-discipline, that was it. Stupid I hadn't thought of it quicker. He had learned to jump when his dad hollered, but he had never learned to discipline himself.

Henry's methods had failed this time. Leon had listened as long as he had to, and then he broke loose. Because he had been listening all that time from fear and nothing else, he was suddenly without controls. He had been guided by his dad's discipline, and had never developed any of his own.

As I thought about it, I decided it really wasn't strange that young Leon had so little backbone. His dad didn't have a whole lot either. Maybe that's where the trouble lay. Old Henry lacked self-discipline, too. How else could it be explained that he had worked for other people nearly all his life? He was a good worker and followed directions faithfully, but everybody knew he wasn't worth much on his own. No self-discipline. He could take orders and follow them, but he hadn't enough discipline to work for himself.

The subject kept going round and round in my mind. I was almost at home, and a good thing, too, for it was starting to get dark and I had forgotten to bring along a light. I hadn't planned to be so late. It was all Jake Miller's fault, and his lack of self-discipline.

But the picture was not all dark. Coming home late had its advantages too. The boys would probably be done choring, and supper would be waiting. Happy thoughts.

Old Dobbin, lazy horse that he is, slowed down to a walk. I rapped him one with the end of the reins. "Come on," I commanded. "Trot along and we'll soon be at home, where you can rest and eat your oats. Don't poke along, Dobbin. What you need is more self-discipline."

I SMELLED THE steak and the onions as I unhitched Dobbin from the hack. Supper was indeed ready, and my good wife Malinda called from the door to tell me to be quick or the soup would be cold. Besides, she had something important to tell me. I led Dobbin to the barn and fed him, then hurried to the house as fast as I could.

I was puffing when I got there. (When I was in the eighth grade, I was the fastest runner in our country school, but now a fast walk makes me blow.) Malinda was waiting for me.

"Hank's Taxi was here while you were gone," she said, "a phone call came from Ohio that your Uncle John died."

"Uncle John?" I asked, with a guilty feeling. I knew Uncle John had been poorly for three or four months, and I had planned to at least write him a letter, or go visit him. But now it was too late.

"The funeral's Saturday."

I sat down heavily on a chair and pulled off my shoes. My feet were hurting. "Too bad he died so quick," I remarked to no one in particular. "I never did get that letter written to him."

My wife knows me pretty good. She saw how conscience-stricken I felt about it. So she said, "Well,, let's eat supper. What can't be changed, can't be changed. There's one thing you can do, though, and that's not make the same mistake twice. Your Uncle Eli's in the Seaforth hospital."

"That's right," I agreed, my face brightening. "I'll have to write Uncle Eli a letter right after supper. Don't let me forget it. Uncle John's gone, but Uncle Eli would appreciate a letter, I'm sure. He must be lonesome in the hospital."

We had a good supper with steak and gravy. When Malinda cooks, she's at her best. For dessert there was cherry pie. My favorite.

The two boys (they're 14 and 16) liked the pie too, and tried to sneak an extra piece. But their mom was watching. "Harley," she said to the younger one, "One piece is enough."

"Aw, Mom," coaxed Harley. "Noah had a bigger piece than I did."

"No, I didn't," said Noah. "My piece was teeny-weeny, and I'd like another half a piece, please Mom, may I? Half for me and a half for Harley, there's just one piece left."

Malinda started to weaken, but I spoke up, "One piece is enough, boys. You'll have to learn to discipline yourselves in things like that. I get so tired of wishy-washy people that have no self-discipline. I've had about my fill of them for one day."

The boys dutifully let the pie be. Malinda reached over and set the pieplate out of their reach, up near my end. To take away the temptation, I suppose. My wife's that way, you know. For me, I would have left the pie there, to teach them self-discipline.

For some reason or other I wasn't feeling very good. It might have been the extra helping of steak, but I don't believe it was. My stomach was sending out signals. I wished I knew how to quiet it. As I sat there in deep thought, my eyes fell on the pie plate, with only one piece of pie left, the plump cherries oozing out from beneath the whipped cream.

Absent-mindedly I reached for the pie and slid the piece onto my plate. I looked up and saw my wife cast a stern look in my direction. "You'll have to excuse me," I apologized. "Uncle John, you know. I need something to quiet my nerves."

Nobody spoke as I ate the pie. When I had finished, my stomach still felt the same.

After supper, I settled in the rocking chair. Young Harley was there before I had time to unfold the BUDGET. He had an open arithmetic book. "Teacher gives such big assignments," he complained, "so I brought my work home. But I need help. Mom doesn't remember how to figure the area of a circle. Could you help me?"

I suppose I could have helped him a little more than I did, but how was he ever going to learn to do his own work if someone always told him how. "Read the directions, and then use your head," I said. "Think! Think! That's the best way. Discipline yourself to think."

Harley showed his disappointment as he returned to the library table to work. But he did not talk back. "That's the trouble these days," I said to the room. "The teachers don't train the children to think for themselves. In fact, the teacher we have this year never learned it herself, it seems to me. How can she teach the children self-discipline when she never learned it herself."

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I flipped the BUDGET open and began to scan the columns. Then Malinda was at my side, nudging me.

"The letter to Uncle Eli?" she asked.

There was a struggle within me. I was a bit shook up about Uncle John, and who knows, Uncle Eli might follow his example. I really should write to him. After all, Uncle Eli was the last uncle on my father's side, now that Uncle John was dead.

"Ah," I said at last, "I think a visit would mean more to Uncle Eli than a letter. Don't you think so, Malinda?"

"I don't doubt it," she said.

"Then I won't bother writing. I'll make it a point to go to Seaforth and see him before long, that's all. If there were just better bus connections."

"But, you know," my wife reminded me, "you were going to go visit Uncle John too. That was your excuse for not writing, remember?"

"I realize that," I replied, "but it's different this time. Seaforth is much closer, and besides I learned my lesson with Uncle John."

My wife returned to the dishes and I returned to the BUDGET. There were two newsletters that always interested me the most, our local news and the letter from Ohio where Uncle John had had his home. I searched the BUDGET in vain for these two letters, but they were both missing this issue.

It was the last straw. "A BUDGET correspondent that hasn't got enough self-discipline to write regularly just ought to quit!" I said, louder than necessary.

"Now, now, you're tired," my wife comforted me.

"I've had a hard day all right," I said. "I think all the people without self-discipline ganged up on me, all at once. I didn't know there were so many of them around. If they knew what other people think of them, they'd run away and hide someplace. It'd sure be something if people could see themselves as others see them."

"Wouldn't it though?" said my wife.

I looked at her, wondering what she meant. She looked at me kindly and said, "I've heard say a person can't stand it when he sees his own faults in others. Nothing upsets a man as much as his own weakness in other people."

I was still trying to figure that one out when I dozed off in the rocking chair.

△

LEFTOVERS

on child training

by Joseph Stoll

A year or so ago many Family Life readers responded to a series of child training problems. Some of their letters later appeared in print, and others have been used in a forthcoming book on child training. Even so, there was still some leftover material that had not fitted in anywhere, yet it is too good to throw away. So this month and in the next few months, these odds and ends will appear under the heading LEFTOVERS.

The Hot Stove Method

"My one-year-old is into everything," complains a frustrated mother. "The moment I turn my back, he's in the sewing machine drawer, dumping the contents piece by piece on the floor. Or he opens the kitchen sink and takes out the cookware and stacks it up. He finds the candy on the pantry shelf by climbing up on a chair, and twice he's got hold of his daddy's billfold and was playing with the money. I'm really worried, and I wish someone would suggest a remedy to cure his curiosity, or make him behave."

How can small children be taught to leave things alone? One mother says she snaps jar rubbers across the cupboard knobs, but she admits this is inconvenient when she herself wants to open them. A better method, perhaps, is the one suggested by the father of thirteen children. (He is also a bishop). He says his plan may not work in every case, but it's been tried and proven for years, and it nearly always works.

This father calls it simply the hot stove method. It is not very complicated in theory. When a child touches a hot stove, he jerks back in pain. Soon he may touch the stove again, but if he is a normal child he will soon learn. He will keep his patties away from the stove.

The hot stove method works the same way. The parent inflicts pain upon the child the moment he gets into something he has no business touching. If he pulls out the sewing machine drawer, the parent slaps his hand smartly and says, "No, no." This is done every time the child repeats the mischief, and he soon learns to keep his hands where they belong.

Some parents take what they think is the easy way out, and carefully place everything away from the baby's reach. They may fix latches on all the cupboard doors, or place most items on high shelves where baby can't reach them.

But a much better way, it would seem, is to train the child what he may play with and what he may not. By using the hot stove method, this is quite possible. And it is likely to turn out to be the fastest and easiest way all around, and be best for the child.

Dad Was On The Wrong Side

Young Johnny Peachey came home from school very much upset. The teacher had made him stay in for recess because he did not have his arithmetic finished. "The assignment was too big!" Johnny kept muttering to himself.

As soon as he entered the door, Johnny found sympathy, just as he had expected he would. He told his mother his troubles, and he did not spare the teacher either. His mother sided with Johnny and declared that something would have to be done about it, and Daddy would be the person to do it.

Johnny's parents surely made a mistake, no matter how much they thought their son had been misused. To side with one's own children against authority outside the home (teacher, minister, government) can be a risky thing to do. Of course, all parents need to be considerate, and listen fairly and sympathetically to their children's tales of woe. But they should be slow to take sides with their children.

For instance, a Family Life reader from the Middle West wrote about his experience when he was a young man, just after he had joined the church. One of the ministers came to him and rebuked him. "You were not a very good example to the younger boys," the minister said. "I saw you whispering and carrying on during church time."

The lad knew that the minister was right. He had not behaved the way he should have. He was at once sorry, and felt bad about it. The matter might have ended there there had his dad not come on the scene.

"That's a lot of nerve," said the father. "To jump you so soon after you're a member. He should know better. He'll drive you away from the church by acting like that, that's what he'll do. You weren't doing anything so terrible."

At once the young man began to feel sorry for himself, and to think he had been misused. He enjoyed having his father lick his wounds. But now, in later years, he sees where his dad was entirely on the wrong side. His father might have meant it well, but he had made a serious error by siding with his son against the ministers.

To Cook Like Mom Did

A young wife writes she has a problem cooking to suit her husband, and she is afraid his fussy eating habits will show up in the children. It seems there was quite a difference between her own upbringing and her husband's.

"In our home," writes the wife, "we were taught to taste a new dish. (Who knows, it might taste better than it looks!) We were taught to be polite about it, even if we didn't like it so well. Then if we had something we especially liked, we were to eat moderately, not whole hog."

The husband had been brought up differently. The wife explains, "If I put something new on the table, he makes a face and won't taste it. Only smells it and raises a fuss how he can't eat such stuff." On the other hand, if she bakes a pie, or a cake, or cookies, he eats till he's full or until the goodies are all gone, whichever occurs first.

"I wish you would cook like Mom did," says the husband.

"I wish you would eat like my dad did," says the wife.

The children, of course, watch and listen with eyes and ears open. Their parents have a problem all right. (Maybe they should have talked it over before marriage!)

What can the wife do? Her concern is for the children to learn to eat economical and healthful meals, and to do it quietly and politely. At the same time she is concerned to please her husband.

With patience and time the situation can improve. The wife must make the best of circumstances, she must try to serve simple and wholesome food, and train the children not to be fussy, but to eat what is set before them. At the same time she will cook her husband's favorite dishes and try to make them the way his mother did, as nearly as she can.

Her efforts to please her husband and her submission to him may go a long way in convincing him she has a point. She also might have a good talk with him to see if she can't persuade him his table manners are a bit childish. No doubt if he sees his habits reflected in his children, he will take it more seriously. The challenge is to get him to see it before then.

Jason Shows Off

A spoiled child is a child to be pitied. And yet the parents think they are being good to him, to let him have his every desire. Rather than being good to their child, they are being unfair and cruel.

There are several ways of spoiling a child, it seems. The most common one is to not break the child's will, but let him have his way. Another method of spoiling a child is to use him the way Jason's parents and grandparents used Jason.

This is Jason's story, as told to us by a relative:

"Jason was the oldest child. The grandparents made a pet out of him from the very first. Wherever Jason made his appearance, his parents and grandparents were telling how sweet and smart and cute he was.

"As soon as Jason said his first word, he had to say it to everybody they met. They didn't make him say it just once, but he had to repeat it and then repeat it again. As soon as he waved bye-bye, and when he took his first steps alone, they made him do it in front of a group of people at every opportunity. Then of course, they thought it was so cute, they laughed at him and praised him.

"It didn't take Jason long to see he was a top attraction. This made him bold and he became a real big show-off. As soon as he did something, or said someting, he looked around with a grin on his face to make sure someone was watching him.

"As Jason grew older he got to be bossy with other children. Whenever someone tried to help a child throw a ball or something like that, Jason was right there and doing it before the other child had a chance. In the same way, if you asked one of the children a question, you could hear someone yelling the answer, and of course it was Jason.

"A few years have passed now. Jason is not a likeable child. His grandparents no longer care much for him. Now they correct and scold him for things they used to laugh at and thought so cute. I can't help but feel sorry for Jason. I suppose he can't understand why his showing off isn't so cute anymore."

Yes, children such as Jason are indeed to be pitied. They are the victims of misguided parents or grandparents.

Tattletales

What makes children want to tattle about every little thing their brothers and sisters do wrong? An eagerness to tattle can be a real problem, as we can see by the following letter from a Pennsylvania mother:

"We have five children, from three months to six years. They tattle on each other so much. The oldest one started it, now the next ones are doing the same, and even the year-old does it already. They tattle so much they even started to lie about each other.

"We used to straighten the one out that was being tattled about, but now we hardly know what to do because they don't stay with the truth. They get spanked for lying too, but it seems that doesn't stop them. Where have we failed? I just hope it isn't too late to stop it."

This mother asks some hard questions indeed. What had they done wrong? Whatever their mistake, it is certainly time to try to stop the over-eager tattlers, who get pleasure from seeing their brothers and sisters punished. Much better to encourage a soft-hearted feeling for each other that brings tears when a brother or a sister is paddled.

But what if there is a genuine need to tell Dad and Mom about some misdeed? Children need to develop a conscience against hiding anything from their parents. If a brother or sister truly disobeys, and the matter is serious, a child should be encouraged to report it, and in fact, feel duty-bound to do so. For children to side with each other and plot against their parents is not right either.

In other words, then, being overly-reluctant can be as bad as being overly-eager. There are times when children should tell their parents about things, but when they do so it should not be with relish. It will make them sad, and not happy.

Love vs. Anger

A mother of seven children writes, "I do not feel myself able to tell anyone how to raise a family, but let me tell you a bit of my childhood years.

"My father was very stern. When problems arose with us youngsters, he at times became loud and angry, yes, even shouted at us. In Ephesians 6:4, we read, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.' Did not my father's anger do just this? I am afraid so, for anger provokes to anger.

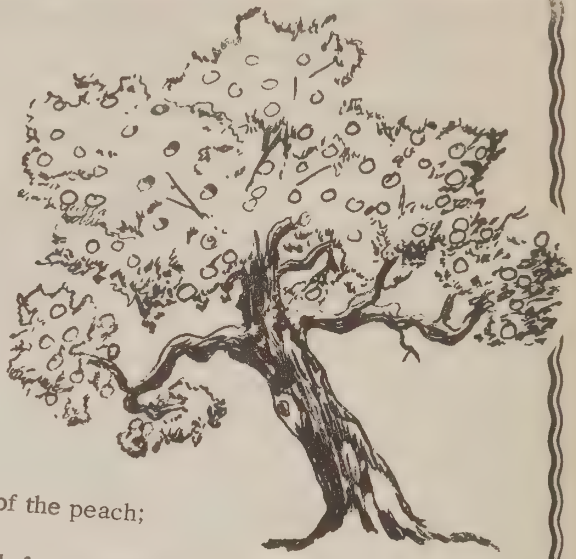
"Mother, however, was very good-natured. She handled problems altogether differently. She would tell us in such a kind and loving way to do this or not to do that, that we just had to obey. We found it very hard to disobey her kind admonitions. I especially remember one time she said, 'Girls, the next time you make coverings, make them bigger.' This was against our will, but she said it so kindly, so lovingly, we just had to listen.

"So I believe it is very necessary to do our paddling, rebuking, and admonishing out of love. If we are angry, we should wait until the anger dies down and is replaced by love. Perhaps most important of all is being a living example of that which we wish our children to be."

△

TO BRING FORTH FRUIT

Often man will praises sing of the blossoms of the spring
But the harvest time the tale will tell;
Many think a lovely face or to learn at rapid pace
Is a sign that the young are doing well.
But the blossoms fade away like the lovely month of May,
Then only fruitful trees esteemed will be;
When man's life is o'er and he hopes for heaven's door;
Will he be accepted— as a fruitful tree?



Trees bear apples and we teach of the sweetness of the peach;
Many other kinds to us are such delight;
The fruits of mortals— hate and love— are not both from heaven above
(Do we try to live in peace...or fuss and fight?)
Springtime promise is the beauty of the one who does his duty—
Let not life's storms blow the green fruit to the ground;
After many years of labor, let us hope that we are able
To say with Paul, "We've kept the faith," — we're heaven bound.

-Louella Stauffer

A YELLOW transparent apple tree stood just outside the chicken yard gate. It was nice and big and healthy looking but for some unknown reason, it never bore a crop of apples.

I heard of different remedies for a non-bearing tree. One summer I decided to experiment on this one. I had nothing to lose for the tree had never borne a crop of apples. I took a hammer and some nails and pounded them into the trunk of the tree. Much to my surprise, when the next summer came around, the tree bore lots of apples.

Did my wounding the tree make the difference or was it just a coincidence? I'll never know but I am inclined to believe the shock may have caused it to bear. When the life of a plant is endangered it will use all its energies to reproduce so the species can go on. In some ways, people are like trees.

Fruit trees need to be trimmed. As they grow, they need to be shaped so they can bear more and better fruit. It's quite simple to trim a young tree. That's when it needs the training and shaping the most but even after it bears and for the rest of its life it needs occasional pruning.

So must young people be trained in the right way if they are to grow as God intended them to. Their natural desires must be trimmed off, such as bad habits, for otherwise they could be a hindrance for the rest of the person's life. When a child has many talents, he gets a good start in life. But if left to grow according to his own will, many undesirable branches will grow out and choke the good so that there will be little room for fruit. How sad when these bad habits are left to grow. They are trimmed out so much easier when a person is young.

In the orchard, springtime is the time of promise. As long as a tree doesn't bloom we know it will not have any fruit. But there are trees that bloom and are full of promise but when the harvest rolls around there is no fruit. This reminds me of young people I have seen who seem to have every advantage. They have Christian parents, healthy minds and bodies but unfortunately, they think only of themselves. They may bloom and show signs of bearing fruit but it takes too much effort and self-discipline to get fruit. It's so much easier to drift along with the tide than to make the sacrifice which is required to serve God in true humility.

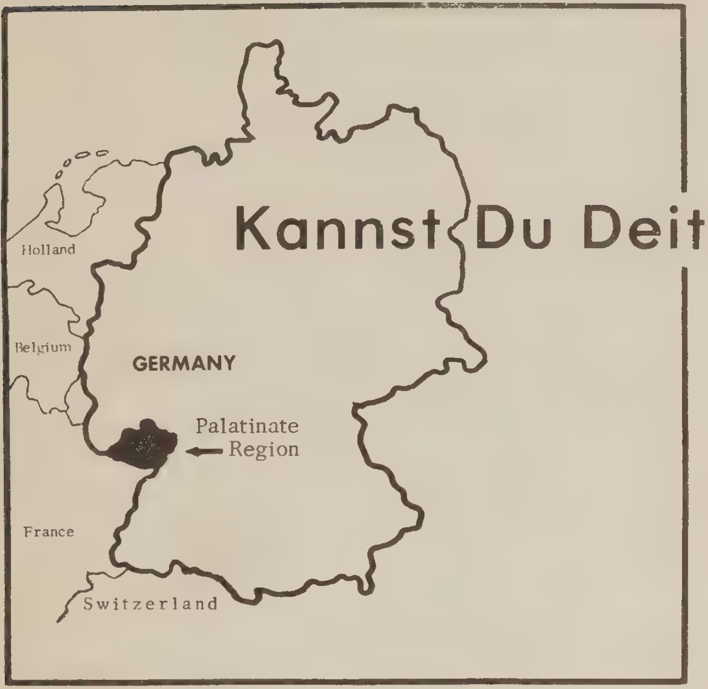
As everyone knows, a person needs times of trials and troubles to bring out their best. If they don't bear fruit, God may send a shock into their lives like the apple tree received which will help them to change their attitudes. Sometimes this will bring them up short and make them realize it's time to stop showing forth only leaves and blossoms and start bringing fruits of repentance. Our Master doesn't want an orchard full of non-bearing trees. He expects fruit from his children in due season.

But there are times when the Great Orchardist decides to hew down a tree without any advance warning. Jesus said in Matt. 7:19, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire." How sad it is to see a young person (or an older one) called away whose life has been wasted.

We are God's trees. May he trim out all our dead wood and unneeded sprouts so we will be able to bear fruit in his orchard until such a time as he feels our purpose on earth is accomplished.

Kannst Du Deitsch Schwetza?

By David Luthy



Kannst du Deitsch schwetza?" ("Can you speak Dutch?") is a question which I had to answer with "No" not too many years ago. I remember very well when I first heard some Amish people speaking Pennsylvania Dutch in Lagrange County, Indiana in 1965. It sounded like Greek to me! But before long I was determined to learn it. So, I went to a bookstore and made my first mistake— I purchased a textbook for learning Dutch. That's right— Holland Dutch. Since the Amish spoke "Dutch," I presumed they spoke the language of Holland.

It wasn't long before I discovered that the Amish don't speak "Dutch" at all. Someone way-back-when saw the word "Deutsch" and mistakenly translated it as "Dutch" instead of "German." I can't say that I really blame the person, for after all, "Deutsch" is much closer in spelling to "Dutch" than it is to "German."

Since my textbook from Holland was of no use to me, I asked an Amishman for a Pennsylvania Dutch grammar book. He smiled and explained, 'There isn't any. Our language is a spoken dialect not a written one. You'll just have to learn it by listening to us talk."

So, I started learning Penna. Dutch by listening to people— mostly children, for they were the only ones who talked in simple sentences and slowly enough. But unfortunately I discovered that they, too, were beginners when it came to speaking the dialect. They didn't always pronounce words correctly. They, the same as I, were learning Penna. Dutch by the trial and error method. The only difference was they were pre-schoolers and I was 24.

For many months I called a rocking chair a "schruka Stuhl" until someone pointed out that it should be "schukel Stuhl." But that wasn't nearly as embarrassing as when I found out I had incorrectly asked for a glass of water at dozens of farms where I worked by the day. When I was thirsty I had always asked, "Kann ich hap some Wasser?" ("Can I have some water?") Since I had always received a glass of water, I never suspected that it wasn't perfect Penna. Dutch. But one day someone informed me that I should say, "Kann ich some Wasser hava?" That really jolted me, for literally translated it would be "Can I some water have?" That is when I realized that no language can be translated exactly word by word into another language. Languages have their own word order. In the case of Penna. Dutch, verbs generally come at the end of the sentence.

Then there was the time I was at the bishop's home for dinner and confused "Zaye" (toes) with "Zay" (teeth). At the end of the meal I asked that the "Zaye-picks" (toe-picks) be passed to me instead of the toothpicks. Later I learned that not only had I said the wrong word, but that Amish people have no German word for toothpicks but merely use the English word. I had tried to invent a German word for an item which was always referred to by its English name— toothpicks.

And how often I racked my brain trying to decide which form of "out" to use in a sentence. Should I use "haus, raus, aus, naus," or "draus"? It all depended on where I was and where the person or thing was that I was speaking about. How simple English seemed with only one form of "out." A person was either "out" or he was "in." Speaking of "in," it also was a brain teaser in Penna. Dutch for there were six forms: "drin, hin, in, rei, nei," and "im."

Before long I was teaching at an Amish school and chuckling at the mistakes the pupils made in English, while they chuckled at my Penna. Dutch. I don't suppose any of us will forget the time a boy brought some flowers from his mother's garden. I told him, "Schwetz da Mem, dengeh." The children burst out laughing. I should have said "sawg" instead of "schwetz." It would be like saying in English, "Talk your mother, thanks," instead of 'Tell your mother, thanks."

Just when I thought I was doing fairly well in Penna. Dutch I moved to a smaller Amish community, one which was made up of families from seven different settlements. Suddenly I realized that everyone had certain words which others didn't use. I had thought there was only one Penna. Dutch dialect. Now I was faced with the fact that it differed somewhat from place to place. "What is Penna. Dutch, anyway, and where does it come from?" I began to wonder. No one seemed to know. So, I decided to find out.

Part One: A True Dialect

Sometimes people refer to Penna. Dutch as "poor German with English words mixed into it." Other refer to it as "Low" German as opposed to "High" German, as if "low" meant "lesser" and "high" meant "better." Actually High German is called "high" because it is spoken in the mountainous or higher regions of South Germany, whereas Low German is spoken in the lower parts.

Pennsylvania Dutch may be an inaccurate title since it isn't "Dutch" at all, but it is accurate when it uses the word "Pennsylvania." The dialect is deeply rooted in that state. When William Penn offered his colony of Pennsylvania as a haven for persecuted religious minorities, many people moved there. The Mennonites, Amish, and Brethren (Dunkards) were early settlers. They emigrated from the Palatinate, a region in southern Germany. They also came from Baden, Württemberg, Hesse, and Bavaria— also regions in southern German. Some came from Alsace and Switzerland. They were known as the Plain People because of their unadorned dress and simple lives.

At the same time that the Plain People moved to Pennsylvania other emigrants from the exact same areas moved there, too. They came more for financial reasons than because of persecution. They were the Lutherans, Catholics, and Reformed Church members. They became known as the "gay" Dutch as opposed to the "plain" Dutch.

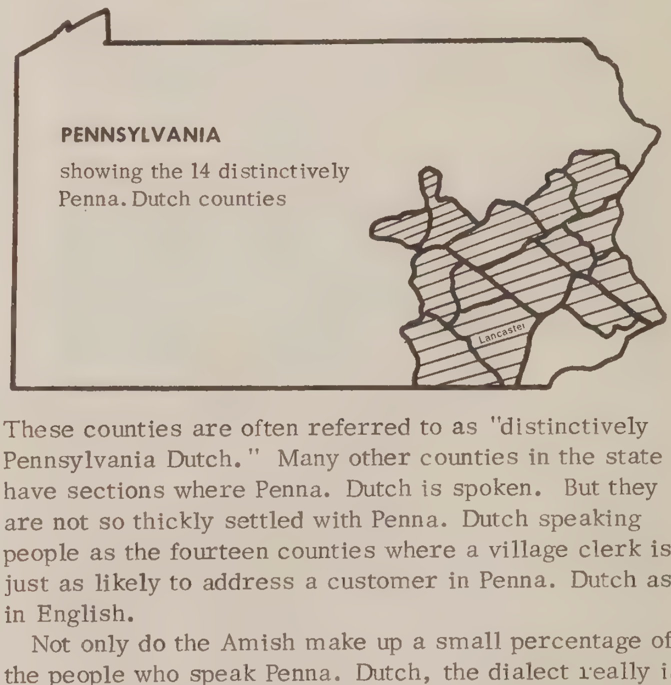
One thing which the settlers shared in common, whether "gay" or "plain," was the German language. They all spoke a German dialect, but not the same dialect. As they lived side by side in the southeastern counties of Pennsylvania their dialects gradually blended to form what we today call Penna. Dutch. Since the largest number of settlers had come from the Palatinate, the dialect of that region (Pfälzisch) became the foundation upon which the Penna. Dutch dialect was built.

If a person were to travel to southern German today, he would not find anyone there who speaks Penna. Dutch. But he would find that he could converse quite well with many people since his Penna. Dutch is similar to the regional dialects. This is especially true in the eastern Palatinate area, for its dialect "Pfälzisch" is the base upon which Penna. Dutch was built. Thus, it shows the closest similarity to Penna. Dutch. This was obvious in 1958 when Dr. Wilhelm Diederich of the Palatinate was visiting in Wayne County, Ohio. He was interviewed by a reporter for the Wooster Daily Record who had been raised Amish. The reporter interviewed the visitor in Penna. Dutch. Dr. Diederich was quite surprised and said, "Das ist Pfälzisch Deutsch." ("This is Palatinate German.")

Thus, although the Penna. Dutch dialect does not match 100% any dialect in Germany, it is a true German dialect which developed in America rather than Germany. It should never be considered "poor German." The purpose of speech is to convey a message. Penna. Dutch accomplishes this very well. Who is to say that one dialect is better or worse than another?

Part Two: An Adopted Dialect

The Amish immigrants to Pennsylvania made up less than 1% of the settlers who spoke a German dialect. Today the Amish are found in 18 states and one province of Canada, yet they only make up about 5% of the people who speak Penna. Dutch. Another 5% is made up of Mennonites and Dunkards. This means that 90% of the people who today speak Penna. Dutch are neither Amish nor Mennonite. Who are they? They are the descendants of the Gay Dutch— the Lutherans, Catholics, and Reformed Church members. They are located primarily in fourteen counties of southeastern Pennsylvania.



These counties are often referred to as "distinctively Pennsylvania Dutch." Many other counties in the state have sections where Penna. Dutch is spoken. But they are not so thickly settled with Penna. Dutch speaking people as the fourteen counties where a village clerk is just as likely to address a customer in Penna. Dutch as in English.

Not only do the Amish make up a small percentage of the people who speak Penna. Dutch, the dialect really is not their native speech. Their forefathers didn't speak it nor did they speak "Pfälzisch" the dialect upon which Penna. Dutch is based. Since the Amish trace back to the Swiss Brethren in Canton Bern, Switzerland, the dialect of their forebearers was "Bärndütsch." Today it is commonly referred to in Amish circles as "Schweizer Deitsch" (Swiss Dutch). The Amish who live in Adams and Allen County, Indiana have pretty well retained the native Amish dialect. But they are so in the minority today that their speech is looked upon by other Amish as quite odd.

The Amish immigrants to Adams and Allen County, Indiana had retained their Swiss dialect because they had historically never wandered very far from their native Canton Bern. Some of these immigrants came directly to America from Switzerland, while others came from Montbeliard which was right across the border

Holmes County Subscribers

We would like to obtain the following items for our Amish historical library:

1. Holmes County Directory for 1953 or 1954.
2. Ordnungsbrief Von Holmes Co. 1905
3. Ordnungsbrief Von Holmes Co. 1930
4. Vermahnungs Schrieben bei Jacob A. Miller
5. Ohio Amish Directory 1940 by H. N. Troyer

Historical editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4,
Aylmer, Ontario.

from Canton Bern. It was a French speaking area and thus did not influence the Amish settlers' dialect as a German dialect would have.

Most other Amish had left their native Canton Bern many years before immigrating to America. They had lived in various parts of southern German where the dialects were different than their Swiss dialect. Yet each dialect was a German dialect and similar to the Swiss dialect in that it contained many familiar High German words. Over the years the Amish tended to trade their native Swiss dialect for the particular German dialect of the region where they were then living. It wasn't as if they were changing languages; they were merely switching dialects within the same German language. And when they later immigrated to Pennsylvania with people from these same southern German regions, the process of losing their Swiss dialect continued.

Likely another reason for the Swiss dialect being lost was that the Amish gained converts in the regions where they lived in southern Germany— converts who did not speak Swiss. Names such as Otto, Coblentz, and Helmuth are pure German names and entered the Amish in southern Germany. Also Martin Borntrager and Nicholas Stoltzfus were converts. They have a tremendous number of descendants among the Amish in America today. Neither was raised with the Swiss dialect.

Although the Amish adopted Penna. Dutch as their dialect, a little Swiss yet shows up in it that isn't present in the Penna. Dutch spoken by settlers of non-Swiss heritage. An example of this is the Swiss ending "li" in the singular and "lin" in the plural. It is the Swiss way of indicating smallness. Other Penna. Dutch speaking people either add "el" or "che" or no ending at all. The Amish call a colt a "Hutschli" while others call it a "Hutsch" or "Hutschel." Amish call a calf a "Hommli" while others call it a "Kalb." A whole list of words using the final Swiss "li" could be given. Following are but a few: Kupli (small cup), Schissli (small bowl), Leffli (small spoon), Heisli (small house or privy).

Another Swiss word which the Amish have retained is the pronoun "dia" which is "you" in the nominative plural; for example "Dia sin gutti Kinna." ("You are good children.") Other Penna. Dutch speaking people of non-Swiss background would use "ihr, nihr," or "iha" instead of "dia." Two other Swiss words are "Angscht" and "Bang" both of which are types of fear. They are not commonly used by all Amish today, but are used in various settlements.

Part Three: How Much English?

Professor Albert Buffington of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania has studied the Penna. Dutch dialect more than anyone else. He estimates that the dialect is made up of from 2% to 8% English words. But this varies from one area to the next. It also depends on what the conversation is about. If two Amishmen are talking about religion, they will likely use quite a bit of German. But if they are talking about what was in the newspaper, they will use many English words. How, for example, can someone talk about the automobile wreck on the local highway without using such English words as windshield, exhaust pipe, steering wheel, brakes, etc.?

Basically Penna. Dutch adds very few German words as the years go by. Since the national language in America is English, and Amish are educated in that language, it is only natural that new words that enter Penna. Dutch will be English. As inventions are made their English names are absorbed into the dialect. Pure English words such as gasoline, jello, tractors, soda pop, television have entered the dialect without a bat of the eye.

But some words which are English are given a special twist of the tongue and enter the dialect as a "hybrid"— a cross between English and German. One example is the word "spelling." Many Amish homes have the book published by a Holmes County Amishman, "Das Neue Spelling Buch." There in the middle of an otherwise German title is a pure English word. But no Amishman thinks of it as being English for he gives it a German twist by pronouncing it "schpelling." A new word has been added to his dialect!

Many English verbs are given an "ah" sound at the end of them to make them sound like Penna. Dutch. For example "cultivate" in Penna. Dutch is "cultivatah"; to type with a typewriter is "typah"; and to call someone on the telephone is "phonah." The past tense is given the standard German "ge" prefix. "Cultivated" becomes "gecultivate"; "typed" becomes "getyped"; and "telephoned" becomes "g'phoned" or "gecalled." These are but a few of the many examples which could be given.

A few English words were absorbed into the dialect so long ago that Amish people today imagine them to be German rather than English. For example, "gallus," which is an out-dated English term for "suspenders." Since it is not commonly used in English today, people tend to think of it as a Penna. Dutch word.

It is perfectly natural for Penna. Dutch speaking people to incorporate English words into the dialect as new inventions are made and new terms appear. But what isn't natural is when a "Dutchman" (Amish or otherwise) replaces Penna. Dutch words with English ones. Once I was at a home for dinner and heard a guest offer the following table grace: "Heavenly Vater, mia praya Dich, das Du detst des food blessa, etc." Now what dialect was that supposed to be???

Part Four: Plenty of Differences

Since Penna. Dutch is a dialect which resulted from the blending of a number of other dialects, this explains why it differs so much from one Amish settlement to the next. Each has retained a little of the dialect from the region where they lived the longest in Europe. Some differences are very slight, while others are completely different words. For example, a coat in Perth County, Ontario is a "Kittel"; whereas in most other Amish settlements it is a "Wamus." A bucket in Daviess County, Indiana is a "Kiwwel," while in other Amish settlements it is an "Eemer." A pasture in Lancaster County is called "die Wis", while in other areas it is called "die Wayt," except for Daviess County where it is "die Baschta."

Following are some words from two large Amish settlements which will indicate the degree of differences:

	Lancaster Co., Pa.	Lagrange Co., Ind.
fly	Mick	Muck
mountain	Barg	Berg
week	Wuch	Woch
baby pigs	Wuutzlin	Piggies
fall (season)	Herbst	Schpotyahr
today	Heit	Hät

Not only do words differ from one settlement to the next, so does the tone of voice and the accent. In Lancaster County, Penna. and Perth County, Ont. the final "r" on words is more pronounced. Most other areas give it an "ah" sound. In Daviess County, Indiana the interior "g" is very distinctly said as is done in High German. Most other Amish drop the "g" sound altogether from such words as "sagt" (said), "Wagge" (wagon) "Rege" (rain), and many others.

And the Amish who live in southern Indiana, Oklahoma, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky have developed a definite southern accent on their Penna. Dutch. This is especially true in Daviess County, Indiana where the Amish have resided for over 100 years.

An Amishman visiting in another Amish community often stands out because of his particular cut of clothing. His speech also gives a clue as to where he is from.

Penna. Dutch is a native American dialect based on various southern German dialects, Pfälzisch being the predominent one. Penna. Dutch has been developing in America for close to three hundred years. And it isn't about to disappear. It has been estimated that there are half a million people in North America who can converse freely in the dialect and another half a million who can understand it. There are radio shows, plays, magazines, and newspaper columns in the dialect among the "Gay Dutch." A grammar book has been compiled, and the dialect is taught at several colleges. Even the "Four Gospels" have been translated from Greek into Penna. Dutch, the type spoken by the "Gay Dutch." It was published in 1968 by the Pennsylvania German Society which is a very active organization in keeping the dialect alive.

Following is a sample from the "Gospel of St. John" translated into Penna. Dutch. Amish in Lancaster County will find it closer to their type of Penna. Dutch than Amish living elsewhere.

Evangelium Yohannes 4:47-53 "Un es waar en Mann, as beim Keenich im Dinscht waar, un dem sei Buh waar grank im Bett in Kapernaum. Dar Mann hot gheert, ass Yesus aus Yudea nooch Galilea kumme weer, un er is zu em hiegange un hot en gebitt, er sott riwwer kumme un sein Buh helfe as so arrick grank weer.

"Yesus hot em gsaat: Wann ihr ken Zeeche un Wunner sehne, glaawen ihr net. Awwer der Mann hot em gsaat: Harr kum riwwer, sunscht schtarbt mei Kind. Yesus saagt em: Mach dich fatt, dei Buh lebt. Der Mann hot die Wadde geglaabt, as Yesus em gsaat hot, un is fattgange.

"Wie er uff em Weeg waar, hen en sei Gnecht aagedroffe un gsaat: Dei Kind lebt. Noh hot er sei gfroogt, was Zeit der Buh besser waare weer, un sie hen em gsaat: Geschder am die siwwet Schtunn hot en es Fiewer verlosse. Von dem hot der Vadder eigsehne, ass des die Zeit gewest is, wie Yesus em gsaat hot: Dei Buh lebt. Un er un sei gansi Familye hen geglaabt."

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on (Answers found on back cover)

1. Bäteſt	A. consume B. to bat C. request D. play
2. Befleckt	A. sickness B. unrefined C. refined D. spotted
3. Befohlen	A. ordered B. given C. confidence D. arrangement
4. Dürre	A. precious B. deer C. dear D. dryness
5. Gebühr	A. lesson B. fee C. attempt D. pears
6. Henne	A. chuckle B. handkerchief C. handy D. chicken
7. Inne-war	A. educate B. into C. perceived D. ending
8. Kelter	A. kettle B. winepress C. stumble D. colder
9. Lauter	A. pure B. sharp C. new D. louder
10. Quillet	A. arrows B. gush C. to end D. to write
11. Stätte	A. states B. cities C. to stir D. place
12. Theile	A. scourge B. to drain C. share D. nominate
13. Thorheit	A. dissatisfaction B. foolishness C. satisfactory D. unnecessary
14. Traten	A. comfort B. fellowship C. to quicken D. stepped
15. Unſträflich	A. blameless B. smooth C. questionable D. opposing
16. Verleugnet	A. judge B. rejuvenate C. deny D. disappoint
17. Vermiſcht	A. admission B. mixed C. doubtful D. dirtied
18. Vollende	A. constant B. lended C. finish D. borrow
19. Wägen	A. because B. wagon C. roads D. weigh
20. Wesz	A. whose B. what C. which D. why

Wie freu' ich mich, Du heil'ger Chriſt,
Daß Du für Sünder kommen biſt!
Wär'ſt für Gerechte Du erſchienen,
Und wolleſt nur den Frommen dienen,
Da wär' es aus mit meiner Freud'
In dieſer ſel'gen Martezeit —
Weil ich ein ſündig Menſchenkind,
An dem ſich gar nichts Gutes find't.
Nun aber rühm' ich's, wo ich kann:
„Mein Heiland nimmt mich Sünder an!"

Editorielles —

Die Liebe Sommerzeit

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt ſind wir ſo nahe in die Mitte von die Sommerzeit. Zu Zeiten iſt es ein wenig warm, wir ſagen oftmals Heiß, wir meinen es iſt ein wenig unbequemlich; doch im ganzen tue ich es mehr belieben als die Winterzeit. Wenn wir aber dran denken wer es alles regiert, wollen wir es alles gut heißen, denn was Gott tut, das iſt wohlgetan.

In die Winterzeit tun die Pflanzen alle verwelken, die Bäumen ſtehn kahl, die Blätter ſind abgefallen. Man könnte ſagen, es ſehnt ein wenig traurig aus. Wenn aber das Frühjahr wieder kommt ſo tun die Pflanzen wieder wachſen, fingen an grün zu werden, die Bäumen ſtoßen wieder neue Blätter heraus. Alles ſcheint wieder im Leben ſein.

Ein Gedicht ſagt: „Herzlich tut mich erfreuen die liebe Sommerzeit.“ So iſt es bei mir, ich bin immer froh die liebe Sommerzeit ſehen kommen. Aber nach meinem Dünken tut der Dichter hier ſchreiben von eine andere Sommerzeit wo am kommen iſt. Wir möchten die Frage ſtellen: Sind wir am grünen für die Ewigkeit? Sind wir im vollen Wachstum? So wie wir älter werden tut unſer äußerliche Leib wohl von Tag zu Tag abnehmen, aber der innerliche kann von Tag zu Tag erneuert werden.

Wir ſind entweders am blühen für den Freudenort im Himmel in der frohen Ewigkeit, oder wir ſind am verwelken auf dem Wege nach dem feuerigen Pfuhl der Hölle hinzu, der grauſame Ort wo wird ſein heulen und zähneklappen von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Tut es uns nicht wundern zu derer Zeit wie es ſteht in unſere Gemeinen? Wir leſen in die Offenbarung von Gemeinden zu Aſien da es heißt: „Du haſt den Namen daß du lebeſt, und biſt tot.“ O wie bedauerlich wäre es wenn Gott ſagen würde zu Gemeinden ihr ſind tot. Vielleicht möchten ſie ſagen: „O nein, wir ſind nicht tot, wir haben ſchöne einfache Kleider und lange Haare; Kennſt du uns nicht?“ Aber der Vater wird wieder antworten: „Ich kenne euch nicht.“ Zu eine andere möchte er ſagen: „Ihr ſind auch tot, der Hochmut hat euch übernommen.“ Dieſe ſagen: „O nein, du kennſt uns wohl, wes das Herz voll iſt geht der Mund über, wenn das Herz rechtſchaffen iſt ſo machen die Kleider nichts aus. Wir haben viele große Taten getan in deinem Namen, viel Miſſion Arbeit getan und viel Leute zu dir bekehrt.“ „Ich kenne euch aber doch nicht.“

Iſt es uns nicht bange? Laßt uns aufwachen in der ſchönen Gnadenzeit. Der Engel ſprach weiter zu die Gemeinde zu Sardes: „Werde wacker und ſtärke das andere, das ſterben will; denn Ich habe deine Werke nicht völlig erfunden vor Gott. So gedenke nun, wie du empfangen haſt, und halte es, und tue Buße. So du nicht wirſt wachen, werde ich über dich kommen wie ein Dieb, und wirſt nicht wiſſen, welche Stunde ich über dich kommen würde.“

Wir gedenken nicht einen langen Artikel zu ſchreiben für diesmal. Wir haben einſt wieder ein originell Artikel bekommen für welches wir froh ſind. Wir wünſchen es würden noch mehr Leute deutſches Materiell einſenden für dieſes Blatt.

Wir beſchließen, und begehren alle Gläubige ihr Gebet, wie wir auch ſo geſonnen ſind zu tun für andere in Schwachheit.

Der Sabbat, oder des Herrn Tag

Wie viel von unſere Leute wiſſen für eine Antwort zu geben wenn ſie gefragt werden warum wir den erſten Tag der Woche feiern, anſtatt der ſiebente, wie es war unter dem alten Bund. Lange Jahre zurück ſagte ein Bruder mir er hatte einmal ein Prediger hören über dieſen Punkt kommen und ſagte, jederman ſollte wiſſen was und wie ſich zu verantworten wenn er über dieſem gefragt wird. Er hat aber kein Austrag darüber gegeben. Seit dem habe ich ſchon viel darüber ſtudiert und auch zu Gott gebetet. Nun will ich in meiner Geringheit ſuchen mit Gottes Hilfe ein wenig darüber ſchreiben.

Im alten Bund unter die zehn Gebote heißt es: „Sechs Tage ſollſt du arbeiten und alle deine Dinge beſchicken, aber der ſiebente Tag iſt der Sabbat Tag des Herrn, da ſollſt du kein Werk tun.“ Der ſiebente Tag war ein Ruhetag für der Menſch. Chriſtus aber iſt des Geſetzes Ende. Paulus hat geſchrieben zu Titus: 3, 5. „Nicht um der Werke willen der Gerechtigkeit, die wir getan hatten, ſondern nach ſeiner Barmherzigkeit machte er uns ſelig durch das Bad der Wiedergeburt und erneuerung des heiligen Geiſtes.“ So dann wenn wir durch den Glauben die Wiedergeburt empfangen haben, dann iſt es der Anfang in einem neuen Leben zu wandeln. Welches iſt verglichen zum erſten Tage der Woche, gleichwie wir natürlich arbeiten die übrigen Tage der Woche, ſo wollen wir auch arbeiten im Geiſtlichen. Arbeiten für Chriſtus und ſeine Gemeine die übrige Zeit von unſerm Leben, nachdem wir zum Glauben gekommen ſind.

Am erſten Tag der Woche, früh Morgens, iſt Jeſus aus ſeinem Grabe auferſtanden von den Toten. Ja, Er iſt wieder lebendig geworden und Er lebt in Ewigkeit. Faſt jedesmal da er erſchienen iſt zu ſeine Jünger nach ſeiner Auferſtehung, war es am erſten Tag der Woche. Dieweil wir dann an ſeine Auferſtehung glauben, und daß wir mit Ihm auferſtanden ſind, ſo feiern wir den erſten Tag der Woche, anſtatt der ſiebente Tag welche vorhin der Sabbat war. Wir feiern der Sonntag um der Auferſtehung willen. Ich glaube daß die Jünger Jeſu um ſolche Urſach zuſammen gekommen ſind am erſten Tag der Woche. Wie wir leſen in Apg. 20, 7. „Am erſten Tag der Woche, da die Jünger zuſammenkamen, das Brot zu brechen, predigte ihnen Paulus, und wollte des andern Tages weiterreiſen, und zog die Rede hin bis zu Mitternacht.“ Paulus ſchreibt auch an die erſte Kor. 16, 2. „Auf jeglichen erſten Tag der Woche lege bei ſich ſelbſt ein jeglicher unter euch und ſammle, was ihn gut dünkt, auf daß nicht, wenn ich komme, dann allererſt die Steuer zu ſammeln ſei.“

Hiermit glaube ich daß es die Gewohnheit war für die Jünger ſich zu verſammeln am erſten Tag der Woche, für ihren Gottesdienſt. Und das iſt auch des Herrn Tag wovon Johannes geſchrieben hat in die Offenbarung 1, 10. Wir leſen auch etliche Mal in Apg. wie Paulus predigte in den Schulen am Sabbat; aber wir wollen dran denken daß Paulus probiert hat die Juden zu Jeſu führen. So machte es ihm nichts aus wann er predigte. Und die Juden verſammeln ſich wohl am geſetzlichen Sabbat.

Ich hörte ſchon Bemerkung machen daß es nichts aus macht welcher Tag wir feiern als ein Sabbat, nur daß wir ſicher ſeien einen Tag zu halten. Nach meiner Einſicht wenn wir den ſiebenten Tag halten nach dem alten Geſetz, ſind wir nicht am zeugen von der Auferſtehung Chriſti, und auch nicht daß wir mit auferſtanden ſeien. Denn wenn wir ſchon Dienſtarbeit tun am Sonntag oder der erſte Tag der Woche, leben aber in Wollüſten, geben wir Zeugnis von uns ſelber daß wir noch nicht mit Chriſtus auferſtanden ſind, ſondern es wird uns dienen zur ewigen Schmach und Pein, wenn wir uns nicht zu ihm bekehren und tun Buße in dieſer Gnadenzeit.

Ignatius war ein Biſchof in der Gemeinde zu Antiochen, und auch ein Jünger des Johannes. Er war zu die wilde Tieren geworfen in Rom beinahe im Jahr 107 nach Chriſtus. In ſeinem Briefe zu die Magneſians 3, 1. 3. ließt es ſich wie folgt: „Seid nicht verführt mit fremder Lehre; auch nicht mit alten Fabeln welche nicht nützlich ſind, denn ſo wir noch leben nach dem Jüdiſchen Geſetze, ſo bekennen wir ſelber daß wir die Gnade nicht empfangen haben. Denn wenn auch ſolche, die aufgebracht waren unter dieſen alten Geſetzen, kamen nichts deſtoweniger zu der Neuigkeit der Hoffnung; nicht mehr den Sabbat halten, ſondern des Herrn Tag, in welchem auch unſer Leben hervorgeſprungen iſt bei Ihm und durch ſeinen Tod, welcher jetzt noch etliche verleugnen.“ So weit Ignatius. Paulus an die Koloſſer 2, 16. ſchreibt wie folgt: „So laſſet nun niemand euch Gewiſſen machen über Speiſe oder über Trank oder beſtimmten Feiertagen oder Neumonden oder Sabbaten.“

Nun können wir ſehen in die Epiſteln, daß es nicht angeſehen war bei die Apoſteln, für den Sabbat zu halten, aber ſie ſind zuſammen gekommen für ihren Gottesdienſt an des Herrn Tag, welcher iſt der Sonntag. Oder der erſte Tag der Woche; aber nicht der Sabbat, denn der Sabbat iſt der ſiebente Tag der Woche, und der Sonntag oder des Herren Tag iſt der erſte Tag.

So viel geſchrieben in meiner Geringheit aus Liebe zu Gott, und um die Auferſtehung Jeſu Chriſti willen. Betet für uns.

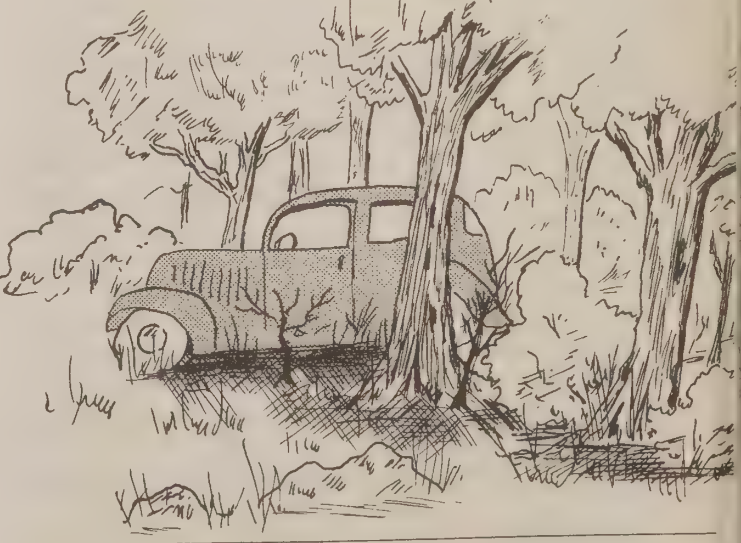
△

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Arguing was a bad habit the boys had gotten into, and although they had been punished for it, they didn't try very hard to stop it.

"Harmless" Arguments

-by A. H.



"THERE IT IS," whispered Omar excitedly. "That's the fourth day now." He peered down through the cluster of trees to the trail beside the creek where an old blue car was parked.

"No, this is Friday so it's the fifth day," his brother Joshua retorted as he, too, squinted his eyes against the sun, trying to get a better look at the car which was half hidden by trees.

The Chupp boys were on their way home from school. To see a car parked beside the road for a few days in succession would have been enough to arouse their curiosity, but to see one hidden under the trees away from the road aroused their suspicions. "Why would someone go to the trouble of hiding a car unless he was guilty of something?" they wondered. Perhaps it was a stolen car. From the road they couldn't see whether it had a license number or not.

Every afternoon since they had discovered it, Omar and Joshua stopped to see if they could find anything changed in the car's position, or if there were any clues they had missed before. They had told their father about the car the first evening, but he wasn't worried

about it. He had only warned them to stay away from it. But that didn't stop the boys from forming ideas of their own about the car. By the end of the week they were sure they had stumbled upon some mystery— perhaps even robbers who only traveled by night.

"I think the car has been moved," Omar said after a bit.

"Why so?" queried Joshua.

"The tracks are too fresh," Omar declared. "Don't you see? Come over here."

"That car wasn't moved," Joshua disagreed immediately, not even bothering to go over for a better look.

"I see double tracks, too, so that proves it," Omar declared.

"That doesn't prove anything. You always let your imagination run away from you," Joshua said scornfully. However, he did go over and try to get a better view. The trouble was, everything was so thickly covered with grass they couldn't see any tracks except in one spot where it was a bit marshy. There were the prints of two tires, almost on top of each other.

"See, that proves the car came out and went in again," Omar said.

"That's just the front wheels and the hind ones," Joshua argued. "If the car had gone out and come back in, we'd see a lot more tracks and they'd be fresher. Surely, you know that much yourself."

Omar stared at his brother. It wasn't as much what he said as the way he said it that stirred up his blood. "You don't know everything yourself," he shot back. "I wish you'd stop acting so smart."

"Acting smart! You're the one who's acting smart. I've just got a good notion to — " Joshua raised his hand to slap his brother when he was startled by a voice behind him.

"Hey, what is it you are arguing about?" the voice said.

The boys dropped their argument right then and spun around to face their younger brother, Ralph. They didn't want to have Ralph meddling with their mysterious discovery.

"Oh, we were just watching the creek," Omar remarked.

"Come on, we'd better get on home," Joshua added. "You know we're not supposed to poke around on the way home from school."

"But what were you arguing about?" persisted Ralph as he reluctantly followed his brothers down the road toward home.

"Aw, it was nothing," Omar laughed. "Joshua just gets these dumb ideas, that's all."

"Not nearly as dumb as yours," Joshua returned quickly. He was just ready to mention the tracks Omar had imagined but he caught himself in time. He didn't want to mention that when Ralph was around.

"All you boys ever do is argue," Ralph complained. "Dad said it's going to make you sorry someday."

"So you'll go home and tattle on us, I suppose," Joshua scoffed.

Omar jeered, "Daddy's good little boy!"

Ralph suddenly had tears in his eyes, but he managed to keep from crying. He was glad they were walking in their drive now. His older brothers wouldn't have much time to tease him.

"Listen, Ralph," Joshua said soothingly as he slowed down to walk close beside Ralph. "Omar and I don't argue when Dad hears us because we don't want him to feel bad. And anyway, we don't really argue. We just do it for the fun of it. We just have harmless arguments." He felt a bit guilty saying this, because he knew most of the arguments weren't exactly in fun. He also knew he didn't want Dad to find out they had been at it again. Arguing was a bad habit he and Omar had gotten into, and although they had been punished for it, they didn't try very hard to stop it.

THE NEXT DAY was Saturday. Joshua and Omar were overjoyed to see the morning dawn clear and bright. Today was the day they had planned to inspect the abandoned car. They had laid their plans carefully so they could sneak off without Ralph. A little boy like Ralph would surely spoil everything. (Ralph actually was only a year younger than Omar, but the two older boys often stuck together and gave him a hard time.)

Joshua and Omar worked hard and fast to get all the Saturday work done before dinner. Then, when they were sure Ralph was not within hearing distance, they asked their father for permission to ride their ponies after dinner.

"Where do you plan to go?" asked Dad.

"Across the fields and along the creek," Joshua answered. "It's such a beautiful day for riding."

Dad agreed that it was, and reminded them to stay off other people's property and keep to the back roads. For once he didn't tell them to take Ralph along, too.

At the dinner table Ralph asked permission to go fishing and the older boys thought fortune was indeed smiling on them. Their favorite fishing hole was upriver from the farm, while their object of interest today was downriver. That would assure them Ralph was safely out out of the way.

Ralph was digging for worms when Omar and Joshua galloped out the lane on their ponies. They waved merrily. "I hope the fish bite for you," Omar called.

Joshua added, "Bring home enough for supper."

"Sure," Ralph yelled after them. He watched as they turned north at the end of the lane. "Trying to trick me," he muttered to himself. "They don't know I overheard them talking about the car down by the creek. They'll just make a wide circle and come from the other direction to the car."

Ralph threw a hunk of earth into his gallon pail with the worms. Then with a self-satisfied chuckle, he picked up the pail and his fishing pole and started downriver. "I'm not as stupid as they think I am," he grinned to himself.

Meanwhile Omar and Joshua were guiding their ponies through their neighbor's back lane, then south along the field lane. They had made a half-circle and would soon be ready to turn and come back the other way. "Say, wasn't that clever, the way we got away from Ralph!" Omar laughed.

"I don't think he suspected a thing," Joshua chuckled. "Did you notice how eager he was to go fishing?"

"Yes, but it's still sort of hard to believe. Usually he just wants to tag along on our heels," Omar said.

"And tell us not to argue," added Joshua.

"Argue?" Omar pretended to be shocked. "You're the only one who ever argues."

"When did I argue last?" Joshua demanded.

Omar didn't answer. He was staring out across the fields and into the meadow where the creek was just barely visible before it made a turn around the bend. "Joshua," he gasped, and his voice lowered, even though no one was around to hear them. "Someone is sneaking along behind those trees toward the river."

Instantly both boys thought of the abandoned car. Maybe this was the thief.

"Are you sure?" Joshua whispered back.

"Yes, right down there." Omar pointed toward the spot where he had seen him. "We'll probably see him come out at the end of that clump of bushes."

"You didn't see anyone. That was just a dog or something," Joshua answered, never taking his eyes from the distant spot.

"No, it wasn't, and it sure looked as if-- there he goes again! Did you see him? He went real fast until he was behind some more trees."

The ponies were walking slowly now as the boys tried to keep track of the person sneaking along behind the trees. But it was too far off to see clearly. Then Joshua spied him, too. Quickly the mysterious person darted from tree to tree.

"He's got something shiny in one hand," Omar said excitedly. "Probably his toolbox or something like that."

Breathlessly the boys watched for another glimpse of him. "He's going in the direction of the parked car," Omar said. "If a person has to sneak along like that, he's up to no good."

"Do you believe it now that it is someone?" Omar suddenly grabbed hold of Joshua's arm as they both saw the figure in the distance kneel and do something with a long, slim object in his hands. Then he rose and disappeared around the bend in the creek.

The blood was drained from the boys' cheeks. "A gun," Joshua almost stuttered. "Come on, we've got to go get the license number before he drives away." Joshua dug his heels into his pony's sides.

"Do you think we ought to?" Omar said, "What if he..."

"That's the only thing we can do now," Joshua flung back. "We'll stay hidden and he won't see us. If we cut down to the creek downriver from the car, we can sneak up from the opposite direction. But we've got to hurry."

A bit reluctantly Omar spurred his pony after Joshua, who was going as fast as he dared along the rutted field lane. Down across the fields they flew, over a meadow fence, and went toward the creek. At the creek they tied the ponies and went on foot in the direction of the car.

"If I'm right, we'll see the car just behind this little bend, in among the trees," Joshua said in a low voice.

"You're wrong," Omar asserted. "We came down too far, or maybe the man has left already."

Joshua stared at the place where he thought the car should be, but he wasn't ready to admit he was wrong. "You mean, you're hoping he's left already," Joshua scoffed. "You're a fraidy-cat."

"I am not," Omar said, raising his voice. "I just think we should have gone back and told Dad."

"Sh-h-h! They're going to hear us," Joshua said.

"They? Did you see more than one person?" scoffed Omar. "What are you expecting, a whole band of robbers?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h!" hissed Joshua, thoroughly disgusted with his brother. They had come to the bend where the bank rose up steeply toward the road on one side and the thick stand of trees ended abruptly on the other side, leaving a wide expanse of lush, green meadow. The boys crept forward on hands and knees until they could see to where they thought the car must be parked. Sure enough, it was there, but too far away for the boys to read the license numbers. Everything was still. Not a single movement did they see.

"We beat him," Omar said triumphantly.

"Sure looks like it," Joshua said. "But we'll have to cross the creek in order to get closer. Why didn't we think of that before? We knew the car was on the other side."

Omar groaned. "The only place we can cross without swimming is way down, farther down than where we left the ponies."

"There's no other way. We've got to go down there and go as fast as we can," Joshua said, matching his words with actions. They crept back the way they had come and soon had a safe stand of trees and bushes between them and the car.

"Hey, I have an idea," Omar panted as they were running back. "We can take the ponies down to the shallow place and wade across on them."

"That won't work for the water's too deep for the ponies."

"Let's try it anyway," Omar said.

They mounted the ponies and raced toward the shallow part of the creek. In no time at all they had crossed and were galloping back on the other side. They took their ponies up closer this time. Here the bank was very steep, and a good cover of trees and bushes hid them as they made their way toward the level place where the car stood. There was a trail which led out the other way where a car could easily be driven in from the road and hidden.

Soon the boys had worked themselves close to the abandoned car. There was still no sign of life. "That's strange," Joshua said, sounding puzzled. "It wouldn't take the man that long to reach the car, at the rate he was going."

Before Omar could answer they heard the unmistakable crack of a stick as if someone had stepped on it. Breathlessly the boys watched the dense underbrush beyond the car where they thought the noise had come from. Abruptly two wild geese flew up from the water where they had been hidden from view. The silence was broken by their loud, frightened honking.

"There must be someone behind that bank," whispered Joshua hoarsely. They knew the bank dropped steeply at that particular place, and at the bottom there was a fairly wide strip of grass between the bank and the water.

"If we keep still, he'll soon come out," Omar whispered. He wasn't sure if he wanted to go any closer.

It was hard to keep still. The minutes dragged. Omar nudged Joshua. "Did you get the license number," he whispered.

"I don't have any pencil or paper," Joshua said. "Do you?"

"No. We've got to memorize the numbers, but I can't quite make them out. Can you?"

"No, let's move up a little closer, behind those bushes over there." As he spoke Joshua got to his knees and very, very slowly crept forward.

Omar followed close behind. It seemed to take them ages as they inched painfully forward, keeping their eyes riveted on the spot where the birds had flushed. At last they reached the sheltering bushes, but they still didn't see any movement or hear any sounds, save those of nature. They settled for a brief rest to watch and wait while they memorized the license number.

The boys were becoming restless once more when they heard a dull metalic clink as of stone against metal. They stared at each other, wide-eyed.

"He— he's burying something," Omar exclaimed.

Joshua nodded and put his fingers to his lips. Unconsciously his muscles pulled tight in suspense as he strained to look at the spot where he thought he had seen a slight movement. He pointed silently. As the boys watched, the top of a head became visible. The light brown hair seemed strangely familiar. Next the eyes and the nose became visible, as the figure slowly rose and looked around cautiously. Quickly he dropped out of sight again.

Omar and Joshua stared at each other, both too surprised to say a word. Then their lips formed the same word. "Ralph!"

"Do you think he knows we're here?" Omar whispered.

"Let's sneak over and see what he's doing," Joshua returned.

Once more they crept carefully forward on their hands and knees. Some of their fear was gone, having been replaced by a feeling of anger toward Ralph. Inching their way through the tall grass, they reached the river bank and peered down over the edge of the cliff. There sat Ralph. His fishing pole was in his hands and the line was in the water, but he didn't seem to have much interest in it. He was looking intently out over the meadow then down along the creek, as if he were expecting someone or something. Not far from him on a large stone stood the gallon pail in which he had brought his worms.

For a moment Omar and Joshua lay there like statues. Then Joshua sneezed. He had tried his best to stifle it, but the grass had tickled his nose and the sneeze had come too fast.

Ralph jumped to his feet and spotted them immediately. "Oh- ho!" he yelled triumphantly. "What are you sneaking around here for? I thought you were riding your ponies."

"I thought you went fishing," Omar shot back.

"I am fishing," Ralph said, not even trying to hide the enjoyment he got out of having caught up with the boys so easily.

"We were riding the ponies, too," Joshua said. "When did you come down here?"

"Right after I had dug my worms," Ralph said.

"Did— did you come around by the road?" Joshua asked uneasily. He figured already he hadn't, but he still had to know. It was very important.

"Of course not. I came through the meadow," Ralph answered.

"Why didn't you go to our regular fishing hole?" Omar demanded next. "You just wanted to hang around and spy on us."

Just then Joshua burst out laughing. Even though he felt a bit sheepish about having been tricked by their younger brother, he couldn't help but see the humorous side of the situation. He laughed and laughed, slapping his knees. "Omar thought you were a robber with a gun— "

"Omar thought?" interrupted Omar. "It was you, not me."

"Well, he did look rather suspicious, darting from tree to tree," Joshua defended himself.

"Then don't always be trying to put the blame on me," Omar said. The afternoon was warm and the abrupt change of events were too much for Omar's easily aroused temper.

"I wasn't blaming you," Joshua said.

"You were, too."

"I was not, but I should blame you. You were the one who thought the worm pail was a tool box," taunted Joshua.

"You thought the fishing pole was a gun," Omar shot back.

"You were scared to go down this way and wanted to run home and tell Dad." The argument was getting more and more heated by each remark. Then as an extra punch Joshua added, "Fraidy-cat!"

Joshua had hit a sore spot there. Omar, though he would never had admitted it, was the timid member of the Chupp family. He had outgrown many of his childish fears, but he was still more easily frightened than any of his brothers. If there was anything that riled Omar it was being reminded of his fears. Joshua had done just that, and in such a sneering way.

Omar jumped to his feet. "I'll show you who's a fraidy-cat," he hissed, giving Joshua a hard shove. Joshua wasn't expecting it, lost his balance, and fell backwards, scraping his arm on the trunk of the tree as he landed against it.

"Now look what you did," muttered Joshua, making a dive for Omar.

The two boys sprawled on the ground and the fight was on.

"Hey, you guys, stop it," shouted Ralph, staring at the mass of tumbling boys and flying fists.

The boys neither heard nor heeded Ralph's warning. They fought until Omar heard a r-r-i-p-p. He stopped then, but it was too late. He had torn Joshua's shirt sleeve off about three-fourth of the way. The rip was right up close to the shoulder. Before he had time to exclaim about it, Omar felt something warm rush down from his nose. At the same instant he tasted blood. "My nose!" he gasped.

Ralph and Joshua looked on helplessly as Omar leaned forward and let the blood drip from his nose, staining the green grass at their feet. There were several big blotches of blood on the front of his tan shirt, too.

"Let's go down to the creek and see if we can stop it," said Joshua his voice having lost all its harsh tone.

The three boys went down to the creek. Omar leaned forward while Joshua wet his handkerchief and placed it on the back of Omar's neck like he had seen Mom do. Nosebleeds weren't anything new in the Chupp family. They had them quite regularly. Joshua hoped his parents wouldn't ask any questions, but when he looked at his own torn shirt and skinned arm and at the grass stains on their pants, he knew there would be questions and plenty of them.

"I think it's slowing down," Omar said anxiously. "It— it's not dripping as fast as it was."

The three boys were so absorbed in trying to stop the nosebleed that they did not see the dark green jeep until it had turned in from the road and was almost upon them. They had forgotten all about the mysterious car, too, but at the sight of the jeep, their hearts began to race again.

The jeep stopped and the two doors opened. A middle-aged couple stepped from the car and hurried over to the the boys. "Are you having trouble?" asked the woman in a pleasant voice.

"His nose is bleeding," Joshua said, hoping she wouldn't ask any more questions. He was conscious of his torn shirt and dirty pants. He saw that Omar's face was streaked with dirt and sweat, and guessed his own face didn't look any better.

"Come on over here out of the sun," the woman said, taking over immediately. "Has anyone got another handkerchief?"

Ralph pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, then hesitated when he saw how wrinkled and dirty it looked. The woman stepped forward, took the handkerchief, and dipped it into the creek. Without stopping to wring it out, she applied it to Omar's forehead and held it in place. She asked Joshua to dip the other one again and replace it on the back of the neck. In a very short time the bleeding stopped.

"It works almost every time," the woman said with a satisfied sigh. She smiled at Omar. "You'd better stay quiet for the next few hours, just to make sure. Is your home far from here?"

"Just about half a mile up the road," Omar answered. "We— we've got our ponies tied up the creek a ways."

"Well, you'd better stay off a pony the rest of the afternoon," she said, her voice sounding as if she knew what she was saying. "The jolting would be too much after a nosebleed like you had. In fact, walking through the heat would be almost as bad. I'll take you home."

The man, who had said very little until now, winked at Omar. "She's a nurse and knows what she's talking about," he said. Then turning to his wife, he said, "Let me take that tire from the jeep, then you can take the boy to his home and head for town. I'll be following as soon as I get this tire changed."

"I— I can walk home," Omar said quickly.

"Of course you're not walking home," the woman said kindly. "It would be too much of a risk, and besides, I'm going right past your place anyway." Turning to her husband, she said, "Are you sure you don't need my help? What if you have another flat like you did last week?"

"I'll hitchhike back to town just like I did the other time," the man chuckled. "No, go ahead. I'll be fine."

There was nothing else for Omar to do but to climb into the jeep and let the woman take him home.

"Do you boys want a ride, too?" she asked, looking at Joshua and Ralph.

"No, we'll go upcreek and get the ponies and bring them home," Joshua said quickly. He picked up the fishing pole and started out the other direction. He knew he should offer to help the man change the tire, but he didn't. The sooner he got out of their presence, the better he'd feel.

The boys didn't take any long, round-about ways to get home. They didn't waste many words either. For once Ralph wasn't talking, and Joshua would hardly have heard him if he had talked. He was too busy trying to imagine Mom's reaction when a strange woman brought Omar home in his blood-stained shirt. When he wasn't thinking about that, he was thinking about how the "mystery" had ended. It hadn't been anything at all— nothing more than a man from the city out for a drive in his old car. Apparently he had had a flat, and no spare tire, so he had parked the car in that concealed spot and hitchhiked back to town. He probably had the old car just for the sport of it, Joshua guessed. By the way the people were dressed and from the appearance of that jeep, Joshua knew the strangers could afford a better car.

Omar was sitting on the porch step when the other two boys came home, looking miserable and uncomfortable. Mom came out of the house when she heard the sound of the ponies' hooves. She came right to the point. "Take those ponies out to the pasture," she said. Joshua blushed deeply, aware that Mom was staring at his skinned arm and torn shirt. She didn't mention it then, though. All she said was, "We let Omar save the story until you were here to help tell it."

The story came out bit by bit a short time later when the two sober boys faced their parents— how the mysterious car had aroused their suspicions, how Ralph had overheard the boys' planning and had gone to a different fishing place in order to keep track of the happenings. As usual, Omar tried to put the blame on Joshua, and Joshua tried to put it on Omar. Several times Dad had to call them down to keep them from arguing right there. When they got to the part of the story where the two older boys and Ralph had met, the story stopped. "Then what?" asked Dad.

"The boys were arguing whose fault it was that they thought I was a robber," said Ralph.

"Not really arguing," Joshua said, not quite knowing what to call it. "It was just sort of a— a harmless argument."

"A harmless argument that ended up in a fight," Dad said. "One boy got a bloody nose and the other boy a skinned arm and a torn shirt. And that's not the worst of it. The most serious thing is that both of you let go of your self control and started fighting, not caring how seriously you hurt each other."

"We— we didn't really mean to hurt each other," Joshua said lamely.

"But you ended up doing just that, whether you meant to or not," Dad said, his voice sounding serious. "That's the way many arguments go in the world today. Arguments which start out about little things grow into violence and often end in murder. When human beings let go of their self-control and start fighting, they are helpless in stopping. That's why we can hardly pick up a newspaper that doesn't tell of murders and violence. And that's why your mother and I have tried so hard to get you boys to not have those 'harmless arguments' as you call them. It's because we knew they aren't harmless. They lead to serious happenings."

Both boys looked at the floor and didn't speak.

Then Dad spoke again. "If this is what you do when we give you a Saturday afternoon off, we'll see to it that there will be plenty of work to keep you busy all day Saturday for a while," he said.

Joshua and Omar thought of all the good times they had planned for the autumn Saturday afternoons. Omar found his voice first. "For how many Saturdays?" he asked.

"That depends," Dad said. "It depends on how many 'harmless arguments' we hear during the next few weeks."

△

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare
When in the evening watch I kneel to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 7

BUILDING TOGETHER

Maturity in Marriage

The Three Classes

Someone once observed that there are three main types or classes of marriages.

1.) The first class is the couple who don't get along with each other. They quarrel, either in private, or in public, and sometimes both. They seem to delight in giving each other deliberate slights and insults, in sharp remarks, and nasty words. They argue, scowl, and disagree. The only enjoyment they get out of being together is to take up the quarrel where they left it off. What one is for the other is against. When one pushes, the other pulls. They don't work together and there is constant friction between the two.

2.) The second type of marriage is very different from the first. It is made up of those couples who get along smoothly. They rarely clash or argue or quarrel. The husband tries to do his part, and the wife tries to do hers. They speak politely and respectfully to each other. They aren't critical or faultfinding. Life in the home is peaceful, orderly, and decent. A stranger could drop in unexpectedly, or overhear their conversation, and they would have no reason to be ashamed of their actions or words. The husband and wife each mind their own business, and permits the other to mind theirs.

3.) The third class is made up of those couples who not only get along with each other on the level of the second class, but their feeling and love for each other goes deeper. They are special to each other. While the second class is more like two individuals living in peace, the third class is two individuals melted into one. They not only are reasonable and kind to each other, they love each other with all their hearts. When parted for a time, they can hardly wait to be together again and share happenings and stories of what took place while they were separated. They go out of their way to compliment the other, to do some little favor or pleasant surprise as a token of their love for each other. They share their innermost feelings, confiding their hopes and fears and failures. They laugh together, and pray together, and weep together. They are one in heart and soul, each living for the other. The difference between the second type and the third type may not be easy to see at first glance, but it is a real difference. The third does not make a public show of affection; their feelings run quiet and deep.

It might be good for all of us to stop and take an inventory of our marriage. It is unlikely, of course, that our marriage fits 100% into either of these three classes—most of life is too complicated for that. But it may be helpful to stop and consider which type we come closest to fitting into. And if we find that we fit into the wrong class, yet there is something inside us that yearns and longs for a more satisfying and rewarding relationship, what can we do to accomplish that?

In seeking a better marriage, the first step may be to realize that nothing good or worthwhile has ever been accomplished without effort. As Neighbor Andy told Lewis Troyer in last month's question, "There are very few worthwhile accomplishments that just come by themselves. Worthwhile things always require effort and striving. I know some people feel you either happen to have a happy marriage, or you don't, and that you just have to put up with what you get. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Your marriage is really what you make out of it. Everyone knows you couldn't have a nice dairy herd, or a well-kept farm without putting your interest into it, and working hard to keep it up. Well, a marriage is the same way. If we're not willing to spend time and effort to build a good marriage, we're not going to have one."

Lewis then asked Andy what pointers he could give in building a worthwhile marriage, but before Andy could answer, the vet came and the conversation was interrupted. However, our readers supplied us with many pointers from their experiences. Following are some of them.

Someone Special

An important part of a happy marriage is to feel your partner is "someone special." A wife from Indiana writes simply, "We like to surprise each other occasionally. Like he sometimes brings something "extra" home for supper. Or I try and have freshly baked cookies when he comes home. Or even sometimes when just out-of-the-ordinary the house is all clean, mopped, and swept. He'll raise his eyebrows and say, 'Is there company coming?' And I'll say, 'Yes, you!' That makes him smile, and feel he's special, too."

First Things First

We find time for the things we consider most important. If we are so busy with our work that we don't have time for each other, and for building our marriage, that can only mean that our work is more important to us than our marriage. To build a marriage, first things must be kept first. A wife from Ontario writes, "How do we build our marriage? First of all, we greatly enjoy lots of time visiting together alone, usually at the end of the day, or before we start the day. We consider our relationship more important than our material gains, and we don't feel we have to be first with our work, though we like to be on time. Once our hired boy said the neighbor lady (who always watches when her surrounding neighbors get up) asked him if we'd overslept again. It was seeding time and we woke up at 5:30, had a nice relaxed visit yet followed by prayer and Bible reading. Then we felt ready for a good day of hard work, but 45 minutes had passed from when we awoke until the barn door was opened. This was what the neighbor had seen. So I guess to some it would be a terrible loss of time, but to us it's well worth it to be able to go about our work with light and happy hearts."

Marriage and Neighbors

What do neighbors have to do with a happy marriage? A husband from Tennesee points out that a man who is at odds with his neighbors is seldom at peace with his wife. "We believe the answer to a happier marriage is found in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and in the Golden Rule about how we should treat our fellowmen. Those who can live in peace and without bitterness with those around them are the kind of people we would not expect to find quarreling with their companions. Those who complain about how others don't treat them right, and who can't get along with their neighbors are the kind of people we would not expect to have a smooth marriage. I don't believe we can do much to improve one without the other."

A Little Reproof

A couple should give each other honest, sincere compliments whenever they can. At the same time, no depth of relationship can be built on compliments alone. True love will cause us to give and receive criticism and reproof as well. A mother from Wisconsin writes, "Just this morning my husband very kindly told me of different ways that I could improve my attitudes and examples so that the children would obey and respect me more. No, I didn't like it at the time—I didn't want to hear it at all. After telling me he loved me anyway, he left me alone. Now, several hours later, I know what he said is true, and I'm glad he told me and with God's help I resolve to do better."

An Ontario minister's wife agrees. "Rebuke one another. This builds up confidence that we know the other cares for me spiritually. Seems to me the closer we walk with God, the closer the relation we have with each other."

A wife, married for three years, writes, "At the beginning of our marriage I thought it was nice, as I have an understanding husband. I sure had a lot to learn yet. The one thing was to give up my self-will. I found out it was hard on me when he wanted to correct me, as I just wanted love from him. But we really do need to be corrected in our shortcomings. As time went on and we accepted the shortcomings of each other, real love started to grow. And now we are not ashamed to admit our failures to each other and reason together. With the Lord's help, we have found out what real love is— blending together."

Be Interested

All of us long for someone who cares about us, and who takes an interest in the things that interest us. A mother from Shipshewana, Indiana writes, "Being concerned about one another's business or work also helps strengthen the tie, as who else is going to share the joy of knowing the weekly laundry is done, or that the spring cleaning is finished, or that he has finished another big job where he is employed, or that he finally found the leak in the roof, if your life partner doesn't?"

A Supply Of Love

A marriage councilor found that the most effective medicine he could prescribe for sick marriages was a good dose of love. "Love can shrink those mountains that tower between you," he was fond of telling couples who came to him for help. "When you look at each other with love in your eyes, you won't see all those faults and blemishes that irritate you now. I don't think I can prescribe anything better than a dose of love."

He told this one morning to a woman who had come in to talk to him about her husband, and how hard he was to live with. She was skeptical that loving him was going to work any wonders, but she promised to give it a try. A few days later she came stomping into his office, her face flushed and angry. "Okay, Doctor," she said accusingly. "I tried it and it didn't help. He's worse than before. What shall I try now?"

"Double the dose," the councilor said quietly.

The councilor had a point. There are very few marriages that wouldn't be helped by a double dose of love. A wife from Middlebury, Indiana writes, "I feel the main thing in marriage is to love one another, and to show it, too. If we love someone, we will be ready to forgive. We think we have a good marriage, but it hasn't always been so. And the fault was mine. I used to take my husband for granted, and didn't love him like I should have. I once caused him much hurt and embarrassment. I realized that I was wrong and wanted to lead a different life. After much praying and reading in the New Testament, I felt my self-will broken. And I became closer to God. I asked Him to let His love flow through to my husband. I feel He answered my prayer. Since then, at times I feel my love overflowing, but not just to my husband. It reaches out to the children and to my fellowman. Through all our troubles, my husband has been very outstanding. He still showed me he loved me and he forgave me. If he wouldn't have shown such understanding, our marriage wouldn't be what it is today. So what it all comes back to is LOVE. After I opened the door of my heart to Jesus, and let Him come in, and learned to love Him and to know Him, then it just became easier for me to really love my partner, the children, the neighbors, ministers, and everybody.

"One thing I feel helps a family to be closer is for the children to sometimes see Dad and Mom squeeze each other's arm, or to show some other little sign of affection. The children will learn to feel secure in that their parents love each other. Also, sometimes I need help with my work and he will help me. I likewise help him."

Talk And Plan

A wife from Myserstown, Pennsylvania says, "First of all to build anything, you plan, think about it, discuss it, and get advice from others who are familiar with what you wish to build. Then you make up your mind how you'd like it best, taking into consideration such things as time involved, your needs, financial standing, and the effort you are willing to devote. All this takes patience, foresight, working together, and planning.

"So it is when you marry. That's the first step— to talk and plan. Now two of you must build your life as one, and that takes planning. When something isn't the way I see it, or the way my husband sees it, we discuss it and come to an agreement. This is in spiritual matters, as well as worldly matters, likes and dislikes. We read a chapter out of the New Testament and an article out of an upbuilding book or booklet every day after breakfast. This is like getting your tools for the day's work, or you might say, like reading the blueprint. Every once in a while we and another couple will go somewhere for the day, which leads in much the same way. We have many discussions on different points of view, which is upbuilding to us all. And it is relaxing and refreshing to get away from our everyday toils and turmoils."

From Missouri: "Many things could be given as building a marriage, such as sharing in each other's work and interests, being understanding and willing to help each other, especially in times of sickness, spending time together even if ones work time needs to be sacrificed, returning kind words to each other instead of criticizing, the wife reverencing her husband, and the husband loving the wife. However, the one thing that stands out to me in our marriage is simply this— being completely open to each other, and willing to discuss every detail, even the small ones. If you face a temptation, a problem, a discouragement, a challenge, discuss it with your partner. I have found it always helps, and the bonds become closer. Last, but not least, be humble enough to confess and say you're sorry when you are in the wrong. This, if practiced by both the husband and wife will do much to strengthen the ties of marriage."

Gordonville, Pennsylvania: "Even though I feel I could often have done better, I have learned it helps to avoid a guilty feeling while doing things if I talk them over and get my husband's approval first. I feel it's not more than right for me as the weaker vessel to stay within my husband's will. Also, he often has a suggestion which might be better than what I had thought of. I also learned that asking him for suggestions encourages him to ask me for my approval, too. Of course, when he does, I try to be slow in disagreeing and I try to see it from his viewpoint. Since no husband and wife were brought up the same, I usually feel I can give myself up to his plans just as easy as he can give himself up to my plans."

Attend A Wedding

Perhaps the most original suggestion for building a marriage was the one from a wife in Narvon, Pennsylvania— go to a wedding together. "There is one thing that helps us to remember that first love for each other, and that is when we have the privilege to be at other weddings to hear the sermons when marriage vows are made."

A Poor Speller

Some people feel they have to do some great thing together in order to have a good time and build their marriage, perhaps spend a lot of money for expensive gifts, go on a long trip, eat out in a fancy restaurant, or something like that. But the truth is that some of the most meaningful moments in life can be very free— and very simple. A letter from Missouri illustrates this— the letter itself is beautiful in its simplicity. "Talking things over, and doing things together as a family, sharing each other's joys, sorrows, and talents helps to make a oneness. My husband has a part in each letter that I write, and helps my poor spelling. A husband can also be a big help at meal times where there are children needing help to get their things ready. The wife can help her husband by doing some of his business in town over busy season of planting, or help him figure out some measurement in his farming which he can't quite seem to get. These are just some of our ways of sharing and working together."

To think that even a simple thing like helping a partner with her spelling should be listed among things that build a marriage— isn't that courage for the least of us? If we do not have to attain great things, difficult things, if we can work with simple tools and tiny talents, why, then that must mean that building a better marriage is within the reach of all of us. All we need is the will to work, the humility to rise above failure, and enough love to keep on trying. I like this letter for the way it makes the small tasks of life seem important. Perhaps a second reason I like it is because I myself am a poor speller, and my wife often has to spell for me.

How Not To Build

We asked for suggestions for building a good marriage, and most responded with just that. But one wife took the opposite approach. She wrote from her own experience about one sure way to tear down a marriage. We agree with her that it does sound like a fairly sure way. "I can give a few suggestions how to run down a marriage. We are married fifteen years and have a big family. It would be a happy life if it wouldn't be for this one thing. I have an older, unmarried sister living here with us and she wants all the attention she can get from my husband; he likes to be with her. Yes, if they can go to town together, or if she is doing the weekly washing, he can be seen sneaking around watching her. I've seen enough and heard enough to just about take my love for him. Yes, I'm married, but many times I feel alone. This is one sure way to tear down a marriage. Please withhold my state and name."

Other Pointers

A letter from Pennsylvania says they feel marriage holds the greatest potential for blessing, and also the greatest potential for sadness if the partners fail each other. And so this man and his wife worked together and drew up a list of do's and don't's for all those who seek happiness in marriage:

Don't compare your companion with others, especially unfavorably.

Don't subject your companion to ridicule in public or private.

Don't stress the weaknesses of your companion. If we dwell enough on the flaws of another person, we will see no other aspect of their personality.

Don't forget the high regard you used to have in courtship and early marriage for your partner. If that is gone, try to discover why.

Do worship together. It is hard for a marriage to to grow, when one partner frequently stays at home from church.

Do have proper respect for the other's rights and ideas.

Do express appreciation for the things you like in your partner.

Do show some affection (privately). Just a loving hand on a sagging shoulder says, "I'm with you. What can I do to help?"

Do be glad for the knowledge that your partner, unlike so many today, will be faithful to you.

Do say, "I'm sorry," or "I was wrong," when it is fitting. Seek immediately to heal any hurt feelings.

Do help each other. Comforting the feverish child at night should not always be mother's task.

Do seek to feel and help bear the other's heartaches, fears, longings, and to share in their joys and aspirations.

Do think back frequently to the thrill you used to feel at the sound of your beloved's footfall or voice. Remember that sooner than you wish, you won't hear that any more— then how you will wish for their presence just one more time."

Preserve Respect

A mother of a large family says that perhaps the greatest thing a couple is apt to lose after marriage is respect. "After marriage you find your partner has many faults and weaknesses you didn't know about. Sure, you knew he or she wasn't perfect, but everyday life changes many things. The newness wears off and you forget to show those many little considerations you used to be so quick to show and you also forget to show appreciation. You find it hard to sacrifice your self-will. It's much harder than you imagined to say and think "we" instead of "I." It's so hard to forgive and forget time and time again without letting your respect suffer. Yet respect and love go hand in hand. The thing that helps me most is to remember and remind myself that it is really Satan that is trying to pry us apart. God has instituted marriage and thus it is good. When it is not, then we have let Satan rule and not God. I like the words of a wedding song I once heard, 'Each for the other and both for the Lord.' To let these words rule your married life it is necessary to pray together, talk together, work together and literally live for the other and deny self. Isn't this what the Bible teaches us over and over again?"

Try To Please

In conclusion, we will quote from a wife in Wisconsin: "We need to take time. Time to do the things that really count like reading the Bible, praying and singing together as a family, time to take a hike together, or go fishing, or go on a picnic. After all, we aren't in this life just to see who can make the most money. Must we always keep our nose to the grindstone with no time to relax and enjoy the beauties of nature and each other? If we really love and appreciate each other, then working together can become enjoyable, too. Sometimes I'm afraid we are so busy, busy, busy that we lose sight of the goal. I find myself asking, 'In the light of eternity, which is more important?' If we answer this truthfully, a lot of times it will alter our decisions. Life is too short to be constantly bickering and fussing. If we would try as hard to please our partners as we want them to try to please us, then we'd all be happy, wouldn't we?" △

WORLDLINESS CAN HINDER BLESSING

We have been getting Family Life for over three years and I am especially interested in those articles which deal with our present conditions, and encourage us toward a plainer and more simple life in Christ. But let us keep in mind that there is no blessing in just talking about such writings. Jesus said, "Blessed are they which hear the Word of God and keep it." This means that we must do it. By God's grace we should be a living example to the world.

We as plain people have received our heritage from the Anabaptists and we should be very thankful to God for this privilege. Let us be careful that we do not lose our identity, but hold fast to the basic principles such as self-denial, a willingness to bear the cross, and contentment with whatever our lot in life happens to be. Then God can give us his blessings.

Why is it that those who profess Christ are so widely scattered in this day and age? Is it not because of worldliness which has always been a hindrance to the church and robbed it of the blessing of the Lord? Let us remember the curses which are pronounced upon God's people for departing from his ways as we can read in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy. What are we as plain people going to do with all these divisions among us at the day of judgment? Should we not confess our sins as did the prophets and offer a prayer of repentance (buszgebet) like we read in the 9th chapter of Daniel so that God would take away his wrath and give us grace and mercy?

Let us consider what happened to the children of God in the Old Testament when they began to intermingle with the nations around them and learn their customs as we read in Numbers 25. Here it says the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel when they intermingled with the daughters of Moab and bowed down to their gods. (Surely, the gods of the world today are just as displeasing to God as the idols of Moab.)

Christians are never to intermingle themselves with the world for they are to be a chosen and peculiar people created in Christ Jesus unto good works. Jesus has warned us against worldliness (Luke 21:34) and in Matt. 13:22 we can see what the results are if we let worldliness have its place in the church. Are not these conditions among us today which bring on a lukewarmness as we read of in Rev.3:14-17? Worldliness can cause this lukewarm condition which finally ends in unfruitfulness.

Let us keep in mind that our younger generation will take things on from where we leave it to them. In II Chron.7:14, Solomon gave some advice to the children of Israel which is still very fitting in our day. "If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

-Written by a sojourning pilgrim

MONEY MATTERS

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

Recently someone remarked, "All this discussion is fine, but really, you know, we can't learn that much from other people's marriage. Every marriage is different."

That is true, at least to an extent. Just as no two people are alike, so no two two people are alike! What may be a problem in one marriage may not cause any trouble at all in the next. Each individual has his own likes and dislikes, weaknesses, and strength and habits and ways. When two individuals, who are already different from any other individuals marry each other, it does make a combination that is also different from any other combination.

At the same time, we should remember that every individual is also alike. We all share with the rest of mankind some very basic traits and qualities. We all laugh when we are happy and cry when we are sad. We long for friendship and closeness, and want someone to love us, and want some we can love. We all like compliments and all dislike insults. We all want to be understood and appreciated. We all have weaknesses we are ashamed of. We all fall short at times of the goals we hope to reach. Surely, the list of similarities between people is longer than the details of our small differences.

And so, by the same reasoning, marriages do have many things in common with each other, and there should be much we can learn from each other if we really want to.

For this month's question there is only one sentence: "What is the biggest hurdle you have faced in your marriage?"

Sit down and think. Then get up and go to work and think some more. Let your mind wander back over the years since the day you were married. What problems have you faced together? Of all the problems or hurdles you had to overcome, which would you say was the most serious, the biggest? Which came the closest to defeating you and getting the best of you? Which threatened your relationship the most? Spend a day or two thinking about this. Think about it when you're washing dishes or tending the baby, or hauling manure, or milking cows. Talk it over with the one you're married to. And then sit down and write your conclusion. No matter if it's so short it only takes half a sentence, or so long that it takes half a notebook— write it down and mail it to us.

When we printed the first of the "Maturity in Marriage" questions last November, it was mentioned in the "Across the Editor's Desk," that the usual trend for a discussion like this is to get a lot of response the first few questions, and then gradually get less and less response. That is exactly what has been happening. Each month we receive fewer answers. But we feel this question deserves a good response, perhaps the best response we've had yet. We are hoping the following three factors will help to bring it to that:

1) It's a question that fits all marriages. Every couple has had problems. If any couple didn't have problems, I'm sure that of itself would be a problem— for without facing problems and trials together, would our love really grow very strong?

2) You have more time before the deadline. Since FAMILY LIFE skips one month each summer, we will have an extra month this time before your answers have to reach us. The deadline is September 3, 1975.

3) This is the first time we are paying for the contributions we use in this discussion. We will pay from $2 to $10 for every letter we use. Of course, we know you won't write just for the money, but perhaps a small cash prize will make it a bit more fun, and you can then use it for something with which to build your marriage— such as a good book to read together next winter, or some ice cream to take along on a picnic by the creek.

Take time to think it over, but don't take so much time time that you forget to write.

Address your letter to:
Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario
N5H 2R3

PROBLEM No. 9

HURRY - DOWNFALL OF CHRISTIANITY

The first sermon in the world was preached at the creation. It was a Divine protest against "hurry." It was a Divine object lesson of perfect law, order, method. To hurry is contrary to the way of nature, for nature never hurries. Every phase of God's plan shows calmness, reliability, and absence of hurry. The tower of Babel, the world's first skyscraper, was a failure because the workers mistook their ambition for inspiration. They had too many builders and no architect. The result is ever as hopeless as trying to transform a hobby horse into a real steed by brisk riding. The old time courtesy went out when the new time hurry came in. Pushing too hard brings a breakdown of nerves and no time for relaxing. Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth. Trees take decades to grow, mushrooms attain their full power in a night, a fad lives its life in a few weeks. Hurry brings out fretting, it kills truth, and makes strong people weak. Let us cultivate calmness, restfulness, poise, and sweetness, doing our best, bearing all things as bravely as we can.

-Selected

DEADLINE FOR ANSWERS:

august 31st

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

Question:

Is it proper to have prayer in public such as before eating a meal? In our community are some people who understand from Christ's warning against the long prayers of the Pharisees that it is wrong to have either audible or silent prayer where it can be seen of other people such as at school meetings or when eating in a restaurant.

-Wondering

??

ANSWERS FOR THE PERSON WHO WANTED TO KNOW IF THERE IS ANYTHING WRONG IN WATCHING THE SIGNS OF THE MOON TO DO OUR PLANTING, ETC.

● God gave us the "lights" in the heavens for signs, seasons and years , Gen. 1:14. When planting or harvesting or in anything, I believe in moderation. We go by the signs when our work can be arranged accordingly but we don't go "overboard" and waste a whole week just waiting for the right sign.

We have seen for ourselves that paint dries quicker and better if done in a dry sign than in a wet sign if the weather is the same. Yes, we believe in watching the signs and we wonder if those who are so strong against using any signs and those who won't do anything except in the right sign, aren't in the same boat. -Missouri

● Does God give a special blessing to those who follow signs? The promises of God do not include blessings on anything which is superstitious. I do not believe that the sign watchers have more blessings than those who have a simple trust in God. In school we learned that the Indians were very superstitious and paid attention to the moon and I believe many of our superstitions can be traced to them. It would seem to me that watching the signs is a form of superstition and a close relative of witchcraft. -C. F., Elmira, Ont.

● The signs of the zodiac were drawn up by the Greeks using the position of the stars as related to the sun, moon, and planets, to divide the year into twelve equal parts. Each one was named after an imaginary god. They believed that the sign in which a person was born had a direct influence on the future of the individual. Strangely enough, some otherwise intelligent people still believe in this method, called a horoscope to determine their future.

God placed the moon in the heavens for a purpose, namely, as the lesser light for the night. It is a scientific fact that the moon has an influence on tides due to gravity.

I have never used the almanac for planting, etc., neither did my parents or grandparents and to the best of my knowledge their crops were as good as the average. I question that the almanac is of value for agricultural purposes. If so, why have not the agricultural experts discovered and used it? -M.F., Ontario

● Studying the sun, moon and stars is called astrology and history tells us it began among the Chaldeans and Babylonians thousands of years ago. They used astrology to foretell the future and to plan their wars, etc.

I do not believe that Christianity and astrology mix. If it were for Christians then we should ordain our ministers in the right sign. Ministers should wait for the sign to talk to erring members, etc.

I once knew a man who never bought his automobile unless the sign was right. So the salespeople studied the signs and then had an easier time of selling him one. But this man came to a very sad end. I know of a family that bought a "Moon Book" and in it there was an address where you could send a certain amount of money and your birthdate and they would tell you what you could expect for the coming year.

Let us commit ourselves to God and not to such things from which we can't expect any blessings. -Ohio

● "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth for God hath received him. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master, he standeth or falleth for God is able to make him stand. One man esteemeth one day above another. Another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Romans 14.

In my opinion, it doesn't matter so much where the signs of the zodiac originated from as where we believe they originated from. If we believe they are from God for our benefit then it can be right. If we doubt and still observe them, then we are condemned because we doubt (Romans 14:22-23).

Take for example the word Easter. I have read at different places that the word Easter originated from the heathen word, "Godes." In our Bible it has been translated from the original language. When I think of Easter, I think of Christ's atoning power. If we believed the word to mean the heathen word Godes (meaning a heathen festival) then we would not connect it with the Resurrection. -Ira R. Martin, Elmira, Ontario

● I would feel that such things as astrology, witchcraft, and fortune telling are wrong and any power which they have comes from Satan. But on the other hand I would not want to say that the moon can not have any effect on crops or people. Although I have never watched the signs of the moon for anything, if anyone does watch the moon for signs, then I would not condemn them for it, provided their lives are in accordance with Scripture.

We know the moon does have a big effect on the tides and lately scientists have discovered that persons who are mentally disturbed are apt to be worse over the full moon. This is a deep subject and I feel there is more we do not understand about it than what we do. I think we should be slow in condemning others just because we do not agree with them in some points.

I believe my grandmother was a Christian if ever there was one, judging from her daily walk of life, but she believed in a few things which sounded somewhat

FARM & FIELD

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION AS TO WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR A HORSE THAT OVEREATS AND BECOMES FOUNDERED.

I have had several experiences with founder. At present I have a horse that is sound but was foundered about eight years ago, keeping no damage. As soon as we noticed stiffness or soreness in the feet we kept the hoof soft by making the horse stand in clay mud. In summer time he can be tied in a creek or pond for an hour every day. A six inch layer of strawy manure should be left in the stall for him to stand on. Permanent damage results when the heat of the swollen legs draws the hoofs in and they get dry and brittle.

-Nelson B. Martin, Waterloo, Ontario

I have an old doctor book called "The People's Home Library" which gives the following treatment which I have used already with good results.

Make the horse stand in warm water in winter or in cold water or wet clay in the summer time. Also give a tablespoonful of powdered saltpeter twice a day. Keep the bowels open by giving a pound of epsom salts daily until they move freely or a pint of raw linseed oil. In all cases of founder, short walks are helpful for recovery. Also recommended is a tablespoonful of oil of sassafras if available as soon as the animal is found to be foundered.

-Mose D. Bontrager, Shipshewana, Indiana

Here is a remedy for founder: Give the horse three tablespoonsful of powdered alum at once, before he gets any water. One dose should take care of it. If not treated until several days after he has overeaten, give three tablespoons alum in the morning, again in the evening and the third dose the next noon. Then one tablespoon daily for three days. -C.B.M., Iowa

I heard of a man whose horses got into the corncrib one afternoon. When he discovered it that evening, he hitched them to the plow and worked them most of the night. They suffered no ill effects. -Ontario

If a horse gets too much grain, it shouldn't have any water for at least 12 hours. It would be a good idea to either work the horse or keep his feet cool. If he starts getting stiff he should have exercise often but not much at a time.

It would be a lot easier to put a good hook on the granary or either tie the horse up properly than to treat a foundered horse. -Eli Wagler, Milverton, Ont.

WORRYITIS

I can't find a single thing to worry about today,
Everything's just going the finest kind of way;
My family seems to be all right, my work is going well,
The clear skies are blue above and I am feeling swell;
But wait! my Jake's upon the roof to fix a leak for me
And he might fall and break a leg how dreadful that would be
And if my check should be delayed I could not pay the bill
That's coming due week after next, the thought just makes me ill.
I wish I knew where Danny is; he left for work at 8,
If his horse goes too slow he surely will be late.
Although things seem to be all right, they could go wrong today
I guess I'd better face the facts and worry anyway.

superstitious to me, and which I could not do with a clear conscience. My prayer is that God will be merciful to each one of us in our shortcomings and in those things which we may be doing which are not Scriptural and I have confidence He will be if we are faithful in those things on which we do have enlightenment.

-Name and State withheld

△

* * *

In the May 1974 issue of Family Life a recipe appeared on how to make hand soap. Several details were lacking so the recipe is being reprinted.

HAND SOAP

35 lbs. fat
7 lbs. caustic
3 pint salt
8 gallons soft water

Put some water into the kettle first, then soap grease, and then add the caustic. Boil for 2 hours. Keep adding small amounts of the water while boiling to keep soap from boiling over. Boil two hours in this way, then add the salt and the rest of the water. Bring to a good boil. (This takes from 15 to 30 minutes.) Then add the following:

1 large box pure soap flakes, such as Ivory, Lux, etc. (no detergents)
2 oz. glycerine
8 oz. rubbing alcohol
1 large bottle olive oil
8 oz. oil of citronell or anise seed oil. (These oils are expensive. A bottle of perfume will do just as well.)

Bring to a boil. Cool.

-Mrs. Melvin W. Bauman
St. Clements, Ont.
Route 1 N0B 2M0

ACROSS the WINDOWSILL

-by Aunt Becky

THE SUNSET

I MARVELED AT THE setting sun...Its awe-inspiring beauty drew...Loud praises from my heart and tongue.. That I could such magnificence view...The clouds that had been edged in gold...Were soon aflame with purplish haze...God with His artist's brush is bold...To glorify the dying days...And as the glow died in the west...I knew that someone far away...With lifted eyes God's Name blest...As He watched the sunset in his day...And then I fully realized...That in each minute of the hours...Some eyes were lifted to the skies...To drink in God's great wondrous powers...And as the sun passes land and sea...God's glory is once more declared...Then poets sing their melodies...That men can have such treasures rare.... smw

AT ALL TIMES throughout the day, someone somewhere lifts weary eyes to a lovely sunset. Isn't it wonderful to think that God's glory in the skies never diminishes, even though it may fade from our view. So His many blessings continue to be with us at all times, even though we may not be aware of them.

I still love to see unpainted floors and smell the fresh fragrance of the wood after they have been mopped. Of course they are more difficult to clean, so most people have turned to painting or varnishing. When removing paint or varnish, have the room well ventilated. Breathing in the odor of paint or varnish remover can cause hardening of the liver (cirrhosis) and can be serious.

Fighting wax build-up needn't involve a lot of backbreaking work if you're careful about how and how often you use the wax. Maybe the following directions which come from an authoritive source would apply to varnished floors as well as to linoleum.

1. Wax lightly, applying a thin, smooth, even coat.
2. Clean the floor, as long as possible, by mopping with cool or warm water. Use a detergent solution only when it's really necessary.
3. Rewax only when the shine has noticeably dulled.
4. Before rewaxing, be sure the floor is clean and completely dry.
5. Rewax only about three or four times before stripping the floor.

When it's time to strip a floor of built-up wax, the job will go faster and easier if you use very hot water mixed with a heavy dose of detergent, or a floor cleaner that claims to remove old wax. If neither works, your wax may require use of a special wax remover. A good formula is: 1/2 to 1 cup of ammonia and 1 cup of detergent to a gallon of very hot water. Apply the solution to one area at a time, wait two to three minutes, then mop it up. When the floor is rinsed, free of streaky wax strips or patches and thoroughly dry, put down a fresh, new coat of wax.

A FRIEND FROM Leola, Pa. tells us that bread pans should never be greased with Wesson oil, or the bread will stick. She recommends lard for this purpose.

I found out a bit of chili powder added to vegetable soup makes the soup quite tasty.

Mrs. Isaac Horst wrote: "Have you ever tried to make soup with the water you boil corn on the cob in? Try it once. It's delicious.

"Crumble bread in a bowl and pour the corn cob water over it. Add cream and eat with the corn."

A friend from Holmes County says she uses whole wheat flour to fry her meat, corn mush and mushrooms. This makes a crisp crust. They also like whole wheat flour in the pie dough.

From Mrs. Alfred D. Troyer comes: "Mention was made of artichokes. The Jerusalem artichoke is different from the regular. I was told the Jerusalem artichokes are very good for diabetics. My husband is one. They are good to eat raw, cooked or baked. I'm trying a new vegetable this summer— vegetable spaghetti."

We received some advice from various readers concerning pickle juice. It is not recommended to reuse the juice for canning; but the juice can be used to soak meat or vegetables in before using and also in salad dressings, or in soups.

Different ones have also written in about drying food. Some similar recipes have been merged into one. Dried foods make delicious snacks, even dried corn. Don't forget to leave the oven door partly open when using the oven for drying.

HOW TO DRY CORN

1 gallon crock raw corn, cut from cobs
3/4 cup sweet cream 1/2 cup white sugar
salt to taste

Put into iron pot or other heavy container. Cook until the juice is all cooked in. Watch closely or the corn will burn. Dry in pans in a slow oven or on a steam dryer. Store in tight containers.

-Mrs. Isaac Horst, Mrs. Levi B. Frey

* * *

DRIED CORN

Cook corn as for roasting ears. Cut from cob, put on cookie sheets lined with brown paper. Place in slow even to dry. Stir often so it will dry more evenly.

-Mrs. John E. Wenger

* * *

DRIED GREEN BEANS

String beans then cook for 15 to 30 minutes or until green color disappears. Spread beans in thin layers on pans. Dry in slow oven 250 until dry. Store for winter use.

To Use Dried Beans: Take 3 cups dry beans, 1/4 lb. bacon, 1 teaspoon salt and water to cover. Bacon should be fried first. Remove grease. Cook beans and bacon until beans are soft and most of the water absorbed.

-Mrs. J. E. W.

To Use Dried Beans: Pour boiling water over some of the beans. Let set several hours, then drain. Add extra plenty water and boil about 1 to 1 1/2 hours. You can add the cooked beans to meat and gravy and vegetables and cook in one pot. -Mrs. Noah M. Brubacher

* * *

Dried pears are a treat for the children for an afternoon snack or in the lunch box, as they are naturally sweet. Take ripe pears, but still firm, peel and cut into small snitz. That way they dry nicer and quicker. We made a frame and put fine screen in the bottom so the air can circulate through. Pears shrink so they can become an expensive snack unless you have your own pears. -Mrs. Noah M. Brubacher

* * *

DRIED FRUIT

Peaches- Cut in quarter, unpeeled, then dry.
Prune plums- Cut through. Remove seed. Place on dryer.
Apricot- Cut through; remove seed, and dry.
Plums- These can be dried but if they get too hot, they become mushy.
Apples- Quarter peeled slices, then lay on dryer. When put through the salad master and dried they make a delicious snack or addition to breakfast cereals.
Elderberries- Can be dried in the sun on a warm, sunny day. Spread thinly on a sugar bag or a brown paper bag in a warm, dry, sunny place.

* * *

DRIED TOMATOES

Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes. Let stand a few minutes. Slip skin off then cut in pieces. Put through the food mill. Fill greased pie pans about 1/2 full, then put in a slow oven. After they are dried only a thin layer is left. Fold and put in a dry container. When ready to use, add water and cook up again. (Peaches can be mashed and dried with this method. Years ago dried peaches were referred to as "peach leather" and used as a snack. --Aunt Becky) -Holmes County, Ohio

* * *

GREEN TOMATOES FOR PIE

1 gallon green tomatoes. Wash and trim out stalks. Slice quite thin. Add 1/2 crock white sugar. Boil until thick. Add 2 lemons, thinly sliced, about 15 minutes before removing from stove. These can be kept in crocks, and just used as needed. I usually add water to make them thinner before putting into the pie shell. Place crust on top. -Mrs. L.B.F.

* * *

BOILING ELDERBERRIES

2 gallons elderberries	4 lbs. sugar
1 pint vinegar	

Boil until thick. This can be used for pie. Store in crocks.

Plums can also be cooked this way but they need no vinegar for they are sour. Water should be added before putting plums into pie crust. -Mrs. Levi B. Frey

* * *

EMMA'S PEACH PIE

1/2 cup sugar	3 T. flour
1/2 t. salt	3 T. corn starch
2 cups milk	1 egg

Cook and then let cool. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1/4 cup whipped cream. Make glaze with the following:

Take 3 peaches, mash, add 1/4 cup water, boil 2 minutes. Strain. Add sugar to taste, cook slightly again and thicken with clear jel. Put filling into a baked pie shell. Cover this with peach slices, then top with the glaze. -Mrs. J. D. M.

* * *

FRESH PEACH PIE

Arrange in an unbaked pie shell one layer of fresh peach halves. Over this pour: 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, and 3 partly beaten eggs. Bake at 350° until crust is baked. This pie has been a winner a few times.
-Mrs. F. N. Hoover

* * *

FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK comes the following methods for canning string beans, which I found interesting, although we didn't try them.

To one gallon (four quarts) of prepared beans, add 1/2 cup salt, 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 cup vinegar. Cover the beans with the sugar, salt, vinegar and enough cold water to cover all. Boil for 20 minutes, pack into hot jars and seal while hot.

When opened to use, rinse and drain, and cook as you would fresh beans.

Cookless method- Wash and string beans, cut in pieces, salt thoroughly and let stand overnight. In the morning drain off the brine, pack the beans into one or two quart jars, pack down as tightly as possible. Cover the top with salt layer and fill jars with clear cold water. Seal tightly.

These beans will keep all winter. When ready to use, soak overnight in clear water. Drain in the morning and and prepare in usual way for fresh beans.

* * *

Some Mothers Write

Is it right to have things on shelves or about the house that have absolutely no purpose but to look at? There is the colored liquid in whiskey or other fancy bottles, artificial flowers and fruits, small miniature animals, and then the fancy quilts when plain ones would be less expensive and suit the same purpose. This doesn't bother some people. I want to do what is right but I can't see that this honors or glorifies God. -A Mother, Ohio

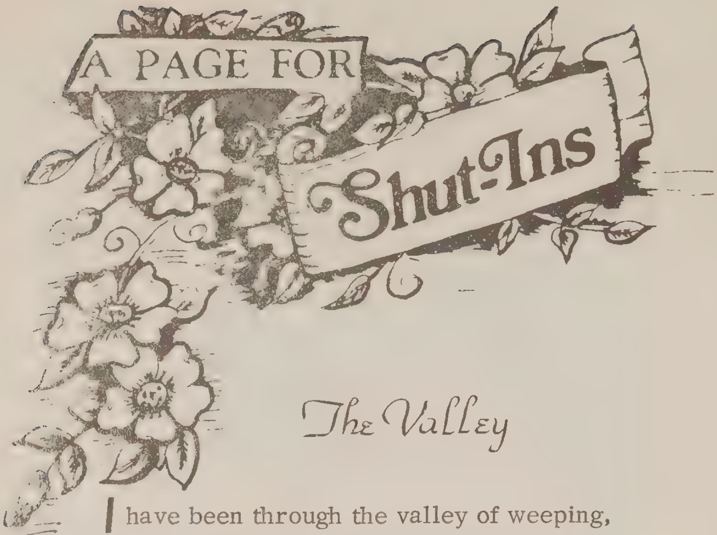
Who is to blame if young people are building homes which look like the world? Modern bathrooms, cabinets, and furniture and fancy things setting around or hanging on the walls. If they were working as hard to keep their soul free from "hoffart" as they are to fix up their earthly home, it would make easy for the ministers. Suppose the children take the next big step... -Heavy Hearted

For a punishment our 6 and 9-year-old had to go without breakfast. The 6-year-old cried all forenoon and said, "Now I'm going to die." I asked why she feels so. Then she replied, "Because you said many little boys and girls in other countries die because they don't get anything to eat." -Mrs. A. B. M.

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Let each
sunrise awaken
a new hope
within you.
Aunt Becky



The Valley

I have been through the valley of weeping,
The valley of sorrow and pain;
But the "God of all comfort" was with me,
At hand to uphold and sustain.

As the earth needs the clouds and the sunshine,
Our souls need both sorrow and joy;
So He places us oft in the furnace,
The dross from the gold to destroy.

When He leads through some valley of trouble,
His powerful hand we can trace;
For the trials and sorrows He sends us
Are part of His lessons of grace.

Oft we shrink from purging and pruning,
Forgetting the Husbandman knows
The deeper the cutting and paring,
The richer the cluster that grows.

Well, He knows that affliction is needed;
He has a wise purpose in view,
And in the dark valley He whispers,
"Here after thou'll know what I do."

As we travel through life's shadowed valley,
Fresh springs of His love ever rise,
And we learn that our sorrows and losses
Are blessings just sent in disguise.

So we'll follow wherever He leadeth,
Though pathways be dreary or bright;
For we've proof that our God can give comfort,
Our God can give songs in the night.

-Unknown

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THE REMARK THAT HURT

A WHILE AGO AT A WEDDING I met a relative of mine whom I don't get to see very often. "How are you getting along?" he asked in his friendly way.

"Oh, just the same as always," I replied.

I saw his eyes take in my pale face, the arthritic, knarled fingers that were curved around my cane, then he said, "I just wouldn't stand being like that. I'd do something about it."

I felt terribly hurt for what did he think I had been doing the last seventeen years. I had gone to several different chiropractors, an out-of-state doctor, and to one in Canada. Besides that, I tried many teas and drank carrot juice and used other home remedies. So why should he make remarks as if I wasn't trying to get well.

With disgust I went in and got my shawl and bonnet and hobbled about until I found our buggy. With much effort I climbed up and sat on the seat and waited until my husband was ready to go home. I didn't care to be with people just then; I wanted to be alone.

On the way home I told my husband what had taken place. "I couldn't understand why he said so," I said, "and to think of how much I have doctored already."

My husband spoke to me and soon had the sharp edges taken out of my feelings.

After thinking over the matter I realized that such remarks are good for me. I also feel my handicap has been good for me, spiritually, and that it is the will of God that I suffer. Jesus suffered a lot more than this for us and after thinking about this I wasn't hurt anymore about what my friend had said. I hope it will teach me a lesson to watch my own tongue more.

One thing that has helped me during my days of suffering is what another friend had once told me: Health is a great thing, but it is even a greater thing to be content with the way things are.

-One who tries to be contented

• • • • • • • • •

WHY WAS I ASHAMED?

When I was still able to walk— although with difficulty-I planned to attend church in a distant district. The people in whose home the services were held were friends of mine but to the remainder of the congregation I was a stranger, so I thought. The services were held in the barn. My cousin offered to take me and of course he had to be a little late. When we arrived, the services had begun already, and to my dismay my cousin drove right up to the barn opening where everyone could see us. I knew he meant to be kind so I wouldn't have far to walk. But I was shy and lacked self-confidence when among strangers, so this "public exposure" didn't help me any.

As the car stopped, my host came immediately to assist me. As he escorted me into the barn I didn't dare look up over the sea of faces. Hay was strewn over the floor which made walking extremely difficult. I held tightly to the man's proffered arm to keep from stumbling. Trying to bring my feet higher than the hay, I made my way to a nice comfortable chair (they knew I was coming) which was set about a third of the way through the barn.

As I was about to sit down my host said softly, "I can take your bonnet."

Only then did I realize that I didn't remove my bonnet before entering. I fumbled with the strings while trying to shut from my mind the many eyes that were staring at me.

As soon as I had sunk down into a chair, someone touched my shoulder. A voice from behind me whispered, "I'm glad you could come." I glanced back to see a friend of long acquaintance.

Those few thoughtful words put me more at ease.

Years afterward I wondered why a person is embarrassed when they have not wronged anyone, or done wrong themselves. I cannot believe it is humility, but pride. When we are young we are often ashamed of the wrong things, and we blush unnecessarily. Then when we grow older we blush at the things we should have been ashamed of when we were young. -smw

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

POISON IVY
Mix powdered alum with vaseline, then spread on the affected parts. -Mary Stoltzfus

ULCER REMEDY
Drink a small glass of cabbage juice 3 times a day until relief is found. -M.N. Miller, Ohio

SASSAFRAS

Many of us buy sassafras root for tea instead of harvesting our own, simply because we do not know the tree is growing in our fence rows. Sassafras grows from Maine to Ontario and Iowa and south to Florida and Texas. Usually it is a small, slender, tree, but it may grow to be quite tall. One unusual characteristic is that it often has three different shaped leaves on one twig. The leaves are mitten shaped. The simplest way to describe the leaves are: One-thumb mitten, two-thumb mitten, and no-thumb mitten. The tree has furrowed bark and bright green twigs. If you need additional assurance that it really is sassafras, smell the root. It will smell like root beer, as sassafras is actually one of the ingredients in root beer. You will need to scrub the root, but you really need not peel it. Just chop into pieces small enough to fit into your kettle. The root can be used several times. Sassafras root is a nice gift to give to your family or friends, for Christmas or for no special occasion.

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Before we set our hearts too much on anything, let us examine how happy they are who already possess it.

ANSWERS TO KNOW YOUR GERMAN from page 18

1. bätest C. request, ask (for), beg, invite, bid "..du bätest ihn, und er gäbe dir lebendiges Wasser." Jn.4:10
2. befleckt D. spotted, stained, defiled, contaminated, patched. "Diese sind es, die mit Weibern nicht befleckt sind;" Rev. 14:4.
3. befohlen A. ordered, commanded, committed, dictated "...und welchem viel befohlen ist, von dem wird man viel fordern." Luke 12:48.
4. dürre D. dryness, drought, leanness, sterility "...denn die Ernte der Erde ist dürre geworden." Rev. 14:15.
5. gebühr B. fee, tax, duty, due, dues, money due "...dasz er ihnen zu rechter Zeit ihr Gebühr gebe." Luke 12:42
6. Henne D. chicken or hen "...wie eine Henne ihr Nest unter ihr Flügel, und ihr habt nicht gewollt." Luke 13:34
7. inneward C. perceived, become conscious or aware of "Da nun der Herr inneward, dasz vor die Pharisäer gekommen war..." Jn. 4:1
8. kelter B. winepress "Und die Kelter ward auszer der Stadt gekeltert;.." Rev. 14:20
9. lauter A. pure, unmixed, genuine, reliable "der eingeschenkt und lauter ist in seines Zorns Kelch..." Rev. 14:10
10. quillet B. gush, well (up), flow or arise (from) "...ein Brunnen des Wassers werden, das in das ewi Leben quillet." Jn. 4:14
11. Stätte D. place, abode "...und ihr sagt, zu Jer salem sei die Stätte, da man anbeten soll." Jn. 4:20
12. theile C. share, division, part, piece "...das er mit mir das Erbe theile." Luke 12:13
13. Thorheit B. foolishness "Denn die göttliche Th heit ist weise, denn die Menschen sind..." I Cor. 1:
14. traten D. tread, walked, or stepped "...also, dasz sie sich unter einander traten..." Luke 12:1
15. unsträflich A. blameless, irreproachable, imp cable "...denn sie sind unsträflich vor dem Stuhl Gottes." Rev. 14:5.
16. verleugnet C. deny, disown, renounce "Wer mi aber verleugnet vor den Menschen..." Luke 12:9.
17. vermischt B. mixed, miscellaneous "...welch Blut Pilatus sammt ihrem Opfer vermischt hatte." Luke 13:1.
18. vollende C. finish, accomplish, complete "...d Willen desz, der mich gesandt hat, und vollende sein Werk." Jn. 4:34.
19. wägen D. weigh, poise "...und uns wägen und w gen lassen von allerlei Wind der Lehre..." Eph. 4:14
20. wesz A. whose "...und wesz wird es sein, das bereitet hast?" Luke 12:20.

Doctors Should Be Paid for keeping people well

DID YOU EVER stop to think that many doctors have never examined a healthy person? They are concerned only with treating people after they become sick. In China, it is claimed, doctors are paid to keep people well. If they become sick, the doctors do not receive extra pay for treating them.

Dr. John McCamy of St. Petersburg, Florida is working with a group of twenty doctors around the world to develop a program of preventive medicine which will be aimed at keeping people well. These doctors believe that the first step in such a program is to make people health conscious, aware of the fact that they are largely responsible for their own health.

According to this doctor, most people kill themselves with poor diet, lack of exercise, stress and an indifference to their own health needs. As an example, he says most people know what causes a coronary. The conditions which bring on a heart attack are eating refined carbohydrates such as sugar and white flour, smoking, overweight, lack of exercise, too much alcohol or coffee, stress, high blood pressure and high cholesterol. If these factors are taken into consideration, you can predict your own chances of a heart attack. This doctor asserts that if you know what causes a certain illness, then you can also prevent it, but you must be aware of the danger.

Dr. McCamy believes that the health of the parents before a child is conceived will affect the health of the child. He thinks the family doctor should talk this matter over with prospective parents so they will be aware of the effect they may have on their own children. But most doctors know very little about nutrition, which is the first step in improving health. They go to medical school for many years to learn how to fight disease after it appears but receive very little training on meeting the needs of the human body to prevent illness.

This doctor believes that people should put more emphasis on eating whole-grain bread, raw foods and more vegetable proteins. Instead of having a one-pound steak we should be substituting for a one-fourth steak and a pound salad.

The doctor says the most important factor in building good health is exercise. But this should not be overdone. He thinks most people should be able to walk three miles in forty-five minutes.

Avoiding Too Much Stress

About the same time as Dr. McCamy's statements were published, I noticed an obituary of a local man who suffered a heart attack and died suddenly at the age of fifty-one. Apparently he had been a busy man in his lifetime. Here is a list of the positions he held at the time of his death according to the obituary:

President of Jack Rice Caterers Ltd., president of Turkey Point Company, president of Pleasant Valley Golf and Country Club of which he was the first president, a director of the Canadian Restaurant Ass'n, chairman of the Ont. Chapter of Ducks unlimited, sponsor of Ducks Unlimited, a member of the Mocha Mosque Schrine, a member of Burleigh Preceptory, a member of Royal Arch Masons, a member of Tillsonburg Shrine Club, a member of King Hiram Lodge No. 78, a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, and a member of the Kinsmen Club. He also received the Distinguished Flying Cross during the second World War.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3
In U.S.A.— Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

Stephen ~~Sxx~~oScott
1097 Stony Battery Rd.
Lancaster, PA 17601

Exercise is good and a certain amount of stress is good. Perhaps the farmer has the advantage over the city dweller in this respect. He works hard during the day but his work is out in the open air and sunshine. Physical exercise makes a person tired which is an ideal setting for a good night's rest to wake up relaxed the next morning. Good food, fresh air, regular exercise, a healthy mental attitude and peace in the heart will go along way in avoiding the doctor's office.

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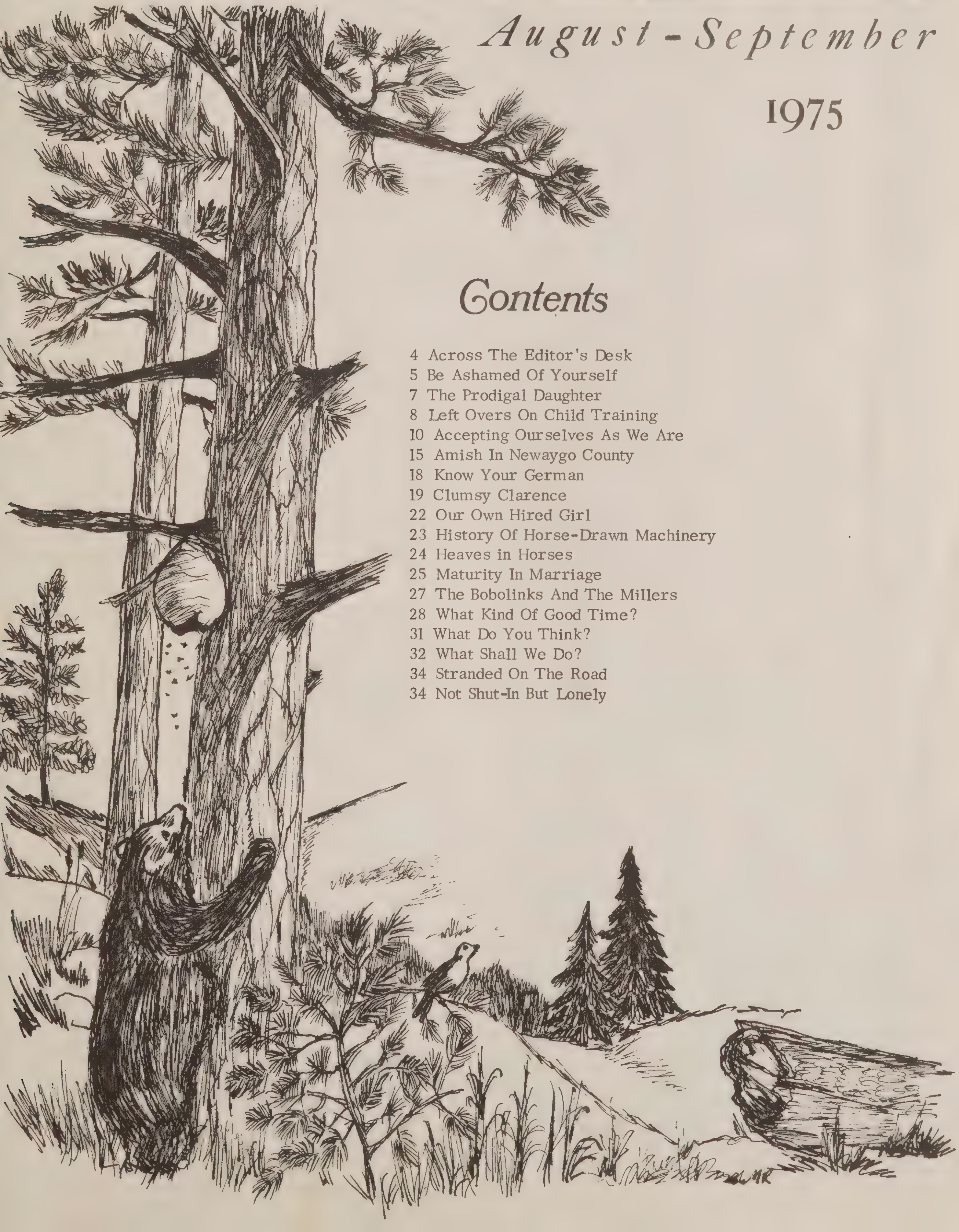
FAMILY LIFE

August - September

1975



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Letters TO THE EDITOR-

KEEP THE BABY WARM

The letter "For Tired And Busy Mothers" (June issue) prompted me to write. I have often thought it would be a good idea to share short cuts in housework and give ideas to poor overworked mothers. But this letter made me curious. I wonder where this mother lives that she can put her two-week old baby outdoors in the wintertime? (I'm from Missouri so you have to show me!) But seriously, I don't think I would have gotten very far with our two oldest ones anywhere. The oldest one got stomach ache at the least little draft and the second one got earache even during the hot summer months. I also had to wonder when she gets her sewing done as that's a winter time job for me. But maybe the winters are mild enough to do it outdoors with the babies!

Although I don't want to be critical, I can't agree with you on that part of letting babies cry when you've done all you could for them. I was always taught that there is definitely something wrong with them if they go on and cry after you've done all you can for them.

Now don't get me wrong as I don't believe in spoiling babies but I don't think they're very easily spoiled under three months. I once heard a young mother say with her first one, "The first week it was pretty 'gridlich' but I pretty well got it over that." I felt sorry for the poor little thing, it was blamed for being spoiled in its very first week of life. Now that baby is two years old and is not behaving any better than the average baby.

No, I know I don't know it all and have made many mistakes already in bringing up our children. We can only hope and pray and keep trying and hope it will bear good fruit someday.

I do agree with the last part of your letter. I not only have weedy borderlines but many other things go undone, too. It doesn't bother me very much either because in our first year of married life I got so that I couldn't do it. You gradually learn to accept it and do what has to be done. -Also Learning Yet, Missouri

CRYING MAY NOT HURT THEM

I read with interest the letter for "Tired and Busy Mothers." I like to read how others raise a family and what they do for the children. I need to learn how to relax which I often can't do and then I get impatient.

A baby that cries a lot may not necessarily form a rupture. We had one that was so fussy and cried so much and he did have trouble at his navel but the doctor told us to leave it alone and it did get all right. We have another one which seldom cried at all and now he has a little rupture. But for some reason it doesn't go down with me to hear a baby that cries a lot. But I still have much to learn. -A Reader, Iowa

CLOSE TO MOTHER'S HEART

I'm glad to read other mother's ideas. Our baby had colic and I nursed and felt it relaxed her but sometimes she cried for at least an hour. I couldn't stand it to let her in the crib to cry it out so I tried everything I could think of. I often laid her on my lap on a pillow on her stomach and rocked her and sang until it was over. If we would be sick where would we sooner be than close to our mother's heart?

I don't expect our babies to sleep all night. I feel they need milk and that's reason enough to cry. That's one way to let us know they need something. Do we grown-ups sleep all night? I don't and I'm old enough to know we're supposed to sleep all night but babies don't know that. I take mine into bed with me and I can sleep while baby nurses. Too soon they'll be grown-up. If a baby cries he has pain or he needs something. Maybe he needs more love. -Pennsylvania Mother

BABY YOUR BABY

How can a mother let her baby cry for an hour (June issue) and then believe he has learned a lesson because he never again asked for a night feeding? Babies do learn and in this case he learned that Mother is not available at night or even through the day at times, but they will find security and fulfil their needs somehow. They will be forced to become attached to blanket, pillow, thumb or finger, something to take the place of mother.

There may be times when a baby needs to cry himself to sleep but as a rule, babies' cries are meant to be disturbing. It's the only way they can say, "Mother, I need you. I'm cold, hungry, teething, etc." What has happened to the mother instinct? At one time bottles and formulas were used only as a substitute for the baby who could not get breast milk. But now slowly and surely it seems the exception is becoming the rule, and mothers are beginning to bottle-feed right and left. Now doctors decide which formula to use, how much and how to prepare it, whether you should hold the baby when you feed it and so on. Babying the baby is becoming difficult.

I am confident that Mother Eve was not bogged down with scales and charts and clock watching. She did not feed the baby only at specified times but whenever he showed signs of being hungry day or night. No well meaning friend was there to ask, "Do you mean to say your baby wakes up during the night? How do you manage to get your rest?" Mother loses very little sleep when she merely picks up the baby and takes it to bed with her to nurse. Very rarely will other members of the family be disturbed by a crying baby if his needs are met in this relaxed, God-given manner. God gave you this method so why not use it? Don't be afraid to enjoy babying your baby. -A Mother Of Boys, Pa.

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

LONELY OR BORED OR SCARED

If people would only realize that to cry is baby's way to talk. That's their way to let us mothers know when they want love, get hungry or wet, etc. Sometimes they get lonely, or bored or scared and often it takes only a few minutes to make them happy again if we pat them or talk to them a little. It's natural for babies to want to be with their mother and get comfort from them. If we want to have our children close to us then they grow up we should start in their young days. How can we expect them to come to us for love, or comfort when they are older if we ignore them when they are still in the cradle?

Aren't we mothers glad to have a chat with our husbands and get a little attention from him? How would we feel if we talked and talked to him for one whole hour and he would go right on reading a book and not even look at us? We would feel pretty well neglected, wouldn't we, and I think that is how babies feel who have to cry that long. -Another Mother, Indiana

WEED FIELD TO BRIAR PATCH

Regarding the article in Editor's Corner about leaving home (June issue) my heart was greatly touched. In my opinion she did not gain one ounce by leaving home. It's like someone trying to get out of a weed field and ending up in a briar patch. Even if it were true that the parents did not have the right attitude, it would still not make it right. Even if Dad would go to the liquor bar, the children should still obey their parents in the things which are right.

I have had a lot of experience in having an unpleasant home but have found that with much prayer and asking God for guidance we can have a happy home.

-Name and State Withheld

PLAIN AND NOT PROUD

Sometime ago I read a letter from a teacher who said she had talked to a mother who told her she would sooner have her children dressed in hochmuth than to be dressed plain and be proud of it. No doubt both ways are wrong. I always try to tell our children that they should dress plain but without being proud or using bad language, etc. But they are like many others, always looking for something to lean on as an excuse not to dress plain and be decent. But am glad to say that most of them have now changed. -A Reader

WE KNEW IT ALREADY

The article about Andy Yoder on the Shut-In Page (June issue) reminded me of an incident that happened years ago. My uncle was here from another state and I had the privilege of taking him visiting. He was a widower at the time and told me of the lonesome time he has living with his son and daughter-in-law. Apparently they, too, didn't share the news with him, much like Andy's case. Or if he had gone somewhere and did hear a bit of news, he'd mention it at the table, then and get the answer, "We knew that a long time already." This was so discouraging that he didn't even feel like sharing the news.

I resolved at the time if I ever lived with someone like that, who was alone, never to treat them this way but I never got the privilege. Now I am alone myself and can out of experience know how my uncle felt as I often get the same answer, "Yes, we knew it already."

-Name and State Withheld

CAN DO A LOT WITH A SMILE

The article "Whose Fault Is It" on the shut-in page of the June issue was worthwhile reading. We can often be at fault in different ways and am glad the author had enough courage to write and remind us. With God's help I want to do my part to help the unfortunate. We can do a lot with a smile and a kind word if it comes from the heart.

But it doesn't have to be a shut-in or people who lose their partners that we cause to draw into a shell. The root of drawing ourselves into a shell can start as early as going to school. Perhaps some children are not as pretty in face as others, some may be from poorer families, some are less talkative, or slow learners, usually these get pushed back and as they grow up draw themselves away from the rest. What a difference it makes if these can be made to really feel welcome.

I know of a young boy who was like this but had a nice girl friend. Some were jealous and started making fun of him to get the girl. So she quit going with him but didn't really have a reason— just on account of others. After being treated like this, the boy left the church as he wanted to be where people show love. Sometimes people are called queer just because they are not as talkative or forward and don't go along with the Joneses.

Sometimes it works the other way around. I knew a girl who was quite talkative, had lots of friends. She didn't think people ought to be so shy and couldn't understand why others didn't do as she does, why anyone would be afraid of people. But as time went on this girl got older and what a change and a sad one. She was so sorry for the life she had led she wanted to hide from people. She felt she had made too many mistakes to ever get to Heaven. -One who hates Mockery

WARNING TO QUIT SMOKING

My husband wasn't a heavy smoker but still a regular one. He didn't smoke in the house so I didn't find out when he quit until several months later.

The reason he quit was because he started getting small pains in his chest and side. They worried him and he decided God was warning him to stop smoking. It wasn't easy, especially when he was around others that smoked, but with God's help, he did. Later he went to the doctor and found out the pains came from his nerves. We still feel God was telling him to stop smoking and are so thankful that he listened. Since he has quit, the pains have almost completely disappeared.

-Name and Address withheld

DIE SCHOENE BLUMEN

Der Editorelles, "Der Fruehling Und Die Sommerzeit" gibt uns viel zu denken. Die Sommer zeit ist jetz da, wir sammeln ein fuer der Winter. Sind wir auch so eifrig zu sammeln im geistlichen?

Wenn wir die Strasse fahren sehen wir viel Blumengarten an welchem viel Muehe angewendt wird. Ist es die Muehe wert? Wird diese Zeit nicht besser angewandt um Arme zu helfen, Kranke besuchen oder etwas geistliches zu studieren?

Wir wollen heute einsammlen im Sommerzeit von unserm Leben so wir nicht sagen muessen wie es sagt im Jeremiah 8:20, "Die Ernte ist vergangen, der Sommer ist dahin, und uns ist keine Hilfe gekommen."

Morgen ist uns nicht versprochen so lasset uns die Sommerzeit recht gebrauchen. Wir wissen nicht ab vielleicht im Spaetjahr unsers Lebens sind unsere Gedanken nicht mehr im gesunden Verstand, dann wird dies Erdengut und Blumengarten uns nichts nuetzen.

-Elmira, Ontario

FOOD AND FUSS

I was relaxing with Family Life this evening and reading the letters to the editor, how they carry on about having a fuss made over the food. It brought to my mind a poem written by Edgar Guest entitled "The Sorry Hostess." I would like to share it with you.

She said she was sorry the weather was bad
That night she asked us to dine,
And she really appeared inexpressibly sad
Because she had hoped 'twould be fine.
She was sorry to hear my wife had a cold,
And she almost shed tears over that.
And how sorry she was, she most feelingly told,
That the steam wasn't on in the flat.

She was sorry she hadn't asked others to come,
She might just as well have had eight;
She said she was downcast and terribly glum
Because her dear husband was late.
She apologized then for the home she was in,
For the state of the rugs and the chairs,
For the children who made such a terrible din,
And then for the squeak in the stairs.

When the dinner began she apologized twice
For the olives, because they were small,
She was certain the celery, too, wasn't nice,
And the soup didn't suit her at all.
She was sorry she couldn't get whitefish instead
Of the trout which the fishmonger sent,
But hoped that we'd manage somehow to be fed,
Though her dinner was not what she meant.

She spoke her regrets for the salad, and then
Explained she was really much hurt,
And begged both our pardons again and again
For serving a skimpy dessert.
She was sorry for this and sorry for that
Though there really was nothing to blame
But I thought to myself as I put on my hat,
Perhaps she is sorry we came.

-Wallenstein, Ontario

BE SURE TO GET THE VET

A line was omitted from the letter I had sent in about the remedy for a foundered horse. The statement to get the vet as soon as possible was omitted, this I feel was misleading as it gives the opinion I cured the horse myself. The vet gave injections which I believe also helped.

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

I wonder how many of our readers realize how much time and effort goes into each of the historical articles which appear in Family Life. The historical editor is constantly working on many different projects at the same time and corresponding with hundreds of people. In this way bits of information are being discovered and assembled on the various topics until there is enough for a whole article on one subject.

Recently we had a visit from a woman in New York City who makes a hobby of collecting writings about the Amish. Although she knew nothing about the Amish until sixteen years ago, she now has a priceless collection of writings and has furnished us some which are of considerable value historically.

The study of history, besides being interesting can be worth a lot because of the lessons we can learn from the past. Church history and the study of the early settlements can give us much information as to why some settlements grew and prospered, while others either went to nothing or drifted away and were finally lost to the church. Human nature remains the same down through the ages even if the circumstances differ. The problems which our small and large settlements face today are very much like the problems they faced a century or two ago.

Anyone having any writings which you think might be of historical value, please write to Historical Editor, Family Life, R.4, Aylmer. Ontario.

Perhaps you have noticed that Family Life's newest section, the Farm Page is growing. Although we have no intentions of starting or changing into a farm magazine, we feel that successful farming is the basis of practically every thriving community of plain people, so we do want to encourage it. Although we read and hear quite a lot about the dangers of neglecting the spiritual needs through being too much concerned about the material, we wonder if there is not also a danger of being careless and lacking a sound financial basis under the cover of being concerned spiritual wise.

Although there are extremes in everything, hard work is a necessary ingredient of our way of life. Anyone who is constantly looking for a shortcut to financial security or in plain words, for an easy way to get rich quick is almost bound to fall into needless temptations.

As a rule, our people have large families and it is no small job to keep them gainfully occupied. Perhaps one of the most important things for any farmer to do is to work out a long range program which will provide both employment and a steady income for the family over the years.

Since circumstances vary, we felt it would be of interest to our readers to know how others have managed to work out such a program. Although it can not be expected that any one plan will be the best for everyone, still we can possibly all profit from the experiences of others.

In order to encourage our readers to send in their stories we are going to offer a special incentive. We are going to ask you to write on the following subject: "HOW WE MANAGED TO MEET OUR OBLIGATIONS" Perhaps you were struggling many years to pay off the farm and then finally worked out something which enabled you to do this. Or perhaps you had help available in the family and found it hard to keep them gainfully occupied. Whatever your problem along this line may have been, write and tell us what you did, how it worked out and why. Don't be afraid to send details for we can always condense it if we think it is necessary. Your name will not be used with your story. For each one we accept we will pay $10.00 when it is used. Address it to Farm Editor, c/o Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Sometime ago we received a letter containing nine different parts, short articles or items for different departments such as Letters to the Editor, What do You Think, Across the Window Sill, etc. Both sides of the sheets were used which made it almost impossible to divide them properly without recopying, something which we usually do not have the time to do. Although most of these pieces will eventually be used, it would save us work and possible confusion if such material could be put on separate sheets. This may sound like a small matter but such things can add up and make considerable difference to already overly-busy persons.

The special feature in this issue, the story of the young married family who needed help, was sent in two years ago. It would be of interest to us to know how that family is getting along at present with their inefficient hired girl.

We have received a number of inquiries about the progress of the German-English Bibles. These are being made in Austria, the printing has now been finished but it will take some time to bind them and ship them across. At this time we are unable to give a delivery date but it should be sometime before Christmas. Neither are we able to quote an exact price, as they must be paid for in Austrian schillings when the job is finished. The value of the schilling is changing constantly, mostly up, since it seems the American dollar is constantly being devalued.

The new printing will have exactly the same size print as the former printings but thinner paper is being used which will make the book much easier to handle. It will be only about two-thirds as heavy as the former ones.

As soon as we know the price and the date they are ready we will insert a notice in Family Life and also give you an opportunity to order them at a special prepublication price.

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Use what talents you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang best.

* * *

Views and Values

By Elmo Stoll

Be Ashamed of Yourself

Let us consider four short stories.

Story One: Andy Mast was in a hardware store to buy a new axe. While he stood at the display rack selecting the axe that suited him, he noticed a man and his wife nearby at the sporting goods supply. They were buying all kinds of fishing tackle. When Andy reached the check-out counter a few minutes later, this same man and his wife were just ahead of him. Piled on the counter was an expensive rod and reel, and all sorts of bait and tackle. The clerk was ringing everything through. Their purchase came to $86.40.

Andy Mast was saying to himself, "My, some people spend a lot of money on things we can do without." Then Andy heard the man say to the clerk, "You'll take a check, won't you?"

"What check is it?"

"It's our welfare check," the man said, getting it out, and showing it to the woman clerk.

She took it.

Story Two: John Troyer was now the father of two little girls, but he still loved to stand and tell stories of the days before he was married. "Yeah, we really had a good time that one Halloween," he told his listeners. "You know queer old Mandy Mullet? Well, you know how much she thinks of her precious heifer calves? They're the only animals she has, and you would think they were her children. That fall her tenant house was empty just then, so we took four of her calves and penned them inside her tenant house, right in the living room. We heard later that she turned the whole neighborhood upside down looking for her lost calves, but she still didn't find them until a day later. You can imagine what her house looked like by then!"

"Ha, ha, hee, ho, ho." The group had a real good laugh.

Story Three: The room was filled with solemn faces as a long line of people filed past the casket and looked down upon the face of the mother who had been taken so suddenly from her husband and family. Many hearts grieved at the loss, feeling she certainly would have been needed in the home. Poor Abe, left with ten children, nine of them still at home. It was indeed hard for Abe, but what was the heaviest burden for him that day was not only that his wife lay so still in the casket, but that his oldest daughter, the only one of his children not at home, should look as she looked on such a day as this. He had hoped she would at least dress decently. Even if she didn't want to dress Amish, she could still have put on something more modest. Abe had been stunned in the morning when she walked in — dress above her knees, sleeveless and a low neck line. It was so bad it was embarrassing — that is for those around her; Abe noticed that it didn't seem to bother his daughter very much, in fact, not at all.

Story Four: The church members had been asked to remain seated while the non-members filed outside. There was a matter that needed counciling about. The bishop explained why he was concerned, and suggested what he felt should be done. Then the ministers spoke in turn, each giving his approval to the bishop's suggestion. Last of all, the members were asked. Some of the members scowled, showing their dissatisfaction. But they said little in protest. Then suddenly a woman's voice could be heard throughout the entire room. It was Sally Miller, and she was terribly worked up. She pointed out in no uncertain terms how matters were being worked wrongly— the church was being too harsh, was unfair, was partial and picking on certain people.

Most of the other members sat with bowed heads, hoping that Sally would soon run out of breath and realize what she was doing.

Each of the above four stories is about a completely different happening, yet all four stories have something in common. What is it? How are the four alike— the man with the welfare check, John Troyer gloating over his Halloween tricks, an indecently dressed daughter, and Sally Miller speaking up in church? In each incident something was lacking, something was missing that should have been present — shame.

The Bible makes it clear that in each of these four incidents, somebody should have been ashamed, deeply ashamed.

It is a shame to beg. The man with the welfare check probably didn't think of himself as a beggar, but that is undoubtedly where the Bible would class him— someone who is unwilling to work and who lives off of other people. When someone is sick, it is a different story, but today many able-bodied people live off of others. It is often said that people live off of the government, but this is untrue. The government actually doesn't have any money of its own. It only has what is supplied by those people who work and pay taxes. So people who don't work and go on relief, are actually living off of those of us who do work for our living. The Bible teaches that we should work with our own hands and earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. The unjust steward in Luke 16 may have been a dishonest person, but he still retained the decency to have a sense of shame. He was unable to work for a living, and he said, "To beg I am ashamed" (Luke 16:3). Those living from government checks today would do well to share the unjust steward's sense of shame.

We should be ashamed of our former sinful lives. John Troyer should not have been telling how he and his buddies put calves in an old maid's living room, at least not telling it the way he was, as though it were something very smart and big. Paul says we should be ashamed of our former lives when we lived according to our own wills— "Things whereof ye are now ashamed" (Rom. 6:21). We cannot change our past, and most of us would give a great deal if we could, but the least we can do is be ashamed of ourselves.

We should be ashamed of our nakedness. The last book of the Bible mentions the need for clothing, "... that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." But today people are becoming less and less ashamed of the nakedness of their bodies. Unfortunately this trend is not confined to the world alone. In our plain churches, girls are wearing dresses that would have made their grandmothers blush with shame, so short and tight and formfitting, and of such thin material as to reveal the outline of undergarments. No matter how common it has become in some communities, such attire is a shame before man and God.

The Bible puts a great deal of stress on modest dress, yet it doesn't stop there, but includes modest actions and attitudes as well. Modesty is something that certainly includes the way we dress, but goes far beyond that. Paul says, "In like manner that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair or gold, or pearls, or costly array" (I Tim. 2:9). Shamefacedness and sobriety, what all do those two words include? Are our daughters being taught what their meaning is? Girls should be encouraged to be quiet and reserved especially in the presence of men, to stay in the background, not loud and boisterous, silly, teasing, bold and forward. The Bible states that women should be silent in the church; to be otherwise is a shame (I Cor. 14:35). When Sally Miller spoke up in the council of the church, in a criticizing way, there was nothing in the world she needed as badly as a healthy dose of old-fashioned shame.

The Bible mentions a number of additional things that are a shame, beside the four illustrated in the previous short stories. Ephesians 5:12 says that some actions of men are so disgraceful that even speaking about them is a shame. It is a shame for women to cut their hair (I Cor. 11:6) or for a man to have long hair (I Cor. 11: 14). It is also a shame to disfigure our faces. When David's enemies took his men and shaved off half their beards, they were so ashamed they didn't want to be seen until their beards were grown back. "They were greatly ashamed" (II Sam. 10:5). David advised them not to come back to Jerusalem, but to wait in Jericho until their beards grew back. Yet today, men and women disfigure their faces and think little of it, forgetting that generations before them would have blushed in shame to be seen like this. Women shamefully mar their natural beauty, paint their faces and alter their hair. Today some men shave half of their beard, and are unashamed, appearing with just a thin mark along

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their chin, or under their chin, or with beards trimmed so short that they really should tarry at Jericho with David's men until they are fit to be seen in Jerusalem.

It seems that more and more today people are forgetting how to be ashamed, or are mixed up as to what to be ashamed of. It is almost as though we felt it was something disgraceful to be ashamed. It used to be that people blushed when they were ashamed. It is getting to where we are ashamed when we blush.

When we were small, I remember many times our parents reproved wrongdoing by saying very pointedly, "Sham dich!" That meant we should be ashamed of ourselves. And we obeyed. Thus we learned that shame is a correct feeling when it accompanies wrong. Doing wrong isn't right, but feeling ashamed of it is.

A prominent American observed recently that we "have become a shameless society. You see well-fed, good-looking youngsters, obviously the sons and daughters of well-to-do parents, beg in the streets, pet in public, line up for pornographic movies, and vie with each other in taking advantage of every opening for cheating and dishonesty. Worst of all is an adult majority which is not ashamed of its cowardice, workers who are not ashamed of negligence, manufacturers who market shoddy products, and rich people who dodge taxes."

Of course, a feeling of shame is not always good. We can be ashamed of things we shouldn't be ashamed of. The Bible tells us of many things to be ashamed of, but it also mentions things we should not be ashamed of.

We should not be ashamed of Jesus. "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels (Mark 8:38). We should not be ashamed of the gospel. Paul said, "...I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God until salvation" (Rom. 1:16). We should not be ashamed of our ministers, or of those who suffer for doing right. Paul warned Timothy not to be ashamed of him (II Tim. 1:8), and praised Onesiphorus for not being ashamed of his chains (II Tim. 1:16). Last of all, we should not be ashamed of the cross which Jesus endured for us, "despising the shame" (Heb. 12:2).

In conclusion then, let us remember that although there are things we should not be ashamed of, there are other things for which we need to rediscover a sense of deep shame. If we can learn to be ashamed of ourselves and our sins, yet never ashamed of Jesus and his gospel, we can hope on that last day not to be put to shame before all men. △

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER
A True Story

It was 4:30 AM in New York City. A woman stood on the sidewalk at 8th and 23rd waiting for the light to turn green. She appeared a slight bit tottery with a consumption-like cough. A close look might have revealed a wee bit of being mentally unbalanced.

The taxicab coming halfway through the block saw the light turn amber and stepped on the gas to try to beat the red light. The light turned green and the woman started across the street. A policeman's shrill whistle sounded, tired screeched, there was a thud and one more soul was ushered down the deep, dark river that flows on and on and never returns.

What was the woman doing on the streets of New York City at this time of the night? No one will ever know. An ambulance took her to the hospital and from there to the Medical Examiner's Morgue.

A letter was found in her possession from a sister in Pennsylvania inviting her to come home during the summer. The letter was dated earlier that year. A message was sent to the sister. A policeman delivered it at a schoolhouse that afternoon a few minutes before school let out.

Two of her brothers went to New York City to identify her bruised and battered body which they had seen only twice in the last twenty years, the last time being about nine years ago. The body was sent home to her aged mother and she was buried beside the old home church. Young ministers of whom she had never known preached the funeral sermon. Little was known of her private life so little was said. Thus her story came to an end as far as concerns her life on earth.

Had her life always been like this? No, she was born into a large but happy family. As she grew up she was somewhat daring and unafraid but jolly. She came through school fairly well. Once she was hired out as maid and got along well.

When she reached the years of accountability she inclined to be a little fast. She was baptized upon her confession of faith but possibly this was more out of a desire to please her parents and because others did, than out of a true spiritual desire.

She wanted to work in a factory but never liked it very well, going from one factory to another and finally ending up boarding away from home. Soon she was going out with boy friends who were not of the church and ended up with some rather questionable ones. Later she married a man of decent manners although he was not a church goer. For a time things seemed to go well but suddenly she disappeared. Later she wrote home from New York City and came home occasionally but not often.

Did no one care about her that she lived this way? Were her father, mother, sister and brothers and the ministers not concerned about her? Far from it. Many were the pleadings for her soul's sake but all to no avail.

Once when she was young and leading a wild life her mother said to her, "Suppose they should bring you home dead one day?" Her answer was, "I thought of that too, already."

This is exactly what happened about 35 years later. Now her body is in its final resting place until the last trumpet shall sound. Then she will rise again and be judged by a just and righteous Judge.

Dear young friends, take this to heart and depart not from the ways of your fathers and the teachings of your parents. Someday the time will come for you as it did for this woman and your life on earth will be over. Then what?

One little prayer of faith can be
A light that gleams through eternity!
One little prayer of hope can light
The darkest road on the darkest night!

A year or so ago many Family Life readers responded to a series of child training problems. Many of these letters appeared in print, but there was nevertheless much leftover material. So these odds and ends will now appear under the heading LEFTOVERS.

LEFTOVERS

on child training

By Joseph Stoll

How To Sit Still In Church

Fred Lehman popped his one-year-old son, Junior, firmly onto his lap, and then shook him not too gently. Junior squirmed and began to whimper more loudly. Fred felt his ears getting warm, and he loosened his top shirt button. He was sure the whole church was watching.

"Shhh!" Fred whispered to Junior in desperation, pinching the baby's knee for emphasis. Junior responded, but not in the way his daddy had hoped. Junior howled.

Awkwardly Fred made a swing at baby's seat with his free right hand, and missed. He hit instead his own leg. But it was enough to frighten little Junior thoroughly, or make him more rebellious. Fred did not know which. Either it was anger and Junior needed a sound spanking, or it was fright and he needed comforting. Ordinarily Fred might have known the difference, but with so many eyes watching...

Quickly Fred stumbled to his feet and picked his way between the packed benches toward the door. There he escaped. What a relief to get noisy Junior outside, away from that roomful of people.

It seems that many fathers and mothers have been in the center of a scene such as Fred Lehman experienced. Crying children in church are fairly common. They can be a problem that causes a serious disturbance.

It can happen to anyone. But when children are fussy and disobedient in church time after time, there must be something wrong. Perhaps some corrections need to be made at home during the week.

A crying child, or worse yet, several of them, can be a great hindrance to the preaching of God's Word. No one will be able to concentrate on the minister's words, however earnestly they are spoken. The crying is certain to bother the minister, too.

Note this letter from Lancaster County, "I am a minister. When you want to preach the Word of God and one and sometimes two children are crying at the top of their voices, you just can't concentrate. It is hard enough to try and preach when everything is quiet. When it is so noisy, it just knocks the muth out of you. I wish the parents would train their children at home to be quiet when told so. Or take the child out till he quiets down. The people can't hear and it is very annoying."

As there were a number of letters on this subject, we can make a summary of the points of advice that were offered. In this way young parents may be able to learn without having to go through the nightmare that Fred Lehman suffered with his Junior.

1) The child should be trained at home. One grandmother wrote, "The place to train a child to sit still is at home, not at church." Too many parents are slack during the week, then suddenly on Sunday they expect their child to act grown-up. If the youngster isn't used to sitting still during family devotions that last maybe a half hour, how is he going to be expected to sit still for church services?

Likewise, the place to break a child's will is at home and not at church. A child should learn to obey when spoken to, but it's not fair to give him his first lessons on Sunday morning.

2). Use discipline and be firm. Although church may not be the place to train a child, it is at times necessary to discipline a child there. It is quite normal for children, though well under control at home, to try out their parents at church to see if the same rules apply there. They must be persuaded that the same rules do apply, and ordinarily this shouldn't take very long. Not if the homework has been done well.

A grandmother from Iowa wrote, "Some children have long learned that they won't get a correction away from home." Parents should discipline their children away from home when necessary, just as they would at home.

3). Avoid a disturbance, if at all possible. This is important. When children cry on and on during church services, it is not their fault. It is the parent's fault. (And so, who needs the discipline?)

The question arises, is it best to leave the room, or to discipline the child while seated? Here the parent will need to use his good judgement. If he thinks a sound slap in the right place will bring results, then that is what he should use. If not, he should go outside. The method that creates the least disturbance is the method to be preferred.

Now, it is true that children sometimes get bored, and purposely work mischief so they will be taken outside, even at the risk of a paddling. Parents should realize this and take it into consideration.

4). Don't bribe your children. Some parents want to be good-natured and so they bring along a big bag of cookies and candy, and another bag of toys and doodads. Granted, it isn't the easiest thing in the world for a lively child to sit still for two or three hours, but it likely won't harm him as much as the bag full of sweets. In fact, sitting still may be good for his character!

Parents with experience say that a bag of sweets doesn't work anyway. Sugar is quickly converted into energy, which is like firing up a steam engine and expecting no action. The more you feed the little fellow, the harder it will be for him to sit still.

Toys are not much better. The more playthings you offer the baby, the less he will play with them. Contentment is not achieved by handing him one toy after another; he'll quickly tire of each one, and reach for the next one.

A book to page through, or perhaps one simple toy may be all right. But when there are many toys, the child will be less happy than with few. This has been proven again and again. So don't bribe your children with toys or sweets. It is much better to train them to sit reasonably still.

With the above four points in mind, let's look forward to quieter church services, where the little children are part of the audience and not an unscheduled part of the program!

Spoiling a Sickly Child

How should a "special" child be treated? A mother from Pennsylvania is worried about their sickly daughter —afraid that they will spoil her.

This is what she writes, "We have a six-year-old girl who has only about 50% vision and who has always been weak physically, at times with much pain. I can see that we cannot treat her the same as her older sister. Being weak and because of poor eyesight, she cannot do the work or the chores that her sister did at her age.

"But we do try to make her obey, except perhaps for the times when she has pain. There have been occasions when she took advantage of this. For example, she could walk out to the barn, but then felt she had to be carried in. If we refused and said, 'You walked out, you can walk back in, too,' she would sit down and sulk a long time, unless we spanked her and made her give up.

"It cuts me to the heart when some people feel sorry for her and suggest that we should let her go if she does not want to obey. While we too feel sorry for her, we fear if we let her go she might grow up with a worse problem than being sickly."

The above mother is surely right. She realizes that spoiling a child can harm him much more than a physical handicap. It is bad enough to be crippled or handicapped bodily; no such child should need to go through life emotionally crippled as well. Yet this can easily happen if the parents are not careful.

It is good to accept what cannot be changed, to be realistic. From that point the child should be encouraged to do what he can, to make use of the talents God has given him, to live as normal a life as is possible under the circumstances. The world is full of examples of people who have lived rewarding and outstanding lives in spite of handicaps. Fanny Crosby, the beloved hymn writer, was blind. Helen Keller was both blind and deaf. Many handicapped persons, even on wheelchairs have been usefully occupied in many different jobs.

By contrast, some children with only minor ailments have been so babied that they ended up as invalids, or near-invalids. To openly pity a child and grant him special privileges, especially to let him have his own way —this is dangerous and damaging to his personality. Babying a child can keep him from growing up, from becoming a mature and useful person.

Many people pity the crippled, retarded, or handicapped child. They should keep the pity to themselves, and help the child to make the best of what he has.

Little Lewis is a mongoloid lad, who is mentally retarded. Some people thought his parents were entirely too strict with him, that they expected too much of him. But then they realized that Lewis was a well-behaved, well-adjusted and happy child. His parents were not spoiling him merely because he was different from other children. They did make allowance for his condition, but they were not babying him or pitying him, not for a moment.

I believe that Lewis' parents had learned the secret of training a "special" child.

Hungry For Baby Food

The following little story comes from Ohio. It needs no explanation.

"I do believe a child's will must be broken with patient, loving, but firm discipline, and this, while the child is quite young. My sister had started to feed her six-month-old son some baby food in addition to his regular bottle. On this particular day he wanted the bottle, not baby food, and he objected quite violently when the spoon was held to his mouth.

"My sister, sensing his stubborn ideas, slapped him once to make him give up. What happened? He yelled louder. (Here's where a lot of people give up.) She slapped him again. More yelling. Then she began to doubt a little, 'Maybe he doesn't understand what's going on.' But she had a feeling he did.

"And then, after the third application, she saw him give up right before her eyes. He simply wilted, shut up, and was suddenly very hungry for baby food."

Popcorn On The Floor

The popcorn snapped against the lid of the popper, as if trying to get out. It cracked and popped until the lid was heaved right off the popper. Then Mrs. Miller quickly lifted it from the stove, and dumped the fluffy popcorn into a bowl.

From the large bowl, the hot popcorn found its way to smaller dishes being held in the laps of a row of small children. Johnny, Ruth, and Amos sat on the bench, munching happily at the popcorn. The older members of the family sat about the room, talking and eating popcorn.

Suddenly little Ruth slipped off the bench. Her bowl of popcorn went flying across the floor. Fearfully she looked at her father, not knowing what to expect.

"What's the idea?" shouted Daddy Miller. "How careless can you get? Hurry up and pick up that popcorn."

Ruthie scampered to obey, afraid that her father would slap her. Her hands, as she picked up the popcorn, were trembling.

But Daddy was pouring himself another glass of lemonade, and then he returned to his chair. Ruth was picking up the last pieces of popcorn when she heard her father exclaim with disgust, "Oh, no."

She looked up in time to see that her father had let his glass of lemonade slip from his hand, and it had splashed across the floor, down his pants legs, and into his shoes.

"What a mess!" said the head of the home. "These tumblers are so slippery and smooth. I don't know why we've got them for." He brushed the lemonade from his knee, and then turned to his wife. "Well, aren't you going to clean up that sticky mess on the floor before someone steps into it?"

Soon the household was restored to order, and all the messes had been picked up and wiped away. But not all the damage had been repaired. In the childish mind of little Ruth, and upon the minds of her brothers and sisters, some lasting impressions were being made. They were not the kind of impressions that cause little boys and girls to grow up to be gentle, loving, and quiet-mannered young men and women. They were the kind of impressions that were likely to bring pain and heartache and sadness in years to come.

Will someone please warn Daddy Miller? △

-by Joseph Stoll

ACCEPTING OURSELVES AS WE ARE

More than a year has passed since the article "Dangers of Feeling Inferior" appeared in Family Life. A number of our readers were willing to share what they had learned. In these letters certain questions stand out, some of them having answers and some not.

WITH DETERMINATION DORA MAST* pulled up a chair to her desk and reached for an ink pen and writing paper. A copy of Family Life lay on the desk top. The magazine came to Dora's Pennsylvania home every month, and she read it faithfully. She remembered an article in the June, 1974 issue, "The Dangers of Feeling Inferior." She remembered it for a special reason, for it had touched a sore spot in her life. How well she recalled the misery and the wretchedness that feeling inferior had caused her. Now the editor of Family Life was asking for letters from readers on how to recognize an inferiority complex and how to overcome it.

Dora wanted to write, yet she hesitated. She had largely overcome her inferiority complex, and she was thankful to God for this. But the memories were still vivid, and they were not pleasant. What could she write? She certainly had not found any simple, perfect remedy.

Dora began writing,

> "As long as I can remember," she wrote in a neat careful hand, "I felt inferior to others, and was sure they looked down on me. I couldn't run away from myself, but actually, that's what I tried to do. All I could ever think of was to change—change myself into an entirely different person. I never thought about it that I might be acceptable just the way I was.
>
> "Like you wrote in your article, inferior feelings are hard to recognize sometimes. I know I didn't always recognize them in myself. I thought that I was proud because I always tried to chum around with the most popular girls my age; I tried to excel and to be a better Christian than anyone else; I imagined myself to be someone that God admired, and I always talked a lot and exaggerated my experiences when I told them to others. I hated myself for this, never realizing that I was doing all of this to make up for the real me underneath that I was unhappy with."

Dora paused. It took courage to bare her innermost thoughts like this, to try to put in words what she had struggled with in her soul. But perhaps it would help someone.

> "The first step I had to take was to recognize and admit that I had a problem. It took a long time for me to see that things as I felt them to be were not as they actually were. I sometimes felt that others didn't accept me, but that was only feeling and not fact. Or I would feel that God didn't love me— and that too was feeling rather than fact.
>
> "I came to see that my idea of how others felt about me is usually actually the way I feel about myself, not the way they feel. When I'm unhappy with the way I am as a person, I will feel that others too are unhappy with me.
>
> "The root problem is in not accepting myself as I am, and not seeing the value that God, in love, has placed on me. When I first started recognizing this problem in myself, it seemed like I took two steps forward only to take two steps backward. Later, it became two steps forward and only one backward. It does take time, as you mentioned. (I expect to work on this possibly the rest of my life.)
>
> "I hope that others with this problem seek God's help. Sometimes I have had to pray when I felt that God was angry with me and didn't accept me. This has only changed since I have begun to accept and like myself, and forgive myself as God has forgiven me."

What Is An Inferiority Complex?

More than a year has passed since the article, "Dangers of Feeling Inferior" appeared in Family Life. Dora Mast was not the only one who wrote about her experiences. A number of other readers were likewise willing to share what they had learned. In these letters certain questions stand out, some of them having answers and some not.

One question that needs to be answered is, "What is an inferiority complex"?

To answer this in a few words, we might say it is feeling inferior to others, a feeling of being rejected and looked down upon, an exaggerated feeling of unworthiness, of hopelessness and despair and dissatisfaction with oneself.

There are of course different degrees of inferiority feelings, from very mild to very severe. I suppose most of us, at one time or another experience some feelings of inferiority. But this is not serious unless the condition persists, making life unhappy and unpleasant.

It is no doubt true that those who have themselves experienced serious inferiority problems can most fully understand and sympathize. One person wrote, "It's hard to write the truth, especially if you have confided to others, almost always to find they didn't know what you were talking about. It made you feel as if you were indeed something different."

This sense of aloneness, of being different from other people— this is one ingredient that is present in every inferiority complex. Several people mentioned how it encouraged them to learn that other people have the same struggles, the same problems. At once the feeling of being different became less acute.

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*Dora Mast is not her real name

One father describes an inferiority complex as he has observed it in his own family:

> "We will imagine a school meeting where all the parents of the neighborhood are gathered, or perhaps it is a room with a quilt in the frame and a ring of mothers sitting around it. There is a lively discussion. All minds are trained to catch everything which is being said and sometimes add a witty remark.
>
> "One in the group will try hard to understand, but when they all laugh, he will know that it is useless to try to keep up, yet to let on that he was not able to understand makes his inferiority more glaring. If he laughs with the others the laugh is hollow; if he does nothing at all, there is that sinking foolish feeling. Suddenly the situation reminds him of what he has seen in the hen-yard. Because one hen feels like it she gives the other a jab with her beak. So the one hen is prouder and the other more wretched."

It is evident that an inferiority complex is painful. A person who feels pushed aside and rejected suffers emotional agony. Sometimes there may be sufficient reason to feel hurt and inferior; other times it is purely imagination. In either case, to feel unwanted, unaccepted, and unloved is an unhealthy and dangerous condition, much like self-pity. It should be recognized as a threat to both physical and spiritual health, and all possible effort made to overcome the feeling, or to seek help.

Overcoming an inferiority complex is not as easy as it sounds. One writer explains his own anguish with these words,

> "For some of us, we feel like the goat in our own family, or perhaps in the family we married into. We think they all have a uniform talent at something in which we cannot compete. Of course, it is always said that things are not what they seem to be, yet if I seem inferior, then I feel inferior. The hurt and pain is not imaginary, it is real.
>
> "We can almost always get relief from a bad problem by staying away from those things which aggravate the situation. When I feel inferior, the problem is likely that I compare myself with other people. Still, if I stay away from other people my people-shyness will become worse. So the problem becomes double and compounds itself.
>
> "They call it an inferiority complex, and it sure is complex, for such a host of feelings are connected with it that I feel like I am sticking my neck out in writing about it at all, yet we would hope to build a bit of confidence that others are not trying to run us down, because 'down' is how we already feel when we feel inferior."

What Does It Cause Us To Do?

One of the strange facts about inferiority complexes is that they cause some people to behave one way, and others to behave quite differently. Because of this, an inferiority complex is often not recognized for what it is. For instance, the school child who boldly shows off and bullies smaller children, does so because he feels inferior, and not because he feels bigger and better than his playmates. In the same way, an adult who brags upon himself is likely doing it because he feels inferior.

In other instances, people with inferiority feelings behave just as we might expect them to. They are shy and withdrawn, very timid and frequently apologizing for little errors.

Let us take a look at our pack of letters, and see how people have acted because of an inferiority complex.

Here is one from a person who requested that we not even mention her home state. She writes, "Inferiority feelings are quite depressing. I pretty well keep to myself, and that's also why I didn't write before. I'd much rather just stay at home, not go to church or anywhere there's a crowd of people, but I do know this would not be pleasing to the Lord, and therefore force myself to go... In a crowd of people I get to the place where I wish I could fall through a hole somewhere, and always in a tension..."

Another person told his story this way, "I have always been small and slow-moving, so was used to being shoved around. But one in my family near my age was quick and handy and was often used as a comparison to show how slow I was. This led me to believe I was an outcast. To prove I was someone after all, I became a smart aleck and was openly disobedient to my parents. I think that both depression and conceit can be a by-product of an inferiority complex, and are both the tools of Satan."

A teenager from Lancaster County explains one way she tried to escape her feeling of inferiority. "When things weren't going quite the way I wanted them to go, I would often sit and dream or read a book to escape reality. In the world of imagination, I could be a hero. A certain amount of that is really not wrong, but reality is still reality and eventually you've got to face it and solve your problems. You can't dream your problems away."

From a housewife in Pennsylvania come these remarks: "As a child I was flighty and unsure, the latter causing me to be unkind and bossy when I didn't mean to be. For this I was scolded and criticized. My inferiority problem grew worse with the years. I was unhappy, discontented, rebellious and immature in my spiritual life.

"I was certainly not the kind to let others do all the talking, but always had to be involved, thinking I had to be in the center and felt left out if I wasn't. This caused me to do and say things I regretted afterwards and caused bad feelings in others."

Many of the problems that arise when one has an inferiority complex have to do with getting along with others. A young person from an Eastern state confesses how hard it was to trust people. "I used to suspect people of selfish motives whenever they offered me a compliment," she writes. "Even though something inside me really wanted to be praised, I would think, 'What are they trying to get out of me? When are they going to turn around and say something nasty about me?' I could not trust them, much less thank them."

On the other hand, some young people may be too trusting, and may let themselves be taken in. A nineteen-year-old writes, "When I don't value my own opinions, (because I see myself as a failure) I will be quick to consider the opinions of others more important and more 'right' than my own. I then have no convictions of my own to hold on to.

"A thing that concerns me is the girls that I know with feelings of inferiority who 'sell themselves cheap' to the first boy that comes along because they don't consider themselves of enough worth to be the wife of a stable Christian boy."

From the above examples we can see how inferiority feelings can prompt people to do varied things. A Maryland mother sums it up very well with the following letter, and then adds a few new ones that haven't been mentioned: "Inferiority feelings make some of us shy and withdrawn and afraid to try new things. They make others of us gossip, since talking about others' weaknesses causes us to momentarily feel less inferior. Other times we enjoy exposing how much we know and try to impress people by the things we do. Inferiority causes some of us to overwork and become perfectionists. We find our sense of worth in work accomplished and in doing things perfectly or better than others."

How Is An Inferiority Complex Born?

Some of the letter writers thought they knew what had caused them to feel inferior. Others did not know, or could only guess. It seems inferiority complexes develop under a variety of conditions, and it is difficult to place a finger on this or that, or to narrow it down to only a few causes.

An Ohio mother writes, "I came from a large family, mostly girls. Mom was never healthy and Dad also did a lot of doctoring. Because of this, there was never enough money to have more than the bare necessities of life. In school and wherever we went, we were made fun of, or at least I felt so. I was very sensitive about it and developed an inferiority complex. I still am a very shy person."

A person from the East blamed her problem on the way her parents disciplined her as a child. She wrote, "I believe some of it was that my parents did not believe in giving praise or showing love. If you did a job well, they felt that to praise you or thank you for it would make you proud. It seemed to me at times that I lived in constant ridicule and criticism."

Still another writer shares the following sad story: "My parents both had inferiority complexes, and so I was taught that others look down on me and do not want my presence among them. At school they mocked and teased me and I took it too seriously. I wanted friends, but every time I met someone who seemed disposed to be friendly, I was told they're too good for me and will only make a fool of me.

"My I.C. got worse as I grew older. I never even thought that any boy would notice me and I was determined not to care, but I was helpless. I met one whom I cared for and he seemed to care too, but of course I knew he'd only make a fool of me so I subconsciously shied away from him and he soon gave up on me.

"I was about twenty years old before I knew it's wrong to feel so inferior to others. Someone once told me it's a form of pride to feel so self-conscious and inferior. I could not understand that but I see it better now."

No doubt many children who are over-criticized and scolded and ridiculed, develop an inferiority complex because of this treatment. In the same way, a child is not allowed to succeed— who constantly experiences failure in his school lessons or elsewhere— such a child is also likely to have feelings of inferiority.

But not all inferiority cases are caused by criticism or by failure. Strangely enough, making a pet of a child child, or spoiling him, can actually cause him to feel inferior to other children. For example, a man from Virginia told his experience in these words, "I was the oldest in a family of seven children. I guess you might say I was the pet of the family and received special favors above my brothers and sisters, and then at family gatherings the grandparents would remark (in front of all the cousins) what a wonderful boy I was. Well, this caused a wall between the other children and myself to the extent that I withdrew myself and began to feel different and inferior to everyone else. For instance, I wouldn't play ball because I might make a mistake and someone would laugh at me."

There are still other ways to start an inferiority complex. It may happen through circumstances that cannot be helped, such as a physical handicap that sets a child or adult apart. It can start from a period of sickness, or from the fact that a young person is less pretty than others, or more pretty. Parents can be partly to blame by comparing one child with another, and by expecting too much form their children. To hold up standards above the child's ability to attain— this can cause him to feel worthless and inferior.

A parent from Maryland has this helpful advice, "When we punish, we may leave the chidl feeling rejected. If immediately following the punishment, we would open our arms in love to him, we let him know that even though the offense must be punished, we have unconditional love for him."

From another source comes a second admonishment for fathers and mothers: "Don't you think the way a parent criticizes his child is the way the child will learn to criticize himself? I think it helps if you criticize a person matter-of-factly, without shouting or adding barbs like, 'Can't you ever learn?' It seems to me, if you treat all your children that way, there should be no need to treat the problem child like a piece of glass or something 'different' from other children. A child will resent it if you treat him like something fragile, and the problem will worsen."

By this time we may be wondering, are inferiority complexes purely an emotional problem, then? Are none of them based on actual inferiorities?

If the thirty letters we received are any indication, people with inferiority complexes are above average in talents and intelligence. I am convinced that in most cases they are not inferior in any sense of the word. But they do feel that way.

Actually, what do we mean by "inferior"? In Matthew 25 we can read of one man who received five talents, another two talents, and the third man only one talent. There is no hint whatever that the man with five talents was superior to the person with only one. The whole lesson is that we should make use of the talents God has entrusted us with, and not bury our talent in the ground.

An Ontario father made this striking observation: "When you get right down to it, you can point to something and say what it is, but to call it inferior, you have to compare it with something else, for that word is a relative term. The last apple in the barrel is not infer-

(When you add to the truth, you subtract from it.)

ior, it is the best there is. How can I be inferior? I am the only me there is!"

The Poor In Spirit

In our former article, "The dangers of Feeling Inferior," we tried to explain the great difference between an inferiority complex and true Christian humility. This is what we wrote:

> "People who suffer from a feeling of inferiority are nearly always taken up with self and are seeking to please it. They are not resigned to the place in life God has dealt to them. Instead they often covet the gifts and talents of others, and despise their own. Thus they are discontented and unhappy, and even rebellious. They show an immaturity in their spiritual lives...An inferiority feeling can be very harmful to us, for it is a self-centered and ugly thing.
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> "By way of comparison, people who are genuinely humble are forgetful of themselves and mindful of others. They do not feel they are better than others, nor, on the other hand, do they go around thinking everybody else is better and smarter than they are. The truly humble man does not run himself down to others, but recognizes his own talents for what they are— gifts from God, to be used to God's honor.
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> "The Bible nowhere teaches us to love others and hate ourselves. Instead, Jesus said, 'Love they neighbor as thyself.' Surely, this has meaning. People who feel inferior often despise and hate themselves. This self-hate is quite different from the self-respect of the truly humble."

Perhaps we were a little harsh in describing those who suffer from an inferiority complex. The adjectives are strong ones, "discontented, unhappy, selfish, rebellious, immature, covetous." Someone from Canada responded with these words,

> "We have the problem in our family...I am left with the feeling that anyone with an inferiority complex is considered almost contemptible by the writer of that article. I know this is not his way of treating people, but when we feel inferior there is nothing more natural than to think that others find us contemptible. In the sense that the author meant it, an inferiority complex can be called a 'self-centered and ugly thing,' but I find it almost impossible to say that to somebody who has the problem without leaving him with the feeling that he is the 'ugly thing'."

Far from wanting to discourage those readers with inferiority problems, we had hoped to encourage them to realize their own worth before God, and to recognize that no one is truly "inferior" to anyone else. It was our desire to help, not to make their lot harder. Often, the first step to improvement is understanding the problem.

From the letters we received, it becomes quite clear that inferiority feelings are most often just that— feelings, and not facts. Nearly all inferiority complexes are based on illusions, on not being able to view things as they really are. Our emotions so often color the way we see things, and thus it is with inferiority problems— we get twisted, unreal view of life, a condition that feeds itself as new things happen and reassure us we are indeed inferior. It is a difficult rut to escape from.

And yet it is not quite clear to everyone that an inferiority complex is so harmful and evil. There is still some confusion with being humble, or with the words of Jesus, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Someone from Iowa wonders, "Where do we draw the line between one and the other?"

This is really a good question. We need to keep in mind that the Bible teaches us to esteem others better than ourselves. It teaches us to be lowly and meek of heart, and not to be wise in our own conceit.

The Bible warns many times against putting our trust in human strength or wisdom. The prophet Jeremiah wrote, "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." The Scriptures teach that we are dependent upon God, and that of ourselves we can do nothing good.

To be "poor in spirit" is to realize these things, and in true humility before God to confess our dependence upon Him. It is to be sick of the old life, the Adamic nature that thinks only of self. To be "poor in spirit" is not something that occurs only once, when we repent and begin a new life for God. It is something that continues in a Christian's life as long as he lives. For if we are honest, we must all admit that we fall short every day in our Christian life, we are never as humble as we ought to be, we can feel the old monster SELF deep within us, still struggling and never quite dead. Yes, we have sufficient reason to be "poor in spirit" before God, realizing that it is only by His grace that He accepts us as His children.

How is an inferiority complex different from being "poor in spirit"?

The person who feels inferior does so because he is comparing himself with other persons. He is not happy with what he sees, but feels miserable and unable to face life. His inferiority feelings are based on human values— it is an unhealthy fear of man and it keeps a person from filling his place in life fruitfully.

To be "poor in spirit" is quite different. Using God's measure, the person sees himself as he really is, a weak human before God Almighty. But this realization does not leave him defeated and dejected. Instead, it clears the way for the grace of God to work in his lfe and makes him a fruitful branch in the vineyard of the Lord. He is able to face other people, confident that the God who created all men, created him to fill a special place.

For a man to think highly of his own intelligence, to boast of his deeds, to look down on others— this we know to be sin against God. He is not giving God the credit that is due Him. But the other extreme, an inferiority complex, can be just as dangerous and wrong. It likewise does not give God the credit He deserves. It is an obstruction that makes it difficult for God to have His way in a person's life.

How To Overcome An Inferiority Complex

Habits are hard to break. Miracles rarely happen overnight. It is difficult to shake free of a well-rooted inferiority complex, to overcome it completely.

Nevertheless, the letters we received were filled with hope and encouragement, with helpful suggestions, and with personal stories of success. The writers had themselves struggled with the problem, and were still struggling with it. They were writing from experience. We have saved the best parts till last. Here they are:

1) From Virginia: "What helped me overcome was

realizing that God has not made us all alike, but He gives everyone something special to do...I may not be able to do everything like others can, but there are things I can do. I dare not try to be someone else or compare myself with others or measure myself with others.

"The Bible says, 'For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.' If we always look on the negative side of life, we will be defeated. Rather let us think of the verse, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

2) From Indiana: "I grew up with an I.C. I've overcome it somewhat by realizing that my soul is as precious to God as anyone else's. Also, that everyone makes mistakes at times. When I was growing up, I thought there *were* perfect people!

"When we *live* to help others, we forget about ourselves. But then there are a lot of us who don't seem to be able to give love. Psychologists agree that we have to be loved before we can love others. The more we come to know Jesus and see the love and compassion He has for us, the more we will be able to reach out to others to help them, and to forget our own problems."

3) *From Pennsylvania*: "The greatest help I found was when I made a full surrender at Jesus' feet. It took a severe trial to bring me there. This trial took me to what seemed the very bottom of everything and I fully turned to Him who can help where no human being can. Of course, things didn't all change overnight, but my friends noticed the difference right away.

"But I am sure I will have a battle to fight as long as I live. When I feel the wrong spirit at work, I try to devote myself to work, singing, reading or meditating, and *not* stop to just think on the subject that is trying to enter my mind.

"I do long to help others with such problems, especially since one of my close girlfriends spent some time in a psychiatrist's ward because she let her inferiority problems get her down."

4) *From Iowa*: "Really, you aren't as different as you think you are— most people are somewhat like you, and if you open your eyes and watch, you'll discover that's true. Don't be afraid to ask for help either, if you're not sure about something. Most people are just like you— they're very glad to help someone out!"

5) *From Pennsylvania*: "Why did I feel so worthless? A good question but I'm not sure I know the answer. How did I overcome that feeling? Also a good question but I'm not sure I know the answer. How did I overcome that feeling? Also a good question. I still have some problems with it, but talking things over with people who willingly listen has helped quite a lot. Often, even if the listener can't understand my feeling or tell me what to do about it, just talking it out helps me understand the problem better. And understanding one's problem is a giant step toward overcoming it.

"I simply *feel* differently about some things, but with other things I must make a conscious effort to *think* differently. Instead of telling myself, 'Oh, you Terrible person! you've made a *mistake*! Must you always be so unpardonably human?" I try to think constructively: 'You did make a mistake there, but you didn't mean to and you'll try to do better next time.'

"When I'm not so hard on myself for mistakes I make, I find I'm not so hard on other people when they make mistakes. Have you ever noticed that your feeling about yourself affects your feeling toward others?"

6) *From Ohio*: "When I get down in the 'dumps', as the saying goes, I start singing even if I don't feel like it, and soon I feel better."

7) *From Delaware*: "We need not feel ashamed of ourselves and our God-given talents. We need to kneel and calm down until that blessed peace and closeness to God is keenly felt in our hearts, then rise triumphantly to serve Him to the best of our knowledge. Then our fears and concerns of this present world will seem less important.

"Another handicap can be poor health. I can truthfully say that when I am feeling my best, my inferiority problems are much less and easier to control."

8) *From Pennsylvania*: "The best way to combat an inferiority complex is to forget self and think of others, first of all realizing that my own unhappiness and miserableness is mostly my fault. It is not the circumstances that make me unhappy, but failure to submit to the circumstances.

"Try to think that other people often feel uneasy and inferior too. There is almost always someone in a crowd that needs a smile or a kind word. Try it, it helps you to forget self. The only true happiness is to make someone else happy."

9) *From Ontario*: "It boils down to getting into the habit of asking God for guidance and wisdom, and then doing something with our hands or our thoughts that reminds us more of what we can do than of what we can't do."

10) *From Maryland*: "To believe that God loves us just as we are, even though we are not nearly as talented, efficient, godly, attractive, or lovable as others— this is very comforting. God created something special, something different within each human being.

"Daily meditating on God's love and leaning on His promises for strength— this helps us gain confidence to accomplish the tasks before us. 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' II Corinthians 12:9."

11) *From Ohio*: "I tried different things but nothing was a help. I always had that void, empty feeling. About that time I started to read the Bible and finally saw what I really am. I discovered I'm no more or less than anyone else. I have the same opportunities other people have.

"Since I'm a teacher I can see the former *me* in a few of my pupils. I have spent much time in prayer for these children. I know how they feel."

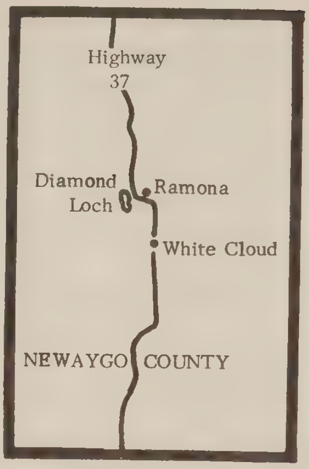
12) *From Pennsylvania*: "What was so ridiculous was that if someone disagreed with me, the next few days I'd be mentally arguing with this person and no matter how hard I tried to get victory over it, I was unable to control it. Usually in a few days it sorta played itself out.

"But now when something like this upsets me, I have found that by sincerely praying for that person takes all the arguments away. Instead a deeper love for that perperson fills its place."

13) *From Missouri*: "If I can be brave enough to try, even if I know others can do better, then the biggest hill has been climbed.

"It would be nice to be average, but if that is not my God-given lot, I try to be cheerful and thankful as much as possible. In the eternal day, these weak inferiorities will all pass away. And to gain that eternal day I must accept the Saviour in all his wonderful mercies. He knows my every weakness better than anyone else." △

Amish In Newaygo County, Michigan



By David Luthy

Today when one thinks of a great lumber-producing state, Minnesota comes immediately to mind. But in 1870, over one hundred years ago, Michigan was the leading lumber state. Its lumberjacks were kept busy felling trees. Lumber was in great demand throughout the midwest as new towns were founded and cities expanded.

As the trees were cleared from the Michigan soil, the land became available to farmers. Between 1870 and 1900 Michigan's population more than doubled. Most of the state's new residents were farmers who purchased the cheap, cut-over forest land which the lumber industry had left in its wake. Quite a few Amish were among the new settlers.

The person most responsible for the Amish moving to Newaygo County was H. H. Howe in Grand Rapids. He was the Land and Immigration Agent for two Michigan railroads. Regular advertisements from him appeared in the Budget. Following is his ad which often appeared in issues of that newspaper.

Good, Cheap Lands are to be had in

MICHIGAN,

That are equal to any lands in the United States for Profitable Agriculture, of the most diverified kind.

THERE IS NO BETTER LOCATION TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE.

Good prosperous Cities, Towns and Villages; best of Markets, Schools, Churches and Roads.

The Transportation to the

Great Markets of the World

Is Cheap and Quick, and you are not a pioneer in some remote western country. Michigan offers more and better inducements to-day than any other state with undeveloped lands.

We Have GOOD, Prosperous

Colonies of Amish and Mennonites

That are pleased with the conditions, and it will be a pleasure to supply you with all information, free from misrepresentations, about this most desirable country. Please ask for it, it is to your interest. Write to,

H. H. HOWE, Land and Emmigration Agent;
C. & W. M. Ry. and D. G. R. & W. R. R.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Part One: Lots of Stumps

One area of Michigan where the Amish settled was Newaygo County. Its name comes from the Indian word meaning "much water." The county is a rectangular-shaped county 25 miles north of Grand Rapids in the western portion of the state. The Amish settled six miles north and a little east of White Cloud, the county seat, near Diamond Lake. It was then known as Diamond "Loch" since the early settlers were of German ancestry. It and the village of Ramona had small post offices and were the early addresses of the Amish. Later their address was White Cloud.

The great majority of the Amish settlers came from two northern Indiana counties: Lagrange (Middlebury-Shipshewana) and Marshall (Nappanee-Milford). The first settlers arrived at Diamond Loch in March of 1895. Among them were Manasses D. Schmucker and his father-in-law, Samuel V. Yoder. Schmucker operated a sawmill which provided the lumber for the buildings of the other settlers. Since the area only recently had changed from lumbering to farming, there were few buildings on the tracts of land purchased by the Amish. All that was on much of the land were stumps— acres and acres of them.

It was quite a few years before the stumps were all removed from the land. In June 1899 the Budget scribe from White Cloud reported that some out-of-state people were coming to look at the area. He said, "That is right, come along and help us get rid of those black pine stumps and white oak gruffs." In the same issue another scribe reported the planned trip to Newaygo County and wished the people a good trip and hoped they wouldn't "trip on all the stumps"!

Two Mennonites from Shipshewana, Indiana settled in Newaygo County at about the same time as the Amish. They owned and operated a stump pulling apparatus which found ready customers among the Amish and other settlers. Since the pine stumps were generally not too wide, they could be pulled out. Naturally it was a lot of work and the main reason the land was so inexpensive. In Indiana, where the settlers had come from, the land was selling for $100 an acre. The stumpy land in Newaygo County, Michigan sold from $2.50 to $5.00. Its value increased as the stumps were removed, but it never became expensive land.

Records indicate that Christian E. Troyer bought an 80 acre farm in 1899 for $950; it included "a lot of corn, millet, 3 calves, 1 pig, and a lot of potatoes." A month later he purchased another 80 acres for $200. That same year Jonas J. Hochstetler bought 40 acres for $300. Five years later Benjamin Hochstetler paid $500 for 80 acres of which 20 were cleared but needed the stumps yet removed. If a man was willing to work, he got his Newaygo County land at a fairly cheap price. As one settler wrote in the Budget, it was "a pretty good place for poor people."

Part Two: Making A Living

Once the Amish settlers had removed the stumps, they found that the sandy loam soil was fairly productive. Of course, after applying manure for several years, better crops were grown. The crops grown by the Newaygo County settlers were basically the same as they had grown in their home state of Indiana. They raised corn, millet, hay, oats, rye, and wheat. This latter crop, wheat, was their main crop. But they also grew potatoes on a large scale, much more so than they had in Indiana.

Spring came about two weeks later than in northern Indiana, but their climate was very similar to where they had come from. Sometimes the thermometer passed the 100 degree mark in the summer, but it had also been that warm at times in Indiana. Also the snowfall in both areas was the same. Neaygo County was not far enough north in Michigan to have severe winters.

Besides eating what they themselves raised, the settlers found lots of wild berries in the forests: blackberries, huckleberries, and dewberries. The woods also contained deer, which made free meat for the table. That is, if the tracks the settlers saw were always those of deer. One time three Amish boys were trying to find a deer and followed some pointed hoof tracks into Simon J. Frey's cornfield. Much to their disappointment they discovered an old brood sow beside the shock of corn instead of a deer. Their stunt was reported in the Budget with the advice, "Boys, try again."

Most of the Amish settlers either owned or rented farms in Newaygo County. Thus, their main occupation was farming. Yet some of them during certain parts of the year worked at other trades. Some worked on logging crews during the winter months. And in the summer extra help was always needed during wheat threshing time. Eli S. Yoder owned a Reeves threshing outfit and was the neighborhood thresher. He also owned a sawmill on his forty acre farm east of White Cloud. Another sawmill was up by Diamond Loch. It was owned by Manasses D. Schmucker. One day in September 1899 it burned to the ground but was later rebuilt. A third sawmill was owned by Moses J. Chupp.

Besides sawing lumber for the settlers, the sawmill owners also received some income from their sawdust. Each year the Consumers Ice Company in Grand Rapids purchased it by the railroad carload. It took a great quantity of sawdust to insulate the ice in their warehouse. Not only did the settlers supply the company with sawdust, they also cut ice from the lakes and packed it into railroad cars. David A. Yoder was reported in the Budget as being the "champion ice loader." He received $2.50 for each railroad car he loaded.

Wages then were certainly lower than today. A person these days would likely want $2.50 just to sweep the sawdust out of the railroad car. But the economy then was different. In 1901 David A. Yoder moved onto the Rose Hill peach farm for two years with a salary of $300 a year. That same year Miss Fanny Kauffman worked at the Atlantic Hotel in White Cloud for $2.00 a week. Two years later David V. Hochstetler operated a stump puller and cleared land for Daniel Smoker (Schmucker) for $700. There must have been a lot of stumps as the farm was referred to as "Smoker's Stump Ranch" in the Budget. Martin Hochstetler, who worked for the stump-pulling outfit, received wages of $18 a month. Other Amish men worked in the carpenter trade. It is not known what they received for wages, but it likely was low as were all wages.

Not only were wages low, so were many items the settlers purchased. For instance a year's subscription to the Budget cost 50¢. The only problem was whether or not the 50¢ ever made it to the newspaper office in Sugarcreek, Ohio. It was unheard of then to write a check for 50¢, so the money was sent in change thru the mail. But it did not always arrive at its destination as Menno D. Miller of Diamond Loch discovered in 1903. He ended his letter to the Budget, saying: "Well, I see that my subscription is about expired, so find enclosed 50¢ to renew." The editor printed his reply right below Menno's letter in the Budget: "But we failed to find the 50¢, but judging from the condition of the envelope, someone else must have found it."

Part Three: Church Life

The earliest mention of an Amish minister living in Newaygo County was in the December 24, 1896 Budget. A Lagrange County, Indiana scribe mentioned that Pre. Daniel J. Miller from there had moved to Diamond Loch, Michigan. This minister's name also appears in the diary kept by the Mennonite bishop, John Funk, of Elkhart, Indiana. Funk recorded in 1897 that he was in Neaygo County where some Mennonites were living. He spent Sunday (Dec.5,1897) with the Amish and was asked by Daniel J. Miller to preach for the group. The service was held at the home of David A. Yoder. That

Lancaster County Subscribers

We would very much like to obtain the following items for our Amish historical library. If you have a copy you would sell or donate, please contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

NUTZLICHE ANWEISUNG published in 1917 by the Lancaster Amish Book Committee. Also in that same year they published editions of Lustgärtlein and Christenpflicht. We'd like copies of these 1917 editions.

AMISCHEN GEMEINEN IN LANCASTER COUNTY. A 32 page booklet showing church districts and ministers. Printed at Kutztown in 1928.

1913 editions of the Neues Testament and Gesangbuch published by the Lancaster Amish Book Committee.

evening Funk went to Daniel J. Miller's home and held an evening service in English.

That a Mennonite bishop preached at an Amish service and was asked back in the evening to preach in English was most unusual. At first glance it would appear that the Diamond Loch group was not really Amish. The congregation was definitely Amish, but some of the earliest families which settled there eventually joined the White Cloud Mennonite church. Thus, while the Diamond Loch group was Old Order Amish, it did have some progressive-minded members.

It is not known for how long Pre. Daniel J. Miller resided in Newaygo County; hardly more than four years. He returned to Lagrange County, Indiana where he served the Amish church in the Barrens District. At death he was living in Iowa.

The first known communion service at Diamond Loch was in June of 1898. Quite likely Pre. Daniel J. Miller was yet living there. Three ordained Amish men came for the occasion: Bishop Abraham A. Troyer, Pre. Jacob Miller and Deacon Joseph J. Stutzman. The fall communion serice that year was held by other Lagrange County ministers, Bishop Eli E. Borntreger and Pre. Dan Hochstetler.

The spring communion of the next year, 1899, was again held by Bishop Abraham A. Troyer. Apparently the Lagrange County bishops took turns in going to Newaygo County at communion time. It was either at that spring or the following fall communion that a minister was ordained for the congregation. One man, Christian E. Troyer, received all the votes but one; thus, he was ordained without going through the "lot." The congregation had 31 members at that time.

When Valentine (Felty) D. Hochstetler moved there the following year, the congregation received its own resident bishop. He moved there from Newton County, Indiana. Several years later Pre. Jacob J. Stutzman moved to Neaygo County from Middlebury, Indiana. And the congregation's deacon was Henry D. Schmucker who was ordained at Diamond Loch in 1904.

The settlement's first resident minister, Daniel J. Miller, is thought to have returned to Indiana before the other ordained men moved to Michigan. The next to leave was Pre. Christian E. Troyer who went to Ford County, Kansas in 1906 or 1907. Eventually he resided in Lagrange County, Indiana where he was ordained bishop at the age of 72. Deacon Henry D. Schmucker moved to Nappanee, Indiana where he had lived prior to Michigan. Bishop Valentine D. Hochstetler moved to Topeka, Indian and later to Kokomo in the same state. Pre. Jacob J. Stutzman was the last member of the ministry to leave. He moved to Kansas around 1920.

These ordained men did not all leave Michigan at one time nor did they all leave in the early years of the settlement's history. Most of them lived there for quite a few years. The congregation they ministered to was by no means small. It is impossible to tell how many families the Amish congregation had at its peak years, but over 50 families are known to have lived there at one time or another in its history. Not all of the families lived there at the same time. Quite likely the settlement had around 30 families at its highest point. Most of the families moved there from other settlements, but some of the families began at Diamond Loch-White Cloud from the couples which married there.

SEEKING

In 1937 L. A. Miller published AMISH AND CONSERVATIVE MENNONITE YEARBOOK AND DIRECTORY. If anyone has a copy they would part with, we'd like one for our Amish historical library. Contact: Historical editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Part Four: The Settlers

Following is a list of the Amish families known to have resided in Newaygo County. The date which appears after each name indicates when they are known for certain to have lived there. It is possible that they were there a little earlier.

1. Samuel V. Yoder (1895)
*2. Manasses D. Schmucker (1895)
(son-in-law of No. 1)
3. David A. Yoder (1897)
4. Pre. Daniel J. Miller (1896)
5. Samuel S. Miller (1898)
6. John D. Frey (1898)
*7. Manasses D. Miller (1898)
8. Stephen J. Hochstetler (1899)
9. Bish. Felty D. Hochstetler (1899)
+10. David V. Hochstetler
(son of No. 9)
11. Abe S. Bontrager (1899)
12. R. D. Borntrager (1899)
13. Pre. Christian E. Troyer (1899)
14. Rudy D. Miller (1899)
15. Simeon L. Miller (1899)
16. Tobias Schrock (1898)
17. Dan Schrock (1899)
18. Christian Miller (1899)
19. Jacob A. Kauffman (1899)
20. Jonas J. Hochstetler (1899)
21. Eli S. Yoder
(son of No. 1)
22. David E. Troyer (1900)
(brother of No. 13)
23. Peter Kuhns (1901)
(son-in-law of No. 1)
24. Joe T. Kuhns
(brother of No. 23)
25. Manasses S. Troyer (1900)
(son-in-law of No. 33)
26. Menno D. Miller (1902)
*27. Jonas E. Chupp
28. Ezra R. Bender
(son-in-law of No. 9)
+*29. Eli P. Kuhns
(son of No. 23 and
son-in-law of No. 27)
30. Emanuel E. Hershberger (1899)
31. Moses D. Troyer (1903)
32. Joe S. Yoder (1903)
33. Benjamin E. Hochstetler (1904)
34. Edward B. Hochstetler
(son of No. 33)
*35. Emanuel B. Hochstetler
(son of No. 33)
36. Joe J. L. Miller (1904)
37. Levi Miller (1904)
38. Joe Schmucker
+39. Deac. Henry Schmucker (1903)
40. Pre. Jacob J. Stutzman (1902)
*41. Martin D. Hochstetler (1904)
(nephew of No. 9)
+*42. Simon J. Frey
(son of No. 6 and
son-in-law of No. 36)
+43. Elmer J. Christner
(son-in-law of No. 36)
44. Harvey J. Kauffman
(son of No. 19)
+45. Joseph Yoder
(son of No. 32 and
son-in-law of No. 33)
46. Jonas D. Schmucker (1904)
(half brother of No. 2 and
brother of No. 39)
+*47. Moses J. Chupp
(son of No. 27 and
son-in-law of No. 19)
+48. Eli J. Chupp
(son of No. 27 and
son-in-law of No. 6)
+*49. Andy J. Frey
(son of No. 6 and
son-in-law of No. 27)
50. Joe Frey
51. Daniel G. Hershberger (1908)
52. Daniel Schmucker (1903)

* later joined the Mennonite Church
+married in Newaygo County

Part Five: The Settlement Dies

For all practical purposes the Amish settlement in Newaygo County was extinct when the last minister, Jacob J. Stutzman, moved away around 1920. A few Amish families contined to live there for a number of years without a resident minister. By 1935 there were two Amish families that yet remained in what had once been a large congregation. One of them, the Edward B. Hochstetler family, moved to the Amish settlement at Centreville, Michigan. The other family, that of Eli Kuhns, "were too poor financially to move, so they stayed. Since there was no Amish church anymore, they, in a few years, came into the Mennonite Church."

Some other Amish families had previously switched their membership to the Mennonite congregation in White Cloud. But it is doubtful that this was a threat to the life of the Amish congregation, for the number that became Mennonites was not great. Also, the Amish settlers had come from areas where there were also Mennonite congregations side by side with their own. It was not a new experience for them to have more progressive minded neighbors.

What actually caused the Amish settlement to fail is not exactly known, but one former resident says, "There was quite a confusion at one time. There were two neighbors that through their children caused some trouble. Them two families left there in 1911 and 1912, but there were quite a few that had left before that time. And from then on they kept moving away."

Another factor which likely caused the settlement to fail was that the land was not very productive. The first years after the stumps were removed, the virgin soil was fairly productive. But basically the soil was not very rich. Since chemical fertilizers were not used at that time, only manure was used as fertilizer. No farmer had enough manure to cover all his fields to make them produce like he wished they would.

Today the region is not a major farming area. The second growth of pine and oak trees has reached full height, and the area where the Amish lived is part of the huge Manistee National Forest.

When the Amish settled in Newaygo County, Michigan in 1895, the area was filled with stumps, for the state was a leading producer of lumber. Today it is the world's leading manufacturer of automobiles. But when the Amish lived in Newaygo County, an automobile was a rare sight. In July of 1909 the White Cloud Budget scribe reported: "An automobile was seen on our streets Saturday which was the first one we had seen this summer." Back then it was more common to see Amish buggies and fields of stumps than automobiles. Today it would be just the opposite—the Amish and the stumps have vanished from the scene in Newaygo County. ■■

A Sad Situation

Yes, the United States is in a bad shape—worse off than any other country in the world, in some respects. No other country is suffering political and economic troubles because of a surplus of food. No other country has traffic congestion because so many people own automobiles. In no other country does everyone make so much money and help is so hard to find and harder to keep. In no other country do people take so many holidays, and work so few hours, so they will have time to spend the money that keeps piling up on them. In no other country is overweight, caused by plenty of everything and high living, one of the chief medical problems.

Yes, it's a sad situation! -Selected

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word.
(Answers on inside back cover)

1. Abendmahl — A. wine B. again C. return D. supper
2. Beide — A. endure B. both C. conserve D. abide
3. Blähet — A. to bleat B. cross C. inflated D. to bloom
4. Geberden — A. cheeks B. likeness C. shoulders D. bear up
5. Geſchöpfe — A. creature B. labor C. refuse D. to ladle
6. Hielten — A. pressed B. questioned C. observed D. deny
7. Kürze — A. swear B. shortness C. cursory D. tickle
8. Laß — A. lass B. leave C. lax D. read
9. Leckten — A. lick B. sooth C. smooth D. elect
10. Leiden — A. to lead B. rejoice (in) C. people D. suffer
11. Oben — A. lid B. above C. upon D. open
12. Räuber — A. rubber B. reaper C. robber D. riper
13. Reuet — A. renew B. arrangement C. riot D. regret
14. Scheue — A. fear B. sheave C. show D. embarrass
15. Schlug — A. wise B. knock C. condmn D. sleigh
16. Tauche — A. detect B. experiment C. remove D. dip
17. Treu — A. employ B. faithful C. try D. begin
18. Wehklagen — A. camp-out B. argue C. bewail D. blame
19. Wehret — A. hinder B. to wear C. pass by D. were
20. Zerknirſche — A. snap B. gnash C. soften D. crush

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Clumsy Clarence

-Elizabeth Miller

Enos knew even before the ball reached Clarence that he would never catch it. He was fidgeting nervously as soon as he saw it coming in his direction.

ENOS BYLER LOOKED at the row of pupils still to be chosen. He and Robert Mast were chosing sides to play ball, and it was his turn. "Amanda," he called out. Amanda Troyer wasn't worth much out in field, but she sure could hit a ball.

Robert chose Andrew, a fourth grader, and then it was Enos's turn again. By this time all the boys had been chosen except Clarence Miller, and Enos didn't even consider choosing him. He concentrated on trying to pick the best player among the girls who remained. He decided on Katie. "She's good at catching balls, and we need a third baseman," he thought.

When only three players remained to be chosen, Enos saw that Robert's side would get the last player. He was glad, for that meant Clarence would not be on Enos's side.

When all the other players were chosen, Robert drawled reluctantly, "Clar-r-rence." Everyone chuckled. That is, everyone but Clarence. He blushed deeply as he shuffled over to stand with the players on Robert's side.

Enos forgot all about Clarence as he tossed the bat to Robert. Robert caught it neatly. Then the two boys placed their hands alternately on it to determine which side would bat first. Enos's hand came out on top. "We bat first!" he shouted eagerly to the players on his side.

Robert trotted out toward second base, giving orders where each of the players was to play. Having told the scorekeeper the order in which his players would bat, Enos stood and watched as the other side got into position.

Clarence was still standing between the batter's plate and the pitcher's box. When Robert finally looked at him, Clarence asked, "Where shall I play?"

Robert shrugged. "Doesn't make too much difference," he jeered. "Just stand out in field somewhere and make sure to stay out of the other players' way."

As Enos watched Clarence run out past second base, he couldn't help but feel sorry for him. He felt Robert was just a little too mean to him. Enos remembered how relieved he had been when he saw Clarence was going to be on the opposite side, but he still didn't think it was right to treat him quite like Robert did.

The first batter got on base; the next one made an out; the third got on base again. Then Enos was up to bat. Forgetting about Clarence, he stepped up to the plate, gripped the bat firmly, and got into position. His eyes scanned the outfield. Robert had put good players out there. Enos couldn't decide in which direction to hit the ball. "Maybe I can hit over them," he thought.

The first pitch was just right. "S-m-a-c-k!" The bat and the ball met. The feel and the sound of the impact told Enos he had put distance into that ball. He dropped the bat and ran for the first base. Surely, this would be a homerun.

Enos was halfway to first base before he caught sight of the ball. To his dismay he saw the ball had gone up rather than out across the diamond. Robert was under it when it came down. He reached up and picked it neatly out of the air. Enos was out.

"Sorry about that, Enos," Robert called as Enos trotted back.

"I know just how sorry you are," Enos called back, laughing good-naturedly. Even though he had made an out, he couldn't feel bad about it—not when he remembered the satisfaction he had gotten out of whamming the ball. Maybe next time he'd hit it just as hard, only he'd hit it so that it would go out across the field instead of up into the air.

Enos enjoyed playing ball. He wasn't the best player in school, but he hoped to be someday. He was in the sixth grade, and he secretly felt he played better than any of the other sixth graders, and better than some of the seventh and eighth graders.

Amanda was up to bat next. "Come on, Amanda," Enos said encouragingly. "Make up for what I did."

Amanda hit a fly, too, but she hit it to the right place — out to where Clarence was standing. Clarence was ready for the ball. He reached up with his gloved hand and waited. Down came the ball, right into Clarence's glove, and right out of it, too.

Immediately there was excitement on the ball diamond. The player on first ran toward second, and Amanda ran to first. Clarence quickly picked up the ball, and instead of throwing it the short distance to second base, he tried to throw to first. The throw was a wild one, like most of Clarence's were, and the ball went over the first baseman's head. All the players gained another base, and one player came home to score the first run.

Groans were heard from one side and cheers from the other. Enos heard himself shout, "That's the way to play, Clarence. That's just what we wanted you to do."

However, the players on the other side were less jubilant about Clarence's playing. "That's Clumsy Clarence for you," growled Robert. "Count on him to give runs away like this."

"Hey, whose side are you on, ours or theirs?" asked another player.

"Why didn't you throw to second and make an out there?" demanded one of the girls.

"I— I didn't think about it," Clarence stammered. "I—I'm sorry." His face was very red.

The next batter was up and the ballgame continued. Clarence and his clumsiness were momentarily forgotten. But then it was brought back to mind again. He fumbled a second time. A ground ball whizzed right through his glove, and instead of going to the player behind him, it angled off to the right, and rolled into an area where no player was waiting for it.

Once more the batting side scored a run. Robert was on the point of losing his patience. "If you can't play, why don't you stay out of our way?" he demanded.

"That's all right," said the boy who had picked up the ball. "If Clarence had stopped the ball, he'd have been too clumsy to throw it straight anyway."

The bell rang just then, and everyone hurried into the schoolhouse. As Enos walked into the classroom, he noticed the firm look on Teacher Katie's face. It was a look of sadness mingled with disappointment, yet at the same time it was a look of determination. Enos knew that look all too well. It meant only one thing— a lecture was brewing behind it.

Enos scooted down in his seat and stared out the window. Surely, Teacher Katie didn't know how they had been making fun of Clarence again this morning. If she did know, someone had tattled. Enos was pretty sure no one had done that. He couldn't see when anyone would have had time to tattle.

"It probably concerns the younger children," Enos thought. He tried to dismiss the fears from his mind.

Enos wasn't the only one who had noticed the look on Teacher Katie's face. Tenseness filled the classroom. The children sat waiting. No one made even a particle of noise. Then, to everyone's surprise, Teacher Katie picked up the first-grade arithmetic book and resumed classes.

All during the next period, Enos couldn't look at Teacher Katie without noticing the expression on her face. And every time he looked at her, he couldn't help but wonder if she had somehow learned about how the ball game had gone at recess.

After the children had eaten their lunches and were sitting in their seats, wanting to be dismissed, Teacher Katie kept them waiting. Robert was getting impatient and sat on the edge of the seat, ready to jump up as soon as Teacher Katie gave the word. It was then that she spoke firmly to him. "You're not going anywhere yet, Robert," she said, her voice dripping with authority. "You might as well sit back and relax while you listen to what I have to say."

Robert wilted back like a sprayed weed. Enos couldn't help but notice the look of disappointment on his face.

Teacher Katie was not slow in getting to the point. "I guess you don't know that I had the windows open and heard what was going on out on the ball diamond at recess," she said.

Short gasps were heard —gasps of surprise, gasps of dismay, gasps of embarrassment. The pupils all looked uncomfortable, but none of them looked as uncomfortable as Clarence. Enos heard him shuffle his feet and clear his throat.

Teacher Katie spoke again. "I'm going to warn you only once," she said firmly. "The next person I see or hear being a poor sport will not play ball for a week."

Not one of the boys and girls doubted Teacher Katie's words. They were dismissed. No one said anything as they filed out of the classroom.

That afternoon Clarence still fumbled most of the balls that came his way. He struck out twice, and hit a fly to second base once. He didn't get on base a single time. No one, not even Robert Mast, made fun of his playing or called him Clumsy Clarence. The game had lost most of its good-natured bantering. For the most part it was played in silence.

THE NEXT MORNING ENOS hurried through his work in record time, hoping to be at school before any of the other boys. If he got there first, he could give the rest field practice when they came. It was a standing rule that the boy who came to school first got to bat for the rest.

As he hurried along, Enos heard a shout behind him. He turned to see Vernon Beachy come running up the road.

Enos stopped and let Vernon catch up with him. "I get to bat if we're first," Enos said as soon as Vernon was within hearing distance. "I would have been first if I hadn't stopped to wait on you."

"I don't care," puffed Vernon. "I like fielding just as well, and I need the practice."

The two boys walked along, chatting comfortably. When they reached the top of the hill, Vernon said, "Hey, it looks like you won't get to bat after all. Someone's there already."

"I thought we were early," Enos said, sounding disappointed. Then his tone of voice changed. "Aw, that's just Clarence, and he doesn't count. He can't hit the ball hard enough. I get to bat after all."

"Someone else is there, too, because Clarence is playing 'pitch and catch' with someone," Vernon said.

"Wonder who it's going to be," Enos said, quickening his pace. Then the tree which had been blocking their view was no longer in line, and the boys saw the second player was Teacher Katie.

"She's giving Clarence practice," Vernon said, taking for granted Enos had already recognized the second player.

"He sure could use some practice," Enos said with a chuckle. "Maybe if he'd practice a lot, he'd stop dropping all those balls that come to him."

"He doesn't drop all of them," Vernon said. His eyes were on the two figures in the distance. "See, he caught that one."

Enos stopped and watched the "pitch and catch" game. Vernon did the same thing. "He's caught three in a row," Enos whispered in surprise after a few minutes.

"He seems to be throwing them back pretty straight, too," Vernon said, sounding just as surprised as Enos.

"And look at the way he has to jump up to reach some of those," Enos said. "It looks to me as if Teacher Katie were the one who's throwing wild balls."

"She may be doing it on purpose, just to give Clarence practice," Vernon said.

The boys got tired of watching and hurried on toward school. "Good morning," they said a few minutes later as they came walking across the playground.

"Good morning, boys," returned Teacher Katie in a cheerful voice. "Isn't this a lovely morning!"

"Sure is," Enos agreed.

"It was too nice to stay inside, so I challenged Clarence with a game of 'pitch and catch,'" Teacher Katie said. "I guess I lost, because I missed more balls than he did." She tossed another ball to Clarence as she spoke.

Even though the ball reached Clarence's glove neatly, he fumbled and dropped it. Running after it, he kicked it accidently with his foot and had to chase after it.

Enos chuckled to himself. Even though he didn't say it out loud, he thought, "That's Clumsy Clarence for you."

Soon more children came to school. Teacher Katie went into the schoolhouse to finish preparing for classes. Enos started batting balls to give the other boys fielding practice.

One of the balls he batted went out toward Clarence. Enos held his breath as Clarence ran forward a few steps, reached out, and caught the ball.

"Way to go there, Clarence," Enos said admiringly.

"Aw, what's so wonderful about catching a ball?" Robert Mast wanted to know. "Everyone can do that." He lowered his voice and looked toward the schoolhouse. Both the door and the windows were closed, so he said, "That is, everyone except Clumsy Clarence."

That other boys looked uneasily at each other. No one said anything, but several of them chuckled. From his place at the batter's plate, Enos could see the expression and color of Clarence's face. It turned from pink to the darkest shade of red. Acting on impulse, Enos aimed his next ball out to Clarence again. "Show them how you can catch," he said under his breath.

However, it was of no use. Enos knew before the ball reached Clarence that he would never catch it. He was fidgeting and squirming nervously as soon as he saw it coming in his direction. Sure enough, he fumbled it, then stood aside while another player who stood nearby picked it up and returned it to Enos.

Just then Teacher Katie stuck her head out the door. "Enos, I'd like to have that table in the basement up in the classroom. Would you and Vernon please carry it up for me?" she asked.

Enos surrendered his bat a little reluctantly. "I get to bat when we come back," he said.

No one else was in the classroom when Enos and Vernon brought the table up and set it in the place Katie indicated. "Thanks," she said. Then as the boys turned to hurry back out to the ball diamond, she said, "Wait a minute, boys." Just the way she hesitated before she went on told Enos she didn't quite know how to say what she had on her mind.

"Did you notice how easily Clarence caught those balls this morning when we played 'pitch and catch?'" she asked.

The two boys nodded and looked at each other.

"Do you have any idea why he was able to catch and throw so easily this morning, when at other times he fumbles the ball most of the time?" Katie asked. Her voice sounded as if she were trying to figure it out for herself, but Enos had a feeling she had a different reason for asking.

"H-he gets rather nervous around the other boys," Enos said. "He caught one ball this morning after you went in, but then the next one he fumbled."

Katie was silent for a while, then she asked, "What would make him nervous around the boys when he seems perfectly at ease when I play with him?"

Enos looked at Vernon, then at the teacher. Katie was watching him closely, and he squirmed under her gaze. Finally Katie spoke again. "I think you know as well as I do what makes Clarence nervous and clumsy. He may get nervous sooner than some boys, but the conditions he's had to play under would interfere with anyone's performance."

For a long time no one said anything. The door opened and two first-grade girls came into the classroom with some wild flowers they had picked on the way to school. When they saw Teacher Katie and the two boys, they stopped hesitantly.

"Thanks for bringing up the table, boys," Teacher Katie said, making her voice sound as if that had been the only reason she had called the boys in. Then she lowered her voice and said, "And thanks for trying to understand Clarence's problem. Only when the rest of the players accept him as he is will he be able to overcome his nervous condition. Sure, he plays poorly because he's nervous, but what makes him nervous?" Without asking for an answer, or answering her own question, she dismissed the boys.

THAT DAY TEACHER KATIE was outside most of the time while the children played ball. Enos knew why, and he wondered how many of the other pupils knew. Maybe he and Vernon weren't the only boys she had talked with.

Having Teacher Katie on the playground didn't seem to give Clarence any confidence in himself as a ball player. He didn't play any better than he had at other times. As Enos watched him fumble, blush, and then chase after the ball, he could hardly believe this was the same boy who had played so nimbly that morning with Teacher Katie.

THAT EVENING AFTER SCHOOL Enos did his chores like usual. He threw down hay and straw and bedded the animals that stayed in the barn overnight. Then he went to the brooder house to feed the pullets.

Enos was thinking about playing ball and about the few remaining days of the school term. However, when he stepped inside the brooder house, he saw something that made him forget all about playing ball. There in one corner, with about a dozen other pullets chasing after it, was a pullet with a bloody tail. The few remaining feathers were streaked with blood, and even part of the flesh had been picked away.

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"Hey, you dummies, quit that!" said Enos.

Even though the pullets didn't understand, they were startled by Enos's shout, and scattered. However, it was only a matter of seconds until the injured pullet was being picked at again. Enos tried to corner it and catch it, but it was so wild he had to try four times before he finally succeeded. As he held the pullet under one arm and examined its tail, he felt its heart beating wildly against its breast. Enos shivered as he thought of the pain it must be suffering.

Enos left the brooder house, taking the injured pullet with him. He would ask Dad if he could keep it in the barn until its tail was healed. "If we put it back in, the other pullets will kill it," he thought.

Dad didn't seem surprised when Enos showed him the injured pullet. "Let's go over into the shop and get some of that red salve to put on it," he said. "Picking isn't anything new. It happens almost every year."

Enos couldn't remember ever having seen anything like this before, but then he remembered that this was the first year he had been feeding the pullets regularly. He followed Dad into the shop and held the pullet while Dad hunted in the medicine cabinet until he had found a small glass jar. Next Dad found an old putty knife and applied the red salve generously to the pullet's tail.

"Shouldn't we keep this pullet in the barn until its tail has a chance to heal?" asked Enos. "The other pullets were chasing it all over the place."

Dad chuckled. "Let them get a taste of this red stuff, and they won't bother this pullet anymore," he said.

Enos understood. "Oh, you mean this stuff is just to keep the other pullets from picking. I thought it's something to make it heal faster."

"It's both," said Dad. He handed the jar to Enos. "Take it along to the brooder house and put it on the ledge above the window. Watch closely, and if you see any other pullets that are picked, put some of this paint on it. That'll fix it right away."

"What makes pullets pick?" asked Enos. "They sure must like the taste of blood."

Dad shrugged. "I once heard a serviceman say pullets pick until they draw blood, then they pick because they can draw blood," he said. "That's about the best explanation I've heard for it."

Enos carried the pullet back to the brooder house, trying to figure out what Dad had meant. "They pick until they draw blood, then they pick **because** they can draw blood." Then for some unknown reason his thoughts went to another scene that had taken place earlier in the day. Teacher Katie had said, "Sure, Clarence is nervous, but what makes him nervous?"

The more Enos thought about it, the more certain he was of what Teacher Katie had tried to tell them. What she had really meant to say was, "You make fun of Clarence until he is clumsy, then you make fun of him because he is clumsy."

Enos no longer felt quite so indignant toward the pullets — not when he realized he and the other boys hadn't shown more sense than a flock of stupid pullets.

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Our Own Hired Girl

I always read with interest the hired girl stories in Family Life so now I would like to share our own experience. We are just a young married couple in our second year of farming. As it happens to everyone at one time or another, so it happened to us that we needed help. My husband and I knew of a place where other people had gotten help so we decided to try there before looking further.

When I first saw the girl, I wasn't terribly impressed by her appearance as she looked rather inefficient to me. But we didn't have much choice at the time so we helped pack her things and she went along home with us. My suspicions about her inefficiency grew and I soon saw she wasn't going to be of much help to anybody.

In some mysterious way that we still can't understand, she took command as soon as we got home and in a few days she was running the place. She had an uncanny power of making everyone within hearing distance jump when she wanted something, and instead of helping us, everyone was at her beck and call. She is incredibly lazy and won't as much as lift a finger to help anyone. She'd let the house burn down before she'd as much as give a warning. She spends much of her time in bed or loafing around and she is a late riser. We have to wait on her but for some reason we do it willingly.

By this time you are probably thinking, "Why didn't you send her back where she came from?" We couldn't do that for we had to make a substantial payment even before we got her home so we want to get our money out of her someway.

In spite of her many faults we love her and think there is no one else quite like her. When she smiles, we smile and when her days are blue, ours are, too We really don't see how we could do without her. When we first saw her at the hospital and she curled her tiny fist around my finger, I knew I would never want to let her go away.

If you haven't guessed it yet, then I'll tell you— she's our four-months old baby daughter. I hope with the Lord's help, we can raise her so she will be a good "maud" to someone someday.

-Mrs. A.Y., Iowa

FARM & FIELD

-by Gideon L. Fisher

History of Horse-drawn Farm Machinery

Among the Old Order Amish and Mennonites the question is often asked, "What can be done about horse drawn farm machinery, and what does the future hold in this respect?" Very little has been manufactured since 1940. It would be of interest to look over the past years when it was still readily available, and compare it to our present day operations, then decide if we appreciate what is still available at this time.

All machinery must be designed to fit the power used to operate the equipment. The draft type horse was chiefly used as a beast of burden in the field of agriculture for over a century. Therefore, horse drawn farm machinery was manufactured on a large scale in the United States. Patent rights were issued by the government which encouraged the equipment companies to build better and more labor saving machinery.

After the turn of the century steam engines were used for belt power. By 1930 they were being used for experimental purposes in the mid-west wheat growing country to pull gang plows, discs, and combines. They replaced as many as twenty or more horses in one team, but never became very popular because of the large amount of coal and water needed to feed the boilers, also the weight of these rugged engines was a problem. Steam powered engines never replaced the horse.

The gasoline powered tractor was first designed for belt power only, but was later used in agriculture for plowing or whenever heavy equipment was used. As late as 1930 it was still often called "the farmer's folly."

At that time nobody thought that horses could be replaced by machinery to do general farm work. Not until tractors were built in light weight and on rubber tires was much interest seen in using a tractor instead of a horse. Using a tractor to pull horse drawn machinery was also not practical. It was often necessary for two people to operate the machine, whereas with horses one man could do it. For instance a mower, cultivator, or wheat binder was driven by one man on the tractor and another man operated the equipment. Therefore the tractor didn't make head-lines in agriculture until equipment was manufactured to fit the power used.

From 1945 to 1955 farmers over the United States became tractor conscious. Patent rights were issued to build a variety of sizes of tractors and equipment. The change in this ten years period was almost unbelieveable. What was thought by most people to be impossible to do with a tractor was now being done on a large scale. One farmer with a few men to help him can now operate 1000 or more acres if he has the right equipment. There is no end in sight in building larger capacity tractors and farm machinery.

By 1950 the farmers who continued to keep horses to do their farming could buy equipment at their own price. Never before could an Amish farmer buy equipment and operate as cheaply as he could the 15 years following World War II.

Farmers who turned to tractor equipment considered their horse drawn machinery as practically worthless, and sold it to junk dealers to get out of it what they could. Taking it to auctions was only a loss of time as often the junk dealer bought it anyway. This was the trend over the nation, junk dealers had a thriving business, going from farm to farm, cleaning out barns and cutting up horse drawn machinery, plows, cultivators, planters, grain binders, grass mowers, and you name it. Some almost new machinery was cut up by the torch. In a period of ten years more horse drawn manchinery went to the junk dealer than the Amish farmers ever used. However, there were some exceptions, some farmers still had pride in their machinery and wouldn't part with it at junk price. They stored it away in some corner of the barn, and felt that some day it would be worth more money.

When the change came from horse drawn to tractor equipment it was nothing unusual to see a long row of cultivators, grass mowers, dump rakes, etc., at public auctions being sold for a small sum. These were consigned by neighbors to save storage space.

About 1960 the trend was changing, far less horse drawn manchinery was offered for sale. Dealers started to make a business of buying up used machinery in nearby counties. They could still sell it to the Amish at a reasonable price. But as time went on it was pretty well bought up. To keep supplying the farmer with these implements, by 1970 it was necessary for the dealer to travel to other states in an area of 600 to 800 miles, searching for these horse drawn implements.

It is only natural that the prices jumped considerably. In some instances it now costs as much to transport the machinery as it originally cost the farmer when new in 1940.

Perhaps from a few examples we can form a better picture as to what the present conditions are in used horse drawn equipment. A dealer went 500 miles and spent a week's time to buy a truckload of equipment, bringing it back to Lancaster County to sell to the Amish farmers. This dealer had good usuable equipment. Upon taking it to a public auction, he was disgusted at the bidding spirit of the local farmers, who felt they should still be able to buy it at the price of 10 or 20 years ago. The feeling is that if a silo filler was sold for $150 in 1960 why should they now pay $600 for the machine. A filler in 1960 was probably sold by a neighbor, who had no transportation costs. The farmer 500 miles away who preserved a filler all these years will probably still not get over $150. This particular trucker had a week's time involved and a round trip of 1000 miles for the load of machinery.

The dealer says there is still some equipment available but he plans to discontinue spending his time buying equipment if the farmers don't appreciate it in Lancaster County.

A dealer from Michigan who makes frequent trips to Lancaster Co. with used farm machinery, in 1970 was canvassing the country side in search of good used machinery. He stopped at an International Harvester dealer's place to look for something the Amish might use. Upon making himself known to the proprietor, he asked if he had any No. 9 McDeering silo fillers to sell. The proprietor's face changed upon hearing these words, while his customer couldn't understand why his question should cause an insult. After a few moments the I.H. dealer explained what happened. About 1960 an I.H. agent sold silo fillers at a very reasonable price to dealers, with special discounts on large orders. A fairly large order was placed. The next year I.H. built and sold corn harvesters on a large scale. Therefore the No. 9 silo filler was no more in demand, and he didn't sell one. The I.H. dealer kept them under cover for some years, then set them outside until the crates rotted away.

Only about a month before the dealer asked for them, he had sold them for junk, probably 10 new cutters along with their parts. This is what hurt the dealer's feelings, having sold them for junk after carrying them on inventory all these years, then only a month later he would have had a ready market for them. It was a keen disappointment to realize that someone could have used them, after he lost a considerable amount of money, as the deal had hurt him financially.

Here is a list of farm machinery with the cost in 1937 compared to the estimated price if it were still manufactured today.

	Retail Price 1937	Estimated Retail Price 1975
Walking Plow	$24.00	$195.00
Single shovel harrow	12.00	72.00
Double cultivator	45.00	350.00
2 way Plow	125.00	1000.00
Spring tooth Harrow	35.00	300.00
Manure Spreader	175.00	1500.00
Grass Mower	140.00	1100.00
New Idea Hay Loader	150.00	1000.00
Side delivery Rake	100.00	800.00
Grain Binder	700.00	5600.00
19" Papec Silo Filler	775.00	6000.00
Mc No. 9 Filler	750.00	5800.00
Frick Threshing Machine	2200.00	16,000.00
Steam Traction engine 60 H.P.	3000.00	20,000.00
Mc ground drive Corn Binder	550.00	3000.00
Mc P.T.O. Corn Binder complete with loader	800.00	4800.00
Farm wagon with bed	125.00	850.00

This article would not be complete without quoting the farmer's income on which he depended to pay for the machinery he used when it was still manufactured, taking the years of 1930 to 1940 as an average. The writer started farming on an 86 acre farm in Lancaster county in 1935 on less than $1500. for farm machinery.

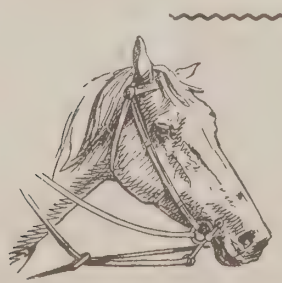
Grade A Milk	$1.85 per 100#
Grade 2 or cheese milk	$1.10 per 100#
Good dairy cows from	$80 to 90, with a few exceptions $100
Regular grade cow	$60 to 80
Feeder cattle	4 to 6¢ per lb.
Fat cattle	6 to 8¢ per lb.
Shoats (40# pigs)	$1.50 to 2.00 per head
Fat hogs	5 to 8¢ per lb.
Wheat	from 50¢ to $1.00 per bu.
Shelled corn	50 to 80¢ per bu.
Potatoes	50¢ to $1.00 per hundred
Wages for regular farm work by the day	$1.00 to 2.00 with 2 meals
Special work such as hay-making, wheat harvest, etc.	$1.50 to 2.50
Carpenter work	25 to 40¢ per hr.
Masonry work	30 to 45¢ per hr.

No one knew anything of Amish farm boys working on commercial jobs such as in factories, road building, railroads, etc. That was the town or city man's job.

In those days one man in a community owned a steam engine or tractor with a threshing machine, silo filler, and probably a fodder shredder. He went from farm to farm serving as many as 20 to 30 farmers with one outfit. Machinery was too expensive for only a few farmers to own one. It was quite an experience for young boys to go with the threshing rig for a month or six weeks. They got $2.50 a day from sunrise to sunset.

By looking over the past, the younger generation can better appreciate our present day operations, the available horse drawn machinery compared with the machinery we would have to depend on if manufactured on today's market, with the ever rising prices. Repair parts for horse drawn machinery is becoming a problem, but can sometimes be made by local foundries.

In 1932 the best pair of work shoes cost $2.50, average shoes cost about $2.00. It took a carpenter a 10 hour day to buy a good pair of shoes. If we compare it to today's wages for a pair of good shoes, probably we could better realize what is meant by depression days. This is an example of the dollar value and the buying power of our money.



HEAVES

We received a number of answers for the person who wanted to know if there is anything that can be done for a horse with heaves:

"I asked the vet what could be done for my pony that has the heaves and he told me there is no cure for it. But to keep it from getting worse, I should not feed him any hay at all but buy ready mixed horse feed. Others told me that if I feed hay, I should always wet it with water first.

I have my pony on grass and you can hardly notice it on him at all. -Y. M. S., Pennsylvania

Give the horse two teaspoons of borax a day, one teaspoon in the morning and one in the evening on the feed. Give this as long as he coughs. Then give it for another week. This worked well for me.
-Albert A. Miller, Ohio

The first team I bought, the one had heaves so I traded him off to a man who used him all summer. He put one tablespoonful of kerosene on the horse's grain at every feeding. I have used this since with success.
-Mannasseh Kulp, Indiana

Here's a remedy for heaves which we found in an old book. I have not tried it but the book says it's a sure cure:

1 oz. indigo, 1 oz. tartar emetic, 1/2 oz. black antimony, 2 oz. nitrate potash, 2 oz. elcampane, 2 oz. Spanish brown. Mix and grind so it will pass through a fine sieve. Add three ounces licorice powder. Dosage: 1 teaspoonful twice a day for three days, then once a day for three days, then a dose twice a week until cured.
-A. M., Ohio

FARM QUESTION

Can anything be done to make a heifer accept her calf if she refuses it? -Tennessee

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. **9**

Maturity in Marriage

MONEY MATTERS

The story is told of a wife who kept remembering how generously her husband used to buy things for her before they were married. And now it seemed it was hard to get much money out of him. One day she brought up the subject rather pointedly. "You know," she said, "if all husbands would treat their wives after marriage the way they do before marriage, there would be a lot fewer divorces."

"That's true enough," agreed her husband, "but there would be a lot more bankruptcies."

Although this story has a humorous twist, it does contain a certain amount of truth. To two people newly enraptured with each other, no amount of money means anything. They're willing to make any sacrifice, pay any price. Only the most expensive gift is good enough. But in due course of time, they will be forced, sometimes rather bluntly and unpleasantly, to face a more practical side of life. Expensive gifts may be very impressive, but will they make the payments on the farm, buy the groceries and the drygoods? Hardly. Nor will they pay the hospital bill when the new baby comes, or the thousand and one other expenses that marriage brings with it.

And so with the bills a new problem arrives; making ends meet. Where will our income come from? What shall we spend it on first? Ah, what a fine opportunity for husband and wife to differ, to argue about, and even quarrel over if they're not careful. But if they're mature about it all, and willing to buckle down and dig in and work together, surely there is a better solution than either divorce or bankruptcy.

Balancing Each Other

Two months ago we asked the question about how money or the lack of it can make problems in married life. The response was an all-time low—we received only seven replies, and one of those contained strict orders not to print a word of what they wrote! What message are we supposed to get from the poor response? Does it mean that money matters never make any problems in marriage? A more likely explanation is that this is the time of the year all our readers are working so hard to avoid bankruptcy that they had no time to write.

A young wife in Pennsylvania did take time to write, however, despite the fact that they have had more than their share of bills to pay. Perhaps, though, we shouldn't say "despite the fact." Perhaps it was because of this fact. However it happened that she found time to write, here is her letter:

"To what extent can money matters cause trouble in marriage? I believe they can cause a lot of trouble for some, especially if one or the other seems to want to spend continually for things that could be done without. Maybe these people should look deeper to the real cause behind the compulsion to have it prettier and handier all the time. The woman who is always making changes in her house, trying to find ways to make it nicer and handier, may have a big battle with pride. She wants people to say, 'Oh, my, what a nice house you have!' This may especially be the case if there are a lot of things that are merely done for pretty. The man who gets bigger equipment than he'd really need, or keeps getting new things all the time may have the same problem.

"I've read somewhere that often in marriage one partner has a better understanding of money matters than the other partner. Often if the wife spends readily, than the husband tries to save and tries to see that ends meet. If the wife is hard-working and saving, many times the husband will show a lot less concern about seeing that the ends meet somehow. Yet maybe the same man might watch the money end a lot closer if he felt his wife spent unnecessarily.

"As for putting too high a value on money, I feel this has often been done. I know of a man who had money saved up which he invested in stocks and lost. His wife scolded him for losing their money and he then became so stingy with his family that they had to wear clothes that were badly outgrown, so that in a few short years he had saved up enough to buy another farm. I also know of older people who felt that borrowing money was only one step away from sin. Thus, if they had to borrow some money, it became such an obsession to get it paid back that they got into habits that could hardly be called right, or they measured everything by how much it cost,

or what their children could earn, or how much they could sell something for. They got into these habits while in debt and kept the habits long after the debt was gone."

Exceptional Husbands!

A wife from Iowa writes, "So far in our marriage we haven't really had money problems. Of course, we don't have it as some other people have it — a nice home and plenty of money — but we are happy the way it is, as I've seen where too much money can be an evil. It can be spent on too many things that aren't necessary, or spent to go places we shouldn't go to. My husband works by the day, and we still have ends to meet. I, as his wife, don't handle hardly any money. It's not that I couldn't, but if I need any, I ask him for it, and he gives it without hesitating. I usually tell him what I need it for. And he doesn't complain.

"If I happen to buy things we really don't need, he kindly reminds me. Often he gets the things I need and sometimes gets things I didn't ask for, and I appreciate it. I have an exceptional husband. I often thank God for such a loving, understanding husband, as I feel I don't really deserve one like him."

Another wife says, "Money problems? No, I'm happy to say, this is one thing that didn't cause any trouble in our marriage. I guess it's because each trusted the other to spend wisely and not to waste. We weren't married too many years until we made a joint bank account. It made it easier for my husband, for then I could pay the bills if the feed or coal was delivered while he was out in the fields.

"Sure, there were also times when something arose that one or the other didn't feel it too wise to spend a lot of money, and we needed to discuss it between us. One time I'm glad my husband didn't give in was when I was tempted to buy from a stainless steel salesman, who had me interested in buying his set. My husband later bought me a set costing only a little more than one of his kettles alone would have cost. Maybe it's not quite as good a set, but at least it serves the same purpose, and will probably last me as long as I need it. If one of us does make a mistake in spending, the other is willing to help suffer the loss."

Less Money, More Garden

A husband in Pennsylvania decided to take a Pollyanna attitude, and since they don't have much money, they'll just like it that way. "It seems our money never quite reaches, but that causes us to raise more things in the garden, which is good. We shouldn't fall in love with money anyhow. We try to buy only what we really need, and not all that our self-will would like, for if you go by that, it takes many times more. We try to keep the farm going, for if that goes backward too much, we will have to make a living some other way, and I think farming is best with children to get their training. We should not value money too highly, for we cannot eat or wear it."

A wife who discovered that financial disappointments don't have to ruin a marriage, says: "I married into a family that was well-fixed financially, and I thought my husband would be rich, too. We never had extra money at my home. My husband also had in mind he is getting the home farmstead, as it was as good as promised to him. Of course, I was happy, as I really enjoyed being on a farm. I also was raised on a farm, so we thought of nothing else except a farm for our future lives. We only lived on the farm a year until we had sale and sold our livestock and machinery. We had to move off the farm as the owner got impatient with us that we couldn't pay our bills and rent, plus more things I won't mention, so you can imagine how our feelings were hurt very much. But God helped us through it all. We often thought that if no one had more patience with young people starting up than that, we'd never have a chance to get anywhere, but we found out not nearly all people are like that. I think it's very nice for parents to help their children get started up, and not try to make things hard for them, or even try to get between husband and wife. We now like to share things together in every way we can, and try to make each other happy.

"Self-pity can do an awful lot of harm to anyone, such as if the wife pities herself that she can't have more spending money. Many evil thoughts soon come along, and get you at a place you really don't want to be in. So whatever the case is, don't try to make it hard for anyone. Always think you want to spend it wisely. Either way there are extremes, in being tight, or being wasteful. Some women seem to think their husbands make a lot of money, and they're going to spend it, too. I don't feel that is the way to do, as the husband works hard for it, or at least mine does. Many couples miss the wonderful communication that they could have if only they would give themselves up better and not think one knows better than the other. It always takes the love and help of God to do all this, and to receive it, we must pray and ask for it. Always pray for God's will and guidance."

A Flat "No"

It seems that no matter how few letters we receive on a subject, there is usually at least one to remind us that less-than-ideal situations do exist. "We have had a money problem for years. My husband handles all the money. He always gets the groceries, and whatever else he thinks we need. If I needed a few dollars for something, I always got a flat "No." It took me years to learn to accept it. I'd often pray about it. With six small children, it wasn't easy to take in small jobs such as ironing, etc, but the children are now getting bigger, and at present I do some ironing and other odd jobs at home. This way I can make enough so I have a little money on hand if the need comes. The checkbook is also forbidden to me, and always was, but through this I'm a saving woman, and I appreciate what I have. Don't get me wrong, I love and respect my husband, but he could also respect me better. But I want to be satisfied. Sometimes I wonder how it would seem if he'd share with me, but he'd never accept that, so I must accept him as he is."

Neither Poverty nor Riches

It would seem that the happiest marriages are those with neither too much money or too little. It can cause problems when a couple is able to buy everything they want; it can also cause problems when they can buy nothing they want. Years ago the wise man, Solomon, wrote, "Give me neither poverty nor riches--- lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain" (Prov. 30:8). Every couple, as they join hand and step into marriage, might do well to make the same prayer their own. Most marriages have enough other struggles along the way, without the additional burden of either too much money, or too little.

More Than Money

And yet in the end, it is not really the amount of money a couple has that affects their happiness the most, but their attitude toward money, and their attitude toward each other. Neither the presence of money or the lack of it can divide a couple who love each other more than they love money and the things it can buy.

CHILDREN--His or Hers?

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

Recently a mother from Ohio wrote us and said, "Why not have a discussion in 'Maturity in Marriage' about husbands helping more with the children. So many times, in comes the husband and dinner's not quite ready. Well, he goes in and sits down and rests a while. Poor Mother, she's not to get tired, even though she was up all night with the baby. In a family where there is help and no small children, it's different, but while the children are small and no extra help, can't the men see those small things to help out? I mean things like washing the baby and getting the children to the table."

Another mother asked the question, "Whose children are they, anyhow? Are they mine or his? He always acts like they were my children. I can get the children to the table. I can wash their faces. I can change the baby. I can settle their quarrels and soothe their disappointments all day long, and then go to bed, and if the baby is teething, get back out of bed and be awake for hours while he snores away. Aren't they his children, too? He goes out to work, and the children are too much bother if they tag along. He goes to town, and the children are too much bother to take along. We go to church, and even there, the smaller ones are too much bother for him to have them. Does he never stop to think that they might be a bother for me too, especially when I'm tired and edgy and my nerves are ready to scream and scream. Or are they my children and not his? I'd like to know how other mothers make it with a lot of small children close together to keep from going to pieces. I don't think I can make it much longer."

What is your opinion? Let's hear from both fathers and mothers. There is no doubt but that the care of little children is a pretty major part of most marriages. And there is equally little doubt that it can make problems. Write about the problem you have had, or still have, and if you have worked out any solutions, let us hear about them. We need your letter by our deadline of October 4, 1975. Address your envelope to:

Department MM
Family Life
Route 4, Aylmer, Ont.
Canada N5H 2R3

PROBLEM No.2

THE BOBOLINKS AND THE MILLERS

Susie Bobolink: Mother, I'm tired of always wearing the same black dress, white shawl and yellow bonnet. Why can't I wear something different once?

Mama Bobolink: You should be glad your Father gave you such nice, neat clothes. You'd better be glad and sing praises for what you have instead of complaining like that.

Susie B.: I don't feel like singing.

Mama B.: Come, let's fly up to the farmhouse and see what the people are doing. I see Mrs. Miller has wash on the line.

Susie B.: See there, Sarah Miller has six dresses on the line and all a different color, even one bright orange one. Now if I had something like that to wear for a change, I'd be.....

Mama B.: And there she has three more with lace on but I think she wears those to sleep in. So you think you'd be satisfied if you had clothes like that?

Susie B.: I know I would. If only I had two or three different ones, I'd never grumble one word.

Mama B.: So, you think you would be satisfied. Come, let's fly up ans see if Sarah is content with what she has.

Sarah Miller: NO, I'm not going to wear that old green dress.

Mrs. Miller: But this dress isn't old. Come, you'll have to hurry if you want to go to your cousin Betty for the picnic.

Sarah M. (yelling): Noooo. I'm not going to wear it. I've worn in twice already in the last year. Why can't you make me a new one? Waaaah—Weeeeooo.

Mama B.: Susie, what do you think of that?

Susie B.: I think it's terrible. Lets get away from here. I'm glad I've got such a nice suit of clothes.

What Kind Of Good Time?

(Names have been changed. Author's name withheld.)

Jonas Gingerich's horse slowed to a walk as he turned into Andy Schlabach's lane. It was Sunday evening. Beside Jonas on the buggy sat Sadie, his sister. As they drove past the car parked in the yard, loud music could be heard blaring from the radio. A crowd of boys were standing around the car and every now and then they laughed loudly. A few girls stood nearby seemingly taking it in with interest. "Looks like Ervin has a crowd around him again this evening," Sadie remarked.

"Why can't he stay away from our singings?" Jonas asked disgustedly. "I can't see what he wants here anyway."

Jonas found a place in the pasture to tie his horse. As Sadie got off the buggy she spied two of her girl friends Miriam and Rosie, coming out from behind the buggies, headed for the house. She hurried to catch up with them. "Sounds like the singing has started already," she said to her friends.

"Yes," Rosie answered. "we had better hurry or it will be full before we get into the house."

Sadie was thankful she didn't have to go past the parked car alone. As the three girls went by, the boys looked their way. One of them said something in a low voice and they all burst out in a loud laugh.

After they had passed, Miriam turned to the other girls and said, "Did you see those cans? Why do they have to bring that stuff to the singings? They ruin everything."

"That's for sure," answered Rosie. "The younger boys think it's something big and are tempted to act like that, too. Why, only last Monday morning I found a package of cigarettes in my brother Harley's pocket and he's only been with the young folks a month."

The girls now rounded the corner of the sunporch where the main group was seated singing. There was still room along the east wall so they quietly filed in and sat down. They found the page of the song and were soon singing along with the group.

After several songs had been sung, Sadie glanced around. Through the door of the sunporch she could see into the dining room where Andy Schlabach sat with his wife and married son and family and a neighbor family. Andy was noted for having a quick temper. Some of the young folks in years past had taken pleasure in teasing him to see if they could make him angry.

The singing went on. The sunporch was nearly filled. Soon four girls got up from the table and went outside. Voices and laughing could be heard just outside the door.

Just as a song ended, the door opened and in came Ervin followed by three of his buddies, Jacob, Sam and Lester. Sadie nearly gasped out loud as Ervin and Jacob walked into the room and set two cans on the table. "Now I know you all like root beer," Ervin laughed. He and Jacob sat down at the table and the two others on a bench right behind them. Soon they were laughing and talking.

Ervin poured out a glassful of colored liquid. "C'mon, have a nice cold drink," he said offering it to the girls. The foam sparkled and sizzled.

There was a shuffling sound from the dining room. Andy Schlabach came striding into the room with determination in every step. His face was flushed as he tried to control his voice. "Listen here, boys. You take that stuff out of here this minute. I simply will not stand for anything like that in my house."

The boys took one look at Andy, then they got up without a fuss and went outside. Rosie whispered to Sadie, "Did you see that look on Ervin's face? He looked like he enjoyed getting Andy Schlabach riled up."

Sadie's thoughts jumped from one thing to another. Was that maybe the reason they had brought the hateful stuff into the house, to see if Andy would put them out and then they would have a reason to torment him. From the other end of the room a girl was starting a song but Sadie could not keep her mind on the singing. It seemed as though everyone had lost their interest in singing. After a few more attempts, someone started singing "Ich Sage Gut Nacht." After the song was ended, the porch was soon empty. But it was some time before everyone left for home. Many stood in small groups talking over what had just happened. Some of the young folks said, "The nerve of those boys to do something like that!" But others thought Andy Schlabach should not have put them out. Now they would act worse than ever. "It's the way Andy talks that makes them mad," some of the boys were saying. "Someone else could have done the same things without raising such a fuss."

But Sadie was wondering whether anyone could have rebuked the boys so they would have accepted it. Just then Jonas came to ask if she was ready to go home. As they went past the barn, a group of boys was laughing and joking. They could hear the voice of Ervin in the middle of the group. What were they up to now?

On the way home the conversation turned to the shocking events of the evening. "What do you think will happen now?" Sadie questioned.

"It's hard telling, really, but as far as I'm concerned, Andy did the right thing," Jonas answered. "Each housefather is supposed to see after his own house and if he wouldn't have done what he could have, he would have been shirking his duty. If all the parents would do what they could, things would work out so that nothing like this would happen again. But if some of the parents start belittling Andy and finding fault with what he did, then look out."

Sadie went to bed with troubled thoughts. Why couldn't the parents look down on drinking and fight against it?

It was bad enough when some of the young folks had the stuff on the outside, let alone bringing it right into the house. "Yes," she thought to herself, "Jonas is right." If all the parents would warn their children earnestly and tell them if the parents aren't there then it is the responsibility of the man who is at home to see that order is kept."

Sadie's thoughts went back to after the singing when some of the young folks had expressed their thoughts rather freely and criticized Andy for doing what he did. One of the boys had even said, "Andy just doesn't have a nice way of talking to people. Others might have said the same words without stirring up hard feelings but not Andy. I wouldn't blame Ervin if he tried to get even by hiding Andy's buggy wheels or something."

Where did such opinions come from? Could it be that they were reflections of what the parents had said or thought? Sadie could not remember that her parents had ever taken their children's part against any of the parents in the church. She was glad they hadn't.

Several weeks later there was a frolic at Uncle Chris Gingerichs to put up a corn crib. The air was full of noises, the pounding of hammers, the buzzing of saws and the voices of men talking, and the head carpenter giving orders.

Occasionally talk could be heard about the happenings among the young folks, or the rowdiness which had taken place the past several weeks. Toward evening Jonas was working with Uncle Chris and the conversation turned to the events of the singing at Andy Schlabachs. Jonas remarked to his uncle, "It seemed the boys didn't accept their rebuke very well, did they?"

"No, the way it sounded, they tried to get even. Just what all did they do anyway?" asked Uncle Chris.

"I really don't know what all they did but I heard they took the wheels off the buggy and hid them in the hayfield. They also threw harness into the gutter and made lots of noise until Andy chased them off the place.

Chris cleared his throat and then he said, "Well, that's too bad they acted like that but I guess we really can't blame them too much, can we? Andy should know better than to order other people's children around. I guess after all, they were just wanting to have a good time. These young fellows have to sow their wild oats sometime and it's better they do it young so they'll settle down once they get married."

Jonas was so stunned he could not answer. How could his dad's own brother feel like that? On the way home, Jonas' mind kept going back to what Uncle Chris had said. Did he really mean to call that having a good time? What kind of a good time was it? Could it be classed as a good time if they would someday be sorry for it? And how could he know that the boys would someday settle down? Would there be no reaping of the wild oats which were being sown?

"For any other crop we sow, there is a reaping," he thought to himself. "Wild oats is something that grows fast by itself so surely there must be a bitter reaping someday. How could there be any other way around it?"

More singings took place on the following Sunday evenings and more drinking was brought to the table during the singings. The boys grew bolder. The parents were afraid to say anything for fear of having revenge taken out on them. Things became more unruly and property was damaged and ruined. Finally the parents were unwilling to give place for such a singing. There was no place for the young folks to gather.

In the church services the ministers talked and admonished in earnest for the young people to do away with their drinking. Parents were urged to work with their young people to do better for surely someday there will have to be a reaping for such wicked deeds.

Finally the bishops decided to set a day during the week to be kept as a day of fasting and prayer. Perhaps the young people could still be able to see their folly so that the singings might once again be held in a Godly manner.

The next Sunday evening Sadie went to the singing hopeful that things might go better again. But once again she was sorely disappointed. This gathering turned out to be one of the worst. The evening was cold and everyone came inside regardless of whether they had any intentions of singing or not. The porches and the dining room were crowded with mostly boys with their wraps still on. There was smoking, laughing, jesting and drinking going on freely with so much noise one could hardly hear when the singing started. Only three or four songs were attempted to be sung.

And the worst of all, to Sadie's disappointment, the houseparent, a minister was out in the dining room laughing and joking with the boys, seemingly enjoying himself. Sadie wondered how anyone could enjoy themselves in such a place, much less a minister? Was this his way of turning the boys from their wickedness?

Sadie went home with a sad heart that evening. Beside her bed she fell on her knees and prayed as she had never prayed before. Surely God could work in the hearts of those who were concerned about the conditions to bring about a change.

→

Information Wanted

Does anyone have any information about Deacon John S. Wagler who with his wife Magdalena (Christner) Wagler and ten children emmigrated from Canada to Daviess County, Indiana in 1871? Just recently the farm which he owned in Canada was discovered. It was purchased from Peter Zehr and wife Barbara in 1850 and sold to Henry Herman on December 2, 1870. Possession was apparently given on March 1, 1871. The farm consists of 100 acres and is located one mile north and one mile east of Tavistock, Ontario. It is presently owned and farmed by the Bruce Brenneman family.

The descendants of John S. Wagler have now grown into a large number. We would like to have any information which might have been passed down from generation to generation. How was the trip to Indiana made and how long did it take? Why did he leave Canada? Why did he choose Indiana? Do you know of any incidents which are supposed to have happened before or after he moved to Indiana? Who was the Peter Zehr from whom he bought the farm? Who was the John Wagler living on a nearby farm with his wife, Barbara and children Magdalena, Anna and John, Jr."

Any information you might have on any of these persons would be greatly appreciated. Please send at once to:

Editor, Family Life
R.4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada
N5H 2R3

Apparently Sadie was not the only one who prayed that evening, and in the days which followed. And their prayers were heard. The ministers set to work in earnest and the parents stood behind them and supported them. It was decided there would be no singings for a number of weeks. All the parents were admonished to work together and with the ministers and that each one should give attention to his own house.

Gradually things got better. A singing was held again with very little disturbance. Soon they could once again be held in a God-fearing way. Apparently the parents were able to see where things were going and they were agreed they could no longer tolerate such ungodly doings.

Let us beware that we don't stand by our young folks in their wrongdoings. Likely if all the parents had stood by Andy Schlabach in the first place instead of finding fault with him, much grief and sin could have been avoided.

The attitudes of the parents are important for they have a great influence on the children. When twelve year old Jacob comes home from church and says, "Old Dave Beachy punched me in the back with his songbook today and told me to help sing" he is watching the faces of his parents closely. Even if they don't answer a word, he can soon detect if they are thinking, "other people shouldn't be bossing our children around." But if the parents both rebuke Jacob and tell him firmly that if he had been singing like he should have been, old Dave Beachy would never have needed to punch him. If the parents are firm and stress the fact that the important thing is to be concerned about himself instead of trying to find fault with others, especially the elderly people in the church, then it will leave an altogether different impression on young Jacob. To take the first attitude can very likely result in young Jacob going from one thing to another until he ends up bringing himself and his parents to shame and grief.

But the other attitude can end up in a life of self-discipline, in which young Jacob can grow up to be a respected and useful member of the church and community, a joy to his parents and finally a life on which he will not have to look back upon with as many regrets as if he would have wasted it having "a good time sowing wild oats." △

ARE PEOPLE DIFFERENT?

Here is an interesting paragraph I copied from history of long ago. People are different now, or are they?

"There are many whose whole heart is turned to earthly things. They speak and think only of worldly things, of buying and selling, of planting and building, one advises the other how he can make and win much money, and that even on Sunday on the way to and from the meeting house. One asks the other what is the market worth, have you sold your grain, etc.? One very seldom hears of salvation and the eternal heavenly treasures. Many instruct one another on worldly elections and even work for their favorite candidates. Much pride has also entered into the hearts of many. They pride themselves in their finely ornamented clothes, in the combing of the hair and in wearing of gold. Their houses are adorned with all sorts of colored and gaudy tinsels, and upon the walls hang many idolatrous pictures."

SATAN'S TOOL

Here is a familiar story that needs repeating in these days. It is about the announcement that the devil was going out of business and would offer all tools for sale.

On the night of the sale, these tools were attractively displayed, and a badlooking lot they were— hatred, envy, jealousy, malice, sensuality, deceit, and all the other implements of evil. Apart from the rest lay a harmless-looking wedgeshaped tool, much worn and priced higher than any of the others. Someone asked the devil what it was.

"That is discouragement," was the reply.

"Why is it priced so high?"

"Because," replied the devil, "it is more useful to me than other tools. I can pry open and get into man's conscience with that, when I could never get near him with any other, and once inside I can use him with my discouragement in any way that suits me best. It is much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as few people yet know that it belongs to me and that I use it to achieve my ends."

The price place on discouragement was high, but the devil owns it still. -Selected

A man may fail many times, but he becomes a failure only when he begins to blame someone else.

Wait a minute; count the cost
Wasted time is time that's lost.

IS JESUS SATISFIED

I am satisfied with Jesus,
How other could it be?
But oftentimes I wonder,
Is He satisfied with me?
Do I walk along as closely
As He really wants me to?
Do I serve Him always gladly
As I truly ought to do?
Are the deeds I call sufficient
Really what they seem to be?
Or just a "rummage sale" collection,
Some "castoffs" to Him from me?
Do I give my best and greatest
Or are my efforts feeble things?
Do my prayers reach up to Heaven,
On Holy, vibrant, spiritual wings?
Am I taking all for granted
Giving little, asking much?
Do I walk "afar" like Peter,
And thus lose the Holy Touch?
Do I utter prayers that are answered?
Or do I just kneel down and pray?
Are they words of supplication
Or just something that I say?
Oft'I wonder, as I'm thinking
Of the things that I should be
Tho I'm satisfied with Jesus,
Is He satisfied with me?

Waterloo, Ontario

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

???

Question:

Do you have any advice on how to get boys up in the morning? If so, send it at once. Don't just say send them to bed early as we tried that and it's no help. We milk quite a few cows and often we are finished before the boys get up. Once they are up and on the go, they do fine. But getting them out of bed——

-Lying Awake Wondering

???

ANSWERS FOR THE ONE WHO OFFENDED AND HURT HER NEIGHBOR AND ALTHOUGH SHE DID ALL SHE COULD TO MAKE IT RIGHT AGAIN, INCLUDING A CONFESSION IN CHURCH, IT SEEMED AS IF HER NEIGHBOR COULD NOT REALLY FORGIVE HER FROM THE HEART.

I think you did the right thing to make amends and if your neighbor has such a hard struggle to forgive and forget, then it is up to you to show you have peace and don't feel guilty. It takes a lot longer to build up confidence than it did to tear down, maybe years.

If it is customary in your area to go to church singings and neighborhood gatherings uninvited then I feel you should go. Be friendly and maybe instead of always sending the children to help, you might try going yourself once. Be patient, it might take longer than you feel it should but afterall you weren't the one that was hurt. "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good."

-Nappanee, Indiana

I feel sorry for you physically and for your neighbor spiritually. Yes, I think I'd go to church singings and gatherings. Maybe prolonged friendliness will win her back. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

But as for her, it says in Matt. 7:14-15, "For if ye orgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will lso forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their tresasses, neither will your Father forgive your tresasses." We say this every day in "Our Father" prayer.

-Nappanee, Indiana

I believe that when we confess our sin, God forgives I John 1:9). After we do that, it's up to the other person o forgive and forget. Sometimes we make it harder, hough, for the other person to forgive and forget by not orgiving ourselves and not accepting God's forgiveness nd by not letting ourselves forget what we have done. I hink, possibly if you wouldn't treat your friend as though ou were expecting her to treat you different after what has happened, she would find it easier to forgive and forget. Don't act as though you expect her to hold it against you. Forgive yourself and accept God's forgiveness. I have found this to be helpful in my own experience.

-Lititz, Pa.

It seems to me it would be best to continue your relationship as it was before this happened. When a sin is forgiven, we are to remember it no more in the sense of holding it against that person. Your neighbor may be trying to do this but having a struggle to give up her selfwill. Your continued neighborliness, showing Christian love in all things may be a help to her in overcoming her own sin of not forgiving.

-Bremen, Indiana

* * *

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

We are living in a time when nearly everything is high—what we have to buy and most things which we have to sell. Naturally it is pretty rough for some people to make ends meet, especially for the younger people and for those who have quite a family to support. Many factory workers are laid off.

As long as work was plenty and wages were good all went well, but how many people saved up anything for a rainy day, so to say? I'm afraid most of them spent their money as fast as they made it and perhaps many complained about the high cost of living. This may be true but many of us could have gotten by with buying considerably less and still had enough to live on. It seems as if the younger generation starts in where the older ones left off.

If the young couples who are spending so freely these days would have lived in the time of the depression of the early 1930s I think they would have learned to live simpler. Instead of calling it the high cost of living, I wonder if it wouldn't be nearer right to say "THE COST OF HIGH LIVING."

-Iowa City, Iowa

GOD'S PROMISES

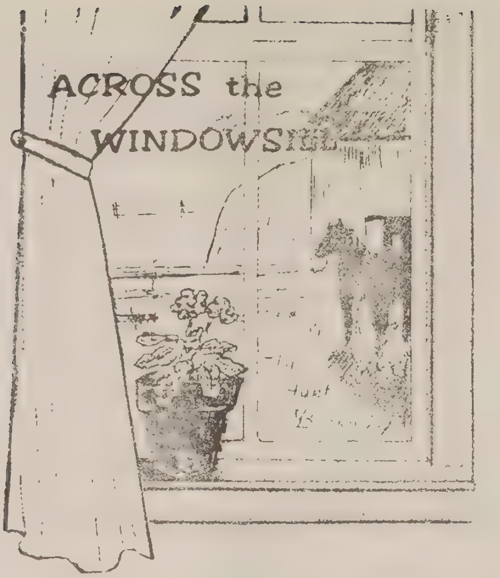
We can read in our Bible of all God's promises. But we can also see them come into life around us, especially at springtime. Nature is always on time but it depends on God for everything.

The early mornings so peaceful and quiet. How wonderful if our hearts could be so peaceful as we start each new day.

The flowers might be God's thoughts in bloom. The warm sunshine pours down His great love for us. The rain He sends may be His tears falling from the sky. Thunder and lightning He uses to speak a word of warning to us. After the rain the sun shines brighter and at times God puts a rainbow in the sky to remind us of a promise He made long ago.

The butterflies, bumblebees and robins, how do they know that spring is here again? God must have a way to tell them so.

Some people complain they can't see God. If they would only look, the could see Him. He appears to us everyday in the beauty of His creations...in the green valleys, in the sparkling rivers running free again, in the blossoms of a tree...Let's take time to look!



What Shall We Do?

A Mother sat stitching and stitching away;
It rained, and her boys were indoors at play;
When one of them came and leaned on her chair,
And said, with a touchingly wearied-out air,
"We've played every play that we know and we're through;
Now what shall we do?"

Before poor Mother had a chance to reply,
The rest of the little ones gathered close by,
And the sum of their troubles all seemed the same:
"We wish that we knew some wonderful game.
We've been farmers, hunters and played church going, too;
Now what shall we do?"

"Why not take a paper and pencil, and draw
The most wonderful things that ever you saw;
A lily, a sunset, a shore or a sea,
A gorgeous winged butterfly chasing a bee;
Or, three little boys, that are saying, like you,
'Now what shall we do?'"

The brightened-up children took pencils in hand
(As amateur artists, you'll all understand),
And worked at his pictures until it was plain
The funny gray clouds had forgotten to rain;
And Mother had a rest (not a long one, 'tis true),
From "What shall we do?"

Oh, sweet, patient mothers! in this earnest way,
You are all doing life's work, while your little ones play;
You are fashioning souls that hereafter shall rise,
God's beautiful angels, winged to the skies;
And Heaven makes reply to your "What shall we do?"
Since Love teaches you. -Selected

* * *

THE OTHER DAY as we sat on the porch pitting cherries with the rounded end of a hairpin, we marveled at the abundance of good food we have again this year. Baskets of string beans and peas stood side by side with the cherries waiting to be cared for. The grapevines and fruit trees look promising. But then we wonder why it is necessary to spray everything anymore. Is it because we do not tithe as we should so that the Lord will rebuke the destroyer of our fruits? (Malachi 3:10,11).

* * *

Now that we have plans to make a cookbook from Family Life recipes we wish to hear comments from the readers about the recipes that have been printed. Have you had success with each one you have tried? Which ones were not successful? Is any recipe inaccurate, and has not been corrected? Write and tell me all about it.

A MOTHER FROM THE WEST asks, "What do you feed your family? Bread, cakes, cookies, noodles, pies made of white, refined flour that contains very little what the body needs? Or perhaps sweets made with white sugar? Sugar creates energy— uncontrolled energy."

I once read an article which told how Dr. Hawley of Cornell University carried out a series of experiments to determine the value of "enriched" white bread. A diet of this was fed to rats and they became sickly and starved-looking, and their offspring were stunted.

Another group of rats were fed Cornell's own formula bread which was made with unbleached flour (enriched naturally), wheat germ and soy bean flour. The rats that ate the Cornell formula thrived and so did their offspring.

A reader would like to know how eggs can be frozen for later use. She said, "I've tried it but the yokes look and feel like boiled eggs."

Jar lid flats are still lacking in the stores, for some reason. Someone said if the used flats are boiled in water with a bit of soda for about 10 minutes, the rubber will seem like new.

From Fredericksburg, Ohio comes: "Save your pickle juice. Reheat and can, then use when canning beets. Some sugar and vinegar may be added to suit taste."

A young mother from Ohio gives good advice on how to make "overshirts" for boys of growing age. "I have several boys who go to school. They need lined and unlined 'overshirts' so I make the quilted lining and denim 'overshirt' separate. In the fall and spring they can wear the unlined and when it gets colder, I put the lining inside. This saves time and I don't have so many outgrown coats on hand."

We didn't get any answers on how to make chocolate chips, but I read recently that the cocoa bean has become so expensive that synthetic chocolate is finding its way on the market. I wonder how many synthetic foods we eat unknowingly?

A friend wrote to tell us that she tried a plastic chick feeder for the bottom of her churn and it fit perfectly. This is much less expensive than the glass bottoms.

REFRIGERATOR PICKLES

4 cups vinegar
1 1/2 t. celery seed
1 1/2 t. tumeric
4 cups sugar
1 1/2 t. mustard seed
1/4 cup salt

This recipe needs no boiling. Just pour liquid over the pickles and put in ice box. Will keep for months.

-Mrs. Joe Coblentz

* * *

SWEET DILL CUCUMBERS

Put some dill and 1 garlic bud in the bottom of cans, then filled with peeled sliced cucumbers. (Slice about one-inch thick.) Add more dill and 1 garlic bud. Fill cans with the following hot vinegar mixture:

2 cups water
3 cups sugar
2 cups white vinegar
2 T. salt

This is enough liquid for four quarts of cucumbers. Cold pack until water begins to boil, then take the cans

immediately out of the water. If you don't have any garlic buds, use garlic powder— a few shakes to a quart.
-Mrs. John M. Miller

MIXED PICKLES

2 quarts of the following: carrots, corn, cabbage, celery, beans, cucumbers, 4 or 5 peppers, and 1 quart onions. Cook the vegetables separately until tender, all but the onions, peppers and cucumbers.
Mix the following and pour over the vegetables:

3 T. mustard
1 pint water
3 pints vinegar
2 T. tumeric
3 pints sugar
1 T. salt

Pack in jars and cold pack 20 minutes. If I don't have enough of one vegetable, I add more of another. More tiny cucumbers makes it better. (A recipe similar to the above says, "Add 1 cup flour, 3 pints water and cold pack for one hour. -Aunt Becky)
-Mrs. Alfred D. Troyer, Mrs. Will E. Miller

BEST CRISP PICKLES

1 gallon cucumbers, sliced 1/8" thick
6 medium sized onions, sliced thin
Add 1/3 cup salt to the above and cold water, but not ice water. Let stand 3 hours then mix well and pack in jars for cold packing. Make a syrup of the following:
1 cup water, 2/3 cup Musselman vinegar (White House vinegar isn't strong enough), 1 3/4 cup raw sugar (scant), 1/2 t. tumeric, 1/2 t. celery seeds, 2/3 tablespoon mustard seed. Tie your tumeric, celery seeds, and mustard seeds in an organdy bag (like you wash your tomato and muskmelon seeds), and place it in the syrup. Cook syrup a few minutes then spoon out seed bag. Add 1/2 cup extra water and 1/8 cup more Musselman vinegar. When syrup has cooled, pour it over the cucumbers and onions. Cold pack 5 minutes, no longer. Use leftover syrup for the next batch of cucumbers. Refrigerate syrup until used.
-Maryland

CHILI SOUP

8 lb. hamburger
2 qt. red kidney beans
2 to 4 red peppers
6 qt. strained tomatoes
24 small onions
chili powder to taste

Cook each separate and then mix and steam 2 hours.
-Mrs. A. J. Byler

TOMATO RELISH

18 firm, ripe tomatoes
2 green peppers
4 med. onions
2 1/2 cups sugar (scant)
1/2 t. cloves
2 T. mustard seeds
1 stalk celery
2 red peppers
1/3 cup salt
1/2 t. pepper
2 t. cinnamon
1 1/2 cups vinegar

Peel tomatoes and chop in small pieces. Grind celery, onions and peppers in food chopper with course blade. Combine celery, onions, peppers, tomatoes and salt. Leave stand in refrigerator overnight. Next morning drain well. Mix sugar and spices, then add to tomato mixture. Mix well, then put in sterile jars. Cap. This will keep up to 5 months in the refrigerator. It is very good on hamburgers, meats, and fried potatoes.
-Mrs. John Burkholder

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES

2 1/1 lb. sugar
1 T. cinnamon
1 cup water
2 thinly sliced lemons
1 t. ginger

Simmer mixture for 15 to 20 minutes. Then add 2 lbs. of peeled, thin-sliced green tomatoes. -Mrs. A. J. Byler

GREEN TOMATO PIE

Fill unbaked pie shell with very thin-sliced peeled green tomatoes. Remove seeds, if you wish. Add 1 1/2 cup sugar (I use some brown), 2 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Put top crust on tomatoes and bake at 425° for 15 minutes, then at 350° for 30 or 40 minutes. We think this tastes like apple pie. -Mrs. Andy J. Byler

VEGETABLE SOUP

1 qt. carrots, diced
1 qt. onions, diced
1 qt. peas
1 qt. soup beans
1 cup spaghetti (uncooked)
1/2 cup sugar
1 T. chili powder
1 qt. potatoes, diced
1 qt. celery, diced
1 qt. corn
6 or 7 qt. tomato juice
1 1/2 lb. hamburger, fried in butter

Add salt to taste while precooking vegetables. Mix together and pack in jars. Cold pack for 3 hours.
-Mrs. Andy J. Byler

SANDWICH SPREAD

12 green peppers
12 red peppers
12 yellow peppers
12 green tomatoes
2 onions

Grind these all together. Then add:

1 jar mustard
3 cups sugar
1 pt. vinegar
1 T. salt
1 t. celery seed
1 cup flour

Cook from 10 to 15 minutes. Then add 1 quart salad dressing and 1 pound of cheese. Reheat and seal in jars. jars. -Mrs. Andy J. Byler

ROASTED GREEN-SHELLED SOYBEANS

Wash the soybeans and dry them on a towel. Have the thermometer at "deep fat frying," then drop about a cup of the soybeans into the oil, by hand, at a time. They will be crisp and brown in about 10 minutes. They will rise to the top so can easily be lifted out with a slotted spoon or a small sieve. Drain on towels, then sprinkle with salt. -Mrs. Eli E. Miller, Jr.

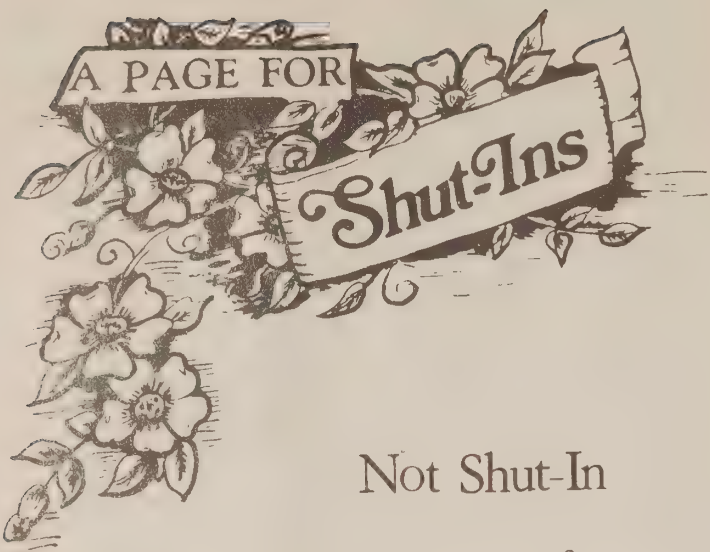
Some Mothers Write

One of my friends saves interesting clippings, poems, recipes and nice pictures and makes scrapbooks for her children as a gift from home. —Ohio

As Mary was working around the house she mused half to herself, "Oh, the sun's gone behind a cloud." Little John, who was there for a visit, replied, "Don't worry about it, Aunt Mary, our sun does that, too, but it comes out again." -D. H.

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Man schemes and
plans, but
God only
plans.
Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Not Shut-In

Shut in, did you say, my sisters?
Oh, no! only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil,
The burden and heat of the day,
Into the cool green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lay down in quiet
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me
With faces kind and sweet,
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Saviour's feet;
And we talk of life's holy crosses,
Of the duties that lie in the way,
And they must go out and do them
While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
For the four walls fade away,
And my soul goes out in gladness
To bask in the glorious day.
This wasting suffering body,
With its weight of weary pain
Can never dim my vision
Nor ever my spirit restrain.

I wait the rapturous ending,
Or rather the entering in
Through the gates that stand wide open,
But admit no pain or sin.
I am only waiting, sisters,
Till the Father calls, "Come home;"
Waiting with lamp still burning
Till the blessed Bridegroom come.
-Mary E. Parsons

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Stranded On The Road

MY BROTHER ENOS AND I both have muscular dystrophy. Although the doctors say there's no cure for this, we still keep hoping. I suppose it's this hope that makes us try our best to keep the muscles we have, and to try and strengthen them-- a progressive disease is like a great big monster which we are constantly fighting. Anyway, Enos and I began taking walks through the summer and fall to exercise the muscles. We walk up the road and back, about a half mile's distance. I usually take my walk first, and then Enos goes later.

One day Enos fell when going up the hill. He tried to get to his feet again but couldn't. So he crawled over to the other side of the road and made another effort, but he was still unable to lift himself up. There he sat not knowing what to do. The road winds around a hill, so we at home couldn't see him and he was too far off to call. It was in the fall and the weather was cool already so we couldn't hear him with the windows closed.

All at once he heard the sound of a motor. Someone was coming. A pickup came flying around the curve. Hopefully, Enos waved and tried to stop the man. I suppose the man thought he was just being friendly, anyway, he drove on. Or maybe he was in too much of a hurry.

There wasn't anything else to do but wait, which Enos did, hoping for a good Samaritan. Then he heard another rumble. The milk truck was coming! Surely he would stop. As he neared, Enos waved again. The truck roared on as the man waved back. He thought Enos was doing something beside the road and didn't realize he needed help.

While Enos sat in the chilling dampness beside the road, the ones at home began to wonder what happened to their brother. A search began and after he could not be found, it was decided he had gone for his walk and for some reason didn't return. One of his brothers found Enos sitting beside the ditch, and helped him home.

During the winter we usually take our walks in our shop. Here we need not worry about falling and not being able to call for help. In the shop, Enos makes gun racks, clothes racks (see Handicap Catalog), while I've started making 8-day clocks— I buy the works. They are $35 when someone picks them up at the shop. When they must be sent by mail then postage is extra. We are always glad for orders and to hear from friends. I am a diabetic and also take other treatments.
-Rudy N. Schwartz, Route 2, Hamilton, IN 46742

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NO SHUT-IN, but lonely

I AM NOT A SHUT-IN and yet I'm alone. We live a distance from the road so I can't watch the traffic go by; but I enjoy quietness too. The children fill a part of my heart and life, and yet there's still an empty aching spot. I can't converse with my husband as his company is his television. Books are my company then, but they don't completely fill my longing heart either. I've tried to read the Bible while T.V. is going but Satan is working through it to distract my mind. Rather than give in, I read the Bible during the day amidst the children's chatter. I find if I read the German aloud I can understand it better. Our oldest child often asks what certain words mean. Discussing things with a preschooler can ease some of the loneliness. Taking my troubles to God gives renewed strength and peace. I have the longing that some day my husband and I can share spiritual things again.

In the article "Windows" (March FL) there is something about a wave of the hand which warms the heart and and gives cheer. This is true. A letter can also lighten the heart and bring a song to the lips.

The other day some of my relatives spent the afternoon at our house. I was less lonely and much happier that evening and it lasted for several days. A few minutes' kindness can do wonders to a lonely, discouraged person.

Do you wonder why I don't visit the sick and other lonely persons? I can't. I have no means of transportation. Kind neighbors take me along to church.

Chapters John 14 and Psalm 23 help ease my sorrows and loneliness. Men may fail me, but Jesus never fails!

-A lonely friend

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Let's Do Our Duty

I feel it's our duty to visit a friend, relative, brother or sister of the faith when they lose a loved one. It's nice that one cares enough to go to the funeral; but unless a person loses a loved one, he can't realize how hard those first weeks are after the funeral. I hear people say he or she is taking it good. Little do they know what the mourner goes through when alone, especially at night.

In my sorrow I wished, "If only somebody would come!"

When you go to visit someone in grief you don't have to know what to say. By just going to visit shows that you care. You may want to do your duty, but you just don't realize how it is. I don't want to be pitied, but I pity others that go through what I did.

-One who sorrowed

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

CLOVER BLOSSOM SALVE

Take pound for pound of clover blossoms and vaseline (petroleum jell). Heat in a very slow oven or in the hot sun for an hour. Strain through a cloth (old caps work fine), and store in jars. This works wonders for chapped hands and for cows' chapped teats.

-Mrs. Amos I. Yoder

Boil clover blossoms in water for about 10-15 minutes. This is very good to bathe sores. Use as warm as possible.

-Mrs. Joe Zehr

SODA HELPS

I'm bothered with perspiration when I'm nervous or excited. After I have washed well with soap and water, I apply a bit of baking soda with my finger tips while my arm pits are still damp. Then I use deodorant on other parts of my body. I do this when I go away and get good results.

-E.E.B.

Does your baby vomit often? If so, fill a small empty powder box with baking soda. Sprinkle on the area while still damp. This takes the sour smell away. -E.E.B.

PUMPKIN SEED TEA GOOD TOO

Pour a small amount of boiling water over 8 pumpkin seeds and let it stand awhile. This can be put in milk or juice a few times a day. Use 3 days then wait 3 days, then use the tea 3 days in succession again. We got rid of worms this way.

-Ohio

Pumpkin seeds eaten raw (peeled) or made in a tea by cutting the seeds in pieces and simmered for a few hours in water, is very good for retention and also for dropsy.

-D.M.

(Brewed watermelon seeds for tea is also well recommended for retention or dropsy. -Sarah)

ANSWERS TO KNOW YOUR GERMAN from page 18

1. Abendmahl D. supper "...Wenn du ein Mittags oder Abendmahl machest, so lade nicht deine Freunde.." Luke 12:14.
2. Beide B. both, either "...wer in der Lehre Christi bleibet, der hat beide, den Vater und den Sohn." II John 9.
3. Blähet C. inflated, swollen, or puffed up "...die Liebe treibt nicht Muthwillen, sie blähet sich nicht." I Cor. 13:4.
4. Geberden B. likeness, appearance, air, bearing, gesture "...ward gleich wie ein anderer Mensch, und an Geberden als ein Mensch gefunden." Phil.2:7.
5. Geschöpfe A. creature, production, creation "...und lasz uns, deine Creaturen und Geschöpfe, nicht verderben..." Christenpflicht
6. Hielten C. observed, considered, kept "...das Brod zu essen; und sie hielten auf ihn." Lk. 14:1.
7. Kürze B. shortness, brevity, conciseness, short space of time "...Er wird sie erretten in einer Kürze." Luke 18:8.
8. Lasz C. lax, slack, weary, spiritless, slothful "...dasz man allezeit beten, und nicht lasz werden solle;" Luke 18:1.
9. Leckten A. lick "...doch kamen die Hunde, und leckten ihm seine Schwären." Luke 16:21.
10. Leiden D. suffer, bear, endure "Zuvor aber musz er viel leiden..." Luke 17:25.
11. Oben B. above, aloft, upstairs "Denn wie der Blitz oben vom Himmel blitzt, und leuchtet über alles.." Luke 17:24.
12. Räuber C. robber, thief, pirate "...dasz ich nicht bin wie die anderen leute, Räuber, Ungerechte, Ehebrecher..." Luke 18:11.
13. Reuet D. regret, be sorry (for), repent (of) "...und so es ihn reuet, vergib ihm." Luke 17:3
14. Scheue A. fear, dread, avoid, shrink (from) "...vor Gott nicht fürchte, noch vor keinem Menschen scheue;" Luke 18:4
15. Schlug B. knock, beat, blow, punch, slap "...schlug an seine Brust und sprach; Gott, sei mir Sünder gnädig." Luke 18:13.
16. Tauche D. dip, immerse, soak "...dasz er das Aeuszerste seines Fingers ins Wasser tauche, und kühle..." Luke 16:24
17. Treu B. faithful, conscientious, true, accurate "...in dem ungerechten Mammon nicht treu seid, wer will euch..." Luke 16:11.
18. Wehklagen C. bewail, lament (about) "...ganz erneuert zum Wehklagen und zum Mitleiden und zur Barmherzigkeit bewegt..." Christenpflicht
19. Wehret A. hinder, arrest, control, forbid "...lasset die Kindlein zu mir kommen, und wehret ihnen nicht;.." Luke 18:16.
20. Zerknirsche D. crush, crunch, bruise, overwhelm with remorse or sorrow "...brich, schlage und zerknirsche unsere Herzen, dasz sie gieszende Thränen lassen, die du..." Christenpflicht.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:
This month's cover was sketched by Miriam Ropp of Brunner, Ontario.

* * *

THE WORLD AROUND US

A SUBJECT THAT SCIENCE CAN'T EXPLAIN

PART ONE

HOMING INSTINCT

Ten seabirds were captured from their nests on a small island close to the southern tip of Florida and put aboard a steamship. When the ship was 585 miles away the birds were released. Four days later eight of them were back on their nests. In Germany some starlings (which are native and useful birds there) were caught and put aboard a train which took them more than 400 miles away before they were released. All of them returned to their nests. A group of shearwaters, (a seabird) were caught on an island on the west coast of England and sent by air to America where they were released separately in points along the New Jersey coast. These travelled over unmarked waters for more than 3,000 miles, arriving in their own burrows on the Isle of Man 12 days later. Homing pigeons have been known to travel a thousand miles over strange territory to reach their home in two days.

Animals, too, can find their way home when taken into a strange territory. It is common knowledge that dogs and cats will find their way back when shipped many miles. Salamanders, which are blind, often crawl a mile inland to find their own breeding pool.

How Do They Do It?

Scientists have spent much time and effort trying to discover how these birds and animals are able to find their way home. Darwin, the inventor of evolution was the first one to come up with an explantion of how it is done. He believed that a bird or animal simply retraces its steps and returns home by the same route it went. This of course was soon disproved when it was found that birds and animals take shortcuts, usually returning home by the shortest and most direct route, regardless of whether they had been taken there is some roundabout way. To test the theory, a group of twenty birds were used. The starting point was called A and a triangular route was laid out, points B and C being the same distance from each other and from Point A. The entire group was first taken to point B, where ten of them were kept while the others were taken to point C. Both groups were released at the same time. If Darwin's theory were correct then it would take twice as long for the birds from Point C to reach home than those from Point B. All of the birds returned home at the same time which proves that they flew directly and not by the route they had come.

The next theory to be brought forward was that the birds are able to keep track of each turn and how long they go in each direction so they would know their geographical position at all times. Then when they are released they simply take the shortest route home. To test this theory, two groups of birds were taken 93 miles away from home in darkened cages. One of the cages was put on a drum which rotated constantly, making a total of 5,000 rotations during the journey. When they were released, those in the rotated cage reached their homes quicker than the others. In another experiment birds were put to sleep with chloroform during the journey so they could not possibly register the turns in the trip. The results in all the experiments indicated that the birds were not affected by anything which they saw or felt during the journey. They simply started flying toward home as if they had been tied with an elastic rubber band.

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The next theory to be brought out was they they have a magnetic sense much like a compass and are able to travel in this way. In one experiment hundreds of pigeons were released with strong magnets under their wings in the belief that the magnets would upset their sense of direction, but these reached home in record time.

What then, is the secret? In all their experiments with the homing instinct science has apparently proved only one thing, namely that this is one thing they are not able to explain.

The migrating instinct is much like the homing instinct but yet different. The homing instinct takes birds and animals over unknown territory to a known destination. Migrating instinct takes them over unknown territory to an unknown destination, which is perhaps even more difficult to explain. In the next issue we would like to consider the migrating instinct and also offer the only reasonable solution to the baffling problem, a solution that few scientists have ever stopped to consider.

FAMILY LIFE

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October

1975

Letters TO THE EDITOR

PA. DUTCH HISTORY FASCINATING

Many thanks for the article "Kannst Du Deitsch Schwetza" in July issue. I think it was very enlightening. It is a subject I had wondered about, where the Pa. Dutch originated. History is fascinating for me. Articles like that should help to give us a deeper appreciation of our heritage. -D.F., Pennsylvania

LEARNING NEW WORDS

The story "Kannst Du Deitsch Schwetza" in July issue was interesting to me and I read it over twice. I suppose if the author came to Holmes Co., he would find some different words from what he learned in Indiana, Pennsylvania or Canada. Yet we have friends in all these places and can visit well although sometimes we have to stop and ask them what they mean.

Once a load of our friends from Pennsylvania were here and they said they have the most fun on the road from one place to another repeating the words they hear us say. I told them we have our fun, too, after they are gone.

Concerning the prayer you have heard, I too, have heard such mixed up prayers and would also like to know what "langrich" they are supposed to represent. They are mostly heard among the ones that were taught German and then left their faith for the English type.
-Ohio

THE SLIP AWAY LANGUAGE

In the July issue you quote a prayer, "Heavenly Vater, mia praya Dich, das Du detst des food blessa" and then ask what dialect it is supposed to be. I think that is the "slip-away" language. Slip away from the Old Order, and almost always it's not just the language that slips away but a lot more of the Old Order way of life.
-I.F., Pennsylvania

MOTHER TOO TIRED AND BUSY

When I read the article in June issue, "For Tired and Busy Mothers," I thought it should not be true that any mother would let a baby cry for one hour, especially one one as young as six weeks old. Doctors tell us (and experience, too,) that mother's milk digests faster because it's made for baby's system; therefore, nursing babies need to be fed more often than bottle fed ones. I believe God knew babies need more holding and loving than once every four hours, or whatever schedule people devise, and that's why he made it thus.

God made things to work together if we don't interfere and that's why a baby's cry is about the most disturbing thing in the world for a mother to hear. That's the only way the baby has to talk.

I wonder if they don't more often cry, not from the milk that is in the tummy, but for the milk that isn't there? I was taught to feed them when they are hungry instead of watching the clock. Listen and let the baby tell you when it's time to eat for no one knows better than he does. -Indiana

WHICH WAY DO THEY CRY THE MOST?

The letters criticizing the woman who let her baby cry made me think of the experience I had at my first job of caring for a mother and baby. It was her first baby so we were both rather "green". As the baby was born at home, it did not have those first days at the hospital as many babies now do. The doctor said, nurse it every 3 or 4 hours. The first night it was about that but soon it was every two hours. It was a strong, healthy baby and had a good set of lungs. We both felt we couldn't stand to let it cry. Soon 2 hour feedings weren't enough and it woke up sooner. We tried to make it wait till 2 hours but soon gave up. What would the neighbors think to hear it cry? It was with a sigh of relief that we consoled ourselves, "The doctor is coming today."

He listened to our tale and then he told us calmly and matter of factly, "He doesn't drink enough at one time so he's hungry again too soon. You'll just have to make him wait at least 3 hours to get him on schedule again."

We were shocked. "But what if he screams?" we asked.

"Let him cry. It won't hurt him," he answered.

It was hard to do but we did it. He cried till he was exhausted and fell asleep. He slept quite awhile and then nursed until his belly was full. Then we had a good baby. I had to wonder, he had cried a lot that second day and I am sure he cried more than he did when we made him wait and then had a good baby. Had we really been good to him by giving in to his wishes each time?

Therefore, I feel it is unjust to say a mother is unloving if she lets a baby cry for an hour one time and then has a baby who sleeps well after that. I once read where a doctor said a baby forms his habits very young, and while there will be differences in termperment, I wonder if it isn't pretty well up to the parents what habits they form. I feel this has nothing to do with being loved or unloved.

I know of women who feel they could never be so unloving as to let a baby cry so they get up as often as 4 times a night to give the one-year-old his bottle. Then they complain that their nerves are bad. I always find it easier to be cheerful and patient with the children after I've rested well. Also feel more like playing with them. -Pennsylvania Mother

GRANDMOTHER WANTS TO HELP

I enjoy "Across The Windowsill" very much, also the rest of the paper, especially short helps and articles for and from mothers. I am a mother of two and being

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editor , Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

on a farm, we are very busy at this time of year. Our children are small so my husband and I have most of the work to ourselves except for hired help a few days a week during the busiest seasons.

Sometimes I wonder how grandmothers can forget so easily how it was when they were in our shoes. When I was in process of training our oldest, my mother would occasionally say such remarks as, "Such a big girl still wearing diapers!" or, "As much as she talks, she should surely be able to tell you."

If she knew how hard I was trying, then she might have realized how those remarks hurt. I was trying to train her by the time our second one arrived and sometimes it was so discouraging that I would end up crying with her. So I decided to let her take her own pace and would you believe it, she was soon going without diapers.

So I would encourage mothers not to take it too seriously if Grandmother or unmarried relatives tell you how to do it. Just keep calm and work at it patiently. The child will learn in his own good time and not before. One of the most encouraging things for me was to receive a letter from a pen-pal who was going through the same thing with no better success. Then I knew it wasn't me, but just the normal thing to go through. And when someone tells you pointedly, "Mary sure is doing good with Danny. He's only a year and a half and doesn't wet day or night," just ignore it. Maybe he doesn't but he's an entirely different child from your own and his mother is different, too. So be of good cheer, a lot of mothers are with you. -Patient Mother

TRYING NOT TO GET ANGRY

I feel the child training pages in Family Life are being a great help to us. To make our children listen, we used to have to get angry at them. But these articles reminded us not to get angry with them so we tried to punish and rebuke them in a kind way. But it seemed the children thought we didn't really mean it. Soon they were naughty again. So once again we got to going back to our stern way to let them know who is boss. But we see that this will not work out well in the long run so we have decided that we must do better and control ourselves and not talk so harsh. I believe love for the children is like a cistern, the supply will get low if it is not replenished. When the rain comes down from above, the cistern is filled up again. So we would like to have a supply of love for our children. But like the cistern is not filled without the rain from above, so can we do nothing without the blessings which come down from above. -A Young Father, Pennsylvania

EVERY CHILD IS DIFFERENT

I see that many people disagree about raising and training children. Each family has its own way of doing things. I know of two families; in the first one the mother was careful to keep her children warmly dressed, her house warm and keep them away from all drafts, etc. Yet their children were sick quite often and had the doctor a lot.

The other family had a drafty house, did not dress very warmly and often ran outside. Yet these children seldom had a cold and hardly knew what a doctor was. Were they just so much healthier than the first family or did the first family pamper their children like hothouse flowers? My guess is it was a combination of both.

As for discipline, there is such a difference in a child's nature. What works well for Mary may be exactly the wrong thing for Johnny. If you can get your child to obey with loving gently words with perhaps now and then a tap on the hand, why use harsher methods? If on the other hand, Johnny doesn't heed gentle words or even repeated spankings, you may have to try something like putting him to bed or tying him in his high chair, etc.

We sometimes see where parents let the oldest child get away with things they will not let the next ones do. I wonder if it isn't because they see that instead of going away, the problem is only being deferred to a later date. If a 2-year-old has temper tantrums and gets away with it, he will be that much harder to break at three. If parents merely coax their children and don't make them obey and don't break their will, these children will have a rough time of it when they start to school. Ask any teacher. I have also seen a teenager go to bed and cry for an hour because she had a scrap with an older sister and the parents didn't stick up for her like she expected. In later years she had a hard time adjusting and always felt the others were all in the wrong.

Our baby gets temper fits and sometimes when she nurses, she gets angry when it's all, and yet she wants no bottle. One time after such a spell, my husband said, "It's easy to hear she's only angry." Even rocking didn't do any good so we let her scream till she got over it, it must have been nearly an hour. She hasn't had one for some time now and usually sleeps all night again so I hope she's learned. After one night like that she usually sleeps all night again. There's temper on both sides of our family but I sure hope our children can overcome it. -A Mother Still Learning

NOT ALWAYS HUNGRY

There have been several letters in Family Life from folks who made their children give up by forcing them to eat something they didn't want. It might be all right to make them taste new things or to eat wholesome food instead of sweet desserts, but to make them eat food they are not hungry for, that I cannot believe is right. I'm not always hungry for eggs and if I eat them anyway, I won't feel good.

I know of an adult who was forced to eat rice when he was a child, and to this day he still detests it. I can't think of anything which makes me feel more miserable physcially than to eat food which my stomach doesn't want to digest. -Not Always Hungry, Pennsylvania

MARRIAGE THE ONLY GRADE-A LIFE?

The letters about singles and their own magazine has made me curious if anyone ever did a count on how many single people there are, (say 24, or over) compared to married couples. Widows and widowers, and those whose partners have left them should be counted as singles too for they surely can't be very well classed as having companions.

It seems to me more articles should be written without the undertone that marriage is the only grade-A life. Are the problems of marrieds and singles really so different as they build for eternity? Did Christ emphasize marriage? Or have we in these times of peace and prosperity slipped into the world's attitude that love and marriage are life's No. 1 concerns? Perhaps if people were half starved or homeless they wouldn't be so much concerned about it. After this life we'll all be singles. -Just Wondering

CAREFUL IN ALL OUR WAYS

In the July Family Life someone mentions of how necessary it is to be fair and honest when living in a new settlement. Those words have a lot of meaning to us as we have seen some results of not being careful enough in this way. We've seen the distrust it causes when advantage is taken of the natives. They have even gone so far as to call some people hypocrites because they haven't measured up to what they expected of them. Our words and deeds show what kind of people we are. One man has learned to denounce whoever isn't along when he drives people around. It should give us reason to be more careful in all our ways. A lot of good can be done if all the families work together to keep Christianity showing forth in the new settlements.

-An Observer, Ohio

LIKES NEW SETTLEMENT STORIES

The story of the new settlements is good. It seemed years ago people would move in a new settlement and lose what worldly belongings they had. Many times it was through crop failures. I liked the story about Lily how they moved around. I felt so sorry she had to work out when she was so young. She never learned to work with her mother. I worked out some but was always so glad to come back home. -Indiana

TAKE CRYING CHILDREN OUT

I read about children crying in church. When it's warm and rainy, children cry more any place. I think it is such a disturbance when you cannot hear. It takes your interest and you want to know what is wrong. I think they should be taken away from the preaching so others can hear as the parents can't hear themselves. I have heard women say, "It'd be better had I stayed home."

I heard a minister say, "Bring the little children to church. Teach them to come when they are young, then they will continue to come when they are older."

I raised a big family; I know how it is. I also had crying children to take along. -A Grandmother

ARTICLES ABOUT GOOD THINGS

Family Life contains a lot of stories about troubles and fears and especially misdeeds that someone has done. I know of some persons who have bad nerves because of worries and I assume they picked some of the worries out of Family Life because some of the things which trouble them are in this magazine.

I was wondering if it wouldn't be better if the stories were better balanced by having more character building stories like "Der Tattle Tale" in March 1974 issue. Sammy had been accused of cheating but he denied it and his father's conclusion was, "I have never heard that Sammy has a habit of cheating." Such stories build character. Little boys long to be good like Sammy. I remember when I was young and read Bible stories about good men and their upright lives, I would long to be like them.

So instead of sending in stories with an unpleasant atmosphere let's send in stories about good things, about someone's good deed or just anything to make someone feel thankful to God and glad to be alive instead of making people feel that life is a curse and wishing they would not exist. -Pennsylvania Father

POSSESSIONS

We may toil and save till we're old and gray,
The pleasures of life pass by;
We may hoard our gold till the Judgment Day
And heed not the orphan's cry,
But all that we take to heaven with us
Is that which their needs supply.

We may spend our time in riotous ways,
Forgetting the price most dear;
But soon we are caught in life's tangled maze
With naught but our wasted year,
For all that we take to heaven with us
Is a life of service here.

We may live to ourselves and never know
The sorrows over the way;
We may not reach those who weary go,
Nor burdens lift day by day;
But all that we take to heaven with us
Is that we have given away.

—Inez Brasier

LIKED THE MAGAZINE

I have just finished reading a copy of the June 1975 issue of Family Life and found it most interesting. I especially enjoyed the cover for it's such a rural scene. The article "Parting Thoughts" was truly superb and how true. I am a widow of four years myself and I know what loneliness is. Each article was good. I literally devoured the entire magazine at one sitting. Continue the good work and I am sure I will enjoy my subscription. -Thankfully

EDITOR'S NOTE— What does "literally devoured" mean mean? Did you say you liked the magazine?

WHEN THE MAGAZINES ARE LATE

We enjoy the three magazines and read them from cover to cover. It is therefore disappointing to not get them when we are looking for them at a certain date. But we realize this is the busy time of summer. There are 6 of us who read your magazines so it takes time and patience until we all get our turn. We enjoy the articles but I get a little provoked at some people cancelling their subscription for the most unreasonable excuses especially when I have to wonder if they don't at the same time get worldly magazines or daily newspapers which can be very detrimental to spiritual living.

-Lititz, Pennsylvania

BEAR IN THE HORNET'S NEST

Regarding the front cover of August-September issue, did someone goof? Since when do bears rob hornet's nests? Or are those bees in a hornet's nest? Or does the modern hornet make honey? Or is that silly bear in for a rude surprise? -A. Wagler, Ontario

EDITOR'S NOTE— Is there any honey in a hornet's nest? Don't bears rob hornets' nests? What do our readers think about this?

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

WE HAVE AN important announcement to make. A new book called "Let's Read German" is just off the press.

We have always felt that the use of the German language is of considerable importance in keeping up the faith and the standards of our way of life. Although it may be true that one language is no better than another, yet two languages are always better than one. In some parts of the world it is common to be able to use three or four languages. Those of us who were brought up with two languages should be thankful and make use of the advantage we have. There have been instances where persons have despised their heritage and gone to college to learn a foreign language while neglecting and forgetting the language they were brought up with.

This is regrettable but unfortunately there is another type of person found in many of our communities, people who want to keep up the faith but can not read German. During the eight years they attended school, they learned to read and write the English language well, but for some reason never learned German. This is hard to explain since the German language is used in our church services and in our homes and is the first language we learn to speak. In most homes the German is learned through Bible reading or singing of church hymns but there seem to always be some homes where this is neglected. Then when the children grow up, they suddenly discover they are not able to read the German well enough to make it meaningful.

Now that we have the parochial schools, we have an excellent opportunity to teach the German language. Most of these schools teach some German through Bible reading, Biblische Geschichte or ABC Buch. But there was nothing available to get the beginning pupil interested in and started in learning the basics of the kind of German we use.

This is the reason Pathway decided to prepare a set of two books for the beginner. The first one is a workbook which is entitled "Let's Learn German." It let's the beginning pupil get acquainted with the German alphabet as well as the sound of each letter and combinations of letters. There are drawings and sketches to make the work interesting and to give the child a sense of accomplishment. By the time he has finished this booklet, he should be able to recognize each letter and know its sounding instantly.

The second book of the set has just been completed and is called "Let's Read German." It is a hard cover book and contains 59 short stories in German which are of interest to children. These stories are about a family of plain people, Father, Mother, their four children, Grandfather, Grandmother and the neighbors. These stories are short, from one to five pages long and there are old-fashioned drawings of some of the things the stories are about. After each story is a list of the words which may be difficult for the children, and an explanation of the word in English. There is also a list of questions in English to see if the child understood what he read.

The language in these books is the Luther German, the kind which is found in the Martin Luther translation of the Bible. It is not Pennsylvania Dutch, neither is it High German, but a simplified form of the Luther German especially selected to make it easier for the beginner.

In this issue of Family Life we are printing five chapters taken from the book "Let's Read German." These stories tell of how the children found a pigeon with a broken wing and what they did with it. We have omitted the explanations of the difficult words and the lists of questions at the end of each chapter.

"Let's Learn German" is recommended for the first or second grade, while the textbook "Let's Read German" is suitable for the third or fourth grade. Of course for children who have not learned German, these books can be used in any grade and even adults might benefit from them.

Should we be using more Pennsylvania Dutch in our magazines? Some say yes while others are just as earnest in saying no. The problem has been before us ever since we started printing the Sammy stories, and we are still trying to decide.

From the very beginning, the Sammy stories were a mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch, High German and English. One of the reasons for printing these stories in this language was to let our readers get acquainted with new German words. We felt it would be better to use less English and more real German words.

Why weren't these stories printed in Pennsylvania Dutch? There were several reasons, the main one being that no two communities speak the same kind of Pennsylvania Dutch. From state to state there is usually a big difference. If the stories were written the way the Indiana people talk, then those in Lancaster County would have much difficulty in understanding it, and vice versa. Occasionally we have printed a Pennsylvania Dutch story and it has always brought some favorable comments.

But there is one thing we feel rather strongly on. Whether it's Pennsylvania Dutch or Sammy Dutch, we think the German soundings should be used. After all, the German soundings are rather easy to learn and if we want to keep up the German language, this can definitely be a help. With the English soundings it could become confusing for any one wishing to learn German. Suppose the master says to his dog, "Why do you chase my cows?" With the German soundings, it might be, "Verwas jagst mei Küh?" But with the English soundings, it would come out something like this, "Fervas yagscht my key?"

WE WERE PLEASANTLY surprised when we learned that the German-English Bibles have been finished and shipped. As we mentioned before, these books were printed and bound in Austria which is one-fourth of the way around the world. It should be easy to understand that more than the usual amount of problems might be involved in such an undertaking. We have been working on it for the last two years and at one time it appeared as though the scheme would have to be abandoned.

This printing has the same size of type and format as the previous editions. But it is printed on lightweight paper (dünndruckpapier) which makes it a lot less bulky. It is light enough to be easily handled which should be a decided advantage for anyone who uses his Bible regularly.

The price of most books has doubled within the last ten years. We looked around a long time before we were able to find a company who was willing to take this job and at a reasonable price. In order to get them at this price we had to take a lot more Bibles than were ever printed at one printing before. This has been Pathway's most expensive undertaking and no doubt we will breath easier once the seven ton shipment arrives at our warehouse. At the time of this writing (Sept. 11th) the shipment should be in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and headed this way. Let's hope the ship doesn't hit an iceberg for if the Bibles sink, it will be our loss.

Anyone interested in getting a copy of these Bibles, please see the ad elsewhere in this issue. △

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

MOST SUGAR- LEAST TEETH

According to statistics, Scotland is one of the most toothless nations in the world. Records show that 44% of all persons sixteen and over have lost all their teeth. At that age only 2% are considered dentally fit.

It so happens that Scotland has one of the highest sugar consumption rates in the world. One hundred and twenty pounds of sugar are used for each man, woman and child in the country annually. Cound there be some connection between these two items?

HEAVY COFFEE DRINKERS RISK HEART ATTACK

A recent analysis of the medical records of 40,000 people indicates that heavy coffee drinkers— those who drink 6 or more cups a day, are twice as likely to have heart attacks as people who don't drink any coffee at all. The research also indicates that those who drink 1 to 5 cups a day have increased chances of heart attacks according to the amount they drink.

TOO MUCH ANTIBIOTICS WEAKEN PEOPLE

If the predictions of a well known scientist are correct then there will be outbreaks of disease in epidemic proportion within the next few years in North America. According to Dr. David Susuki of the University of British Columbia, the widespread overuse of antibiotics is leaving many people without adequate defenses of their own against disease. With continued use, these people will become resistant and allergic to antibiotics and may then become easy victims to disease outbreaks. He said widespread use of antibiotics is being pushed for personal gain of the drug manufacturers. Instead of serving the common good, these drugs are being used to exploit the people.

Even many of the plain people have gotten into the habit of running to the doctor for prescription against even minor illnesses instead of using common sense and the old fashioned remedies and using the newer drugs only when needed in more serious illnesses.

NON-SMOKERS POLLUTED

It has been proven that many non-smokers have nicotine in their body fluids for most of their lives because they breathe air polluted by other people's tobacco smoke. In two hospitals in London, tests showed that if a person spends a little more than an hour in an unventilated room with tobacco smoke present, his nicotine levels will rise 1000 per cent. A non-smoker's average is 10 units, and 1200 units for smokers. After exposure, some non-smokers' level rose higher than some of the smokers.

The researchers at the two hospitals said that regular smoking may be dangerous, especially to infants and it actually doubles the risk of an infant getting an attack of pneumonia or bronchitis.

NEVER SHAKE A BABY

Dr. John Carfey of the University of Pittsburgh, warns adults about jiggling or tossing a baby in the air. He said this may cause brain damage or even death. A young child's head, he explains, is relatively heavy and its neck muscles are weak. When tossed or shaken, the baby's head flops about, creating a high risk of massive bleeding in the brain, which can result in membranes forming around the organ that prevent it from growing.

Dr. Caffey said many slow-learning, clumsy children might have been intelligent children with an I. Q. of 120 had they not been habitually shaken. He warns about jerking a child's head, or holding toddlers upside down by the ankles and swinging them around. Never shake a child by the shoulder or slap it on the head as a punishment.

DEATH FOR MOSQUITOES

The Department of Agriculture has hopes of a new method for mosquito control— perhaps permanently. This method is still being tested extensively in some northeastern states. Dr. James Petersen of Lake Charles, Louisana has discovered a tiny water-borne nematode that feeds on mosquito larvae and after six years of testing, the mosquitoes have developed no resistance to the nematode.

It's possible these little parasites can soon be made available commercially, and inexpensively. This may curb the use of chemical spraying, etc. It seems natures' way of elminating its problems has always proved to be the most satisfactory in the end. △

A SEASON OF GRATITUDE

Sing a song of helpfulness,
Sing a song of cheer,
Sing a song of gratitude,
Thanksgiving Day is near.

Sing a song of happiness,
Spread it in the air,
Sing a song of victory,
Thanksgiving Day is here.

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

SILENCE – Not Always Golden

The cold November wind howled across the frozen earth outside the barn. Andrew Stoltzfus stood in the doorway and looked toward the house. He was looking at the storm door, the door through which he had just seen his wife enter. He had watched her as she left the barn after the milking and went to the house to get breakfast. Now for another ten minutes he had stood there, stood in the same spot, looking at the house and seeing nothing, only thinking. He was thinking about his his wife, Susan. And his thoughts were not altogether pleasant.

It wasn't that Andrew and Susan didn't get along well. Not at all. Andrew thought the world of his new wife. The six months since they married had been happy months. But there was something about Susan that worried Andrew. It was her tongue. If only Susan could learn to hold her tongue, and not speak up so readily.

"Maybe I just notice it more than others would, since I'm natured so different from her," Andrew thought to himself. He shivered and stepped back from the doorway. The wind was blowing snow flurries now— it looked as though they were in for a spell of winter. He closed the door and latched it. "If only Susan could learn to close her mouth sometimes, just like I closed the door," he mused. "Yes, and latch it too. She would be a lot better off."

Andrew slowly went to feed the cows.

Andrew was right when he said to himself that he was natured different from his wife. Susan was quick to speak up. When she agreed with something, she was apt to say so. If she disagreed, she also said it.

Andrew was just the opposite. He seldom spoke up. He did a lot of thinking, but he was slow to make a comment or remark about a conversation. He was a great believer in the virtue of silence. And he had special reason to be thinking this morning how different that was from his wife.

Andrew thought back, remembering how Susan had started the conversation that morning as soon as the two of them sat down to milk.

"It was late last night when we got home," his wife had begun. "And I forgot to tell you about the conversation we women had at Dan Yoders after supper."

"Oh, oh," Andrew had said, teasingly. "Now what did you women have going?"

"Well, you know Aunt Mattie was there. And you know how she feels about Lizzie Miller since she's teaching school. I think she must be jealous one of her own girls didn't get the job. She gives Lizzie a slam every time she can. Last night she was saying that she heard Lizzie is so strict with the children that it's 'such a shame!' She said the children are actually afraid of her, she's so rough and unreasonable. She whipped two of Johnny Burkholder's boys one day until they had black and blue marks. I thought it was a shame the way Aunt Mattie talked. I'm sure some of the the other women felt the same as I did, but no one said a word."

"So you did," Andrew guessed.

"That's right," Susan admitted. "I asked her where she got her information, and reminded her that often rumors go around that aren't true. Maybe I shouldn't have, but I also asked her if she ever stopped to think that maybe Johnny Burkholder's boys needed some discipline. Last year's teachers had trouble with them, too."

"You didn't say that!" Andrew gasped in disbelief.

"I sure did."

"You better be careful, or you'll get on Aunt Mattie's black list. Then she'll run you down the way she was running Lizzie down. Worse yet, Johnny Burkholder's are sure to find out what you said about their boys. Don't forget that one of Aunt Mattie's sons is married to a Burkholder."

"I can't help it," Susan said, pressing her lips in a tight line and milking furiously. "It's the truth. You know it, too, and everybody else knows it. If Johnny Burkholders don't know what kind of reputation their sons have, it's high time they find out about it."

"But it doesn't do any good just getting people against you," Andrew said softly. "All the other women there last night were older than you. Why didn't you let one of them speak up?"

"I waited for someone to say something and no one did. Maybe I did the wrong thing," Susan said, close to tears now. It hurt her to have Andrew chide her, however gently he did it. "Maybe I did the wrong thing, but I know how hard Lizzie has tried to keep order in that school. She has succeeded better than any of the three teachers they had last year. She's stuck to the job and really made something out of that school. I couldn't sit there and hear Aunt Mattie trample her in the mud and say nothing. It's just not right."

So Andrew said no more. But he was still disturbed. Speaking up like that just wouldn't have been his way of doing things. What would people think if his wife did that too often?

Life went on for Susan and Andrew. They were natured differently, but they really did love each other, and thus with the passing months they blended together more and more. Susan learned to check her tongue a bit more, but she also had an influence upon Andrew. He no longer always felt so comfortable about remaining silent in the presence of wrong or injustice. It seemed that more and more often when he listened to a conversation where someone was being unfairly treated, he found himself wishing someone would speak up for the person who was wronged.

One day after nearly ten years of marriage, Andrew was in town doing some shopping. He went to a store to buy several items he needed. There, behind the clerk's desk he saw a small sign that caught his attention. It said, "Silence is not always golden— sometimes it's yellow!"

Andrew cringed inwardly, yet he read it again, just to be sure he could remember the words, and be able to tell Susan what the sign had said. Yellow. A coward. To be yellow was to be cowardly. According to the sign, silence was not always a virtue as Andrew had tried to believe all these years— sometimes it was the cowardly way out to avoid standing for the right.

If Andrew had read the sign ten years earlier, back in that first year of his marriage, he probably would have shrugged it off, and dismissed it from his mind. But he had learned some things from living with Susan. There had been the time when Andrew had been waiting for his wife to come to the buggy on Sunday after church. Susan and two other women had been talking about how some of the wild boys had been damaging property at the singing the evening before. Andrew could hear them, as they stood nearby. He didn't like the tone of the conversation; it seemed like the women were taking pleasure in making the boys as bad as they could, and even perhaps stretching things a bit. Susan hadn't been saying much, and then she said, "Maybe not all is true that we heard. If we're not careful, and don't feel the right love for those boys, we may be sinning more with our tongues than they did by their actions."

Andrew had been surprised at the way the other two reacted. They both were silent a second, then agreed with Susan.

"Not always golden, sometimes it's yellow," Andrew mused all the way home from town, the day he saw that sign in the store. When he came home, he told his wife about it. "You know," he said. "I can think of one time I was silent and it was probably more yellow than golden. You remember that fall several years ago I took several weeks of work with the carpenters. I was shocked by the filthy talk and dirty jokes of some of the boys, but I said nothing. Now I feel guilty about it. No doubt some of those boys would only have needed a reminder, or a nice rebuke, and they would have stopped helping with such talk."

Of course, we should remember that there certainly are times in all our lives when silence is golden. The Bible says we should be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath (James 1:19). Often when others make unkind remarks about us, the best response is silence. When we are mocked or laughed at for doing right, there is little we can say that will go farther or cut deeper than silence. Jesus suffered in silence when he was struck at and jeered at and spit on.

On the other hand, there are times when we should not be silent. When we know that someone's reputation is being ruined by gossip, we have a duty to speak up. Someone has observed that not only he who says off-color stories is in the wrong, but he who hears them, too, and does not speak up to protest. If we speak up as we should, it is doubtful that such stories will be related very often in our presence. And there is no doubt but that it does take bravery to speak out at times when no one else does. Perhaps a good rule to go by to judge where silence is golden or yellow is to ask whether it's your reputation is being slandered, or the reputation of another. It takes bravery to be silent when the mockery is about yourself; it takes bravery to speak up when you defend someone else.

Recently I heard the story of a boy who had been wild and disobedient. But something happened to bring a change into his life. He gave himself up to God, and did his best to lead a new life. The first Sunday he showed up dressed in the ordnung, helped sing, and refused to cut up as before. Half a dozen of his former companions made remarks that mocked him. They gave him sly cutting digs.

Several weeks went by, and he confided to his sister one day. "It isn't that I can't take the mocking of my former friends," he said. "If only someone would speak up for the other side and give me a word of encouragement. It would help me so much."

"Oh, but I know a lot of people are glad for the change you made," his sister said quickly.

"But not one person has told me so. I don't want to just look for praise, but a little encouragement would help a lot."

It is possible for any of us to speak up at the wrong time. But let us not forget that it is also possible to be silent when we should speak. Silence is not always golden. △

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Actual type

17. Und ſiehe, eine *Stimme vom Himmel herab ſprach: Dies iſt mein lieber Sohn, an welchem ich †Wohlgefallen habe.
*K. 17, 5. †Jeſ. 42, 1.

Das 4. Kapitel.

Jeſus wird vom Satan verſucht, tritt ſein Lehramt an, beruft ſeine erſten Jünger und heilt Kranke aller Art.

(V. 1—11: vgl. Mark. 1, 12. 13; Luk. 4, 1—13.)

1. Da *ward Jeſus vom Geiſt in die

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I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ONLY CHILD

Many times I'm tempted to envy the mothers who have large families, and still I know that had we many children, I'd be tempted to envy those with only one child. Occasionally we see articles in Family Life from the mothers of many children which give the impression that they think we who have only one child have it very easy. It may be true enough that we don't have as much work but there are two sides to every story. I would like to give the other side.

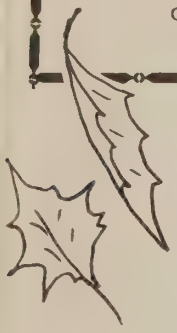
How do you teach an only child to share, to play nicely, and to get along with other children? It can be done but it's not easy as it's always someone else's children he is playing with instead of a brother or sister. I'm sure we do differently than we would if the other children were our own. A child longs for the companionship of other children and there is nothing that will take the place of this. The old saying is "An only child is a lonely child." This saying is true. He sees that he has it different than other children and he learns that he must adjust and he does adjust to a certain degree.

Being around adults all the time makes an only child become interested in things most children his age don't yet think about. This makes it hard for him to relate to children his own age while at the same time it is hard for him to act like and follow the reasoning of adults. Where there are several children they are constantly talking back and forth but when there is only one, when he talks, he is talking to you. Regardless of what Mother is doing she must stop many times and help him along or wrack her brains to think of someting constructive for him to do. We try very hard not to spoil him but must constantly guard against going the other extreme and being too strict with him, for after all, he is still very much a child.

He finds it hard to accept when his cousin gets "another baby in the family" and he doesn't. It's difficult to explain such things so he'll understand.

Don't understand me wrong, we feel very fortunate to have this one child for there are many couples that have none. Nor do I want to give the impression that I think the mothers of many children have it easy. But I thought it might make it easier for you when you have hectic times and all the children demand attention at one time, if you will think of us who long for a larger family. What we wouldn't give for a "bundle of joy." But God has a purpose in the way He has planned our families so let us learn to be content with our lot.

-Lonely Mother of An Only Child, Pa.



Autumn Days

To me there's something special
About each autumn day;
It comes to tell us summer's gone
And winter's on its way.
And so it seems that nature
Is trying very hard
To magnify its beauty
Ere autumn must depart.

The woodlands now are blazing
With crimson gold and brown
As though to look its gayest
Before the leaves drift down.
It seems as if each tow'ring tree
Is competing with the rest
To see who in the forest
Can wear the brightest dress.

And fleecy, fluffy, cotton clouds
Sail in a sky so blue
While now and then I'm sure the sun
Is playing, peek-a-boo.
So oft I hear the honk of geese
And shade my eyes to see,
For flying there so wild and free
They seem to call to me.

Then when the air is sparkling,
The mornings crisp and clear,
It's time to get the harvest in
'Cause winter's coming near.
I always feel so thankful,
As I go about this task,
To have a home with love and food.
For what more could I ask?

So all this natural beauty
Displayed in autumn days
Has put a sparkle in my eyes,
A smile upon my face.
It sets my soul a-skippin'
With my feet on solid ground,
A better time than autumn time
My heart has never found.

-Esther Weaver

FABLE OF THREE FATHERS

Three fathers who tried three different ways of bringing up their children.

-By Elmo Stoll

THERE WAS ONCE UPON A TIME three fathers. They were named after the sons of Noah— Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

Shem was the first father. Six fine sons were his, all of them promising young lads, strong, healthy, and robust. And how he loved those sons. He often said, and deeply meant it, "If I don't accomplish anything else in life, I will bring up my sons to walk in the right way."

Shem spared no effort to bring to pass that which he desired so earnestly. He did not make the mistake of seeking only earthly comforts— food, clothing and possessions for his sons. It was true, he did seek to provide them with a good house, a good table of healthy food, and plenty of honest toil to build their muscles and stifle their impulses to idleness. But he sought more than that for them. He wanted them to grow up to be devoted Christians, obedient to their parents, submissive and loyal to the church. He wanted them to grow up to be honest men, sincere, kind and helpful to their wives.

How Shem did work to accomplish that upon which he had set his heart! Nothing was too hard or too difficult if it was to provide something good for his sons, materially or spiritually. He worked hard to pay off a farm, because he wanted his sons to grow up on a farm like he did. (And farms were expensive already in the days of Shem). He also worked hard to train his children. He did not want his children to grow up to be lightminded and careless, so he choked back his sense of fun and laughter. Life was too serious for such things.

He punished each misdeed as soon as he spotted it, alarmed and shocked that one of his sons should disregard so much good training. But it seemed that his sons were not so readily trained. It is true that they were perfect little gentlemen in the presence of their father, but the neighbors whispered hints that they behaved less well away from home.

The whispers, in due time, would reach the ears of Shem, and he never took the part of his sons. He told them he would not stick up for them when they were wrong. He punished, and punished hard. And he grew ever more zealous. As he went about his work, he would often mumble to himself, "I will work harder. I will be more watchful. I will be even stricter with my children." Shem spent hours telling his sons Bible stories, and instead of taking them fishing occasionally, he would instead take them with him to visit the sick and dying.

Special care was also taken by Shem to protect his children from the company of less well-trained children. He guarded them jealously. He made sure he knew where they were and with whom they played. And he would question them thoroughly about what they had said to each other while at play. Shem was also diligent in reproving children who were not trained as they should have been, and spoke with such fathers and mothers, reminding them of their duty to raise their children in the right way. He spent much time talking to the ministers, urging them to discipline more, and get the harmful things out of the church so his six sons could grow up in a good environment. Many times he lay awake at night and thought and thought and troubled himself about the sin and wickedness which threatened the favored sons he loved so dearly.

But punish as he would, guard as he could, it seemed that Shem simply was not able to drive all the wickedness from the hearts of his sons. Shem was fittingly distressed. Sometimes for several days at a time he would find it hard to eat the good meals his wife prepared so lovingly. There was a tight knot inside his stomach that seemed to block any food from entering. His nerves grew edgy, too, and he did not sleep soundly, because of the cares that weighed upon him more and and more. In his desperation, Shem grew ever more zealous in training his children. He firmly told himself that if he worked hard enough and was strict enough, it was yet possible to get his six sons into line. The good would yet be forced to win over the threats of evil.

His nerves grew more edgy, and he hardly slept at all some nights. And there were strange pains in his chest that would grip him at times and send him staggering for support. But the pains would go away, and he would push himself once again, driven ever on by his relentless determination to bring up his sons in the right way.

On the day of Shem's 35th birthday, one warm day in June, he was working all day on the back line fence, digging postholes. Mid-afternoon he came in for a drink of water. His two youngest sons, lads of 5 and 6, had spread some bread with honey for him for a birthday surprise. But they made the mistake of cutting into small pieces several small strawberries they found, and decorating the slice of bread with the red specks. Shem had by this time become so earnest in the training of his sons that he found it needful to rebuke them for this bit of childish vanity. The red against the white bread was quite showy, and besides, was it not a birthday surprise? Shem did, however, eat the bread and honey, for he was hungry, but he sought to instruct his young sons in the evil of vanity, and also of birthday celebrations. Shem had a kind heart by nature, and it was hard for him to see the crushed and disappointed looks upon his young sons, but he steeled himself against weakening in his resolve to do his duty as a father.

Shem hurried back to the fence to finish digging several more holes. The sun was hot, and that evening, when their father did not return home, his sons went to look for him. They found him dead beside his tools, his hands clutching his chest as though he had died from the sharp pains of a heart attack. Thus, sadly were the six fine sons of Shem left at a young age without a father, left to grow up the best they could in a wicked world. They were sobered for a while, and mourned for their father, but all too soon they seemed to forget their training, and they wandered more and more openingly into paths of sin. But they did not entirely forget their father. Upon the day when their father had been dead for exactly ten years, they all got together and erected a large stone upon his grave. They chose with great care the words to inscribe upon it, and all agreed they could find nothing more fitting than the words of Solomon: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (Ps. 127:1).

THE SECOND FATHER of our fable was named Ham. Ham also had six sons, all of them fine, promising young lads, strong, healthy, and robust. Ham also loved his sons; in fact, he often told his wife he loved them too much to make the mistake Shem did, the mistake of working and worrying himself to death at 35 and leaving his sons half-orphans. If Ham had a favorite Bible verse, it was Ecclesiastes 7:16, "Be not righteous over much...why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"

Ham was a practical man with a lot of reason, logic, and common sense. He said to himself, "If I take care of my sons, but do not care for myself, I will die like Shem, and then it's certain I can't care for my sons. And I will have gained nothing."

Consequently, Ham took very good care of himself. He did want his sons to have a proper upbringing, but he did not intend to kill himself giving it to them. When a problem came up, and it began to affect him so that his stomach started getting tight, he would back carefully off and try to ignore the problem. He soon saw that if he did not want to get himself all upset, he would have to learn not to take everything so seriously.

So Ham learned to overlook some things. He learned to smile and chuckle to himself at some of the antics and capers of his sons. He learned to look at things a bit more realistically. His sons didn't always do as they should, but then, whose sons did? And was not the main thing that they turned out well in the end? They would undoubtedly settle down in due time. They weren't bad boys at heart. A person couldn't put an old head on young shoulders. "Boys will be boys," he would say to himself.

When Ham thought along this line, he discovered that he really could sleep better at night, even though as the years went by, it seemed many of his neighbors couldn't — they were upset about his sons. Ham honestly did wish his neighbors would feel differently about his sons. But Ham wasn't altogether sure that his sons were entirely at fault for the way feelings were— it seemed quite possible to Ham that his neighbors were just jealous of his six fine sons, for they were growing up to be intelligent and capable young men. It was true that the were into a certain amount of mischief, but with six sons to give each other ideas, that could be expected. Ham felt that young people should be led, not pushed, he tried to admonish them from time to time, but he did not force them to obey if they didn't feel that way. To do so upset his sons, and it also seemed to upset Ham, and he was determined not to get upset and bring on a heart attack. So he kept himself looking on the bright side of things. There were so many worse thing his sons could be into than they were. His wife had some cousins whose children didn't listen nearly as we as Ham's six fine sons did.

It came to pass that Ham's oldest son decided he would like to see the world. He went to the west coast and got a job flying airplanes for a spraying company. Ham didn't like to see it, but he was thankful the boy was still single. That way it was possible he would change his mind in a year or two and come back and settle down. The second son made the acquaintance of a Baptist girl, whom he married, and the two of them lived in a picture-window home in town. Ham had tried to talk him out of it, but even Ham had to admit that she was a decent type of girl, and he was thankful his second son hadn't gone for a divorced woman, like some people's sons had. The third son went to college to train for a veterinarian. Ham was opposed to it, as far as that goes, but he was thankful he choose a good, honest occupation. Even the Amish couldn't get along without veterinarians. The fourth son joined the army, but Ham found consolation in the fact that he had a job in the army where he didn't actually have to take a gun and shoot someone. His fifth and sixth sons ran away together and lived in an apartment in a large city and worked for a construction company. They seemed to enjoy being together, and Ham didn't find out that they went out with many worldly girls, which he was glad for for, even though, of course, he couldn't endorse all they were doing.

Years passed swiftly by, and Ham got to be an old man. But he seemed to be well and healthy, which he told his visitors was certainly something to be thankful for. Many men his age didn't have such good health. Ham tried not to think too much about the fact that he had lost his six fine sons to the world, for it only made him feel bad, and what good was there in feeling bad about something you couldn't change? Didn't the Bible teach that the last days would be deceiving times? A person could hardly expect to live in such a wicked world and have everything turn out fine and dandy.

At a ripe old age, Ham died one night in his sleep. His sons came from their various directions and respectfully buried their father. They decided that such a good father deserved the largest gravestone money could buy, so they purchased a large expensive one. They all agreed the inscription should read, "He lived and died in peace." But somehow there occurred a mixup, and the gravestone company put on the wrong inscription. The sons did not like it. They read it and shook their heads, disturbed at the mistake. They tried to carry the stone away, but it was such a heavy one, that the combined strength of the six of them was not enough to move it. So they decided to look on the bright side, just as their father had faithfully taught them.

"It could be worse," one of them said.

"The stone looks even nicer than I thought it would," another said.

"After all," said a third, "what is wrong with the inscription? It is a Bible verse."

And so the stone, along with the inscription, was permitted to stand upon the grave of Ham. The inscription read, "While he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat" (Matt. 13:25).

JAPHETH WAS THE third father. Japheth noticed how it went with Shem. He also saw how things went for Ham. He trembled in his shoes. For strangely enough, Japheth, too, had six sons. And how he did love them! Was it possible for anyone to bring up six sons in the fear and admonition of the Lord? Japheth did not want to make the mistake Shem did. Nor did he want to make the mistake Ham did. It was plain from the examples of Shem and Ham that the secret of child training did not lie in trying hard, and neither did it lie in not trying hard. Shem had tried the one way; Ham the other. Both had failed. What then was the right way? Japheth asked himself this question so often that finally he began to wonder if there was a right way. Even if he avoided the mistakes of Shem and Ham, how could he be sure he would not make some other mistake? And raising sons was so final— he had only one life in which to try.

The more Japheth considered the seriousness of it all, the more unworthy he felt for the task that lay ahead of him. Six sons. No better than other people's sons, to be sure, but still six sons with six souls to be raised for God.

Japheth went to bed one night with these thoughts heavy upon his mind. He had considered so many different methods, so many plans, but how could he know which was the right way to raise his sons? He lay awake, sure that he would not sleep for many hours. To this day, he still does not know whether he slept or not, but it does seem that he dreamed. His dream was mixed up, as dreams are, and yet in some ways it was clear and distinct, and he could recall details of it many days later. It seemed that he was walking in his dream, and carrying boxes. He could not tell later what he thought was in the boxes, but he treasured them, and took for granted that he would carry them, no matter how heavy they became.

Suddenly, as he walked in his dream, he bumped head-first into a wall. He pushed against it, but it would not move. Everything was more or less dark. He had to go on. He took another step, and bumped into the wall again. He kept on bumping into the wall for a long time, hurting his head, nearly losing hold of his boxes, and getting nowhere. Finally he saw that there was a small door in the wall, but try as he would, he could not squeeze through the opening. Then a man with a shining face came along, and Japheth looked up at him. There was something about the man that made Japheth feel very small and unworthy. As he gazed into his face, he felt himself begin to shrink. At first it frightened him to become so small, but he continued looking and shrinking. At last Japheth was only a fraction of his original size. With ease he walked through the small door. Gladness filled his heart. Strangely enough, the boxes he carried had not shrunk, and yet he could carry them as easily as before, perhaps easier.

Japheth presently came to a sharp hill. It rose high above his head. He could not find the strength to scale its height. He wished for the man with the shining face. Perhaps he would help him. But he did not see him. Instead he noticed that the path, which had grown quite narrow, was travelled by others. But everyone else on the path was large. They all loomed far above his head, much bigger and stronger than he was. One of them saw that he was having trouble, and with a smile he came over and helped Japheth up the hill with his load. Again and again Japheth found that when the way grew too difficult for him, these friendly men who were all larger than he was would give him a helping hand. And once, when his fellow travelers could not help him, the man with the shining face came along, and helped him out.

But one thing puzzled Japheth greatly. Occasionally some of his fellow travelers would ask him to help them. At first he thought they were mocking his small size, but he saw that they were serious. Then it dawned on him that they did not realize how small he was— they all considered themselves small, and he looked large to them. On this strange path everyone looked small to himself, and others appeared large. And so Japheth not only received help, but he helped others where he could, and no one seemed to notice how small and weak he was. Then the dream began to fade. The last thing he could remember of it, it seemed that the man with the shining face appeared, and he was putting the boxes down at his feet. He counted them, and realized for the first time that there were six.

Suddenly Japheth was awake and it seemed to him he had never slept. He was puzzled what the dream should mean and spent much time thinking about it. At last a tiny shaft of light began to filter into his mind.

In the morning Japheth walked into the new day with a feeling of awe and wonder. No longer was his back bowed with near despair. It was still bowed, it was true, but now there was a feeling of hope within him. He looked at his six sons, and something stirred within him that had not stirred before. And he went to work. He worked as hard as Shem had before him, yet he slept as good at night as had Ham. For he realized now that no scheme of his would accomplish what he longed for— the salvation of his sons. No plan, no method, however correct, however clever, could be depended upon to see him through. He did not have to be big and strong and carry the load. It was more important that he shrink in size by gazing into the face of his Saviour, for only then could he slip beyond the wall he had for so long been bumping his head against. He would have to realize his unworthiness and look to God to hear his cry of distress and bless his efforts, his feeble efforts, so weak and imperfect.

His sons grew to manhood and brought joy and song into Japheth's heart. And when Japheth died, there was never any dispute among the six sons what they would write upon his gravestone. On the one side they wrote, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles" (Ps. 34:6). And on the other side they wrote, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble" (James 4:6).

When the six sons of Japheth had written the inscriptions on each side of the gravestone, suddenly one of them remembered that they had completely forgotten to write their father's name upon the stone. When they went to do so, they found the verses were written so large, and the stone so small, there really was no room to add a long name like Japheth. They solved the problem according to the teaching their father had faithfully given them. The six sons decided the name wasn't real-really that important anyhow.

Amish In Alpena County, Michigan

Alpena County
Oscoda County

By David Luthy

In 1899 the AuSable and Northwestern Railroad owned 100,000 acres of land located primarily in five northeastern Michigan counties: Oscoda, Montmorency, Iosca, and Alcona. The AuSable Railroad had been built through the tract of land to haul logs to the AuSable River and to transport men and supplies to the numerous logging camps. As the native pine and hardwoods were removed from the land, the railroad attempted to find farmers to settle the virgin territory.

Part One: New Homes In Michigan

Through frequent advertisements in the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget, the AuSable Railroad came in contact with many prospective Amish settlers. The railroad's land agent, A. R. Code, took groups of Amishmen on "Home-Seekers' Excursions". If ten or more men went together, a round trip ticket from Detroit cost them each only $2.50 or from Cleveland $4.00. The railroad announced in its advertisements that "Three thousand acres has been reserved for a Amish colony, in a block."

This reserved land was in Oscoda County. The first Amish families settled there in 1900. Two years later there had been such a flocking of Amish families to Oscoda County that the church was divided into two districts. However, not all the families stayed. By 1905 the two districts had been combined again as one. At this same time some Swiss Amish from Adams County, Indiana moved to Michigan. They by-passed Oscoda County, settling in its neighbor, Alpena County, whose southwest corner touched Oscoda County. Less than 30 miles separated the Amish in Alpena County from those in Oscoda County.

Alpena County was 400 miles northeast of the settlers' homes in Adams County, Indiana. The leader of the group was 71-year-old Bishop Joseph Schwartz. He did not view the 400 mile trip as much of an undertaking, for in 1852 at age 18 he and his brother had emigrated from Montbeliard, France. He had spent 58 days on the ocean before landing in America. The four-day train trip to Alpena County, Michigan looked quite easy to him, even in his advanced age.

Two other Swiss Amish families accompanied Bishop Joseph Schwartz: his son Peter A. Schwartz from Adams County and his son-in-law Joseph J. Eicher of Allen County, Indiana. During the next nine years ten more Amish families resided in Alpena County, Michigan. Most of them migrated there from other Amish settlements, but some were the result of marriages within the settlement. Altogether the settlement had no more than 13 families— quite small in comparison with the neighboring Oscoda County settlement.

All of the 13 families, except one, lived in Sanborn Township of Alpena County. One family lived barely across the line inside Alcona County. All of them lived within easy horse-and-buggy distance of one another. They also were not far from Lake Huron which bordered their county on the east. Some had "Ossineke" as their mailing address while others had "Spruce."

Part Two: Cedar Posts and Lightning

Bachelor Jacob Wickey, who often visited his brother Samuel Wickey but made his home in Allen County, Indiana, was the first Budget scribe for the Alpena County settlement. His first letter appeared in December of 1907. Since he hadn't seen any pieces in from there, he decided to write. In February of the next year he told how cheap the land was, selling from $7 to $35 for improved land. Quite likely the unimproved land was $5 or less an acre since that is what it sold for in neighboring Oscoda County. Wickey said, "I think this is a good place for a poor man to get a home of his own."

The settlers farmed in the summer, but during the long winter months they worked at other trades. Hauling logs was a common job. Cedar was cut down and hauled to town. Much of it was used for fence posts and shipped elsewhere. Samuel Wickey decided to ship some to his home community, Berne, Indiana. There he got 18¢ apiece whereas in Alpena County posts sold for 7¢. Of course he had to pay the freight which cut his profit down some. He also hauled logs to the shingle mill in Ossineke where Bishop Joseph Schwartz was employed at least one winter.

Wickey was also a carpenter and built a new store for a man in Ossineke. Another carpenter was Phineas S. Yoder. In the spring of 1909 he built a house and barn for his brother Pre. Henry S. Yoder. Henry's married son, Simon, operated a grinder doing custom feed grinding on Tuesday and Wednesday. He was also the settlement's thresher. In 1911 he sold the grinder and thresher for $300.

Another form of employment was working in the local swamps. This was reported in winter issues of the Budget, but the actual work was not explained. It likely was logging, as winter was the only time the swamps could be entered to cut down trees. The horses would not have been able to pull the logs out except when the ground was frozen. Not all the wood was brought out and sold as logs. Some was cut with cross-cut, hand-operated saws and sold by the cord. In January and February of 1909, Phineas S. Yoder and two of his boys planned to cut 130 cord of wood besides "a lot of saw logs."

Working in the woods, the men saw rabbits and deer. Once in a while they would encounter a bear. In December of 1910 two Amish youths, Chris Staufer and Chris Wickey (Samuel's son), shot a bear which weighed 500 pounds.

Winter time was a nice time to track rabbits. There always was lots of snow on the ground. Going by sleigh rather than buggy was a common occurence. Winter was long, but it was not severe. The temperature seldom dipped below zero. Plowing was done by the Amish some years into the month of December. As Jacob Wickey wrote one winter in the Budget: "It is not as cold up here as people think it is."

Yet, there was no getting around the fact that spring came later in Alpena County than it had in the settlers' home state, Indiana. When the snow had all melted and the ground had thawed out, the men were anxious to finish plowing and to plant their crops. It was at this busy time of year in 1909 that tragedy struck the community. The David D. Hochstetler family was eating dinner when they discovered their house was on fire. It burned to the ground. The only things they saved from the fire were the clothes they had on.

But when they compared their loss to that of local non-Amish family several weeks later, they felt quite fortunate. Lightning struck a neighbor's house. It was reported in the Budget: "Lightning struck Mr. Orelstrom's house last Thursday night killing one of the children, burning the little baby's feet, and knocking one of the children senseless. The mother was also injured and the father thrown out of bed, one corner of the bed being cut away by the stroke."

Part Three: A Resident Bishop

Since the very first Amishman to move to Alpena County was a bishop, the settlement was able to have regular church services from the beginning. Also there was no need for a bishop to travel there twice yearly for the communion services. In 1909 a minister, David D. Nissley, moved there from Oscoda County. And in October of 1910 an ordination was held after the communion service at Joseph Schwartz's home. The "lot" fell on Henry S. Yoder.

When young people from the congregation wished to marry, their bishop performed the ceremony. Three weddings are known to have taken place in Alpena County. The first was on Feb. 5, 1910 when Joseph Schwartz's son Daniel married David D. Hochstetler's daughter Maryann. He was 28 and she was 20. The second wedding took place December 10th of that same year with David D. Nissley's daughter Lucy marrying Josie Schwartz of Adams County, Indiana. The couple remained in Alpena several months but set up housekeeping in Indiana. The third wedding was on April 11, 1914 when Peter A. Schwartz's daughter Emily married Christian Stauffer, Jr. who had lived several years in the Alpena County settlement, but his parents lived in Adams County, Indiana.

Attention: Check Your Martyrs Mirror

We will pay $20 to the first person who offers to sell us a copy in good condition of the 1915 Scottdale, Pennsylvania printing of the MARTYRER SPIEGEL. The date appears on the first page. If you have a copy to sell for our historical library, contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

The settlement started breaking up in 1910 when David D. Hochstetler moved to Holmes County, Ohio. The next year saw five families leave including the two ministers, David D. Nissley and Henry S. Yoder. Gradually the other families departed. Two, however, stayed longer than the others: Bishop Joseph Schwartz and his son Peter A. Schwartz. On December 23, 1920 Bishop Joseph Schwartz died and was buried in Alpena County, the settlement's only death. He was 86.

With the passing of his father, Peter A. Schwartz and his family were the only Amish people who remained in Alpena County. In 1921 he moved to the Amish settlement which had been started in St. Joseph County not far from the Indiana state line. His seventh child, Joel, had been born at Ossineke in 1905 and grown up without Amish companions during his early teenage years. He was sixteen when his parents moved to St. Joseph County. He never forgot Alpena County. In fact, he married a non-Amish girl there, Vivian Wilds, in 1932. His bride converted to the Amish faith and they resided in St. Joseph County. It was there that he was shot to death in 1952 when he refused to let a non-Amish boy from the area date his daughter.

Part Four: Why Did It Fail?

It appears that the Amish settlement in Alpena County failed because the area was a poor farming region. One man has said, "Had they settled 10 or 12 miles northwest, they would have had good soil." The soil between Ossineke and Spruce was light, sandy soil. It likely was also stony as "Ossineke" is an Indian word meaning "stony land" or "place of the stone." Apparently the Amish had settled there because the land was cheap. They soon discovered that they could not grow crops as they had grown in Indiana. The soil was not very productive. In the letters to the Budget, which were especially frequent during 1909 and 1910, almost no mention was made about the crops in the community. Only the very vaguest references were made to farming, such as "Making hay is the order of the day." Obviously the yields were not plentiful or this would have been reported.

The area today, over 50 years after the Amish left, is still unproductive. On May 2, 1972 Ora Troyer from Oscoda County visited Alpena County and looked for traces of the former Amish settlement. Here is what he reports:

"We found the area 5 or 10 miles southeast from a prosperous farming area, but where the Amish were is only from fair to light sandy soil, some with poor draining. There is very little farming at present. Most of the farms are abandoned now and have been for some time.

We found the Henry Yoder farm. The soil is fair but low with poor drainage. There is a house and toilet that are, perhaps, the ones they used. We found the David Nissley farm. An old apple orchard remains. The soil appears fair but low and poor drainage.

At the Phineas Yoder farm a bank barn is yet standing. Soil is rather light and sandy. We found an old house and barn standing on the Peter Schwartz farm. Light sandy soil. We could not recognize the Dan Schwartz farm. The same is true of the Joe Schwartz farm.

We found the Sam Wickey farm. There is a house and barn standing which appear to be the ones they used. The soil is very light and sandy. We could not recognize the Joseph Eicher farm. We found the David Hochstetler farm. Only an old orchard remains, perhaps the one they planted. The soil is somewaht better, more rolling. We could not recognize the Amos Yoder farm since the village of South Ossineke is now occupying the area."

Settler	Came	From	Left	For
1. Bish. Joseph Schwartz	1905	Berne, Indiana	1920	died there
2. Peter A. Schwartz (son of No. 1)	1905	Berne, Indiana	1921	Centreville, Mich.
*3. Daniel A. Schwartz (son of No. 1)	1905	Berne, Indiana	1914	Adams Co., Ind.
4. Joseph J. Eicher (son-in-law of No. 1 and brother-in-law of No. 2)	1905	Allen Co., Ind.	1912	Flint, Michigan (later Philadelphia) Undenominational
5. David D. Hochstetler	1906	Indiana	1910	Holmes Co., Ohio
6. Pre. David D. Nissley	1909	Fairview, Mich.	1911	Bloomfield, Mont.
7. Pre. Henry S. Yoder	1908	Newton Co., Ind.	1911	Newton Co., Ind.
*8. Simon H. Yoder (son of No. 7 and son-in-law of No. 6)	1908	Newton Co., Ind.	1911	Newton Co., Ind.
9. Enos H. Yoder (son of No. 7)	1908	Newton Co., Ind.	1911	Midland, Michigan
10. Samuel Wickey	1907	Berne, Indiana	1911	Allen Co., Indiana
*11. Christian Stauffer, Jr.	1910	Berne, Indiana	1919	Centreville, Mich.
12. Phineas S. Yoder (brother of No. 7)	1909	Oscoda Co. Mich.	1911	Midland, Michigan
13. Amos P. Yoder (son of No. 12)	1909	Oscoda Co. Mich.	1910	Grand Rapids, Mich. (later divorced)

*married in Alpena County

(Special thanks to Ora Troyer of Fairview, Michigan without whose help this article would not be nearly as complete.)

CONTENTMENT

What a restless world we live in; what a worry, strain and fret
As we daily work and struggle, for the things we'd like to get.
Some folks would like to buy a house, with furnishings all new,
Or have the latest gadgets, just as their neighbors do.
We often strive and work and plan, until our strength is spent,
Then when we get the things we want, we still are not content.

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on inside back cover)

1. Blosz	A. bare B. blow C. brew D. supply
2. Darf	A. wharf B. meadow C. dread D. permit
3. Ehrbar	A. airborne B. lever C. honorable D. suppose
4. Eigenſinnig	A. dishonest B. courageous C. obedient D. headstrong
5. Eitel	A. escort B. vain C. ideal D. wedge
6. Entſetzen	A. suppose B. furious C. terror D. set
7. Gelinde	A. gentle B. glide C. small D. large
8. Herrſchen	A. rule B. deer (pl.) C. whisper D. announce
9. Hieb	A. blade B. heap C. lift D. slash
10. Hinter	A. around B. hindrance C. back D. comply
11. Neuling	A. experienced B. conceited C. beginner D. to master
12. Nütze	A. rowdy B. useful C. nothing D. nest
13. Ort	A. could B. offer C. ought D. place
14. Schlund	A. shoulder B. fire C. throat D. sling
15. Schneide	A. snide B. cut C. case D. dissolve
16. Sittig	A. modest B. lazy C. occasional D. restful
17. Trotzen	A. to comfort B. defy C. help D. companion
18. Ueberfluß	A. action B. denounce C. grow D. surplus
19. Vergoſſen	A. unload B. shed C. forgotten D. dried
20. Vornehmſte	A. surplus B. smaller C. chief D. name

Weil mich die Welt ein böſen Geiſt,
Und argen Volksverführer heißt,
Auch meiner Wahrheit widerſpricht,
So wird ſies euch auch ſchenken nicht.

Doch fürcht euch nicht vor ſolchen Mann,
Der nur den Leib ertödten kann:
Sondern fürcht mehr den treuen Gott,
Der beides zu verdammen hat.

Derſelb probiert euch wie das Gold,
Und iſt euch doch als Kindern hold,
Wofern ihr bleibt in meiner Lehr,
Will ich euch laſſen nimmermehr.

Dann ich bin eu'r, und ihr ſeid mein,
Drum wo ich bleib, da ſollt ihr ſein,
Und wer euch plagt, der rührt mein Aug,
Weg demſelben an jedem Tag.

Eu'r Elend, Furcht, Angſt, Not und Pein,
Wird euch dort große Freude ſein,
Und dieſe Schand ein Preiß und Ehr,
Wohl vor dem ganzem Himmels-Heer.

Die Apoſtel nahmen ſolches an,
Und lehrten ſolches jederman,
Wer dem Herrn nachfolgen wollt,
Daß der deſſen gewarten ſollt.

O Chriſte! hilf du deinem Volk,
Welch's dir in aller Treu nachfolgt,
Daß es durch deinen bittern Tod
Erlöſet werd aus aller Not.

Lob ſei dir Gott in deinem Thron,
Darzu auch deinem lieben Sohn:
Auch dem heiligen Geiſt zugleich,
Der zieh noch viel zu ſeinem Reich.

Der Preis iſt bezahlt

Wir gedenken wieder ein paar Zeilen zu ſchreiben für das „Familien-Blatt“. Wenn wir aber unſere große Schwachheit betrachten, fühlen wir nicht tüchtig dazu. Doch wollen wir gern noch ein wenig geiſtliche Gaben mitteilen dieweil wir noch bei dem Leben ſind. Unſere Jahre fähren ſchnell dahin, bald wird es heißen, wir ſind nun hier geweſen. So wenn wir noch eine Hilf ſein können zu jemand wollen wir es tun.

Die Gedanken kommen wohl, was ſoll ich ſchreiben? Wenn wir ſo vor die Gemeinde aufſtehen an dem Gottesdienſt denken wir auch oft: Was ſollen wir predigen? Jeremia ſagt einſt: „Ich tauge nicht zu preidigen, denn ich bin zu jung.“ Aber Gott ſprach zu ihm, er ſoll hin gehen und predigen was er ihm heißen wird. Die Frage kommt zu mir, Sind alle die ſo genannte Prediger heutiges Tags von Gott geſandt, daß ſie predigen was Gott ihnen heißt? Ich fürchte, dem iſt nicht alſo. Vielleicht wird viel gepredigt für Ehre und Geld. Paulus konnte ſagen: „Wir aber predigen den gekreuzigten Chriſtum, den Juden ein Aergernis und den Griechen eine Torheit, denen aber, die berufen ſind, Juden und Griechen, predigen wir Chriſtum, göttliche Kraft und göttliche Weisheit.“ 1 Kor. 1,23.24.

O wenn wir nur von die ſein können wo Chriſtum recht predigen, göttliche Kraft und göttliche Weisheit. Daß wir von dem Kreuz predigen den man auf ſich nehmen ſoll, will mir jemand nachfolgen, der verleugne ſich ſelbſt, nehme ſein Kreuz auf ſich und folge mir nach. Und dies iſt was ſchwer kommt. Der Menſch in ſeiner Natur und Eigenſchaft will kein Kreuz tragen, ſo lange er leben kann ſo wie es der Natur gefällt, geht's gerade und fein.

Warum will der Menſch kein Kreuz tragen? Wir haben ein Titel gebraucht diesmal: „Der Preis iſt bezahlt.“ Ja, wir brauchen kein Geld bezahlen, dies iſt frei umſonſt angeboten, Jeſus hat es bezahlt mit ſeinem teuern Verdienſt am Stamm des Kreuzes. Wenn das Kreuz auf dem Markt wäre zu verkaufen, und wenn es ſchon viel Geld koſten würde, dann wären vielleicht mehr Leute die vorgeben wollten ein Kreuz zu kaufen und es mit ſich haben, als wie ſie geneigt ſind das rechte Kreuz Chriſti auf ſich nehmen und Ihm nachfolgen, wo doch nichts koſtet Geld Weiſe. Es nimmt aber ein aufgebens, der Menſch muß ſein Wille unter Gottes Wille begeben.

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt haben ſchon einige von die Gemeinden ihr Liebes-Mahl gehalten, und andere wohl noch nicht. An ſolche Zeiten wird viel vom Kreuz gepredigt, wie Jeſus dort gelitten hat um unſere Sünden zu bezahlen. Denken wir dran daß wir ſolches Kreuz auf uns haben ſollen die ganze Zeit unſeres Lebens, nicht nur daran denken am Tage von der Gros-Gma, wie wir ſagen. Dies iſt kein Holz oder von Stahl gemacht Ding welches wir in die Hände tragen können, wiewohl Jeſus hat ſein Kreuz in die Hände getragen, aber nicht ſo für uns. Er trug ſein Kreuz bis er ſo müde oder abgemattet war daß er es nicht mehr tragen konnte, dann fanden ſie einer ſo dem Wege nach, den zwangen ſie daß er ihm das Kreuz nach trüge.

Das Kreuz zu tragen iſt nicht eine überſchaffung vom alten Menſch, es iſt der alte Menſch abgelegt und der neu angezogen. Die Neu-Geburt iſt ein Werk des heiligen Geiſtes, dies muß ein neues Weſen ſein, das Alte iſt vergangen, ſiehe es iſt alles nue geworden.

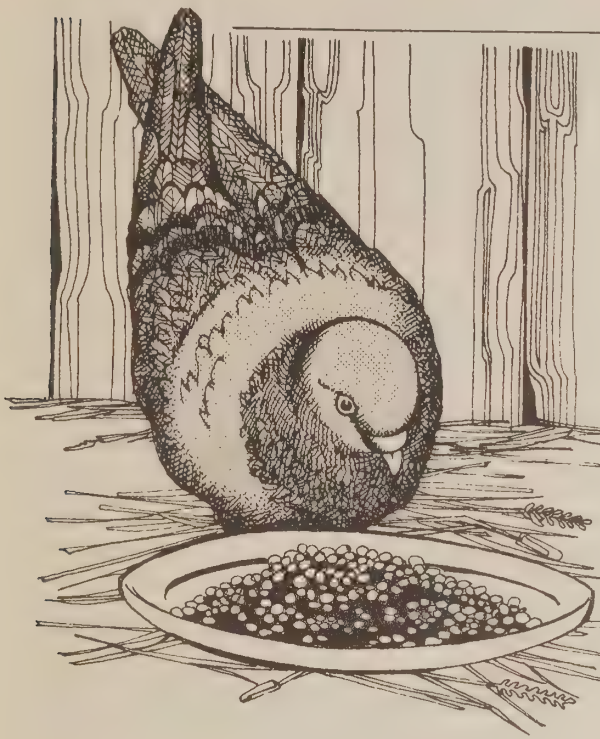
Wenn wir nun wieder Liebes-Mahl halten wollen, ſo iſt es notwendig uns innerlich zu prüfen oder unterſuchen, der alte Sauerteig auszufegen, und ein neuer Teig werden. Ich glaube nicht daß wir es einmal anders finden in dieſem irdiſchen Leben als wie ablegen und wieder ablegen. Der Apoſtel lehrt uns alſo: „Darum auch wir, dieweil wir eine ſolche Wolke von Zeugen um uns haben, laſſet uns ablegen die Sünde, ſo uns immer anklebt und träge macht, und laſſet uns laufen durch Geduld in dem Kampf, der uns verordnet iſt,“ und wie er noch weiter geht: „Und aufſehen auf Jeſum, den Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens; welcher, da er wohl hätte mögen Freude haben, erduldete er das Kreuz, und achtete der Schande nicht, und iſt geſeſſen zur Rechten auf dem Stuhl Gottes.“ Ebr. 12, 1.2.

Ich weiß wohl, es gibt Menſchen die nehmen dieſes als zu ſagen: „Ablegen und fertig.“ Aber nach meinem Dünken gibt es dennoch bei die wahre neu und wiedergeborne

Menſchen als noch immer Sachen abzulegen. Wir wäſchen unſere Hände und Geſicht vielleicht drei Mal des Tages aber wir kommen als wieder dreckig, und ſo finde ich es nach dem Geiſtlichen. Ich habe es noch nie gefunden daß Ich nicht mehr wäſchen brauchte, ja wir fehlen alle mannigfältig, tut Jakobus uns lehren, und wer an keinem Wort fehlt der iſt ein vollkommener Mann und kann auch den ganzen Leib im Zaum halten.

Wir wollen oft an Jeſus denken der ein ſolches Widerſprechen von den Sündern wider ſich erduldet hat, daß wir nicht in unſerm Mut matt werden und ablaſſen. Als wieder aufrichten die läſſige Hände und die müde Kniee, und gewiſſen Tritte tun mit unſere Füße, daß wir nicht ſtrauchelen wie ein Lahmer, ſondern vielmehr geſund werden.

Wir laſſen wieder ab für dieſmal, laßt uns beten für einander, des Gerechten Gebet vermag viel wenn es ernſtlich iſt.



Der Krüppel

Eines Abends, als die Kinder von der Schule heimkamen, waren ſie fröhlich. „Das Frühjahr iſt da. Das Frühjahr iſt da“, ſangen ſie.

Die Kinder hatten recht; das Frühjahr war gekommen. Die Sonne ſchien, und der Schnee war weggeſchmolzen. Die Vögel ſangen in den Bäumen, und das Gras war grün.

Als die Kinder heimkamen, ſagte Moſe: „Ich ſeh das Automobil von Karl. Ich glaube, er wird jetzt ein neues Haus bauen.“

Die Kinder gingen ſchnell heim und erzählten der Mutter, was ſie geſehen hatten.

„Ja, die Männer ſind gekommen, ein neues Haus zu bauen für Karl“, ſagte die Mutter. „Morgen will der Vater auch helfen.“

Am ſelben Abend, als Moſe zu der Scheuer ging, ſah er einen weißen Vogel neben der Scheuer ſitzen. Moſe ging näher, doch der Vogel flog nicht fort.

„Ich will ihn fangen“, ſagte Moſe. Er ging ſchnell zu dem Vogel.

Der Vogel probierte zu fliegen, aber er konnte nicht. Er ſank nur wieder auf den Boden. Aber er konnte ſehr ſchnell laufen, und Moſe konnte ihn nicht fangen.

Moſe lief ſchnell zu dem Vater und erzählte ihm von dem Vogel. Der Vater kam mit Moſe, aber ſie fanden den Vogel nicht. „Ich glaube, er iſt fortgeflogen“, ſagte der Vater.

„Ich glaube nicht, denn er probierte zu fliegen und konnte nicht“, ſagte Moſe. Er ſah noch weiter nach dem Vogel. „Da iſt er“, ſagte er mit leiſer Stimme. Er zeigte mit der Hand auf einen Stein neben der Scheuer. „Komm und ſieh, Vater!“

Der Vater kam und ſah den Vogel an. „Es iſt eine Taube“, ſagte er. Er ging langſam auf den Stein zu. Er reichte hinunter und fing die Taube. Er ſah ſie an und ſprach: „Siehſt du dieſes Band? Dies iſt eine zahme Taube.“

„Was meint das Band?“ fragte Moſe.

„Es meint, dieſe Taube gehört jemand anders“, ſagte der Vater. „Oder vielleicht hat jemand die Taube gefangen und ein Band an ſie getan.“

„Dürfen wir die Taube behalten?“ fragte Moſe.

„Sie hat einen wehen Flügel“, ſagte der Vater. „Wir werden ſie behalten bis der Flügel geheilt iſt oder bis wir von jemand hören, der eine Taube verloren hat.“

Moſe nahm die Taube in das Haus. Er erzählte der Mutter und den andern Kindern, wie er ſie gefunden hatte. Dann nahmen die Kinder die Taube zu dem kleinen Hauſe, das der Vater gemacht hatte für die Henne und die Küchlein.

„Da kann dich die Katze nicht fangen“, ſagte Anna zu der Taube. „Wir wollen dir alle Tage Futter und Waſſer bringen, und wir wollen oft kommen, mit dir zu ſpielen.“

„Wie wollen wir unſere Taube heißen?“ fragte Daniel. „Unſere Kühe und Pferde und andere Tiere haben Namen, und unſere Taube ſoll auch einen Namen haben.“

„Wir wollen unſere Taube Krüppel heißen“, ſagte Moſe.

Anna und Daniel meinten, das war ein guter Name für die Taube.

Jeden Morgen, ehe Moſe in die Schule ging, brachte Moſe der Taube Waſſer und Futter. Nach einer Weile war die Taube ſehr zahm. Sie ſaß auf Moſes Schulter und fraß von ſeiner Hand.

Jeden Morgen fragte Moſe: „Iſt es beſſer mit deinem Flügel? Kannſt du wieder fliegen?“

Die Taube fraß nur noch mehr Futter. Moſe redete oft zu ihr, wiewohl er wußte, daß ſie nicht antworten kann.

„Ich bin froh, daß ich dich gefunden hab“, ſagte Moſe noch weiter zu der Taube. „Du biſt mein Vogel, und ich will dich für immer behalten.“

Eines Tages, nicht lange nachdem Moſe die Taube gefunden hatte, war es ſehr ſchön. „Es iſt bald Sommer“, ſagte Moſe zu Anna, als ſie von der Schule heimkamen.

Als die Kinder ins Haus kamen, ſahen ſie die Großmutter. Die Großmutter war ſehr froh die Kinder zu ſehen und fragte nach der Schule.

Nach einer Weile fragte Moſe: „Biſt du allein gekommen? Wo iſt der Großvater?“

„Er iſt bei Karl“, ſagte die Großmutter. „Habt ihr ihn nicht geſehen, als ihr vorbeikamt?“

„Wir ſahen viele Männer, aber wir ſahen nicht den Großvater“, ſagte Moſe.

„Er wird bald kommen“, ſagte die Großmutter. „Es iſt bald Zeit heimzugehen.“

Die Großmutter hatte recht. Der Großvater kam bald. Moſe lief ihm entgegen und erzählte ihm von der Taube, die er gefunden hatte.

„Ich will deine Taube ſehen“, ſagte der Großvater.

„Komm mit mir! Ich will ſie dir zeigen“, ſagte Moſe. Er und der Großvater gingen zu dem kleinen Hauſe, wo die Taube war. „Wir heißen die Taube Krüppel, denn ſie war ein Krüppel, als ich ſie gefunden habe.“

Als der Großvater die Taube ſah, war er ſehr erſtaunt. „Ei, dies iſt eine Brieftaube“, ſagte er. „Ich habe ſchon eine lange Zeit keine Brieftaube geſehen.“

„Was iſt eine Brieftaube?“ fragte Moſe.

„Eine Brieftaube iſt eine Taube, die gelernt hat, zurück zu ihrer Heimat zu fliegen, auch wenn ſie weit weg iſt“, ſagte der Großvater. „Viele Jahre zurück, ehe man Telefone hatte, gebrauchten Leute oft Brieftauben. Wenn ſie auf eine Reiſe gingen, nahmen ſie eine Brieftaube mit. Wenn ſie unterwegs einen Brief ſchrieben, machten ſie ihn am Bein der Taube feſt. Dann ließen ſie die Taube los. Sie flog nachhauſe und brachte die Botſchaft zu den Leuten, die daheim waren.“

„Wie weit kann eine Brieftaube fliegen?“ fragte Moſe.

„Brieftauben können ſehr weit fliegen“, ſagte der Großvater. „Eine junge Taube, die geſund iſt, kann bis fünfhundert Meilen fliegen an einem Tag.“

„Dieſe Taube hatte ein Band, aber ſie hatte keinen Brief“, ſagte Moſe.

„Ich glaube doch, es iſt eine Brieftaube“, ſagte der Großvater. „Ihr Flügel tut weh, gleichwie dein Arm weh getan hatte, als er gebrochen war. Wenn der Flügel wieder geheilt iſt, dann wird die Taube nicht mehr zufrieden ſein.“

Moſe war nicht froh das zu hören. Er ſagte nichts, aber er hoffte, der Großvater hätte nicht recht. „Ich will die Taube behalten“, ſagte er. „Ich hoffe, ſie wird immer in dem kleinen Haus zufrieden ſein.“

Ein Woche ging um und dann noch eine. Moſe war froh, daß die Taube in dem kleinen Stall ſehr zufrieden war. „Der Großvater hatte nicht recht“, dachte er. „Die Taube iſt zufrieden in ihrer neuen Heimat. Ich will jeden Tag friſches Waſſer bringen für ſie und ſo viel Futter, wie ſie freſſen kann. Vielleicht wird ſie dieſe Heimat mehr lieben als die andere Heimat.“

Noch mehr Zeit ging vorbei. Moſe ſah, daß die Taube mehr und mehr fliegen konnte. „Dein Flügel iſt bald wieder geſund“, ſagte Moſe. „Bald biſt du nicht mehr ein Krüppel. Dann muß ich dir einen andern Namen geben.“

Eines Abends kam Moſe zu dem Haus der Taube. Was er ſah, machte ihn traurig. Die Taube war nicht zufrieden. Sie flog gegen das Fenſter und wollte hinaus. Moſe mußte die Tür ſchnell zumachen, um ſie in dem Hauſe zu halten. Sie fraß kein Futter und trank kein Waſſer.

Moſe ſah die Taube an. „Ach, muß ich dich verlieren, nachdem ich dich ſo lieb gewonnen hab?“ fragte er.

Moſe ging langſam nach ſeiner Arbeit. Als es Zeit war zu eſſen, hatte er keinen Hunger.

„Was fehlt, Moſe?“ fragt der Vater. „Biſt du krank?“

„Ich bin nicht krank“, ſagte Moſe. Seine Stimme war leiſe und traurig.

„Warum biſt du ſo traurig?“ fragte der Vater.

„D—die Taube iſt nicht zufrieden“, ſagte Moſe. „Sie iſt heute abend ſehr unruhig. Ich glaube, ſie will heimgehen.“

„Für eine Weile ſagte der Vater nichts. Endlich ſagte er: „Du haſt die Taube lieb, haſt du nicht?“

„Ja, ſehr lieb“, antwortete Moſe.

„Wenn du ſie lieb haſt, dann willſt du, daß ſie fröhlich iſt“, ſagte der Vater. „Iſt das nicht wahr?“

„Ja, ja, aber ich wünſchte, ſie [illegible] bei [illegible] bleiben“, ſagte Moſe.

„Vielleicht gehört die Taube andern Kindern, die wären ſehr froh, ſie wieder zu ſehen“, ſagte der Vater.

„Aber wenn wir ſie fliegen laſſen, dann werden wir nie wieder von ihr hören“, ſagte Moſe. „Wir werden nie hören, ob ſie zu ihre andere Heimat gekommen iſt.“

„Ich weiß was wir tun können“, ſagte der Vater. „Wir können einen Brief ſchreiben und den Brief an das Bein der Taube tun. Wir ſchreiben deinen Namen und Adreſſe auf den Brief. Vielleicht werden die Leute von der Taube ihre andere Heimat ſchreiben und dir ſagen, daß die Taube ihre Heimat gefunden hat.“

Jetzt ſah das Angeſicht von Moſe ein wenig fröhlicher aus. „Ja, das wollen wir tun“, ſagte er.

„Werden wir heute abend die Taube fliegen laſſen?“ fragte Anna.

„Nein, wir warten bis morgen früh“, ſagte der Vater. „Aber wir können heute abend den Brief ſchreiben.“

Nach dem Abendeſſen holte Moſe ein Stück Papier. Der Vater halft ihm einen Brief ſchreiben. Hier iſt [illegible] ſie ſchrieben:

„Sehr geliebte Freu[illegible]

Wir haben dieſe Taube fünf Wochen zurück gefunden. Als wir ſie fanden, hatte ſie einen gebrochenen Flügel und konnte nicht fliegen. Wir haben ſie verſorgt und wollten ihr gerne eine Heimat geben, aber es ſcheint, ſie hat eine andere Heimat, die ſie ſehr lieb [illegible] nicht mehr [illegible]ieden bei uns. Darum laſſen wir ſie gehen und hoffen ſie wird ihre Heimat finden.

Wir wären ſehr froh zu wiſſen, ob dieſer Pilger glücklich zu ſeiner Heimat gekommen iſt. Bitte laßt es uns wiſſen.

Sie ſchrieben Moſes N[illegible] Adreſſe untenan. „Wie lang wird e[illegible] ich eine Antwort kriegen werde?“ fragt[illegible]

„Vielleicht eine Woche“, [illegible] „Aber du darfſt dir nicht zu große Hoffnung machen. Vielleicht kriegſt du keine Antwort.“

Am nächſten Morgen, als Moſe aufſtand, erzählte er der Familie von einem Traum, den er träumte. „Ich meinte, wir hätten die Taube losgelaſſen, aber ſie konnte nicht fliegen“, ſagte er. „Dann meinte ich, wir hätten die Taube zu dem Arzt genommen. Der Arzt ſagte uns, die Taube wird nie wieder fliegen. Er ſagte ſie wird immer

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ein Krüppel ſein."

„Haſt du gemeint, du kannſt die Taube behalten?" fragte Anna. „Warſt du froh, daß du ſie behalten kannſt?" fragte Anna.

„Nein, ich war nicht froh", antwortete Moſe. „Ich war traurig, denn ich meinte, die Taube müßte ihre Lebenszeit in dem kleinen Hauſe zubringen und immer ein Krüppel ſein."

„Nach dem Morgeneſſen werden wir ſehen, ob dein Traum wahr wird", ſagte der Vater.

Nach dem Eſſen gingen der Vater, die Mutter, und die Kinder zu dem kleinen Haus, wo die Taube war. Das Herz von Moſe klopfte hart. „Ich will meine Taube nicht los laſſen, und ich will nicht, daß ſie immer ein Krüppel iſt", dachte er.

Die Taube war wieder ſehr unruhig. Sie kam nicht zu Moſe. Der Vater half ſie fangen. Moſe hielt ſie, und der Vater machte den Brief an ihrem Bein feſt. Dann gingen ſie aus dem kleinen Haus.

„Lebewohl, kleine Taube", ſagte Anna.

„Lebewohl, Krüppel", ſagte Daniel.

Moſe ſagte nichts. Dann ſah er die Katze neben dem kleinen Haus ſitzen. „Dort iſt die Katze", ſagte er. „Wenn die Taube nicht fliegen kann, wird ſie auf den Boden fallen, und die Katze wird ſie fangen."

„Komm, Katze!" ſagte der Vater. Er nimmt ſie und tut ſie in das kleine Haus. „Wir tun die Katze in das Gefängnis, bis wir wiſſen, ob die Taube fliegen kann", ſagte er.

Moſe hob die Taube über ſeinen Kopf. „Lebewohl, Taube", ſagte er mit leiſer Stimme. Dann machte er die Hände auf und ließ die Taube fliegen.

Die Taube flog auf das Scheuerdach und ſaß ein wenig. Dann flog ſie höher und höher. Sie wurde kleiner und kleiner und kleiner, bis Moſe ſie nicht mehr ſehen konnte.

„Sie iſt nicht mehr ein Krüppel", ſagte Moſe, als er die Taube nicht mehr ſehen konnte. „Ich hoffe ſie wird eine glückliche Reiſe haben."

„Sie iſt eine geſunde, fröhliche Taube", ſagte der Vater. „Sie iſt auf dem Heimweg." Er machte die Tür von dem kleinen Haus auf, und die Katze kam heraus.

Moſe war fröhlich, als er in die Schule ging. Er war froh, daß die Taube geſund und fröhlich war.

Jeden Abend, wenn Moſe von der Schule heimkam, fragte er: „Mutter, iſt ein Brief für mich heute gekommen?"

Jeden Abend ſagte die Mutter: „Nein, noch nicht heute. Du mußt nicht ſo ungeduldig ſein. Du mußt den Leuten Zeit geben."

„Vielleicht iſt die Taube nicht zu ihrer Heimat gegangen", ſagte Moſe. „Vielleicht iſt ſie nur in den Wald gegangen. Vielleicht hat ſie ihren Flügel wieder gebrochen, und eine Katze hat ſie gefreſſen."

Eines Abends, als die Kinder von der Schule heimkamen, lief Daniel ihnen entgegen. „Ein Brief iſt für dich gekommen. Ein Brief iſt für dich gekommen", rief er.

Moſe lief ſchnell dem Haus zu. „Mutter, wo iſt mein Brief?" fragte er.

„Da iſt er", ſagte die Mutter. „Kannſt du ihn leſen oder ſoll ich ihn für dich leſen?"

„Ich glaube, ich kann ihn leſen, wenn er nicht zu harte Wörter hat", ſagte Moſe. Aber es war nicht lang, bis er ſah, daß die Mutter ihm den Brief leſen mußte.

„Kommt, Anna und Daniel", ſagte die Mutter. „Ihr wollt den Brief auch hören."

Die Kinder ſitzen neben der Mutter. Die Mutter fing an zu leſen:

„Sehr geliebte Freunde!

Ich kann euch nicht genug danken, was ihr getan habt für unſere Taube. Sie heißt ‚Gute Botſchaft' und gehört unſerm Sohn, der ſie ſehr lieb hat. Sie hat ſchon viele Reiſen unternommen und iſt jedesmal ſehr ſchnell zurück gekommen. Aber von der letzten Reiſe iſt ſie nicht zurück gekommen, und wir hatten keine Hoffnung, ſie wieder zu ſehen. Darum hatten wir ſehr große Freude, als wir unſere ‚Gute Botſchaft' wieder heimkommen ſahen.

Ich will euch etwas von unſerm Sohn ſagen. Er iſt ſieben Jahre alt und iſt geſund und lebt wie andere Kinder auch. Aber in einem iſt er nicht wie andere Kinder. Er kann nicht ſehen, denn er iſt blind geboren.

Die Taube war ein Geſchenk von ſeinem Großvater zu ſeinem Geburtstag. Wir haben viel Fleiß angewandt, die Taube zu lehren, wieder heimzukommen. Darum könnt ihr wohl ſehen, warum wir ſo hoch erfreut waren, die Taube wieder zu ſehen.

Laßt uns noch einmal herzlich danke ſagen, daß ihr die Taube verſorgt habt, als ſie nicht fliegen konnte, und auch, daß ihr ſie losgelaſſen habt, als ſie wieder geſund war.

Wir haben vernommen, ihr habt die Taube frühmorgens losgelaſſen. Sie flog die vierhundert Meilen von eurem Haus zu unſerm Haus in einer kurzen Zeit. Sie iſt ein wenig nach elf Uhr angekommen."

Eine Weile ſagten die Kinder nichts. Endlich

ſagte Moſe: „Ich bin ſehr froh, daß wir die Taube nicht gehalten haben. Sie war nicht meine Taube, und es wäre nicht recht geweſen, ſie zu behalten."

„Der Blinde Knabe war ſehr froh, die Taube wieder zu haben", ſagte die Mutter. „Ich glaube, es war eine ſehr gute Botſchaft, als er hörte, daß ſie wieder zurückgekommen iſt."

„Dieſer Brief iſt eine gute Botſchaft für uns", ſagte Moſe. „Ich bin froh zu hören, daß ſie glücklich heimgekommen iſt."

Exercises:

1. In what ways did Moses think he could make the homing pigeon feel at home with him?
2. Why did Moses think he would have to find a new name for the pigeon?
3. Tell what Moses found out one evening when he came to feed the pigeon.
4. How did this make Moses feel?
5. Father said that if Moses loved the pigeon, he would want what?
6. Why didn't Moses want to turn the pigeon loose?
7. What did Father suggest they could do, so as to hear from the pigeon again?
8. Did Moses think Father's plan was a good one?

CHILDREN'S SECTION

THE WEAKLING

Andy wanted to close his eyes so he wouldn't see what was about to happen. He wanted to open his mouth and scream. He wanted to run and run and run and run and never stop. He wanted to do a lot of things ....but he did nothing.

by Elmo Stoll

ANDY TROYER TRIED HARD not to show how much he had to stretch his legs to take such long steps. He was thirteen years old, and would be fourteen in the spring. That was almost exactly the same age as Leroy Weaver, the boy who was walking beside him, and whose steps he was trying to match. He wanted to keep up with Leroy because it gave him a good feeling of accomplishment, for Leroy was one of the strongest boys in school. Although Andy didn't admit it, not even himself, there was a second reason for keeping up. That reason was so Leroy wouldn't laugh at him, and call him weakling. Andy had noticed a number of times that it didn't take much until Leroy laughed at someone. And usually his laugh would be followed by that stinging mock— "You're a weakling!"

They were nearing home, Andy Troyer and his friend Leroy, both of them swinging their lunch pails idly from their hands. A warm south wind made it seem more like spring than the first week in October. A flock of blackbirds flew in a dense pack of wings across the road ahead of them, landing on the telephone lines, causing them to hang down and sway back and forth. Andy glanced up to see, far in the distance, a blue car coming toward them. It swung from side to side on the road, its motor racing and its tires kicking up swirls of dust. Hastily both Andy and Leroy crowded to the side of the road.

The horn honked, and some boys inside yelled as the car roared past.

Andy closed his eyes for a second against the choking dust that churned into his face from the passing car.

"Those boys!" Leroy grumbled.

"I wonder if maybe it's the same ones that were in Isaac's patch last night, you know, his watermelon patch."

"Huh?" said Leroy. "You mean there was somebody in his melon patch again? Didn't that happen last year, too?"

"Yeah," said Andy. "Though this year they didn't make such a mess as they did last year. Just smashed two or three and ate the hearts out, and left it at that."

"I guess they know who's got the nice melons," Leroy said. "Your brother Isaac always manages to have about the nicest patch around. We don't need to worry they'll get into our patch this year. The cows beat them to it. They got in this summer, and really ruined the patch. We haven't had a melon yet. We might get a few if the frost holds off long enough."

"I didn't know you didn't have any melons," Andy exclaimed. "I'll ask Mom if we can cut one open when we get home. My throat's dry anyhow, after swallowing all that dust from that car that just passed."

Andy put his face against the screen in the kitchen window so he could see his mother inside. She was at the ironing board, ironing some clothes. "Mom," Andy called. "Leroy Weaver came home with me from school— he can stay overnight."

"That's nice," Mom smiled.

"Is it all right if we cut up a melon before we start choring? We're both hungry."

"Sure," Mom said. "But change into your chore clothes first."

After changing, Andy and Leroy turned toward the cellar door to go get a watermelon.

"Take one of the smaller ones," Mother called after them. "That big one with the stripes is the one Isaac brought in to take along to the young people's supper tonight."

"Okay," Andy said. "We don't need that big one anyhow— we're not that hungry."

"Where are the young people going tonight?" Leroy asked. "I didn't know they were going away."

"They're going over to dig potatoes for John Burkholder's widow. They're going right after chores, and planning to work until dark, and then they'll eat a carry-in supper together. Isaac is supposed to take a watermelon along— I guess they knew what he could bring the handiest, since he doesn't have any sisters to bake a cake."

The two boys were enjoying their second piece of the sweet, red melon when there was a rattle of wheels on the graveled lane nearby. It was Isaac pushing the milkcart out to the road to bring in the empty cans in preparation for milking.

"Hey, you guys, save a piece for me," he called as he went on out to the road.

"Don't worry," Leroy grinned, mischief shining from from his deep brown eyes. "Don't worry, the two of us can never eat that huge melon."

"Huh?" said Isaac, stopping short, and looking back.

"Don't worry," Leroy repeated. "I said the two of us can't eat that huge melon, you know that big one that was down in the cellar."

"Hey, you'd better not have cut up that big striped one," he said, alarm in his voice. He took a step or two toward them, squinting his eyes to see which melon they had.

Both boys just laughed. He hesitated, unsure whether they were just trying to worry him, or whether perhaps they really had sliced up his prize. Long strides carried him swiftly across the lawn. His face relaxed. "You had me worried for a minute," he laughed. "I couldn't believe you wouldn't know better, and yet I wasn't sure."

"Here, we saved a nice piece for you," Andy offered. "This one may not be so big, but it couldn't be tastier."

Isaac bit into it. "Ummm," he agreed. "This one is good. I'll be satisfied if the big one is as good as this."

It was while they were choring that Leroy thought up his idea. The first that Andy knew of it was when Leroy started chuckling quietly to himself. Andy looked up, feeling a bit uneasy. Was Leroy perhaps laughing at him?

"What's so funny?"

Leroy just kept on chuckling. Then he laughed right out loud.

"Did I do something funny?"

"No, no." Leroy laughed again. "I just had an idea, that's all, just an idea. Would it ever be fun to pull that one on Isaac— Isaac and his prize melon."

Andy filled the bucket of oats for the calves, and set it on the cement floor. "What's your idea that is so funny?"

Leroy started chuckling again.

"Come on, stop laughing and tell me."

Leroy picked up a handful of oats from the bucket and slowly let it fall through his fingers. He chuckled again. "It's just this. We could really play a dandy joke on Isaac. You know the way you walk through that small gate at your yard to get from the house to the driveway and the hitching rack. Well, tonight when your brother Isaac goes in to get washed up and his clothes changed to go away, we'll stretch a wire across the gate."

"A wire across the gate?" Andy asked, his face puzzled. "What for?"

"It'll just be about a foot above the ground," Leroy explained, "and he's not likely to notice it. It'll trip him, and he'll go crashing to the ground. Let's just hope he happens to be carrying his prize melon. Oh, wouldn't that be a sight— forty pounds of melon all over the driveway, and Isaac down on his face on top of it!"

Leroy laughed and laughed at the thought.

Andy felt something go tight inside his throat. He tried to laugh a little, but that lump inside his throat was so big it made it hard to laugh.

"I-I don't know," Andy stammered. "I don't think Isaac would think it was very funny."

Leroy really laughed at that protest. "He might not think it was funny, but I sure would. I can hardly wait. Didn't you say we're about finished choring?"

"Yes," said Andy weakly. "Isaac is milking the last cow, and as soon as we've given the calves oats, we'll be finished."

Andy grabbed the pail of oats and carried it out to the barn. His thoughts were churning, and it seemed like his head was spinning around and around right with his thoughts, so that it was difficult to pretend nothing was wrong as he entered the barn and walked past where Isaac was milking. The calves came to the front of the pen, eager for their oats.

Andy poured the oats into their feeder, but he didn't see the oats. Instead, all he could see or think about was Isaac's big prize melon smashed into a dozen pieces on the driveway at the front lawn gate.

Isaac pulled his watch from his pocket as he turned to go toward the house. "I guess the chores are finished," he called to Andy. "All you need to do is turn the water off at the milkhouse when the tank is filled. Better check in about ten minutes. Oh, yes, and open the lane gate so the cows can go down the lane."

"Okay," Andy said. He wanted to add, "Watch for the wire," but Leroy was right at his elbow. Besides, Isaac wouldn't have known what it meant. "Watch for the wire." That would be a strange thing to say. What wire?

"Maybe Leroy has changed his mind about it," Andy thought to himself, hoping against hope. But his hopes were banged to the ground the very next moment. For Leroy was asking urgently, "Where is the wire? Do you keep your supply of wire in the shop?"

"Ah, er, yes," Andy said. "We do, but don't you think we'll get into trouble?"

Leroy just laughed. "It's just a harmless little trick trick," he said. "Surely Isaac can take a joke, can't he? He won't break his neck?"

Andy still hesitated. What would his father say? What would Isaac say? Torn by indecision, he stood at the barn, hesitating for a full minute.

Leroy was impatient. "What's wrong," he demanded. "Are you going to help me or aren't you?"

"I- I- I don't know."

"You don't know? What are you, anyhow— a weakling?"

Andy winced. There was that word again. Was that what was wrong? Was he a weakling? Andy felt bad inside. He sure didn't want to be a weakling. Not if he could help it. If stretching a wire across a gate would prove his strength and manhood, why he would certainly do it. He certainly would. He squared his shoulders and led the way to the shop.

Leroy chose the wire he wanted. Not too thick and not too thin. He found some that was just right. He cut a piece with the pliers, and then slipped the pliers into his pocket where it would be out of sight.

"We'll have to work fast," he said to Andy. "We can't be monkeying around at the gate too long, or someone will see us and wonder what we're up to."

Andy's hands, the palms of his hands, felt clammy and wet with perspiration as they walked toward the narrow gate between the driveway and the lawn. He glanced toward the house, half hoping someone would come out to disturb them. But no one came. They were at the gate now. Leroy worked clamly, yet swiftly. He made every move count. It took only a second to fasten the wire at one side of the gate. Another second to stretch it across. A third second to tie the opposite end. There, the deed was done. The two boys stepped across, pretending they had never paused in their walk, and continued on out to the buggy shed. There they could stand and peep through the cracks in the wall and see everything that happened.

They didn't have long to wait. The screen door opened. Andy gasped. It wasn't Isaac he saw. It was his father. Father was talking to someone following him. The two boys stared. Right behind Andy's father came Isaac, carrying the large, striped melon in his hands. The screen door closed, and the two stood there and talked.

Bits of their conversation drifted to where the boys were hiding. "Tell her if she needs someone to plow the garden, that you can come any day it suits her..."

Then Isaac walked slowly toward the small gate. Andy held his breath. He wanted to close his eyes and refuse to see what was about to happen. He wanted to open his mouth and scream. He wanted to run and run, and run, and run, and never stop. He wanted to do a lot of things, but he did nothing. He just stayed right where he was, his eyes wide open, his mouth tightly closed, his feet welded to the ground.

The small gate screeched as Isaac reached with one hand and pulled it open. He took a step toward the wire. Nothing but a miracle could stop him now, nothing but a miracle could save that prize melon.

And Dad, why, oh, why, did he have to stand there and watch it all? Why didn't he go back into the house? Why had he come out to start with?

Isaac put his foot forward. It struck the wire. The foot stopped, stopped suddenly. But the rest of Isaac didn't stop. His body kept right on going forward. He fell. He didn't have a chance to regain his balance. The wire was so unexpected, so totally a surprise for him. He had walked through that small gate a hundred times before, no, more than that, probably a thousand times. He had walked through it without looking. Had even run through it. Had hurried through it in pitch blackness. And never had a wire been in the way. Why should he have been expecting one now?

If it had been a small melon he carried in his hands, Isaac might have saved it. He tried hard. He skinned his elbows on the gravel trying to save the melon. But it was hopeless. The melon was too heavy. There was no way he could break its fall. It crashed to the gravel with a sickening sound, and broke into pieces.

Andy watched in horror and saw it all. He saw his father walk quickly over to the gate, and nearly stumble over the wire himself. "Are you all right?" he asked Isaac, as the boy slowly got to his feet.

"Ahh, yes, I guess so," Isaac said slowly.

Then Dad bent down and examined the wire at his feet. He studied it for a moment, and his face seemed puzzled. Isaac came over and stood looking at it, too. They were talking in a low voice, and all the while Andy was feeling more and more uneasy out in the buggy shed.

Andy saw his father straighten his back and look all around. Then he called his name, "Andy. Andy. Hey, Andy, come here."

Andy started to move toward the door. He didn't want to go, but he didn't dare not to. Leroy caught his sleeve. "Don't go," he hissed.

"But Dad's calling," Andy protested. Slowly he made his way out of the shed, and toward where his father and brother Isaac stood beside the broken melon. Leroy followed reluctantly at a distance.

"Do you know anything about how this wire got here, stretched across the gateway?" Andy's father asked sternly.

Andy looked at the ground. He nodded his head.

"Did you have anything to do with it?"

WANTED

We appreciate very much all newspaper and magazine articles which feature the Amish. Please send us any you see, noting from what paper it was clipped and the date. These are deposited in our historical library. Any duplicates are shared with other libraries. Send them to: Amish Historical Library, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Andy nodded his head again.

"Would you mind explaining what the idea was?"

Andy didn't say anything. He wanted to say that it wasn't his idea at all— that it was Leroy's. But Leroy was right behind him, so he didn't have the nerve to say that.

"Aw, it was just supposed to be a joke," Leroy spoke up. "We didn't mean any harm."

"Well, I think this is a poor kind of joke," Isaac said. "It's a wonder I didn't crack my head along with that melon." Isaac suddenly remembered that it was time for him to be going. He gathered up the broken pieces of the melon. "I guess I might as well throw these to the hens, and get a couple smaller melons to take along." He hurried to the henyard and tossed the broken pieces over to the hungry hens. Andy wondered if he really was in that much of a hurry to go dig potatoes, or whether perhaps he was anxious to get away, and let Dad decide what punishment the boys deserved for their prank. What made the situation sort of awkward was that Leroy was involved.

Isaac hurried past, heading for the melon patch.

"Well, boys," Dad said slowly. "I'm really disappointed in you, at your age." He explained how they should have been more considerate of Isaac's feelings. Also how easily he could have been hurt, instead of just breaking the melon. "And now I want you to go out and apologize to Isaac for what you did. That is the first step in making it right. Then we'll see where we can go from there."

The boys were eager to be dismissed, at least for the time being. Behind the barn they met Isaac coming with his arms piled high with four melons.

"We'll help you carry them," Andy offered.

"I could use some help," Isaac puffed, carefully lowering his arm so both Andy and Leroy could each take a melon. That still left Isaac with two, which was a little more manageable.

As they walked toward Isaac's buggy, Andy said,"Aw, Isaac, I'm sorry for my part in stretching that wire across the gate."

Isaac smiled. "I'll forgive you. It's lucky for you that big melon turned out to have been green. That really saved the day for you fellows. If it had been ripe and delicious, I'm afraid it would have taken me a lot longer to get over it. This way it actually ended up to be a favor for me. I would have been embarrassed if I had cut up that big melon with all the young folks around, and found it green. By taking four smaller ones along, I figure I should be safe that at least two of them will be good."

Andy was relieved. "You mean the melon was green?"

"Yeah, didn't you notice?"

"No."

"That's why I tossed it all to the hens," Isaac explained good-naturedly.

They were nearing the buggy now. Andy kept waiting for Leroy to apologize to Isaac, too. If anybody owed Isaac an apology, it was Leroy. It had all been his idea to start with.

But Leroy was silent.

They loaded the melons onto the buggy, and then Isaac drove away. Just as he started off, Leroy called after him, "Thanks for the free show. You really looked funny tumbling on your face trying to catch that big melon!" And he laughed.

Andy didn't laugh. It didn't sound to him like Leroy was very sorry yet for what he had done.

They walked together back toward the house. As they neared the shop door, Andy could stand it no longer. "You should have apologized to Isaac," he said.

"Not me," Leroy laughed. "You don't catch me saying 'I'm sorry.' That's for sissies and little old ladies with tears in their eyes. And for weaklings. Ha, ha. I didn't know you were such a weakling, Andy. You really said a nice little row to Isaac. Ha, ha."

Andy's ears stung and his face burned. He cringed under Leroy's scornful mocking words.

Suddenly the shop door opened right beside them. Out stepped Andy's father. One look at his face told the boys that he had overheard every word they said.

"Leroy," Andy's father said sternly.

Andy could hardly believe the way Leroy seemed to wilt beneath his father's glance. Only a few seconds before Leroy had his chest out, and had talked as though he were king of all the earth. He had been loud and boastful and big and bold and brave, and pretending there was nothing he could not do. But suddenly he was changed into a frightened little boy, trembling and nervous. He was like a balloon that had just been punctured, pitifully flat and formless.

"I heard what you were saying to Andy," Father went on. "And I want to tell you that I disagree with your idea of what a weakling is. Those people who are man enough to admit their mistakes are the ones who are really strong. It takes true inner strength to be able to say, 'I'm sorry. I did wrong.'"

Leroy said nothing, only looked at his feet, misery on his face, a dead silence on his tongue.

"You may go now, Leroy," Andy's father spoke quietly, sadly but firmly. "You may go home now. I cannot welcome you to stay overnight unless you are willing to apologize when you do wrong."

Leroy's lips twitched, but he said nothing. He turned and walked slowly out the lane. Andy watched him go, a lonely and forlorn figure against the grey autumn sky. He did not look big and strong and manly at all. Andy suddenly realized that he was watching a weakling stumble away and disappear into the gathering dusk. △

TWO EARS AND ONE MOUTH

Two ears and only one mouth have you,
The reason I think is clear;
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you;
And it is worth repeating —
The two are for work you will have to do,
The one is enough for eating.

-From the German

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 9

THE BIGGEST HURDLE

Maturity in Marriage

We asked our readers to respond to the question, "What is the biggest hurdle you have faced in your marriage?"

We received an interesting assortment of letters. What is the most common hurdle couples face in marriage? Judging by the letters we received, the prize would go to "First Year Adjustments." Out of the 22 letters we are printing, 8 of them deal with first year adjustments and similar difficulties.

FIRST YEAR ADJUSTMENTS

"Although I now have one of the most wonderful husbands— he is kind, loving, understanding— we did have a hurdle to overcome. He was careless!

Here is a sample of what I mean. When we'd come home from some place, the house acquired a look of instant upheaval. He wouldn't think of putting his clothes in the hamper— on, or beside, but never in. His shoes might be in the kitchen, the study, or in the livingroom, but certainly not in the bedroom closet where they belonged. His coat was sure to be hanging over the kitchen chair, and his hat on the typewriter.

Nor did his carelessness end there. He didn't close doors and the only drawers to be shut were in his dresser. A book or a pen stayed right where he finished with it. The chairs remained out from under the table and the towel on the floor.

At first I simply cleaned up behind him. After a family came along, his sloppiness irritated me. I didn't have the time to keep picking up after him. In desperation I decided to embarrass him by leaving everything where he put it. He didn't seem to notice. "Where's my coat, Mom?" he'd call. I would firmly tell him it was where he left it. He'd look puzzled at my sharpness, but never said a word.

Unfortunately his mother came twice during the 'experiment'— once I was reading and her eyebrows went up, up. So the experiment ended.

At last I did what I should have done to begin with. That night when a dusty pair of pants landed by the hamper, I asked him if he'd mind putting things away. "We can't teach the little ones the need for neatness with your example so noticeable. Besides," I cried, "I get so weary following you around all day."

He looked hurt. Then he grinned. "That must have been what Mom meant when she asked if you weren't well. She sounded sort of disapproving when she said that she always had time to pick up after me."

We made it a matter of prayer that he'd be more thoughtful and I more forgiving and patient. It's working fine.

Just the other night he got out of bed and murmured that he'd be back soon. I heard a cupboard door gently close and drawers slide quietly shut, while I fished out from under the bed a sock that missed the hamper. I wonder if his mind roves over the whole house before he goes to sleep each night!

-Happy again, Pennsylvania

Although it might sound odd to some, the biggest hurdle in our marriage was our first year. Since we were reared in vastly different homes, there were quite a few adjustments to make. What seemed to me to be impossible to get used to was some of his habits— his table manners were the worst of all. At home I had always been one to correct bad table manners in the younger children, but in the home where my husband grew up, I don't believe much was ever said. So I secretly set about to reform him and immediately made life miserable for both of us.

At first I couldn't bring myself to say much and for a while I don't think he really knew how I felt, but the more I thought about it, the more it grated on my nerves. I discovered it didn't help to say something just once or twice— it seemed I had to be constantly nagging.

If I corrected him on one thing, he'd be so sorry and try so hard to do better with that and forget all about the other things I had tried to teach him! He became self-conscious and therefore more awkward and blundering. So at times I would say nothing, but then ill feelings would arise and I would lapse into moody silence. Then he would look at me and ask what was wrong. By then I was too upset to be able to tell him. Consequently our mealtimes were wretched affairs. Then afterwards I would have a hard struggle until I could overcome my feelings, only to find the next meal the same.

But slowly he improved and so did our relationship. With the passing of time and the grace of God, our love and respect for each other grew and deepened until we were able to overlook each other's faults, realizing our own shortcomings. Now that we stand together, I believe we are much better equipped to face any hurdles that might be in store for us in the future.

-A young wife, Pennsylvania

When we got married eight years ago, I had quite some adjustments to make. When I was growing up my father was a good farmer, but didn't manage so well around the buildings. So when I was old enough, I grew handy with a hammer and nails and could do things like fixing a calf pen. I learned to milk at a young age. To my way of thinking, I did things right. Here is where my husband and I clashed, as he was taught to do things right, too, and his way of doing things was usually better. I was soon informed not to talk or sing while milking "as the first thing you know you're not milking." It was true, but his way of telling me was what hurt. Here is where I made the biggest mistake. Instead of talking it over, I went to the house and cried. Our biggest problem was myself. But we have learned to forgive and forget, which makes life much happier. We can laugh with each other over such things now. We can pray with each other and I'm sure a higher power has and will help me overcome. -Kansas

Sometime during the early years of our marriage I began to see my husband's faults. I got to thinking that I should have married someone better— that I was above him. I felt he did so many stupid things. (Why is it that we can see the other person's faults so clearly and yet be blinded to our own big mountain of them?) I knew these thoughts were wrong, but they persisted.

In my young years my dream was to find a lonely and quiet guy who needed love and happiness and fulfilling of his dreams. After a long time I realized that here was my chance and what was I doing? Those around us will only be as good as we encourage them to be. I know how it is for myself— when I'm around someone who thinks I'm stupid, it will make me feel stupid, and maybe even act that way, because I'm tense and can't think straight. On the other hand, if I sense that someone believes in me and appreciates me, I will be my best for them.

So I decided it's partly up to me to determine the kind of husband I have. I have learned to really love and appreciate him. I am thankful I could see my mistake before it was too late, and now we have a happy marriage, although there is lots of room for improvement.

-Pennsylvania

My biggest hurdle was when I suddenly found myself entirely responsible to keep the wheels of the household turning smoothly. It seemed like an overwhelming task. Mother was no longer present to tell me that it was time to start dinner, and to tell me what to make. With small children, a large garden, three meals a day, mending, washing, and countless other duties, I felt extremely sorry for myself and my lot in life. I even tried in my heart to blame others for it— my parents for not teaching me more about work, my husband for not helping enough, and people in general for allowing anyone to be so unprepared for marriage. But blaming others didn't help. I knew that I would have learned all I needed to know if I would have been willing to learn; I knew my husband did much more than was required of him; and I had been told many times of the responsibilities of marriage. No, it was all my own fault and I knew it. Perhaps I had a secret aversion to work; perhaps I was really lazy and didn't know it.

But God has taught me many things since then, and I find that when I do what I'm doing as "unto Him," it is much easier. I can even enjoy my work. I think if we really want to, we can make our marriage happy, even if our partner doesn't cooperate at first. Enough love and patience performs miracles. Very often, as in my case, the problem lies in ourselves. If we work to improve ourselves, the hurdles will disappear. As T.A. Kempis said, "There is no harder battle than he who labors to conquer himself." -Minnesota

The hurdles that stand out the most in our six years of marriage is that hectic first year. I'm sure we thought we were in love, and maybe we were, but the feeling we share now is deeper. But with all the adjusting and trying to understand each other, we learned to give up. To this day I still pick up his dirty socks and carry them to the clothes basket every day without too much grumbling. We were both bolder than some when we married and maybe we were too used to doing as we pleased. -Pennsylvania

The biggest hurdle in our marriage occurred right after we were married. It was the hurdle of learning to accept each other. It started immediately. The wedding was over with the partying and feasting and suddenly we had to face the reality of living together. I discovered my husband did not meet my standards of independence, aggressiveness, and intelligence. He discovered that I was stubborn, bossy, and conceited. As the days wore on, our problem got bigger. We felt trapped since we didn't believe in divorce or separation. Secretly we both considered suicide. However, we both loved the Lord, and believed that He had led us together, so we cried out to Him. And He answered us. We learned the principles of loving each other and giving up of ourselves. I learned the principle of adapting myself to my husband's personality and way of doing things, and he learned to give himself to me. As we learned these principles in theory and submitted to them, the Lord worked them in our lives. We've been married more than two years now and we love each other very much. We are able to accept each other now, and it's a real joy to be married. I'm finding out that my husband is more independent, aggressive, and intelligent than I first gave him credit for. Also, I'm less stubborn, bossy, and conceited than I used to be. -Manitoba

PRESSURE FROM RELATIVES

Mother-in-law problems are the biggest hurdle in our marriage. I have reviewed all the questions given in the M. M. columns and I can truly say our biggest problem is Mother-in-law. I will not go into a lengthy discussion of this because I could write pages and pages and the person who hasn't experienced it wouldn't understand, and the people who have this problem have no need of hearing more— they know all about it. As I kneel in prayer asking God for help to respect Mother-in-law, I also thank Him for a kind and understanding husband. I feel very grateful that it is not my husband who is constantly nagging, but Mother-in-law.

-Pennsylvania

All during the years when I was growing up, I had visions of the kind of home and marriage I hoped to have. I tried to ask God's guidance and will in these matters and felt that it was the leading of the Lord who brought us together and often we both marveled how near alike our faith, and hopes, and dreams were. What drew me to him the most was his strong faith in God and his committment to the church, and his basic common sense and the way we could talk our differences over sensibly, often each in the end yielding part way.

Our first year and more were happy, golden days, but gradually over the years the man I had learned to love and respect so deeply seemed to change. He was under pressure from relatives and there were times when he was so tense and irritable that he did not seem like the same man anymore. He tried so hard to keep from fighting with the relatives that his emotions were all bottled up. He became so tense and nervous it even affected his health, which only made our homelife suffer the more. I tried to keep peace and love in our home, but far too often I found myself returning a sharp answer. Later in the day I would try to talk it over and reason with him. We would talk it over and both resolve to do better and I would once more rejoice that we could discuss our differences but— alas, he was so tense that there were times when no half a day was past until he was again losing patience with the children, the livestock, or at times even with me, and all over trifles.

I could only plead, reason, and keep reminding him of the Scriptures and try not to return the same. But there were times when it was only my strong hopes and dreams of a happy home that kept me from giving up. I sometimes had to wonder what had happened to the strong faith that had so helped to win my love. He seemed at times only a shadow of his former self— driven and discouraged. Although reading the Scriptures seemed to bring some relief for him, it did not renew his faith and hope.

Years have passed, and the pressure of relatives has passed with it, and my husband seems again like the man I learned to love. Once more we have a happy home— no, not without problems, but a place where problems can be talked over together without fear. I'm not saying these things were regained without great effort on the part of both. We have often talked it over, and he has often thanked me, sometimes with tears in his eyes, for the efforts I put forth to try and keep the home fires burning brightly. He only now realizes the driven creature he had become. I have read somewhere since then that it is impossible to hurt your partner without hurting yourself. I can only say, "How true, how true." -Pennsylvania

Years ago we married, later bought a farm. We each loved the other. We could disagree, have blues, and meet things in life, but we still kept our devoted affection, true love, like we had while going steady. We tried living on a farm, and it soon became plainer and plainer that one of our in-laws was trying to get between us. Once they even dared to outright talk against the partner of their married child. It became more noticeable. We became disturbed, gloomy, saddened. We couldn't seem to relax and be happy. We each knew we weren't quite our free, natural self. Weeks passed, oh, what could we do?

Finally we moved to another community of like faith. We had other things to think of now, as anyone does, who deals in farm loans and getting settled. As time passed, we would often talk about the ill feelings we both had toward the in-laws, and we would end up by resolving again to forget those feelings. As we became more relaxed and at ease, one of us dared to mention what evil thoughts had been pondered upon. One of us had thought of going south, disappearing, and never let anyone know of whereabouts. Just to get away from it all. But it couldn't be done because of the love of God and partner that remained. Unknown to the other, the other partner had also thought of leaving, and going north to where friends were who would help out!

Now years have passed, and our haunted, blue life has faded. We're in love, and still meet trials and troubles as we go through this life. But it will never be forgotten how nearly in-laws succeeded in spoiling the trust and confidence between us. We're both glad we loved each other so much that neither of us could leave the other. -State withheld

UNFAITHFUL HUSBANDS

The biggest, most crushing hurdle in our eight years of married life was to discover an unfaithful husband after having had complete trust and faith in him. Not only once, but for several months it was going on. I had suspected it for some time, but trusted my husband too completely to ask him about it. Finally, after going through an unbearable strain, both mentally and physically, I could go on no longer, so I asked him. They both confessed and asked forgiveness. In words I soon forgave them. But the deep wound will always leave a scar. This happened a year ago, but I can still not think of it without tears in my eyes. -State withheld

We were very happy when we married, and enjoyed being together and wanted to be alone and get acquainted with each other— just like any normal couple.

I loved my husband, his coming in and going out. His very presence made me happy and content. He was the only one I cared for— parents, brothers and sisters were not first in my life anymore— but my husband.

I never dreamed of having this wonderful love shattered, or that I would ever doubt my husband's love for me. But Satan was not sleeping and not satisfied to see us happy. So he came in a way like I think he does for many couples, and made us doubtful and discouraged after the first glow of love wore off and we settled down to real life. It was then that another girl came into the picture who enjoyed my husband's friendliness and caused my husband to doubt our love. She was emotional and longed for a close friend. Of course, this caused trouble between us. Jealousy arose within me and I began mistrusting my husband. At times I tried to spy on him. That didn't help anything and the mountain grew. Heartaches throbbed deeper and deeper for both of us. We didn't care to share anymore as the days and months went by. Finally we realized we needed help. We even talked about each of us going our own way for a while, whether that would help solve our problems. But no, we couldn't do that. We talked, we cried, and prayed together. But still it wasn't settled until we gave ourselves up and decided to get advice from our bishop. Now the ice was broken and we received good advice and admonishment.

But there was one more battle to conquer— to trust and keep on trusting that my husband is sincere and wants to do what is right. As the days, months, and years went by, our love grew deeper and calmer toward each other, and we have confidence. Of course, we still still meet with other hurdles, but this one came the closest to ruining our relationship and marriage. -Address withheld

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES

I think the biggest hurdle we have faced in our marriage is my trying to keep up with the Jones. My husband has never been natured like this. He is one to mind his own business and expects others to do the same. But me— I'm different. I always thought we have to keep up with others, or we'd get looked down on.

My house always had to be clean, everything in place. The yard mowed. My garden weedless. I sometimes almost let my work get the best of me when I couldn't keep up. Having a baby almost every year and trying to care for the ones we had and not being able always to afford a hired girl, I just got where I couldn't keep up with the Jones.

My husband used to talk to me and try to get me to see that it's not right to be like this. The important part of life is caring and loving our children and preparing for another life. It has been a struggle and still is at times, but I am trying so much harder to take life a little easier and enjoy my family. So what if there are toys on the floor, the yard doesn't get mowed every week, and the garden has a few weeds? I can almost promise you that a happier family lives here than does over at the place where all is in perfect order. I can speak from experience because I've had it both ways already, and I'm happier now. -Missouri

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A SLAVE DRIVER

I don't know if our problem could be called a big hurdle, but it sure wasn't pleasant at the time. Things seemed to run pretty smooth until our first child was born. I always helped my husband a lot in the fields and in the barn, as we had no hired help.

After the baby was born, he was asking me to help in the barn before I felt strong enough to risk it. Often when the baby was awake over chore time, I planned things the best I could to help, but still my husband wanted more help. This started wrecking my nerves; I often cried when he was out. I just couldn't be two people. Sometimes I took the baby along out, but it was winter and I didn't have a good place to put her in the barn.

The time I felt the most depressed was one time I had a headache. I didn't feel like helping at all, but I did. I always tried to hurry with the calves, and the small feeding chores, and then help with the milking (we have milkers). But on this particular evening he yelled, "Hurry, and get your feeding done, then help milk!"

I was hurrying as fast as I could, with my head pounding painfully, and then I couldn't help it— I quietly cried. Then I guess he was sorry, because he started talking about different subjects as I helped with the milking. But I was upset. I didn't join in the conversation.

But we loved each other, and with patience, tears, and and prayers, and by telling my husband how I felt, things shaped up again, and as the years pass, our love is growing stronger. -Pennsylvania

NO TIME AT HOME

Our main hurdle was my energetic husband, who never slowed down. He was never at home— always work, work, work. He runs a carpenter crew, and I can understand that it's a lot of fret, worry, and planning, but I just wanted him to at least be at home in the evening. I cried, begged, and pleaded. He just didn't have the habit of saying "No" when someone wanted work done, and so he always had more than he could do. Finally I made up the following poem, and put it in his lunchpail. It really helped.

The children ask, "Where is our Dad?"
Deep within my heart it makes me sad
Whenever you go they always cry,
Silent tears and a deep sigh.
My heart aches— a missing dad.
A family together— we'd be so glad.
Two daughters and two growing sons,
While Dad's always busy; eats while he runs.
Late at night, early in the morn,
I'm so alone, feeling forlorn.
Work, work seems to be your God.
Never at home to help use the rod.
All earthly sorrow soon shall cease
While joys eternal shall increase.
Too busy to think of our wasted past
In this daily race which will not last;
Too busy gathering dollar and dime
While for worthwhile things you haven't time;
Too busy to heed your orphans' cry
And with a glance you hurry by.
Please calm down to a slower pace,
Evenings at home-- smiles on our face!

-Pennsylvania

UNWORTHY OF RESPECT

Money can cause loss of respect for one's husband if a wife feels he does not care about bills being paid on time. If a husband buys and buys on payments and on loaned money, what is there for a wife to feel secure in her husband? Bills have caused me to be nervous and highstrung with my little ones. Worry over a man coming for his earned money and not getting it has caused me to lay awake at night. Really, I want to love my husband— but, I need to respect his ways, and be able to hope he is honest in his dealings with all men as a Christian should be. As my load of money thoughts gets heavier, the dear children grow to adulthood. Now I may confide in them, which helps me carry the burden better, but— is it good? No, for they will also lose confidence and love and respect for their father.

-State withheld

ACCEPTING ADDITIONS

I asked my husband what he would consider our marriage's biggest hurdle and he responded quite frankly as to the way I also felt. Perhaps after twenty-five years of marriage, it will change, but at the present our biggest adjustment comes with the expectation of each new addition to the family.

I suppose a major share of mothers feel degrees of concern to learn of another one on the way when hands are already full, and the budget is strained to the limit. On top of that, health and mood are usually at an all-time low, and husband wonders out loud why the wife is grouchy. Perhaps my selfish nature tends to think too much of the extra work and the sleepless nights.

This hurdle isn't overcome all at once, but the things most helpful are an understanding husband with words of encouragement and deeds of kindness. Psalms 139 is an outstanding chapter of encouragement. Renewed faith and trust in the Lord carries one along more victoriously day by day.

This hurdle later becomes a bundle of joy and I always wonder later why I had those feelings. Hurdles will come and go in life and surely the way we handle them will effect our eternal life. When husband and wife share the load, it's much easier and this is well-pleasing to the Lord. -Wisconsin

SCARS OF SIN

I feel our greatest hurdle started before marriage. We fell into sin, then after marriage we realized the seriousness of what we had done. But we thought we couldn't confess it before the people. We tried praying, but not until we fully repented and confessed our sin, and were dealt with by the church did we find peace in God. We know that God forgives, and we should forget, but the scar will always be on us. I would not write on this subject, except for the dear young people who don't realize how many dark days this can bring them. Oh, it nearly makes us weep when we see a young couple over whom Satan has had victory. We went through all this. A preacher one time said, "If you give Satan just your little finger, he will soon have your whole hand." I agree with him 100%. -Pennsylvania

SPIRITUAL DISUNITY

The biggest hurdle I have ever faced in our marriage was going to church by myself while my husband stayed at home and listened to his radio and tinkered with his tools. At first there wasn't any doubt in my mind but that I'd go on to our church. Soon Satan started putting restless thoughts in my mind, especially after our first baby was born.

After my husband bought a car, he sold our horse and buggy. Then I always had to depend on others' kindness for a way to church. How hard it is to go to church and leave my husband at home. Why does he prefer his worldly pleasures to going to church with his family and hearing God's Word preached?

I don't know the answers, but God knows why He lets this happen. It's hard to accept this way of life, but Jesus is helping me. We can't have Amish company for dinner, or go to their homes together for meals. I miss the company of friends. Our children miss so much by not being able to be more with other children of our religion. They realize they have it different and this makes it harder for some children to accept them. I can't stress enough the importance of a family worshipping together, singing and praying together. If you don't do this anymore, try to get back to it. Keeping our families together should be more important than our work or our own pleasures. -State withheld

A QUICK TONGUE

My husband's tongue has hurt our marriage the most. He has a quick temper and many times has said things to the children or me that wasn't for a Christian to say. He has asked me to help him and pray for him to overcome it. He doesn't get mad near as often anymore, but needless to say, it cuts to the heart. Also, his family at home was a gossip family and down-graded people. I feel Matthew 18 should be used instead of talking about others behind their backs. He does it when the children are around, too.

But he does have a sense of humor, and it can be used to the good. In times of strained conversation, he may quickly think of something else to talk about and the air is cleared. But too often in conversation or visiting, he has to say a joke, something silly, to have people grin. He is quite a talker, if it were only put to good use more of the time. In spite of being a talker, in things like family devotions I almost have to take the lead. Even the reading is easier for me than him; that hurts me.

Yes, he has many good qualities, too. He is a good provider. He will get about anything I want and I can have the checkbook whenever I want it. In fact, I'm the one who watches the pennies closer. He disciplines the children and expects obedience. In fact, better than he was disciplined when he was young. He is quick to see it when someone needs help and is right there to help them.

But still he "flies off the handle" and asks me what he should do. He prays to keep from doing it, and then it happens again. Besides praying and watching that I don't do anything to agitate him, I don't know how I can help. Pray for us, for I become discouraged, too. -Ohio

UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE

We haven't overcome the biggest hurdle in our marriage yet, which is not being able to communicate with each other. It seems sometimes we're going separate ways. It hasn't always been this way, only since I started to turn to the Lord for help through prayer and Bible reading. We both come from plain homes, but we weren't taught to pray, nor did we have family worship, but we always went to church and belong to it. We hear many good sermons. But maybe too often we leave them at church and go home and live like we always have. I hope there will be a change before it's too late. -Ontario

HOPE FOR FAILURES?

PROBLEM No.11

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

John Lapp stood in the doorway of his buggy shed and stared at the young couple driving out of his lane. He scowled unhappily, bit his lip, and stroked his beard. "I can't help it," he muttered to himself. "I just have to envy them. They don't know how lucky they are."

Why was John Lapp feeling envious? Simply because Ben and Esther Stoltzfus, the couple on the buggy, were happy with each other. That was all it took to make John Lapp mutter to himself, bit his lip and stroke his beard.

"If only our marriage could be different," John thought. But that seemed hopeless. In fact, John remembered that when he was young, someone had told him once that a couple can't expect to improve their relationship together after the first 24 months of marriage. If they haven't adjusted to each other, and made a happy marriage by that time, it was a lost cause. They might as well resign themselves to a miserable married life.

John sighed and started for the house. He was late for dinner, and no doubt, his wife Lena would start nagging and scolding as soon as he turned the doorknob. "Oh, well," he mumbled. "Let her scold."

What would you say? Could you give John Lapp any hope that his marriage could be rescued? Is there any way that a man and wife who have disagreed for ten years or more can improve their relationship? Is there any hope for unhappy marriages? Do you know of any couple who have been able to change from an unhappy marriage to a happy one? If you do, please send us a letter before our deadline of November 5, 1975

John Lapp and many others like him will be glad for any advice you can give him on how to improve his marriage. He's pretty well resigned to despair at the moment, but he really would like something better if he could begin to hope that it was possible.

This is the last of the MM questions, and the answers will appear in the December issue, so if you intended to write before and didn't, now is the time to do so.

Address your letter to:
Department MM
Family Life
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3

Deadline for Answers:

November 1st

WHAT DO YOU THINK

QUESTION:

"Clip-clop, clip-clop!" The horse's hooves beat a steady rhythm on the blacktop road as Susan Zook neared the edge of town. Today she would be going after the groceries. Her husband, Ben, usually did the shopping on Saturdays as there was always enough for her to do at home. Last Thursday Ben had gotten down with the flu and on Friday morning he had been a little better. Today he offered to stay with the children and look about the chores at home if she would do the shopping. Yesterday she had done as much of her Saturday's work as she could so there wouldn't be so much for today. This morning she had mopped up the floors while the children did the dishes.

They could easily do without her for one forenoon. This morning she had told Ben what to get ready for lunch and she would finish it when she came home, for surely she ought to be back for dinner time.

Now she was at the hitching rack so she quickly tied her horse and started for the grocery store. There was quite a list she needed but she would not be able to get all of it today. Ben was off work for two days this week and wasn't even there to get his pay check. It seemed there was always so much they needed and hardly ever enough money to go around. They were out of sugar again. Everything in the store seemed to tempt her but she quickly pushed on with her cart and got only what they had to have. She picked up a box of crackers but when she saw the price tag she put them back on the shelf again. They would go good with the chili which she had planned for that evening. But yesterday she baked bread so they would have to eat bread with their chili this time. She got a box of the cheapest margarine and a bag of flour. Oh, yes, she would need some can lids. She sighed as she left the store.

At the buggy she covered the groceries with a blanket and started for the dry goods store. Melinda, the two-year-old, had only one dress and that one could hardly be considered a good one. She found some blue material which she liked and bought enough for a dress and several shirts for the boys. Betty and Chris would need new coats before the winter but that would have to wait. Then she hurried out the store.

Now it was a quarter after eleven. In a half hour she would be at home.

"Why, hello, Susan, it's you," said a voice behind her. It was Connie Burke.

"Hi, Connie," Susan returned. Susan had worked for Connie's parents before she was married. Now Connie was grown up, had married and had two children of her own. Connie came right to the point. "I'm in a predicament, Susan," she started in. Today is my husband's birthday and I promised him we would eat out at the Steak House, then go to the club and dance. But I simply can't find a baby sitter anywhere. I've looked all over and nobody wants to take care of our children while we are gone, and it wouldn't suit to take them along to the dance. I remember how you used to take care of us when we were little and how you did such a nice job of housekeeping for us. Please, could you come stay with our children just a little while? I'd pay you extra well, why, I'd pay you ten dollars or even more if you wanted it, and we'd be back at least by four o'clock. I tell you I'm desperate. I have to find somebody."

Susan didn't answer. She knew her husband and the children would be watching for her at home very shortly. But she needed the money. Ten dollars would look pretty good with a husband at home sick.

When Susan hesitated, Connie took it as a sign that she was wanting more money. "I'll pay you fifteen dollars if you'll come," she pleaded.

"It- it's not that—" Susan said weakly but she could not refuse. Fifteen dollars for a half day's work was almost too good to be true. Before she knew what she was doing, she had put the material on the buggy and was getting into Connie's car.

Connie gave her a few instructions and then they were off. Susan busied herself with getting the children's dinner. The house needed cleaning badly. Dishes were stacked over the counters and the floors had not been cleaned for a long time. When the children had eaten dinner, she put them to bed and started working. "Fifteen dollars is a lot of money," she thought to herself. "I ought to keep myself busy all afternoon."

At a quarter to four, the door burst open and Connie and her husband came in. "We had such a grand time at the club," Connie told her. "You don't know how much we appreciate your coming to stay with the children. My, you've been working; how clean everything looks around here."

"Wonderful," commented her husband. He looked tired and exhausted from their afternoon's celebration.

Susan got her wraps and Connie drove her to the buggy and handed her the fifteen dollars. "Thanks a lot. You're simply wonderful," she told Susan.

A half hour later when Susan came home, she was anxiously greeted by a very concerned husband. "What happened? Where were you at? We were very much worried," Ben asked her in a very serious voice. The children crowded around her, too. It was plain to see that they must have had a rather unpleasant afternoon.

Then she told them the story of what had happened. Ben didn't seem to be very happy over the money she had made and neither were the children. The rest of the afternoon Ben was glum and hardly spoke a word. So Susan was not happy either.

That evening after the children had been put to bed, Susan could contain herself no longer. "Do you think I did wrong?" she asked her husband.

"Yes, I think you did," Ben said glumly.

"But I was only trying to help," Susan retorted. "We need the money."

That night Susan lay awake a long time. Her head was going round and round. Why had she done it? How did she look to her family? "It was only for the family I did it," she tried to excuse herself but still she couldn't feel altogether right. Then her mind went back to several weeks ago when her husband had gone to a sale one morning and didn't get back till late that night **after** they had finished choring and eaten supper. "That was worse than what I did," she told herself. Was she right or wrong? What do you think?

???

ANSWERS FROM JULY QUESTION. IS IT PROPER TO PAUSE FOR PRAYER BEFORE EATING AT A PUBLIC PLACE SUCH AS A RESTAURANT OR AT A SCHOOL MEETING?

Jesus condemned hypocritical praying as the Pharisees did, for they did all their works to be seen of men, Matt.23:5. They appeared righteous unto men but inwardly they were full of all kinds of iniquity. But I do not feel that this is any grounds for not praying in public. In I Thes. 5:18 it is written that we are to give thanks in all things for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us.

Are we ashamed to give thanks if the public sees us? Somewhere I heard the remark that in the judgement, beasts will rise up and condemn unthankful men who do not thank God before meals. If we truly love our heavenly Father and are thankful from our hearts we will give thanks. The Pharisees did not have this love for their Creator. They only wanted honor from men.
-Applecreek, Ohio

God knows all about us better than we do ourselves. He knows the attitudes behind each prayer. If it is done for show off, God knows it. If it is done in sincerity, He knows it, too. -Goshen, Indiana

Why should we have prayer before meals at home and then eat in public places without thanking? Those who pray to be seen of men are hypocrites but those who refuse to pray before meals whether in public or not, are also. -Sugarcreek, Ohio

To answer this question we need to look in the Bible and take it as a whole and not just certain parts of it to justify our views. What did Jesus do? When he fed the five thousand he prayed in public before the whole group of people, Matt.14:19. Also when he fed the four thousand in Matt.15:36. What did Paul do when they were being shipwrecked? Acts 27:28. It says he took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all. Many of these were not Christian people either.

Daniel also prayed where people could see him and for this he was thrown into the lion's den. Stephen prayed in public when he was being stoned.

I think the people of this world expect us to be different in our living and they watch us and read us more than they read the Bible. If we are ashamed to bow our heads and thank the Lord for our food in a sincere and quiet way, the Lord Jesus will be ashamed of us, too.
-Paradise, Pennsylvania

We were eating in a restaurant one time when a half dozen plainly dressed men and women came in talking, joking and laughing loudly. They ordered a meal and as each one got his, started eating right away. At another table a group of worldly dressed people were eating and I noticed they waited till all the plates of food had arrived and then bowed their heads in silence for a short time. I felt hot with shame for the attention my kind of people were drawing to themselves by their loud and rude manners. -Pennsylvania

A few months ago my husband and I had our supper in the restaurant part of a supermarket. After pausing a few moments for silent prayer, we started our meal. A young woman in modern dress came to our table and said, "Pardon me but I saw you saying grace a few minutes ago. I wish there were more people like you in the world today."

I think this is one way in which we can let our light shine. Of course it can be done in a wrong way such as bowing our heads a long time which would attract attention. -Millbank, Ontario

I also used to consider it a show to pray in public places. But we either identify ourselves with Christ and the Church or with the world and its unbelievers. Which shall it be? No wonder Paul prayed at the beach before embarking on his voyage on the sea. Acts 21:5. It says they kneeled down and prayed to the Lord of their faith (a rather noticeable act in public). -Ohio

I don't think we need to make long prayers or do it for honor to show that we pray because Christ says those who do this already have their reward. We ought to praise the Lord that we can do this unhindered in our free world. -Pennsylvania

Is it like the Amish of years ago to make a habit of eating at restaurants? Wouldn't it be better to buy a snack at the grocery store and eat it in the privacy of our buggy along with something hot, if we need it, from our thermos bottle? Then no one need question our prayers in public.

In our community, it's seldom that we see people eat in a restaurant who are financially well off. But the ones who are in debt, or work out (and complain about it) are often in eating places. -Missouri

I think the question should be reworded as "Is it proper NOT to have prayer in public such as before eating a meal?" I believe we find the answer in the examples of Jesus when he fed the multitudes (Matt.14:19 and Matt.15:36).

It is true that Christ condemned the public prayers of the Pharisees because they were long and loud to show how righteous they were. This attitude is what Jesus condemned.

I have been along with a group of men such as when working on a barn, when each had their lunch along and then each one sat down and started to eat as they were ready? Is this right? I'm afraid I haven't always set the example I should have, even if there were lots of older men there than I.

In our school district, a minister usually leads an a audible prayer. If no minister is present, meetings are usually opened with a period of silent prayer.

To sum up the matter, I would say that if a long audible prayer is offered to impress other people then we just as well forget about it for it is worth nothing. But if we pray in Spirit and the Truth, then the Father which sees in secret shall reward us openly. -Elmira, Ontario

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT - Our cover for this month was sketched by Mrs. Eva Bauman of St. Clements, Ontario.

ACROSS the WINDOWSILL
-by Aunt Becky

SUMMER HARVEST

When jars of jams and jellies,
Of corn and pickled beets,
Of beans and peas and carrots
And other garden treats,
Are lined up on the wooden shelves
Upon the fruit room wall,
I often seek the cellar's cool
With no excuse at all.

I love to see, if truth be told,
The labor of my hands...
For the canned fruits shine like jewels
From exotic foreign lands.
The vegetables bright, row on row,
Say I have done my best
To save the garden's bounty
With which we have been blessed.

To know I've done my share to fill
My hungry family's need
Gives me, as I scan the shelves,
A glow of joy indeed.

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IT SEEMS I HAVE a mania for clinging to non-working objects. Not until I'm sure they'll never work again, do I discard them. One of these objects happens to be dried-up ballpoint pens. I still have the faith that someone will sometime come up with a plan of how to make them work again. The closest I came to a successful solution is by letting the tips soak in kerosene.

One thing I discovered, pens that won't write can surely try some people's patience. I have seen persons who can go through great trials without a whimper. These same persons come to the end of their "long-suffering" when they meet up with stubborn pens. They pick up one and it won't write; They pick up the next and it is also dried up; by the time they pick up the third one, they are ready to bang it across the room. I guess the saying is true that people are more apt to stumble over small stones than over rocks.

AS THE CANNING season ends, it is time we soon begin to open those filled jars of good food. Mrs. Eli E. Miller Jr. writes: "To use up leftover fruit syrup from canned fruit, add an equal amount of water to the syrup and thicken with tapioca (3 tablespoons tapioca to 1 pint of liquid). A pinch of salt and a package of jello adds to the taste. Whipped cream may also be blended into the cooled tapioca.

It is always interesting to learn new methods of rewarming dishes. When rewarming macaroni which was made with milk, first toast bread crumbs in the frying pan. Then add the macaroni and enough milk to soak up the bread. Bring to a boil. Add salt and pepper.

When rewarming potatoes, Mother had used a small oblong spice can with a sharp edge to do her chopping. I appreciate seeing a family getting along with those usually-discarded items. Not long ago I was in a home of newlyweds who had a simple-made canning strainer. They cut the top from a plastic bottle which had a large enough opening to fit into a regular canning jar.

Tins are expensive. A small tin or a pint-sized one can be made by welding handles to tin cans.

Mrs. Enos Hoover, Jr. wrote: "If in a hurry to cut your noodles, iron them to make them dry faster."

If the mother who requested the soap bubble recipe, will send in her name and address, the recipe will be forwarded.

FROM DOVER, DELAWARE comes the answer on how to freeze eggs: "Stir up eggs as for scrambled eggs. Freeze 2 or 3 eggs in small containers to use later for baking. Eggs can hardly be used in any other way after they are frozen, except maybe for scrambled eggs which I haven't tried yet."

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WEDDING TAPIOCA

9 cups water
1 cup sugar
pineapples, as desired
salt
1 1/2 cups tapioca
2 small boxes pineapple jello
1 small box lemon jello

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RAISED DOUGHNUTS

2/3 cup shortening
2 eggs
1 cup mashed potatoes
2/3 cup white sugar
2 t. salt
1 pkg. yeast

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add eggs, salt and potatoes. Mix, and then add the yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup warm water and 1 teaspoon sugar (for 10 minutes). Beat well and then add:
7 cups all-purpose flour (unsifted)
2 cups water
Allow dough to rise overnight in cool place. Roll and cut out the doughnuts. Allow to rise until light. Fry doughnuts in hot deep fat. Dip in glaze while still warm.
Glaze: 3 cups icing sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.
These doughnuts can also be filled instead of glazed. (For this they will probably have to be rolled flat and then cut into oblong pieces instead of doughnut-shaped. -Aunt Becky)
Filling: 1 tablespoon Crisco shortening, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 tablespoons scalded milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon almond flavor. Mix, and then cut doughnut and fill.
-Mrs. Tobias Frey

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MEAT LOAF

3 lb. hamburger
1 cup milk
2 eggs
salt and pepper to taste
2 cups cracker crumbs
1 onion, cut fine
1 small bottle catsup

Put one half of catsup on top. Bake in a moderate oven until done.
-E.Y., Missouri

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PAPER BAG APPLE PIE

6 cups coarsely sliced or chopped apples
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 t. nutmeg
2 T. flour
2 T. lemon juice

Measure apples in a bowl; mix with 1/2 cup sugar, flour, nutmeg and lemon juice. Turn into unbaked pie shell. Pat down evenly.

Topping:

1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup brown or white sugar. Measure the butter, sugar and flour. Cut butter in with pastry blender until crumbs are the size of peas. Sprinkle this over the apples evenly and pat down fairly firmly around the edges. Slide the pie into a brown paper bag, fold end under pie. Put on a cookie sheet for easy handling. Bake at 425° for 50 minutes. Dividends: No scorched rim, no under-baked apples, no boiling over in your lovely clean oven, no grief.

-Esther Herrfort

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SIX-WEEK MUFFINS

6 cups bran (or all-bran cereal)
2 cups boiling water
4 eggs, beaten
1 quart buttermilk
5 t. soda
1 cup shortening (melted)
3 cups sugar (or less)
5 cups flour
2 t. salt

Pour the boiling water over 2 cups bran and let stand. Mix in shortening. Mix rest of bran with sugar, eggs, and buttermilk. Sift flour with soda and salt. Combine all ingredients and bake as needed at 400°for 20 minutes.

Mixture will keep 6 weeks or more in refrigerator. Makes 6 dozen. Dates, raisins or chopped apple may be added at baking time. This could be a big help to a mother who has a new baby. Even a quickie supper takes on new interest with tender, hot muffins.

-Mrs. Glen Mullet

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DUMPLINGS FOR STEW

1 cup sifted flour
2 t. baking powder
1 egg
1/4 t. salt
1/2 cup milk, cold

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Make a well in the flour; add milk and egg and stir lightly (as for biscuits). Drop on hot boiling stew or fruit by the tablespoons full. Cover tightly and simmer for 20 minutes, not removing lid at any time until cooking period is completed. (We use 1 quart canned strawberries for the stew.)

-Susan Burkholder (13)

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BAKED GREEN BEANS

1 qt. cooked green or yellow beans (or mixed)
1 - 10 1/2 oz. can mushroom or cream of chicken soup
1/2 cup water or milk
1 t. salt
1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Place beans in a baking dish. Dilute soup with milk or water and pour over the beans. Season. Cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes or until hot and bubbly.

-Mrs. Joseph A. Horst

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FRENCH ONION SOUP

Melt 1/4 cup butter or oleo in large pan. Add 3 large onions, sliced. Fry slowly until soft and golden. Add 1 quart beef broth and 1 quart water and 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Stir onions every so often while frying. Just before serving add a few sliced wieners. Serve with cheese crackers. For a richer soup, add a couple of beef bouillon cubes.

-M.S., Ohio

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APPLE CAKE

Sift together and set aside:

3 cups flour
1 t. soda
2 t. cinnamon
1 t. baking powder
1/2 t. salt
1 t. nutmeg

Combine and mix well:

1 cup oil
2 eggs
2 cups sugar

Add alternately the flour mixture and 1 cup water. Then add:

1 cup nuts
1 cup raisins
2 cups diced apples

Spread into a greased pan. Bake at 350°.

-Mrs. Jacob Byler

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

You can store your carrots in sawdust for the winter. They will stay nice until May then.

Have your comforter covers open at the side and you will get more wear from them as you then can have either end at the top.

Pull on detergent caps make nice whistles. Just press out the tip, then blow.

Put your baby in an infant seat to give his bath. Remove pad and put a towel on the seat to keep the baby from slipping off. -Mrs. Isaac G. Wenger

White contact may be used for short curtains and stuck right to the glass. -A.G.

When extension table sticks, pull apart as far as possible. Smear the sides thoroughly with paste wax. Wait 10 minutes, then apply another coat. Open and close a few times. This also works for drawers. If drawers are tight, use sandpaper first and then wax the drawer and the slide. -M. B.

Hand towels wear longer if you sew a washcloth on each end where they get the most wear. -Delaware

Boil clothespins in salt water to keep them from freezing.

Velveeta cheese boxes make good drawer dividers.

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Some Mothers Write

A 5-year-old pre-schooler rode the bus to school one day. When she was not dropped off in the evening where she was picked up in the morning, she asked, "Isn't he going to pick us off here?" -Virginia

A FATHER WRITES TOO

A little girl stays at our house. She had a slight cold and wanted to go out to play. "Cora, you better wear coat if you want to go outside," she was told.

"Oh, this is just last year's cold," she assured us.

-D.H.

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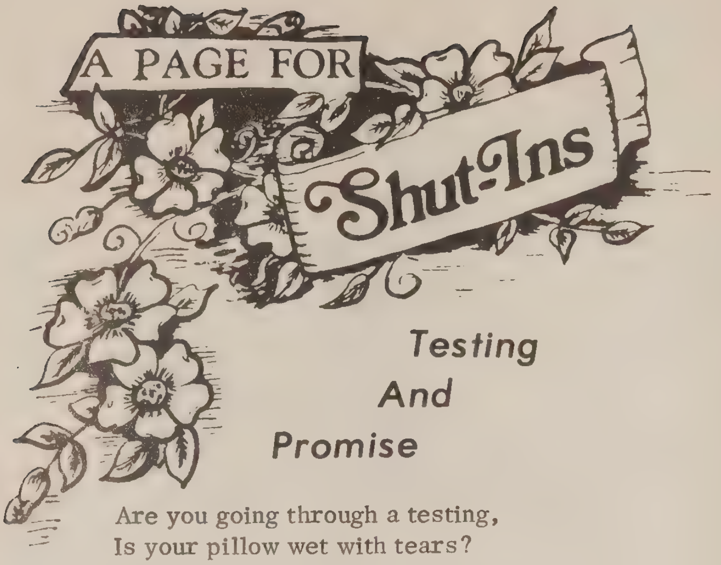
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

To blame our anger on our nerves will never release us from that sin.

Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Testing And Promise

Are you going through a testing,
Is your pillow wet with tears?
Do you wonder what the reason,
Why it seems God never hears?
Why it is you have no answer,
To your oft repeated plea,
Why the heaven still is leaden
As you wait on bended knee?

Do you wonder as you suffer,
Whether God does understand,
And if so, why He ignores you,
Fails to hold you in His hand?
Do black doubts creep in, assail you,
Fears without, and fears within,
Till your brave heart almost falters
And gives way to deadly sin?

All God testings have a purpose;
Someday you will see the light,
All He asks is that you trust Him—
Walk by faith and not by sight;
Do not fear when doubts beset you;
Just remember He is near.
He will never, never leave you,
He will always, always hear.

Faithful is He who has promised,
He will never let you fall;
Daily will the strength be given—
Strength for each and strength for all.
He will gladly share pain with you;
He will gladly give you peace
Till your tired and weary body
Finds its blessed, glad release.

When the darkened veil is lifted,
Then, dear heart, you'll understand
Why it is you had to suffer,
Why you could not feel His hand.
Giving strength when it was needed,
Giving power and peace within,
Giving joy through tears and trials,
Giving victory over sin.

So till then just keep on trusting
Through the sunshine and the rain,
Through the tears and through the heartaches,
Through the smiles and through the pain.
Knowing that our Father watches,
Knowing daily strength He'll give,
Victory for each passing hour,
This is life so let us live.

Sent in by a handicap- Titus H. Nolt

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Four Months Passed

A THOUGHTFUL LOOK was upon David's face as he sat in his favorite rocker with an open book on his lap. No, David was not reading; he was thinking and he had more to think about than he could comprehend. David was left a widower with a half-grown family. The four month that had passed since his companion was called away seemed like a long time. To him it seemed a lot of water had passed under the bridge since then. David was wondering if it seemed as long to other people too. But he decided time passed normally for his friends.

How well he remembered how many of them had told him at the time of the funeral the time would come when he would feel alone and almost forsaken. "But you are not alone," they told him, "for we will be thinking of you and praying for you."

While thinking upon these things, David felt very confused and almost alone. Today it had become evident that some of his friends were satisfying their curiosity at his expence, concerning second marriage. David felt the sympathy his friends had expressed in word and deed a few months ago and the satisfying of their curiosity now, just doesn't add up. There must be some wires crossed.

David's thoughts turned to Job's friends who had sympathized and wished to help Job, but they weren't helping him after all.

Then David turned his thoughts back to his own circumstances again. Probably the biggest difference between my friends and myself, David decided, is the difference in experience.

As he sat meditating upon the past, present and future, his own thoughts turned to second marriage. I don't know if there will ever be a second marriage or not, he mused, but if there will be, there will also be some suffering mingled in with the rays of joy that no one else will see.

A new thought struck David's mind. "I wonder if— no, I don't doubt it— there must be many more widowers throughout the Mennonite and Amish communities with the same feeling as I have."

Once more David was lost in thought. "If only there was a way to let my friends and the friends of those who have suffered like I have, know how we feel. I believe they would then leave the matter in our hands. I believe if they would feel one week the way we feel, there would be no more gossip."

Of course, there are many friends who are not involved in this, but to David they don't seem to stand out so much as the others do. -Ira R. Martin, Ontario

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A SHUT-IN PRAYS

As thy days so shall thy strength be. Deut. 33:25

O God, Thou hast made cheerfulness the companion of strength, but this cheerfulness so often takes wings in time of sorrow and pain; therefore, we humbly beseech Thee that if Thou sendest weakness, for Thy mercy's sake deny us not the comfort of patience— for patience and cheerfulness often go hand in hand. I know Thou wilt not lay more upon us, O heavenly Father, than Thou wilt enable us to bear; and since the fretfulness of our spirit is more hurtful than the heaviness of our suffering, grant us that heavenly calmness which comes of having Thee in our presence at all times. And give us cheerfulness, and also trust to always realize that Thou doest all things well. Grant this prayer, O heavenly Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen. -Selected

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(Continued from back cover)

CORNED BEEF

50 lbs. beef (roasts, steaks, or any choice cut)
Place meat in a large crock and add salt alternately. Let stand 24 hours. Rinse off roughly and pack in crock again. Make a brine of:

1/4 lb. baking soda	2 T. brown sugar
1/4 lb. salt petre	2 T. liquid smoke

Enough water to cover meat entirely. Put weight on top so meat will stay under the brine. This meat will be cured and ready for use in two weeks. It can then be cut in suitable pieces and canned. Cold pack 2 hours. If kept in a cool place, meat can be kept in crock for 3 months. In the summer the meat has to be watched carefully so it doesn't become moldy on top, for this will flavor the meat. -Mrs. Edwin Rissler

CROCK SAUSAGE

Put sausage in crocks and bake in the oven until the meat will be loose from the sides of the crock. Remove from oven, put weight on to press down until cold. Seal with melted lard. This keeps through the summer in a cool cellar. Cold-slice like canned hamburger.
-Mrs. Levi B. Frey

MEAT— for immediate use, or later

Spine, ribs and bacon can be put in salt water (strong enough to float an egg). To use, soak in clear water overnight so it will not be too salty.

Hams can also be put in salt water and may be kept for 6 weeks before smoking. -Mrs. Levi B. Frey

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

CYSTIC FIBROSIS

My nephew and wife have two cystic fibrosis children. Both sleep under a mist tent. This summer one of them was quite poorly. The parents heard that vegetable juice was good for this ailment, so some canned juice was bought and given to the children. Within a few days there was a marked improvement. Their putrid bowel movements became normal which was surprising. They are now drinking the fresh juices of carrots, celery, cabbage, cucumber, red beets, etc. Although the children remain thin, they are able to attend school this fall. -Aunt Sarah

HIGH FEVER REMEDY

Our year-old daughter was in the hospital with a very high fever, which caused hard convulsions. She was home only a few days until the fever returned and she was again taken to the hospital. The doctor had told us to sponge her to lower the fever, but this brought no results.

The third time she got sick, we were advised to beat 1 egg white slightly with a fork, add sugar to sweeten, enough cold water to make 1/2 cup, and have her drink it. This remedy saved us a third trip to the hospital. We have had very good results with this.
-Mrs. Aaron Jantzi

FOR BURNS

I always keep a little jar of applebutter in the cupboard in the kitchen for minor burns. It is very good.
-D. M.

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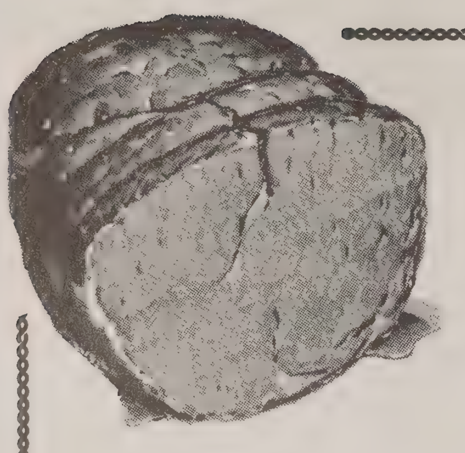
ANSWERS TO KNOW YOUR GERMAN from page 15

1. Blosz A. bare, nude, unprotected, deprived (of), pure, "...es ist aber alles blosz und entdeckt vor seinen Augen..." Heb. 4:13.
2. Darf D. permit, allow, may, can "...Wer gewaschen ist, der darf nicht, denn die Füsze waschen," Joh. 13:10.
3. Ehrbar C. honorable, of good repute, respectable, honest "Dasselben gleichen ihre Weiber sollen ehrbar sein..." I Tim. 3·11.
4. Eigensinnig D. headstrong, self-willed, stubborn, obstinate "...als ein Haushalter Gottes, nicht eigensinnig, nicht zornig, nicht..." Tit. 1:7.
5. Eitel B. vain, conceited, frivilous, idle, empty "...sondern sind in ihren Dichten eitel geworden..." Rom. 1:21.
6. Entsetzet C. terror, fright, dread, displace, suspend, depose, relieve "...hören werdet von Kriegen und Empörungen, so entsetzet euch nicht..." Lu. 21:9.
7. Gelinde A. gentle, soft, light, mild, tender, smooth "...nicht unehrliche handthierung treiben, sondern gelinde..." I Tim. 3:3.
8. Herrschen A. rule, govern, be master, prevail "...nicht als die über das Volk herrschen, sondern..." I Pet. 5:3.
9. Hieb D. slash, blow, hit, cut, gash "...und hieb ihm sein rechtes Ohr ab." Lu. 22:50.
10. Hinter C. back, hind, backside "Von dem an gingen seiner Jünger viele hinter sich..." Joh. 6:66.
11. Neuling C. beginner, novice, stranger "Nicht ein Neuling, auf dasz er sich nicht aufblasze..." I Tim. 3:6.
12. Nütze B. useful, profitable "...Das Fleisch ist kein nütze. Die Worte, die ich rede.." Joh. 6:63.
13. Ort D. place, spot, site, region, locality "...folgten ihm aber seine Jünger an denselben Ort." Lu. 22:39.
14. Schlund C. throat, gullet, gorge, gulf, crater "Ihr Schlund ist ein offenes Grab.." Rom. 3:13.
15. Schneide B. cut, cutting edge, sharpness "...nicht bedecken, so schneide man ihr auch das Haar ab..." I Cor. 11:6.
16. Sittig A. modest, chaste, polite, well-bred "...eines Weibes Mann, nüchtern, mäszig, sittig, gastfrei..." I Tim. 3:2.
17. Trotzen B. defy, bid defiance to, be obstinate, oppose "Oder wollen wir dem Herrn trotzen? Sind wir.." I Cor. 10:22.
18. Ueberflusz D. surplus, plenty, "Denn diese alle haben aus ihrem Ueberflusz eingelegt..." Lu. 21:4.
19. Vergossen B. shed, poured, spilled "...in meinem Blut, das für euch vergossen wird." Lu. 22:20.
20. Vornehmste C. chief, the greatest or highest (rank) "....und der Vornehmste wie der Diener." Lu. 22:26.



MEAT CURING HINTS

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING BOLOGNA

"I WAS DISAPPOINTED to see so few directions for the summer bologna (Feb. issue). There are many things involved when making bologna; such as, size of bologna, size of kettle, amount of water, the heat of the fire, etc. I have been making this bologna for nearly 30 years, and using the following directions:

Smoke bologna several hours. Then cook in water heated to 160-175 degrees until the bologna squeaks when pressed with the thumb. A bologna as round as a pint jar cooks in 1 hour. At the end of 1 hour, cut one in half. You can tell by the color if it is done. Too hot water makes the bologna dry. When finished, plunge in cold water to chill. Wrap and store in deep freezer (or can). If tender beef is used no pork need be added.

-Anna Strite

HOW TO CURE MEAT

Trim your meat then chill thoroughly through and through at 40°. Never put salt on the meat before it is thoroughly chilled for salt blocks the body heat. If the body heat does not escape the inside bones may sour before the salt or cure penetrates. Be careful the meat does not freeze.

For 100 lbs. of meat, use 7 lbs. salt, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 oz. salt petre. For hams use 1/2 the required amount and about a week later the remainder 1/2. For bacon use 1/2 of the cure recipe. Apply the meat cure only once for bacon and also for the 100 lbs. of meat. Using a cup measure, fill it slightly rounding with the cure for every 10 lbs. of meat (bacon and hams), putting a second cup on the hams a week later.

When curing hams, poke cure around the bones, especially the shank end, with your fingers and finish by patting the remainder on the meat side. Put the meat in a wooden box which has a few drain holes. Place in a cool cellar or room, keeping the temperature between 45 and 36°, if at all possible, and not below freezing. Two days are required for curing, for every pound of hams. A 25 lb. ham requires 50 days. The curing time may be shortened somewhat for a very large ham. Bacon: curing time is 1 1/2 days for each pound of meat.

After the meat is cured, soak it in cold water for 1/2 to 1 hour; then scrub to remove excess salt and mold which forms if your curing room is too warm. This mold won't hurt the meat. TO SMOKE: Pass a twine through shank of hams or shoulders. For bacon: Push a stiff wire through one end to hold it stiff. Put a twine through the meat under the wire to hang it up. Meat will color better when dipped in hot water a few seconds, scrubbing it briskly.

When the meat is cured and smoked, wrap it in a large paper bag. Double the top over and tie it tightly so no flies can enter. The skipper fly which lays eggs to hatch worms, can't be kept out of a room with regular window screens. Hang the meat in a reasonable dry room as this will prevent it from becoming moldy. If it molds, just brush it off. Never wrap your cured meat in plastic.

After you begin cutting a ham, swab some vegetable oil on the cut. This will prevent mold to some extent. This way hams can be kept a long period of time. Some people say they are better the second year than the first. Preferably, they should be aged several months as they will lose their saltiness. If still too salty, soak or cook lightly and pour off the first water.

We do quite a bit of meat curing and have very good results with this recipe. Meat cured with this method will keep without smoking.

-Richard Habegger

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TO CURE HAMS (170 to 175 lb. hams)

2 cups salt	3 T. brown sugar
3 T. black pepper	1 T. red pepper

Mix well. Rub into ham, taking special care around the bone. Wrap into brown paper then into cloth. Bind tightly. Let lay a few days then hang up with bone end down (as a hog stands).

-Missouri

CURED HAMS, SHOULDERS (100 lbs.)

1/2 lb. brown sugar	2 oz. black pepper
1/2 oz. salt petre	2 quarts salt

Dissolve salt petre in 1/2 cup warm water. Mix all ingredients, then cover meat with cure. Place in a cold place for about 3 weeks for hams and shoulders, and less for bacon. Hang up to dry, then smoke with hickory blocks until chestnut brown. -Mrs. John A. Wenger

(Continued on inside back cover)

FAMILY LIFE

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November

1975

Letters
TO THE EDITOR

INFERIORITY IS THE PROBLEM

I just got done reading the article "Accepting Ourselves As We Are" in the Aug.-Sept. issue and appreciated it very much. I see now I also have an I-C although I did not realize that this was my problem until I read the article. When I came to that part which said how an I-C is born, I tried to think back to where mine started and I can't really remember.

My reactions come in several ways. I am constantly running myself down to other people. I always thought this is being humble but I see now it is as you pointed out so well, really a form of pride. I am a girl and have often been told I am pretty but no matter how much people tell me that, I can't think so myself. I used to think the saying, "She knows it, too," meant just that but what it really means is if somebody is proud of their beauty. People could easily think that about me because in public I act bold outward. It looks as if I could not "scheam" myself (be ashamed of myself). That, too, makes me feel inferior. It seems to me other people always know how to act a lot better than I do. Thanks for pointing out my problem.

-Trying To Do Better

OUR PLACE IN LIFE

Hurrah! The article on inferiority complex has come at last. I was anxiously waiting for it. After reading it several times, I decided it fits me all right but here is something I can't understand. What does it mean that such people are not resigned to the place in life God has dealt to them? Also at the end of the article it says such an attitude does not give God the credit He deserves and is an obstruction that makes it difficult for God to have His way in a person's life. Would I understand from this that I am trying to run my own life without God's help and am not fully surrendered to His will?

-Nappanee, Indiana

EDITOR'S NOTE- By not being satisfied with the way we are created and the place we have been given in life, we fail to fulfill the purpose which God has intended for us in life.

OVERCOMING DISCOURAGEMENT

Your article on Inferiority Complex was of great interest to me for I am also in this group. Here is a thought I like to keep in mind when I am on the verge of discouragement. "Those who have only a few talents are as precious in the sight of the Lord as those who have many."

I believe there are two steps to be taken in overcoming discouragement. First of all, recognize it. Face it fully, possible some of us have never done this. Face it for what it is — sin. I call it sin because in Romans 14:23 we read that whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Then secondly, refuse it and reject it in Jesus' Name the same as you would sin and the devil. Give it absolutely no place as there is no place for it in our life for Christ.

I once heard a minister say it is wrong to feel ourselves better than other people but that it is equally wrong to feel ourselves so much smaller that we can hardly bring ourselves to face other persons to talk to them. This is something I have not yet fully overcome.

In conclusion I would like to give the remedy which our minister gives in overcoming any sin or shortcoming. He says, "Pray as if it all depended upon God and try to overcome it as if it all depended on yourself."

-Still Trying, Pa.

DWELLING UPON OURSELVES

Concerning the article, "Accepting Ourselves As We Are" the question came to me, where is the line between being humble and feeling inferior? There was a time when I did not know that my feelings of inferiority were not true humility. I can see now that when we are depressed and feeling inferior, we are dwelling upon ourselves and this is pride because we want to be what we are not.

A prayer: "Oh, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love." When we can truly make this our prayer, we don't think of our own condition so much as that of others. When we begin to feel our own humility, we have lost it for we have become proud of it. With this prayer in mind, we do not refuse consolation, understanding and love from our fellow pilgrims, we only seek these things more for others than for ourselves. -Ira R. Martin, Ontario

HUSBAND IS NOT ACCEPTED

After reading "Accepting Ourselves As We Are" I came to seeing some of my own feelings. My inferiority complex is not about myself, but strange as it may sound, it is about my dear husband. As I think back now, I believe it all started when my older sister married a quiet but respectful husband while our family at home was always more talkative and witty. I always felt he was not quite accepted in our family because of the way he was.

Now in later years who should I marry but my brother-in-law's brother? Although he is not as quiet as my sister's husband, he is not an easy conversationalist away from home. Now every time I go to my parents I have the feeling my husband is not accepted since he does not talk as much as the rest of the family and inlaws (except his brother). We've been married a number of years and I'm still fighting this feeling. I hope I can sometimes overcome it, or better yet, find out it's only imagination.

-Name Withheld

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

A HOME WITHOUT FLOWERS

Concerning the "Schoene Blumen" letter in the Aug.-Sept. issue, I cannot agree with you because I like flowers. If I plant flowers to outshine (or outbloom) the neighbors, it is wrong because then it is pride. But if I plant flowers because of a love for God's creations, is that wrong? Often while working with my flower friends, the ones that never fade come to my mind. How can this be wrong, to think of heaven? And then when the plants bloom, it's such a pleasure to share the flowers with friends, perhaps sick or poor folks.

I feel like the person who said, "A home without flowers is like a person without a smile." Of course you have a right to your opinion the same as we do to ours, but if you ever visit Gap, you'll find a bit of a "smile" here. I'm just a young girl but I'm guessing you're a man, but I may be wrong. -Mary Zook

EDITOR'S NOTE- Your guess is wrong.

A PERFECTLY FORMED PETAL

I believe the writer of "Schoene Blumen" feels that the most important part is to spend our time for spiritual things. We agree, yet perhaps she has failed to notice God's great handiwork in each perfectly formed petal, the many different colors that form a rainbow on earth, which can also be a rainbow of promise in a different way from the one in the sky.

Who but God can make anything so perfect and so beautiful as a flower? We think of the song "How Great Thou Art" as we work in reverence among the flowers and find peace and calm which comes from God alone.

Have you ever felt the awe and rapture as the first spring flowers push their way through the earth to bring us the message of a living hope? Christ died and now He lives again. God's promise of springtime is again fulfilled.

Have you never, when you were discouraged, watched a tiny pansy growing against all odds and lifting its smiling face to Heaven? Or taken a rose to a friend who is nearing the end of life's journey and watched the smile and heard the breathtaking sigh? Or have you never spent weeks in a hospital bed imprisoned by the "high bare walls" and a friend sent you flowers from her own garden? They carry a message of love, courage, concern and prayer support. They make us think of God who caused them to grow.

Many beautiful flowers, scattered upon our land
Have been wonderfully created by God's almighty hand;
As I turn my face to Heaven, all my heart and mind
stress
Is-- flowers truly are a beauty, that our words can
not express. -Waterloo, Ontario

A WORLD WITHOUT FLOWERS

After I had read "Schoene Blumen," I had to think, what would we do without flowers? God makes the flowers grow. Why? To make the earth a lovelier place. Flowers bring cheer to a sick or bedfast person. Surely God likes flowers because there are so many wild ones.

When I'm working with flowers and in the garden, I feel closer to God than any other time in my daily work. -A Flower Lover

TOO REAL FOR COMFORT

"Be Ashamed Of Yourself" in the Aug.-Sept. issue was a very worthwhile article and more real than most of us like to admit. Story No. 1, we would think would not need to be once named among us but sad to say some able-bodied men have not been ashamed to accept unemployment compensation.

Story No. 2 happens more often. Young people are not ashamed to riot and destroy other people's property. Sad to say some parents are not ashamed to defend them and say such things were done when they were young, too. Some laugh as if it were merely a joke but what they are really doing is trying to justify the young people's actions.

Story No. 3 was sad although I don't know of any daughter who did like poor Abe's daughter, but there are many who are not ashamed of their nakedness. I know of a community where groups of girls go swimming in the skimpiest attire. Don't these mothers know of their daughters' doings or do they deliberately let their children go against Bible teachings? I believe all of us parents say "Shaem dich" when our children are small, but somewhere along the line the schammer is lost or we are not teaching them right morals. It seems like lots of girls think that in order to be popular they must be loud and boisterous and yet that is what some of the boys go for. If the boys could only realize that a quiet reserved wife is the best then more of these deserving girls would get husbands, and the husbands would get wives they would not need to be ashamed of. Alas, if the schammer continues on the way out as it has the last while, what is going to happen to our churches? -Pennsylvania

NOT SORRY FOR THEIR MISDEEDS

The article on being ashamed is so true to life. Many stories are related of incidents from the "young days" when everything was fun. When married folks aren't sorry for the misdeeds done in younger days but keep relating them, then the young people will think, "If it wasn't wrong for them, then it isn't for me, either." Anyone who is truly born again will not laugh but will be sorry for past mistakes. If we don't think it is wrong, we should ask ourselves, "Would we do or say this in Jesus' presence?" Many a sin could be avoided if we'd keep this question in mind. -Trying to do better

NOTHING THAT'S RIGHT

When I read the story, "Only Young Once" in July issue, I had to think of many young people who are doing such things and their parents are saying those very words or I miss my guess. It's disturbing the way some young folks are doing and the parents or even other older people say, "Leave them alone, they're doing nothing wrong" when they're really doing nothing that's right or Christian-like.

It makes it bad for the younger generation and I wonder what it will be like in years to come. Many people would rather not do anything about it because they're afraid they'll be looked down on from the youngfolks. Are we so helpless that we can't stand our ground when there's something that needs correcting? What's wrong with us plain people anyway? If we just think "They're only young once" what will happen to all the innocent little children who are growing up now? -Midwestern Reader

DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

I would like to give a word of advice to the wife who wrote "How Not To Build" (MM, August issue). Don't just stand there and watch your marriage being torn apart. Do something about it! Talk with your husband and your older sister separately about it of the seriousness of their actions. And tell your older sister kindly but frankly to find another place to live, that under the circumstances, she is no longer welcome to live in the same house with you. But first before you do anything, don't forget to take it to.the Lord in prayer and it's good for anyone to fast occasionally.

-Just trying to help, Ohio

THE BEST TRANSLATION

Concerning the article, "Popcorn on the Floor" in Aug.-Sept. Family Life, I would suggest Daddy Miller might profit from the following little story:

Three men were talking about some of the recent translations of the Bible. The first one said, "I like the Phillips version. It's so easy to read. The Revised Version isn't bad either."

"Maybe," the second man shrugged his shoulders, "but believe me, nothing compares to the King James version."

"I know a better one," the third man said.

"What do you mean?"

"I like my mother's translation the best. She translated the Bible into life and it was the most convincing translation I ever saw."

If Daddy Miller would put his instructions to Ruthie into action and live what he teaches (and cleaned up his own mess) he might not have to shout at the children to get them to do as he wants them to. (Ont.)

-One who has learned you can't be too careful

LOTS OF WORK BEHIND IT

I enjoy the "Yesterday and Years" articles in Family Life. I realize a little how much work is behind such an article for years ago I helped my dad get up a family record and history. Oh, what work! I especially enjoyed "Kannst Du Deitsch Schwetza?" That was a jolly good article. "Schwetz da David dengeh" and keep up the good (and hard) work. -Ohio Reader

TALK THAT UPSETS PEOPLE

We are glad to have and to read such articles as are in your paper. Today while with relatives, we discussed various topics as is usually the case when a group of women get together. We talked about the way the young folks are acting, how the few that want to be decent have formed a small group that gather once a week to sing hymns and of the struggles they have with those who call them the "better-than-we-are-bunch." Also of world conditions, the two attempts on our president's life, of communism creeping in and taking away our children under the new government that is supposed to come into being soon. All of which may or may not be true. However, it made two immediate impressions on me.

First, that the devil is glad that such talk greatly upsets me and usually causes me to worry, fret and lose sleep. I believe this is the way he uses to try to undo the faith I have been building up the last several years.

Secondly, I am grateful that I can still pray for my family, that we can still teach our little ones to pray, sing, and trust in a Higher Power so that if they are ever taken into other hands than ours, they will remember to remain steadfast to the end. I am glad we can still pray for our government, our church and our fellowmen, and for ourselves that we may have courage to rise above despair and have more patience and love for little ones so that we will not have regrets later on.

We are not to worry, but should trust that God will never forsake us, but will make a way of escape for us so that we and our loved ones will not be overcome by temptations. If we are really concerned by world conditions, then let us earnestly pray for one another and be joyful each day, for discouragement is one of Satan's greatest tools. But it can be overcome by trusting in God completely. -Ohio

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, Lord, this glorious day
For all the goodness sent our way,
For rain and sun, shadow and light,
For darkened clouds, with rainbow bright,
For love and joy, tempered with pain,
For loss and sorrow, replaced by gain,
For all that keeps us good and true,
For faith that fills our hearts anew.

For strength to face these war-torn years,
For love that stills hatred and fears
And bids us love both friend and foe
And leads us through this vale of woe.
We thank Thee, Lord, for this and more,
So may our praise ring o'er and o'er
That come what may if joy or pain
We see within a Christian gain.

We thank Thee, too, for gifts so rare—
For family, friends— the ones who care—
For loving parents who have taught
The way to take with dangers fraught,
To keep our lamps all trimmed and bright,
And help a brother through the night;
But most of all for Thy dear Son
Who came to earth for everyone.

-Mrs. Joe D. Byler

WHAT IS A HANDICAP?

There is one thing in your paper which puzzles me. I notice that you frequently call a handicapped person a "handicap." I always thought a handicap is a condition that hampers a person or keeps him from doing what others are able to do. If I were a handicapped person, I would not like to be called a "handicap." I would like to be called a handicapped person. -Mrs. I. Z., Pa.

EYES ARE OPENED TO SOME THINGS

We enjoy Family Life from cover to cover. Though we may not agree with everything, there is much more that we do agree with so we don't feel like criticizing. Often it takes a letter in Family Life to wake us up to something we had not thought about before. Many things we take for granted until our attention is called to them. The girls and I are now wearing coverings at night, I no longer buy flowered towels and many other things that our eyes have been opened to. Hope we can always get your magazines. -Mrs. J. S., Ohio

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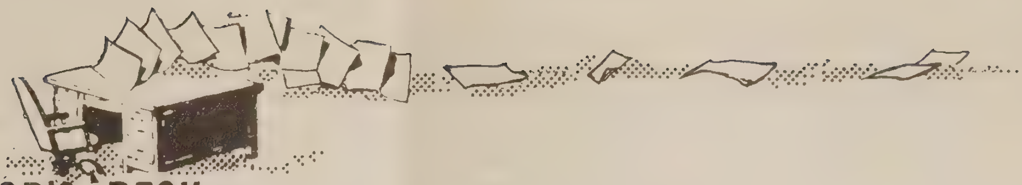

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

IN THIS ISSUE we are printing a number of letters disagreeing with a letter which was printed in the August-September issue. The letter in question warned against spending too much time in caring for an excessive amount of flowers in the garden. We thought it was a valid point. However, a number of readers apparently understood the writer was calling it wrong to have any flowers in the house or garden. We feel they also have a valid point.

It is not our intentions to let the pages of this magazine be used as a tool to fight out people's differences of opinion. Although there is room for some differences in understanding, to publish all kinds of conflicting and unscriptural opinions and expect the readers to accept only what is good, would be very confusing. During the first years of Family Life, we did use some letters in "Letters To The Editors" which were of this type and also received a number of complaints about them which we felt were well founded. Although we may not altogether agree with some of the opinions expressed, our policy at present is that if we feel a letter is misleading or unscriptural, we simply do not print it.

As far back as anyone can remember, our people have had flowers in the house and garden and planted shrubs and trees about the home. Some of my fondest childhood memories center around playing in the garden plucking the petals of the salvia and sucking out the sweet juice, or romping around the hedge ball colored little shrubs which we called Christmas trees (burning bush).

As far as houseplants are concerned, we have seen where a needless display has been made and where there were so many flowers, it looked like a florist shop instead of a living room. Sometimes people will take almost better care of their flowers than of their children, and if a stem is broken off, perhaps raise as much fuss as if a child were to break his arm.

We have also seen where, in order to show their disapproval of too many houseplants, people have gone the other extreme and called it wrong to have any houseplants at all. One minister I know of, changed his mind after he learned that houseplants take carbon dioxide out of the air and put oxygen into the air. They also act as efficient and natural air fresheners and neutralize unpleasant odors about the house.

SOME TIME AGO we made mention on this page of the newspaper among our people called "Die Botschaft" and pointed out some of its advantages. Several of our readers who are not of the Old Order, apparently took offense at what was said and expressed surprise that their letters should be objectionable in a newspaper which goes into Amish homes. This is not necessarily so, because we did not mean to say that the majority of such letters are objectionable. However, there seem to always be some who touch on doctrinal or everyday subjects in such a way as to undermine the teachings of the Old Order plain groups. Most people simply ignore those letters, but recently I decided to look through one issue of the weekly newspaper which contains these letters and I was surprised at what I found.

First there was a religious sounding letter which spoke of the "Anabaptist Vision" and the faith of the martyrs written by a man who presently makes his living at an occupation which no Old Order person would engage in. In another letter, the writer spoke with disdain of the way in which all the Old Order Amish church services in North America are conducted. Another letter extolled the value of taking photographs and advocated everyone should take a picture of themselves on their wedding day and save and cherish these pictures unless its against "church regulations." All three of these writers were brought up in Amish homes. I am not really blaming the writers as I think all three would feel they respect the Amish and are sympathetic to many of their beliefs.

This particular issue of the newspaper which I looked through had eighteen pages with 240 different letters. To read them all would take as much time as to read a large sized book. That's what I appreciate about Die Botschaft. It is much smaller and contains only those letters in which most of our people are interested in. You don't have to wade through eighteen pages and a lot of advertising to find what you want.

IN THIS ISSUE we are again including a list of books we have for sale at the Pathway Bookstore. Please save this list for ordering throughout the year. There are

HELP DIE BOTSCHAFT

The weekly news-letter paper for the Old Order Amish people, by the Old Order Amish people, printed by the publishers of The Budget.

What we need now is more subscribers and advertisements for Die Botschaft. The publishers of The Budget have been cooperative enough to start printing the paper, so let us now also try to do our part.

If you receive Die Botschaft, would you please share it with a neighbor or friend, in hopes of getting more subscribers. If you do not now receive Die Botschaft, but are interested in subscribing for it, will you please do so now or at earliest convenient time.

Maybe some would want to send a gift subscription to their children, or a friend. It would also help to contribute something to Die Botschaft, such as a newsletter, some helpful hints or some interesting history, as some are now doing to help get Die Botschaft started and on its feet.

The price is still $7.00 per year, but we're not sure how long that price can be maintained, You may send the order with check to: Die Botschaft, Box 428, Sugarcreek, Ohio 44681, including full name, route, box number, city, state and zip.

Thanking all for help and cooperation to date.

Ezra Wagler
Route 3, Box 179
Bowling Green, Missouri 63334

quite a few books which were never included before, especially in the children's section.

We like to select books which are "worth the money" but with the rise in prices of everything, it is becoming hard to find books at the prices we were used to selling them. Especially in the children's books, some are rather small for the money, and many of these we have listed the number of pages so you will not be expecting a book of 300 pages and be disappointed when it comes to find it has only 64. But they are still worth the money, we feel, because the price of everything else has gone up. Many farm items are now twice as high as they were a few years ago, so we should not complain if the things we buy go up too.

I would especially like to call attention to the list of books at special prices included in this issue. These are all outstanding bargains for anyone who needs them and we encourage our readers to take advantage of them. Some are a limited supply and when they are gone, they are gone.

△

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

COMMUNISTS MORE CHRISTIAN LIKE?

Since the Communists have taken over South Vietnam, they have turned Saigon from a city of sin into a capital of austerity. The night life which was so common has now disappeared and the motto is "Early to bed and early to rise." Prostitutes and drug peddlers have been rounded up and warned to abandon the "dark and hopeless road" which the Americans and their allies forced upon them. Liquor bars and dancing houses have been closed and turned into ordinary restaurants to serve wholesome foods. Pornagraphic literature has disappeared from book shops.

City officials live a simple life, travel to and from work on bicycles. Gas stations have been closed and many cars and motorcycles which formerly clogged the streets have vanished. Air conditioners have been switched off to conserve fuel. Foods consist of simple fare of rice, vegetables, dried fish and shreds of meat. Jewelry shops have gone out of business or been converted to restaurants selling noodle soup. Many people are wearing "Ho Chi Minh" shoes which are sandals cut out of rejected automobile tires.

Many movie houses which used to show western films are now closed and thousands of records of pop music have been destroyed.

But the regrettable part is that instead of providing the people with Bibles and Christian literature, they are given only Communist propaganda. How sad that the representatives of the U.S., which is supposed to be a Christian nation, did not leave a better record behind.

SLOWER DRIVING IS SAFER

The death toll from U.S. highway accidents in 1974 was 10,000 lower than the 1973 figures. Experts agree the primary reason for the lower toll was the 55-mile-an-hour speed limit which was enforced in 1974 because of the fuel shortage.

The benefits of driving more slowly are so obvious they become a convincing argument to continue enforcements of the limits in 1975. This still continues to be the maximum speed laws but in many states enforcement has become lax. This law enforcement makes it not only safer for the cars but also for the buggies.

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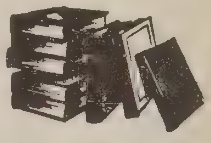
the Bookshelf



ALABAMA TORNADO compiled by Gideon L. Fisher R.1, Ronks, Pa.

The third of April, 1974 will be remembered as the date of some of the most destructive tornadoes in the history of the nation. More than a hundred separate tornadoes left a path of death and destruction through eleven different states from Alabama into Canada. Alabama alone had 75 deaths and 223 hospitalized, with property damage of more than 100 million. This little booklet tells how helping hands from Pennsylvania travelled nearly a thousand miles to help clean up and rebuild after the tornadoes in Alabama. A bus load a week left starting very early on Monday mornings, arriving there that night in time to start to work on Tuesday morning. Men, boys and also some girls volunteered to donate their time helping the needy. Transportation costs were paid for by donations from the different churches.

Very few people in Alabama had ever heard of the Amish or Mennonites before. They were given a hearty welcome. More than seventy different church groups offered to provide meals for the workers. The destructive force of the tornadoes was unbelievable. At one place a house was picked up, carried about twenty miles miles and set down again without tearing it apart. A sign from a store front from an Alabama town was carried to Canada and dropped close to Montreal. This little book has 94 pages and makes an interesting evening of reading. Paperback. Price $1.25.

HOW TO WATCH THE BIRDS by Roger Barton. There are about 650 different species of birds in the U.S. during the summer months. The author of this book says, "Anyone can be a bird watcher who goes outdoors, or who supplies seeds and suet to the feathered visitors during the winter or who takes an interest in watching them even through the kitchen window." The only effort required is leisurely walking and the only equipment needed is perhaps a pair of field glasses. There are chapters on feeding the birds, building nesting boxes and shelters, planting shrubs to attract birds, keeping records, watching birds at night by the light of the moon, bird banding, collecting old nests, etc. Written in common everyday language for anyone to understand and follow. This is a clothbound book containing 180 pages, now available at a special price of $1.49.

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Does any of the readers have the song, "Strong drink is raging— God's wrath— ....Touch not, taste not, handle not;... 'Twill ruin body, ruin soul...Touch not, taste not, handle not...."

THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION

Well may thy servants mourn, my God,
The church's desolation;
The State Zion calls aloud,
For grief and lamentation.

Once she was all alive to Thee,
And thousands were converted,
But now a sad reverse we see,
Her glory is departed.

Her pastors love to live at ease,
They covet wealth and honor,
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.

Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted,
The church they lead and ruin too,
Her glory is departed.

Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them;
Riches and fashions they adore,
With these the world has bought them.

The Christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false hearted,
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

And has religion left the church
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search
That I may once more find her?

Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken hearted
Who weep when they of Zion say,
"Her glory has departed."

Some few like good Elijah stand,
(While thousands have revolted)
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.

With such religion doth remain
For they are not perverted,
Oh, may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

-Sent in by a concerned grandmother

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

POINTING OUT SOMETHING BAD

"A woman for a doctor! What would she know anyway?"

As I listened to the conversation it sounded as if this doctor were cruel and heartless with very little sympathy for her patients.

How it hurt me as I sat back and listened to the conversation. I knew that most of these people who were passing their opinions never had any experience with her and some didn't even know her. It so happens that I knew her for she helped bring all eight of our children into the world. I have much respect for her. I truly feel she knows her business even if she may have some faults, for what doctor doesn't? We hope if the good Lord allows us to have more children, this doctor will be available as long as we need her.

Why is it that when one person points out something bad about someone, soon there are a dozen or more people repeating it and maybe adding a little here or there to make it sound more interesting? Would they be that anxious to pass it on if they heard something good about someone? -Pennsylvania

THE LIGHT WENT OUT

Recently while in town I crossed a busy intersection on the light which helps pedestrians cross in safety. Imagine my surprise to see the lights go out as I approached for another crossing. It was clear that people were at a loss as to how the situation should be handled. Traffic soon stopped and cross traffic started. I glanced around and then started to cross; several people on the other side looked uneasily around, grinned at each other and also started across. Within a few minutes an energetic policeman arrived on the scene and stationed himself in the middle and soon had things rolling smoothly again. It had never occurred to me what confusion could take place at the failure of a traffic light.

Even so it is in our lives as we also depend on that light, which is Christ. Without this light, confusion prevails, as an intersection without a traffic light.

-C. K., Ontario

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

-Continued from page 31

the barn. Then we had a real good old-fashioned woodshed experience and it hurt my behind to sit for a few days after that. I believe that no other whipping I ever had got its message across faster and better than that one did and I was 13 or 14 at the time. I have many times since been thankful for that whipping. I am now of age and I often get up real early in the morning to get a good start for the day.

I don't want to say this is the solution for everyone but for me it was. I hope you can get your boys out of their problem for they will appreciate it when they get older. -Paraguay

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THE SAD ANGEL

A legend is told that one time God sent two angels to earth to gather up the prayers of men. One was to fill his basket with their petitions; the other with their thanksgiving.

Sometime later they returned to the Father's house. The one had his basket heaped high, running over, with men's requests. The other was sad and dejected. He had almost nothing to bring to his Father. The angel had searched diligently but could find hardly any prayers of thanksgiving.

Which angel would have filled his basket at your house?

-Authors name withheld

The Wicked One Touches Him Not

Ezra was stunned. Here was a man who was saying he didn't need the Lord's Prayer. Could it really be that it wasn't necessary for a Christian?

I TELL YOU, EZRA, I know exactly what you're going through. I used to be in the same place you are now. It was just the same thing over every day. I'd try to do better. I'd try to pull myself up with my shoestrings but it was no use. It didn't do any good until finally I let the Lord take over and he saved me. He cured me of a lot of evil habits. I quit drinking and I quit smoking. There's no use in continually being a sinner. The Bible tells us we are children of God and God's children don't keep on sinning every day. It's really all very simple. All you need to do is believe what the Bible says and then you get saved."

Harley Glick paused to catch his breath. Ezra Weaver pressed the lever on the grease gun as he bent over the side delivery rake. What could he tell this man who was so sure of himself? There were a few moments of silence and then Ezra answered slowly, "But don't we pray every day when we say the 'Our Father' prayer and ask that our sins should be forgiven? If we didn't do any sins, we wouldn't need that prayer any more, would we?"

"You're a hundred percent right, Ezra. That prayer is a child's prayer and was for the disciples when the Lord first called them. You see they were fishermen and tax collectors and everything else. Of course, they needed that prayer then, but once they got to understand the matter, after Pentecost, they didn't need that prayer anymore."

Ezra was stunned. Here was a man who was saying he didn't need the Lord's prayer. Ezra was always taught that it should be prayed every day and perhaps several times a day. Could it really be that it wasn't necessary for a Christian? He was at a loss to answer so he said nothing, but went ahead with his job of greasing the rake. Just then Crist Zook, the hired boy, came out of the barnyard with the team of horses.

"Well, I see you're busy, Ezra, with the haying, so I won't keep you any longer. But you think over what I said and see if it's not the truth. And when you get home, look up the first epistle of John, 5:18. Can you keep that, eh, I John 5:18. It's time you got out of the seventh chapter of Romans and started living in the eighth."

Harley jumped into the car, pushed the starter and in a few moments was travelling down the road.

The morning sun was bearing down warmly as Ezra helped the hired boy hitch the team ofhorses to the rake. "Better keep an eye on the team, Crist," Ezra warned the boy. "This young team of horses to the scared and they might take off if you don't keep your hands on the lines."

As Ezra went about his chores, his mind was on what Harley Glick had said. Would it really be possible to live such a life that he would not need to pray the Lord's Prayer? But why was it necessary for Harley to leave the church and go to a more modern church where they have automobiles and television? Surely if Harley could live sinless in a modern church, it could also be done in the church where Ezra had grown up in. "As far as the rules and regulations of the church are concerned, that's not much of a problem for me," Ezra told himself. "But sometimes I lose my temper, or get out of fix and then I say and do things which I shouldn't. At other times I don't do things which I later wish I had. I wonder if it would really be possible to go through a whole day without doing anything I would be sorry for later?"

The morning sun shone down warmly as Crist Zook was raking hay. By the time he had made three rounds the young team was sweating and he decided it would be nice to let them rest in the shade of the maple tree at the far end of the field. The shade looked so inviting that he stretched himself out on the grass and watched the clouds floating lazily through the blue sky above. It was so refreshing to lie there beside the sweet-smelling hay. By evening they should have the field of nice, green-colored hay in the barn.

Suddenly there was a loud "BANG" and Crist's thoughts were jolted. A man from town was hunting groundhogs in the next field. The sound of the gun did not disturb Crist as much as the noise of the rake as the young team took off across the fields toward home.

From the barn, Ezra saw the team coming and ran out to stop them, waving his hat. The horses saw him and slowed down a bit. Then they turned and made a big circle in the fields and were coming toward Ezra again. Just then the right hind wheel jolted into a groundhog hole and the rake seemed to fly several feet in the air. By this time Ezra was beside the team and grabbed hold of the reins and stopped them. But he could see that the bearing was broken on the main axle on the right side. Just then the hired boy came running up to the rake and Ezra saw that he was trembling and very ashamed of himself. "Is-is anything broken?" he asked nervously.

Ezra felt sorry for him and tried to comfort him. "It looks like the main bearing is broken but we can get it fixed at the blacksmith," Ezra answered. "I don't think anything else is wrong and it won't take long to get this fixed. We'll take the rake apart and then you can take the broken piece to the blacksmith."

But when he got to the repair shop, the blacksmith was busy fixing a mowing machine which had broken down that morning, and Crist had to wait nearly two hours to get it fixed. And then when he got it home, the piece wouldn't fit exactly and they had to file off the shaft. The bolts were rusty and they had to go get some other bolts. Both of them worked and sweated but it was after three o'clock by the time the rake was ready to go. Ezra noticed there was a bank of clouds in the west.

They were rushing out to the field with the rattle of the hayloader behind them when the first crack of thunder was heard. Before they got started, it was raining so they quickly unhooked the loader and tilted it down so the coming storm would not blow it over. Crist felt bad about the hay getting wet. "Do-do you think it will rain very much?" he asked.

"Probably just a shower and it'll dry up again tomorrow," Ezra tried to reassure him. "We don't need to feel bad about the hay. We've got a lot to be thankful for and at the end of the year we won't know much difference whether this hay got wet or not."

Ezra felt rather good over the incident. Of course, it was too bad the team had run away and that they had not gotten the hay in when it was so nice and ready to put in. It would have made top-quality hay, but he felt pleased with himself that he had not scolded the hired boy for letting the team run off. It was plain to see he was very sorry. What would be the use of scolding him and humilating him further. Ezra almost had to congratulate himself that he had controlled himself so well and not let any hard words escape his lips. Could it maybe really be possible what Harley Glick had said that morning, to watch ourselves so we would not make any mistakes.

The rain kept coming down and as Ezra made his way into the house, with these thoughts in mind, he decided to find the Bible verse Harley had told him about that morning. Taking his Bible from the shelf, he looked up I John 5:18.

"We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not."

Yes, there it was, and so plain that anyone could understand it, just like Harley had said. It is all very simple. All he would need to do would be to be born again and then the wicked one would not even touch him.

Ezra sat back on the rocking chair, lost in deep thought. He had been baptized four years ago and felt he was serving God all this time. Yet he was continually doing things for which he had to ask God to forgive him. Why hadn't he seen this verse before? Why hadn't the ministers taught him this verse? All he needed to do was to be born again and then the wicked one would not bother him anymore. He decided that from now on his life would be different. He would let his light shine so that everyone could see that he was born again, a child of God.

But the rain lasted longer than Ezra had expected. It kept coming down all afternoon and all night but the next morning the sun came out bright and clear and a south wind dried off the hay. That evening he told the hired boy, "By tomorrow afternoon I think the hay will be ready to put in."

That evening when Ezra went to bed, he thought back over the day which had passed and remembered several things he had done which he regretted. Just little things, but still he had hoped that he need not ask God to forgive him for anything for if the Bible was true, and he had no doubt but what it was, then it must be possible to reach the stage to not be tempted to sin. Before he went to sleep he breathed a silent prayer and ended up by using the Lord's Prayer.

Ezra awoke with a start. Was it morning already? No, through the window he could see it was still dark outside. Then why had he awakened at this time of the night. Suddenly he was aware of a sound against the windowpane which gradually grew louder. It was raining, softly at first, then there was a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder. The rain came down in torrents.

Ezra thought about the hay. If only that hay were safe inside the barn but now it was still outside getting wet. If it hadn't been for the carelessness of his hired boy, the hay would be in the barn, nice and green— and dry. But, no, he shouldn't have such thoughts. What did it matter if a field of hay got a little wet? It would still dry up and would still be nice hay. He tried to go back to sleep but for some reason was unable to do so for at least an hour.

The next morning it was clear again and the sun came out nice and warm. But by evening another rain came up and soon there was water in the low places of the field. The hay turned black, so black that Ezra could not remember helping to put up hay before that looked so black. Maybe he should just use it for bedding.

The next day was cloudy but it didn't rain. Then it cleared off and stayed clear. It was a week after the first rain came before the hay was dry again. "Tomorrow we shall put the hay into the barn if it doesn't rain," Ezra told his hired boy.

By this time Ezra's mind was filled with doubts. "I think there's a mistake somewhere. I think Harley is wrong. That verse doesn't mean what Harley thinks it means. Every day it seems I do some things I wish I hadn't. I make so many mistakes and there's so many little things that keep coming up. I think that verse means bigger sins such as stealing, lying, cheating or getting angry."

The next day was dry so they ate an early dinner and by twelve o'clock were going around the field with a steady stream of hay coming up on the wagon. They took turns loading but Ezra would finish the load while Crist drove the team. The first load was nearly loaded when Ezra gave the lines to the hired boy and said, "Now don't take a windrow beside the dead furrow for on the side of a hill like this, the load might slip off."

Crist smiled as he took the lines and soon they were going steadily down the windrow. Higher and higher the dusty black hay piled up on the wagon until Ezra was just ready to tell Crist to unhook the loader when suddenly the hay started sliding sideways. At first it went slowly, then faster and faster until most of the hay was off the wagon.

Both Ezra and Crist stayed on top of the hay and neither was hurt. Since they had the old team, the horses stopped as soon as Crist said, "Whoa!" Ezra was shaken up but when he saw Crist was all right, he was relieved. His first thought was that either a wheel must have come off or had dropped into a groundhog hole. When he went to look he saw the wagon was all right but the two wheels on the lower side were in a dead furrow which had caused the load to tilt enough that the hay had slipped off. The hired boy had done exactly what he had told him not to do.

Ezra bit his lips as he crawled on the load to straighten it up so they could throw the hay on again. The hired boy was wandering aimlessly around the wagon with not the least idea why the hay had slid off. Sometime Ezra would tell him, but not right now for he didn't trust himself. Ezra wondered why the hired boy didn't start pitching the hay on the wagon instead of just standing there so dreamily. Didn't he know anything?

While Ezra was fixing the hay, Crist asked, "Ezra, why don't you get side racks for your wagon like the Bylers have? Then the hay wouldn't slip off and you wouldn't have to work so hard putting it back on again?"

Ezra's face got crimson as he shot back, "And now on top of all this you try to tell me what to do, a fourteen-year-old boy wants to run my farm!" But Ezra didn't stop at that. He went on to throw everything he could think of into Crist's face. He had lain down to sleep under a shade tree and let the team run away with the side delivery rake. It was all his fault that the rake was broken, and the field of hay had gotten wet and turned black. He had forgotten to close the gate and the cows had gotten into the corn. He had taken a windrow beside the dead furrow when he had warned him not to and this was the reason the hay had slid off the wagon. And now on top of all this, Crist was trying to tell him how to run his farm. Maybe he should go back to his dad for a few years yet until he grew up enough to be somebody's hired boy!

Crist was stunned and unable to say a word. Tears welled up in his big brown eyes as he stood forlornly beside the wagon and finally managed to say, "Do-do you want me to go home now?"

Instantly Ezra was sorry for what he had done but he was too proud to admit it right away. Instead, he said in a much kinder tone of voice, "Let's load up this hay. I think everything will be all right now."

Crist worked furiously under the hot sun until the sweat was dripping off his shirt. He was after all just a boy, merely fourteen years old. Ezra should certainly not have given him such a tongue lashing. What he needed was to help and guide him, not such scolding as he had given the boy. Ezra remembered once hearing his dad say that fathers must first of all tell their boys what to do, then they must see to it that they do it, then last of all they must see that it is done right. Crist was only fourteen years old, Ezra ought to be a father to to him instead of talking to him so harshly.

By the time the hay was all back on the wagon, Ezra could stand it no longer so he apologized for the way he had talked. A pleasant look came across the boy's face and he was very attentive the rest of the afternoon. Sometimes when Ezra would say something he would jump as if he were startled.

Ezra felt good that he had apologized to the boy but as the afternoon wore on, he began to be troubled. What had caused him to do it? When they had finished loading the last load he looked back on the field, already green and pushing with the promise of the second crop. It was true that the first cutting was not of very good quality, but the rains which made it black gave the young plants a boost which should result in a big crop of second cutting hay. Why had he become so nervous about material things? Why had he allowed the wicked one to tempt him, not only to tempt him but to lead him into doing such a great evil as he had done?

Ezra remembered that Harley had said something about Romans 7 and Romans 8, so that evening after supper he took his Bible and read the seventh chapter of Romans. In the 15th verse he read, "Denn ich tue nicht was ich will, sondern was ich hasse, dasz tue ich." "That's just the way it is with me, what I want to do I don't get done and what I don't want to do, I do," Ezra thought to himself.

When he read the last verse he said, "That fits me, too. With my mind I want to serve God but in actual life, I am still too often serving the desires of the flesh."

Ezra's mind went to what Harley had said. "Apparently, Harley is of the opinion that the seventh chapter of Romans was written before Paul was converted and the eighth chapter was after he was converted. Is it this way or isn't it? I wish I knew. Could it be the reason I keep on sinning is because I am not born again?" This was a sobering thought. "Oh, if only someone would explain this matter to me."

Just then the dog barked and there was the sound of a buggy in the lane. "I wonder who could be coming at this time of the evening?"

It turned out to be Uncle Joe, who had come on some business. "Do come in and have a chair, Uncle Joe," Ezra said. "I have a little problem and maybe you could help me."

"Well, I always did like arithmetic in school but that's been a good many years ago," he answered.

"This is not an arithmetic problem. It's something about Romans seven and Romans eight," Ezra said, getting right to the point. "Do you believe the seventh chapter of Romans is supposed to represent Paul's life before he was converted and the eighth chapter after he was converted?"

"Romans seven and Romans eight," Uncle Joe mused. "Seems like I've heard that problem before already. Could you by any chance have been talking with Harley Glick?"

"Yes, I was," Ezra blushed a little. "Why, what did he tell you?"

"He didn't tell me anything, but I've heard of his ideas before already," Uncle Joe answered. "In fact, the first time I heard it the way he explains it, I didn't know what to think. It was only after I studied the Bible quite a bit on the matter and talked with several of the ministers that it became clear to me about that."

"You mean you understand it all?" Ezra asked.

"I wouldn't want to say that, but I think I can understand what he is talking about."

"And he also said I should read I John 5:18," Ezra said.

"Yes, that's one of the verses people like Harley always quote," Uncle Joe answered.

"And he said something about not needing the Lord's Prayer, either."

"Is that right? I didn't know he feels like that," Uncle Joe answered. "But the attitude he has, it's easy to understand that he might get that idea."

After a few minutes, Ezra said, "What do you think Paul meant in what he wrote in Romans seven?"

"Well, I wouldn't undertake to explain it all, but let's put it this way. I think a Christian can always look back and see where he made mistakes and did some things he shouldn't have. He will also be able to see that he didn't do some things he should have. We want to live our religion every day, not just on Sundays. All the little things in life, even our thoughts we should always try to keep in order, but too often we fail."

"Do you think Paul was living in open sin, or gross sins when he wrote that chapter?" Ezra asked.

"Definitely not," Uncle Joe answered. "I believe he was thinking back over his life and saw the many shortcomings and many mistakes he had made. Although he wanted to serve God with all his heart, yet he made many mistakes and was always striving to become more like the Perfect Example. That's the way I think each one of us should feel. When we are young we think we want to gradually become stronger in the faith, and to reach a stage of perfection and we keep on striving after this for the rest of our lives. I am a lot older than you are, and I must say as I look back, the good I have done seems very small to me now. Many of the things I had hoped to accomplish, I never got done, but I did do a lot of things which I hadn't intended to. I feel I have reason to pray each day, 'Lead us not into temptation' and also, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"But wouldn't you think somone like St. Paul, who was an apostle, would have been able to live a holy life?" Ezra asked.

"No doubt he was far ahead of us, but I do not believe he ever came to the point where he reached perfection. I am afraid if we ever get to the place where we think we don't sin daily, then our eyes have been blinded."

"Would you say then that we are all sinners as long as we live?" Ezra asked.

"That all depends on what you mean by the word 'sinners'," Uncle Joe answered. "If you mean someone who still sins, I would say 'yes.' If you mean someone who is a sinner and does not have salvation, then I would say 'no.' If we are Christians, then the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin."

"How can you explain that?" Ezra asked.

"I believe we often do things we shouldn't and don't realize it at the time and perhaps never," Uncle Joe said. "If we want to serve God with all our heart and mind, then the grace of God covers these kinds of sins. In I Timothy 1:15 Paul says that Christ came into the world to save sinners 'unter welchem ich der vornehmste bin.' He doesn't say 'was' but uses the present tense 'am.' I think he still considered himself a sinner in this sense of the word."

"But what does it mean in I John 5:18 that whoseover is born of God does not sin and the wicked one will not touch him?" Ezra asked.

"Taking the Bible as a whole, I think it means that whosoever is born of God does not want to sin and does not live in sin. Satan can not touch him in the sense of the word that he does not serve Satan but is serving God," Uncle Joe said. "If we look in the Bible we read of some of God's people who committed some pretty bad deeds but they did not keep on living in these sins. In Galatians 2:12 we read that the Apostle Peter was guilty of hypocrisy but no doubt after Paul pointed this out to him, he repented of it. We need to consider the Bible as a whole and not just pick out certain verses which seem to agree with our own ideas. There are other verses in the Epistle of John which plainly teach something else from what this one verse might seem to be teaching."

"What do you refer to?" asked Ezra.

"Read the three last verses in the first chapter of I John and you will see what I mean. Here it says that if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. But if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," Uncle Joe said. He was quiet for a few moments and then he added, "I cannot understand how any Christian can feel that he doesn't need the Lord's Prayer. Yes, I think it is a child's prayer, and one that is suitable and needful for all God's children."

After awhile Ezra said, "You mean to say, then that you don't think it's a sign that we're not Christians just because we sometimes do some things we oughtn't to, like— like—"

"Like what?"

"Like losing our temper and saying a lot of things we shouldn't?"

"Well, that's a pretty serious sin," Uncle Joe said slowly. "The Bible tells us in the first chapter of James that anyone who cannot keep his tongue under control, his religion is in vain."

"That's a pretty strong statement, isn't it?" Ezra asked. "I know of a person who just lately lost his temper and said a lot of nasty things. Would you mean to say that this person's religion is in vain?"

"That all depends on the circumstances," Uncle Joe said. "If it's something that happens regularly or if he does not repent of it, then I would say his religion is in vain. But if on the other hand, if he tries hard to keep his tongue under control but in spite of all this does sometimes say something he shouldn't, and then is sorry for it afterwards, I'd say it is a sign he is a Christian. That is definitely a sign that the Good Spirit is working in us if we are sorry for our sins."

"That makes me feel better," Ezra said.

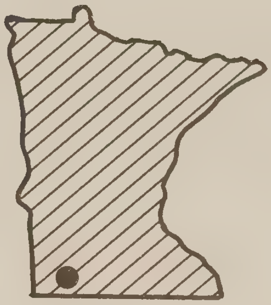
"Well, I must be going home, for soon it will be late," Uncle Joe said. "Oh, yes, by the way how did you get along with the haying this year with all the rain we've been having?"

"Oh, we didn't do too good on the first crop, but the second cutting is looking good," Ezra said. "No use crying over what's past if we can have good hopes for the future."

"That's a big statement you just made," Uncle Joe asserted. "I think it can be applied to many things in this life and even after this life."

After a few more words, Uncle Joe said goodnight and was gone. After he had left, Ezra said, "I was worn out after putting up hay all afternoon but I don't feel tired anymore." ▲

Amish Settlers In Minnesota



By David Luthy

Minnesota, the twelfth largest state, is 400 miles long from north to south. Within that vast scope of land are 10,000 lakes, great forests, huge iron ore deposits, and rich farmland. While Minnesota is famous for its lumbering and iron ore industry, it is also a leading farming state. It tops the nation in the production of oats and ranks high in corn, rye, flax, and barley.

The major farming region in Minnesota is along the western side and extends across the bottom of the state above neighboring Iowa. During pioneer days this gently rolling prairie farmland attracted many immigrants from Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. In the southwestern corner of the state, German-speaking people settled, among whom were a number of Amish families.

Part One: An Active Agent

In the 1890's the southwestern portion of Minnesota was a rapidly developing farming region. The land agent, J.F.Schick, was "wide-awake" and attracted many settlers to the area. He was most active in the area around Arthur and Arcola, Illinois trying to interest people in the Minnesota land. In late May of 1894 an Amishman, Isaac Schlabach, of Arthur, Illinois traveled to Minnesota to look at the land which J.F.Schick had been talking so much about. Schlabach investigated Jackson County and wrote a letter to the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget. In it he said: "I was surprised to find such country. If a poor man wants a home, now is the time; just six miles beyond the Iowa line, and soil nobody can beat. I will bring soil home with me and show it to the people." In the same Budget letter he mentioned the soil again, saying it was "fully as good as it is in the vicinity of Arthur, Illinois— only it does not wheel up into the wagon bed."

Three months later, Isaac Schlabach returned to Minnesota and rented a farm in Jackson County. His cousin, Moses J. Slaubaugh of Nappanee, Indiana, accompanied him and investigated the area. He traveled into neighboring Nobles County where he made a discovery. He reported in the Budget: "I found a colony of the Amish Mennonite church: 14 families of that denomination having moved here from Canada. I was really surprised to find them kind of people in this state." Mose J. Slabaugh then bought 160 acres at $14 an acre in this Canadian Amish settlement. It had been established three years before Isaac Schlabach and his cousin located in Minnesota. It was situated in the northern portion of Nobles County between the towns of St. Kilian, Pfingston, Wilmont, and Fulda. The American Amish settlement, of which Isaac Schlabach was the first resident, was across the line in Jackson County. But since it was so close to the Nobles County line, the settlers' addresses were "Brewster" and "Worthington", both towns in Nobles County.

The next Amishman to purchase land in Jackson County was Eli S. Yoder of Arthur, Illinois. He bought an 80 acre tract of land for $18 an acre just a few months after Isaac Schlabach. He moved to Minnesota the following spring along with another Amishman from Illinois, Daniel J. Helmuth. That spring of 1895 saw 48 railroad cars arrive from Illinois bringing the belongings of settlers. Yoder and Helmuth were the only known Amish among them.

Each month the land agent continued to sell several thousand acres of Minnesota soil. Two-thirds of the settlers he brought to the state were from Illinois, and most were of German background. Isaac Schlabach commented in the Budget: "The Illinois people are wise enough to buy land here, because they can get three acres here to one in Illinois."

In the fall of 1895, Abraham K. Miller of Arthur, Illinois moved to the Amish settlement in Jackson County. His address was Spofford, Minnesota. During the next three years other Amish families moved to Jackson County bringing the total to nine:

1. Isaac Schlabach
2. Eli S. Yoder
3. Daniel J. Helmuth
   (twin to wife of No.2
4. Abraham K. Miller
5. Pre. David D. Schlabach
6. Jacob J. Yoder
7. David J. Troyer
8. Pre. John J. L. Miller
9. David J. L. Miller
   (brother of No.8)

Part Two: Threshing Time

When the Amish settled in Jackson County, Minnesota most of the land was raw prairie. After breaking the tough sod, they sowed it in flax. The next year they sowed it in wheat or oats. Then the third year they planted corn. Most of their plowing was done in the fall until the ground froze which was often in the middle of November. In the spring they sowed their wheat in March or April, depending on the weather. They grew spring wheat rather than winter wheat.

When the grain was cut and tied, it was stacked. During the next months it would be threshed. Amish boys from various states came to help in the Minnesota grain harvest. Not only did boys come from a distance, but so did the threshing machines. One year David D. Schlabach and Peter Thomas traveled to Jackson County with a Reno County, Kansas threshing machine. And another year saw Shem Swartzendruber there with his from Wright County, Iowa. After a few years the Amish in Jackson County had threshing outfits of their own. In 1898 John J. L. Miller purchased a threshing machine which David D. Schlabach ran with his steam engine. It must have been a used threshing machine, for the following year John and his brother David J. L. Miller bought a new one. Abraham K. Miller also owned a new threshing machine.

Threshing grain was a long, drawnout activity for the farmers. In October of 1895 the threshing was only half finished. It was not unusual for threshing to continue into the winter months with the men working as the weather permitted. Sometimes the threshing could not be finished because of the cold winter days. For example, in February of 1898 it was reported in the Budget: "There is also some threshing to do yet, and it is doubtful whether it will be finished this winter."

After the grain was threshed, it was hauled to the railroads by team and wagon. This kept many an Amish boy busy driving back and forth. Some of the grain was cleaned and shipped as seed. One year John J. L. Miller and David D. Schlabach shipped 55 bushels of wheat seed to Wright County, Iowa.

Wheat, because the price was always highest, was the main crop grown by the Amish settlers. Hay, however, was also grown extensively for shipment elsewhere. One Amishman hit a bad market in 1897 when he only received $11 for his shipment of hay to Chicago which was "not enough to pay for the baling." The next year Jacob J. Yoder and a neighbor shipped a train carload of timothy seed to Chicago. In 1899 Jacob had six men working for him during the haying time. Two of them were Samuel Renno and Menno Fisher from Pennsylvania, likely unmarried. The hay was baled and hauled to town where it was loaded into train cars. In December hay was yet being transported to town.

It is not known what price hay brought for the Amish settlers, but the prices of many other crops are known. The Amish lived in Jackson County during a financial depression in the U.S. known as the "Panic of 1893." The depression caused farm prices to slide downhill. But by 1898 the depression was over and the prices had risen. Following is a chart showing the prices for various crops during 1894-1898 as found in letters to the Budget during that span of time:

	Nov. 1894	Nov. 1895	Dec. 1896	May 1897	May 1898
wheat	48¢	44¢	67¢	57¢	$1.15
oats	25¢	10¢	12¢	11¢	26¢
corn	35¢	-	-	12¢	26¢
barley	44¢	15¢	15¢	-	-
butter	20¢	-	-	10¢	12¢
eggs	20¢	-	-	7¢	8¢

As can easily be seen, wheat was the highest paying crop. The Minnesota Budget scribe reported in July of 1898 that "The highest price that was paid for wheat in this locality was $1.40." He added, though, that it was "down again to 70¢". Naturally it was lowest right during the summer months when the new crop was being threshed. But wheat wasn't all profit. The cost of twine jumped accordingly so that it was selling for as high as 18¢ a pound which caused the Minnesota Budget scribe to say: "The farmers are almost disgusted over the high prices of twine."

Part Three: Jelly and Fish

Trains were very important to the Amish and other Minnesota settlers. Without good train service they would not have been able to market their grain and hay. Three trains crossed Jackson County, so the Amish had no problem shipping their crops or any other items they wished to send elsewhere. Jacob J. Yoder who raised Mammoth Bronze turkeys shipped them by train to customers as far away as Kansas. Not only did the Amish ship items by train, they also received many things that way. One time a carload of apples was sent to Minnesota, and the Amish settlers purchased them at $2 a barrel. Another time John J. L. Miller got 52 gallons of apple butter and 27 gallons of jelly from Emanuel Troyer of Goshen, Indiana. Since the Amish had no orchards on their new Minnesota farms, they depended on getting fruit from other places. When this particular shipment arrived, Jacob J. Yoder commented in the Budget: "I guess Mona thought the Minnesota people may earn their jelly to get it out of the barrel; it is just like taffy; we could take a pitch fork and stick it in the jelly and lift the whole barrel. That is all right, we will get it out just the same."

The Minnesota settlers seemed to find all sorts of uses for their pitch forks. Another use was for spearing fish. During the first fall he lived in Jackson County, Isaac Schlabach caught 16 fish with his manure fork. They were pickerel (small pike) measuring 18 to 28 inches.

Jackson County had a number of lakes which contained an abundance of fish. The Amish settlers caught them, salted them, stored them in barrels, and had fish to eat all winter. One time Jacob J. Yoder and his family went fishing two days in a row and caught 145 pickerel which filled a 15 gallon barrel after they were dressed and salted. Another time during a dry spell while the water level was low, a non-Amish neighbor caught a 52 pound buffalo fish in a slough.

Fish were especially easily caught in winter when they were frozen in the ice. Isaac Schlabach reported one December: "The writer, accompanied by two neighbors, went one day last week and in 4 hours' time we cut out of the ice nine sacks (or about twelve bushels) of fish. Yesterday I accompanied Harvey Saine, the new-comer from Illinois, and in two hours' time we cut out about five bushels of fish. There were 45 persons on the ice at the time we got the 12 bu. and I saw wagon loads of fish being hauled away. I have salted and froze one barrel for Easter visitors. These fish are from eight to fifteen inches in length. They are of the following species: buffalo fish, catfish, black bass, pickerel, etc."

It is not known how deeply the lakes needed to freeze in order for fish to be captured in the ice. But the Minnesota temperature dropped well below zero several times during the winter, so the ice was likely quite thick. For example, in January of 1895 there were three weeks of steady zero weather with the temperature dipping to 26 below.

Minnesota winters were cold, but since the Amish lived at the southern end of the state, they did not experience the severe winters of northern Minnesota. In fact they seemed to like to joke about the winter weather. Quite often in Budget letters the Amish living in Mississippi and other warmer states made passing references to the hard North Dakota and Minnesota winters. The Minnesota settlers could not deny that the winter temperature there was often quite cold, but they stretched it so far as to laugh their way out. For example, Jacob J. Yoder once reported that "it was pretty cold here, or the people's noses and ears wouldn't peel off; that way they get one clean spot without washing." Another Minnesota resident stated: "Now for my part, I can't give a record as to how cold it is out-doors, as it was so cold that the thermometers flew all to pieces, except one man was lucky enough to have a thermometer in the house hanging behind the stove in the sitting room, and he said it was 48 below zero."

Since the Amish lived in the southern portion of Minnesota right above Iowa, spring did not come as late as some people imagined. On May 22, 1898 the settlers were eating fresh lettuce and radishes from their gardens. The problem, though, was that no year was the same as the previous one. Spring might come early one year, but the next year there might be a late frost in May which would kill the crops that had been planted early. The Minnesota settlers planted their crops as early each year as possible with the hopes that there would be no late killing frost.

Part Four: "Northwest Breezes"

A heading, "Northwest Breezes", appeared above the Minnesota letters in the Budget. It referred to the cool northern breezes, but sometimes the Minnesota letters were "windy" or "blowy" in another way. Two of the scribes, Isaac Schlabach and Jacob J. Yoder, often bragged on their area. One time they called Minnesota "the finest and best country in the United States." Perhaps the best brag of all was made by Isaac Schlabach: "We have a very healthy climate here. All those who move to this country become healthier after residing here awhile." He never did, then, explain how it happened that his own son came down with diptheria after being in Minnesota a year and a half. Nor did he bother to explain how Joel Yoder of Somerset County, Pennsylvania happened to catch typhoid fever while visiting in Minnesota. Hiram Lichty of Daviess Co., Indiana also came down with typhoid fever while threshing in Minnesota in 1900.

The bragging about their new locations by the Minnesota scribes and those in other newly established Amish settlements caused some Budget scribes to make comments of their own. The scribe from Needy, Oregon said, "In regard to running down other countries, I have noticed that those that have the poorest country have the most blowing to do." The scribe from East Brook, Pennsylvania said, "It is amusing to hear a certain class of people blow about their countries. If a person was ignorant of the fact that the "Garden of Eden" was closed long ago, they would have people believe it was still accessible. We have heard all you have got, now let us hear what you haven't got."

Part Five: Church Life

The Jackson County settlement had received its first resident Amish minister when Pre. David D. Schlabach moved there Feb. 18, 1897 from Reno County, Kansas. He rented a Minnesota farm. The settlement received its second minister that same year. Pre. John J. L. Miller moved there from Reno County, Kansas where he had resided for two years, coming originally from Elkhart County, Indiana. He also rented a Minnesota farm.

Several Amish ministers and bishops are known to have preached for the Jackson County group. Bishop Yost Yoder of Bertrand, Nebraska preached there Sept. 26, 1895. In March of 1898 Pre. Valentine Gerber of Holt Co., Nebraska was in Jackson County. He formerly had lived in the Canadian Amish settlement in Nobles County, Minnesota so was well acquainted with the Jackson County people. On June 11, 1899 all three of the ministers from the Canadian Amish group were in Jackson County for church at Jacob J. Yoders. Five days later Bishop Yost Lehman of Goshen, Indiana preached for the Jackson County group, and two days later he preached for the Nobles County group.

Whether the bishop from Nobles County went regularly to hold communion for the Jackson County group is not known. The only known record of a communion service was that held by Bishop Jonas Bontrager of Haven, Kansas in November of 1899. Bishop David Kauffman of Shipshewana, Indiana was there in September of 1900, but whether he held communion services is not known. Quite likely he did.

Part Six: People Depart

Isaac Schlabach had been the first Amishman to settle in Jackson County. He was also the first to depart. In 1897 he moved to Oregon. Apparently he was also not satisfied there, for one of the Minnesota settlers, Jacob J. Yoder, wrote in the Budget: "Isaac Schlabach of Albany, Oregon, I am sorry to hear you are not satisfied there. If you would have remained here, I think you could have done lots better, and I thought so at the time, but every man to his own opinion."

During the next few years other Amish and non-Amish settlers left Minnesota for "greener pastures." It was reported in the March 7, 1901 Budget: "Many people are selling out and moving away." It was mentioned that J.J. Miller had relocated among the Canadian Amish in Nobles County, renting a farm there for three years. And that A. K. Miller had moved to Reno Co., Kansas.

It is not know for certain when the last Amish family left Jackson County, Minnesota. But 1901 seems to have been the year when the settlement broke up.

Part Seven: The Canadians

The Canadian Amish had settled in Nobles County, Minnesota in 1891, three years before the American Amish settled in neighboring Jackson County. But 1893

Do You Have?

We would like to obtain a copy of each of the following family record books for our historical library. Please hunt through your bookshelves. If you have a copy to sell, please contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, N5H 2R3.

1. Family Record of John J. Miller, 1957, 88 pages.
2. Descendants of Martin Borntrager the Emigrant, 1923.
3. A History of the Descendants of Abraham Brenneman.
4. Faith & Life of the Family of Frederick Swartzendruber.
5. Descendants of John Frey, 1927, 160 pages.
6. Family Records of Fredrich Helmuth, 1933, 138 pages.
7. Genealogy & History of the Kauffman-Coffman Families.
8. Brief History of Bish. Jacob Mast & Other Pioneers, 1911.
9. Descendants of Philip and Grace Bawel, 1957, 58 pages.

marked the beginning of church life in the Canadian settlement as that is when Bishop Joseph Gerber located there. A double ordination was held on November 19th of that year with Jacob Gascho being ordained minister and Joseph B. Jantzi as deacon. By the following spring there were 12 Canadian Amish families located there.

The Nobles County congregation continued to grow during the next years, receiving settlers directly from Canada or from Nebraska where some Canadian Amish had settled in Holt County. Altogether 29 Amish families are known to have resided in the Nobles County settlement:

1. Daniel Jantzi
2. Pre. Jacob Gascho
3. Bish. Joseph Gerber
4. Dea. Joseph B. Jantzi
5. Pre. Valentine Gerber
6. Christian S. Kennel
7. Menno K. Jantzi
8. John B. Gerber
9. R. B. Jantzi
10. Daniel B. Gerber
11. John Kennel
12. Menno Boshart
13. Jacob B. Gerber
14. David Jantzi
15. Solomon K. Jantzi
16. Moses J. Slabaugh
17. Jacob Gerber
18. L. S. Yoder
19. John Gerber
20. Moses S. Jantzi
21. Rudy Jantzi
22. Nick Jantzi
23. Christian Gerber
24. Joseph Gerber, Jr.
25. Joe Kropf
26. Simeon Jantzi
27. J. J. Miller
28. David J. C. Miller
29. Michael Jantzi

Gradually the settlers left Nobles County for Kansas, Indiana, Nebraska, Ontario, and Michigan. Moving to West Branch, Michigan in 1908 were Bishop Joseph N. Gerber, Pre. Jacob Gascho, and quite a few other Amish families. By 1910 the last Amish had departed from Minnesota, bringing to an end what had once been a thriving Amish community.

■■

"MUCH OBLIGED, LORD"

Fulton Oursler, the author of the "The Greatest Story," tells this story about his negro nurse, Anna Marie Cecily Sophi Verginia Avalon Thessalonians. As a boy she had taught him this greatest lesson in the art of thankfulness.

He remembered her as she sat at the kitchen table, her arms folded, her glistening eyes lifted heavenward, and saying, "Much obliged, Lord, for my vittles."

Fulton asked, "Anna, what's vittles?"

"It's what you got to eat and drink, that's vittles," she replied.

"Yes, but you'd get your vittles whether you thanked the Lord or not," he responded.

To this Anna smiled, "Sure, but it makes them taste better, to be thankful." After the meal ended she thanked the Lord again, then said, "It's a funny thing about being thankful. It's a game; looking for things to be thankful for. Many of them you'll pass right by unless you go looking for them." She continued, "Take this morning. I lay awake thinking I had nothing to thank the Lord for. Then from the kitchen came the most delicious morning smell that ever tickled my nose. Coffee. Then I said, 'Much obliged, Lord, for the coffee, and much obliged for the smell of it.'"

Years passed. Oursler was out in the world. He learned many bitter lessons. It was difficult to remember Anna's game of thankfulness. Then one day he was called home to Anna's deathbed. She was full of pain, and he wondered what she could find for thanksgiving at such a time.

Anna opened her eyes, looked around, folded her aching hands and smiled, "Much obliged, Lord, for such fine friends."

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. (Answers on inside back cover)

1. Afterredet	A. proclaim	B. notify	C. slander	D. prosper
2. Anklebt	A. stick-to	B. pressing	C. anew	D. tyrannical
3. Anſtoßens	A. astound	B. disgust	C. merciful	D. collision
4. Auserwählten	A. minister	B. chosen	C. people	D. sent
5. Benedei	A. crush	B. announce	C. smother	D. glorify
6. Dachte	A. mention	B. report	C. think	D. renew
7. Dargereicht	A. administer	B. prohibit	C. forsake	D. folly
8. Deckel	A. sponsor	B. cooperate	C. assimilate	D. cover
9. Fertig	A. afar	B. finished	C. leave	D. adjudged
10. Geſtern	A. stars	B. galaxy	C. planets	D. yesterday
11. Läſſigen	A. inactive	B. dirty	C. busy	D. necessity
12. Mäßigkeit	A. outrageous	B. remembrance	C. temperance	D. mature
13. Neigte	A. leaning	B. dropped	C. fell	D. spotty
14. Pelzen	A. caves	B. clothes	C. numerous	D. skins
15. Schmach	A. assault	B. humiliation	C. conceal	D. surprise
16. Spötter	A. attendance	B. considerate	C. mockers	D. artists
17. Stäupet	A. encourage	B. scourge	C. discourage	D. reward
18. Unparteiiſch	A. conservative	B. pronounced	C. liberal	D. impartial
19. Vergänglich	A. fleeting	B. permanent	C. immature	D. adolescence
20. Vergelter	A. employee	B. remarkable	C. rewarder	D. admirable

Bald fällt von allen Zweigen
Das letzte Laub herab;
Die Büſch und Wälder ſchweigen,
Die Welt iſt wie ein Grab.

Das Böglein iſt verſchwunden,
Sucht Frühling anderswo;
Nur, wo es den gefunden,
So iſt es wieder froh.

Wenn auch von dieſen Zweigen
Das letzte Laub nun fällt;
Wenn Büſch und Wälder ſchweigen,
Als trauerte die Welt.

Ein Frühling kann nicht ſchwinden,
O ſeliges Geſchick!
Du kannſt den Frühling finden
Noch jeden Augenblick.

Der Frühling grünt im Herzen,
Das kindlich, gläubig küßt
Der, der mit bittern Schmerzen
Hat deine Schuld gebüßt.

Und wer dies Frühlingskoſen
Aus Gott empfunden hat,
Dem werden Blumen ſproſſen,
Auch wenn der Winter naht.

Die Winter Zeit kommt

Obiges Gedicht haben wir ſchon öfters gebraucht in unſere Editoriells. Aber wir meinen es paßt ſo ſchön, und wir denken als dran wenn das Spätjahr kommt. Die Blätter nehmen eine andere Farbe an ſich, und ſie fangen an zu fallen von den Bäumen, dies zeigt uns an die Zeit vom Jahr. So auch mit des Menſchen Leben, ein Laub nach dem andern fällt ab. Wie der Apoſtel auch ſagt: „Denn was iſt euer Leben? Ein Dampf iſt's, der eine kleine Zeit währet, darnach aber verſchwindet er.“ Nun wollen wir nicht zu große Einrichtungen machen für Morgen, den er ſagt: „Die ihr nicht wiſſet was Morgen ſein wird.“

Wie ein mancher Menſch hat ſchon Einrichtung gemacht was er tun wird Morgen, aber hat es niemals getan. Der morgende Tag lag er im Sarg, Sein Leib war noch hier, aber die Seele war fort. Wiewohl, wir ſind ſchuldig zu arbeiten, aber immer daran denken: „So der Herr will und wir leben, wollen wir dies oder das tun.“ Und nicht uns rühmen in unſerm Hochmut. Aller ſolcher Ruhm iſt böſe.

Ja, ſo kommt dann das Spätjahr wieder, noch ein Winter iſt vorhanden. Ein Dichter ſagt: Die Winterzeit das Geſetz bedeut't, Darinnen ſo hart gefroren ward die Frucht göttlicher Gnaden. Kalt, Rauh erfroren, durch Gottes Zorn, war Menſchenkind, in Schuld und Sünd.

Können wir arme Menſchen recht begreifen wie das menſchlich Geſchlecht geſtanden war unter Gottes Zorn. Im Römer Brief ſchreibt Paulus: „Denn Gott hat alle beſchloſſen unter den Unglauben, auf daß er ſich aller erbarme.“ Ja, durch ſeine große Gnade kam er dazwiſchen da wir Menſchen gefroren waren da wir nicht uns ſelber helfen konnten. Die Tiefen der Gottheit können wir wohl nicht begreifen. Wir kommen gerade dahin wie die Worte weiters folgen: „O welch eine Tiefe des Reichtums, beide der Weisheit und Erkenntnis Gottes! Wie gar unbegreiflich ſind ſeine Gerichte und unerforſchlich ſeine Wege! Denn wer hat des Herrn Sinn erkannt? oder wer iſt ſein Ratgeber geweſen? Oder wer hat ihm was zuvor gegeben, daß ihm werde wieder vergolten? Denn von ihm und durch ihn und zu ihm ſind alle Dinge. Ihm ſei Ehre in Ewigkeit! Amen.“ Römer 11, 32—36.

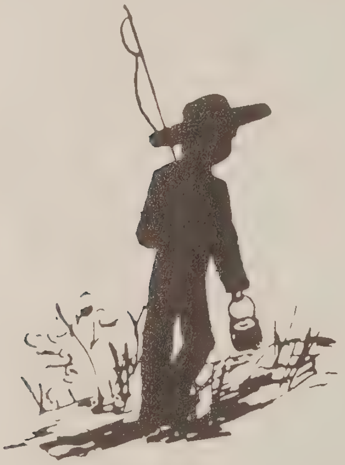
Gott brauchte kein Ratgeber. In ſeiner große Weisheit konnte er alles ausrichten. Wir Menſchen brauchen oft Hilf, wir brauchen einen guten Ratgeber, aber nicht ſo mit Gott. Iſt das nicht etwas zu bedenken, was für ein allein weißer Gott wir da haben oben an uns zu wohnen. Und der Prophet ſagt wie wir ihn ſuchen ſollen. „Suchet den Herrn dieweil er zu finden iſt, und rufet ihn an dieweil er nahe iſt, der Gottloſe laſſe ab von ſeine Wege, und der Uebertäter von ſeine Gedanken, und bekehre ſich zu dem Herrn, denn bei ihm iſt viel Vergebung; denn des Herre Wege ſind nicht unſere Wege, und ſeine Gedanken nicht unſere Gedanken. So viel höher der Himmel über die Erde iſt, ſo viel höher ſind ſeine Wege denn unſere Wege, und ſeine Gedanken denn unſere Gedanken.“ Iſt es nicht wunderbar daran zu denken, wie viel höher daß Gottes Wege und ſeine Gedanken ſind als wie unſere. Dies verurſacht daß wir uns erniedrigen wollen, Haltet euch herunter zu den Niedrigen. Der Herr klagt über Iſrael durch den Prophet, da er ſagt: „Weh denen, die Böſes gut und Gutes böſe heißen, die aus Finſternis Licht und aus Licht Finſternis machen, die aus ſauer ſüß und aus ſüß ſauer machen! Wehe denen, die bei ſich ſelbſt weiſe ſind, und halten ſich ſelbſt für klug.“

O wie bedenklich kann es doch ſein mit uns arme Menſchen, ja, wie bedauerlich könnte man ſagen, und wir gehen doch gegen die Abend Stunde, alt und jung, niemand ausgenommen. Wir wollen doch nicht ſolche Menſchen ſein wie oben gemeldet iſt, die Böſes gut heißen, und Gutes böſe heißen. Aber wir müſſen ſorgfältig ſein, hier iſt wo die Gefahr hinein kommt. Wenn ich dieſe Woche hörte von ein Gemeinde Glied wo ſich voll ſtarkes Getränk geſoffen hätte, und ein recht unordentliches Leben geführt hätte, und ich würde aufſtehen Sonntags vor der Gemein und ſagen: Dies war gut, die Leute würden mir es nicht glauben. Aber wenn ein viel geringere Sache aufkommen würde wo hart wäre zu unterſcheiden, und ich würde es gut heißen, wo Gott vielleicht nicht täte; viel Leute würden mir das vielleicht glauben, und das iſt was es ſehr gefährlich macht was wir gut oder böſe heißen.

Hierin befinde ich mich ſehr gering und oftmals große bangigkeit was wir gut und was wir böſe heißen wollen. Jemand möchte ſagen: O das iſt leicht, das iſt kein Problem, die Bibel ſagt es klar und deutlich was bös und was gut iſt. Ja, das iſt wohl recht, die Bibel iſt recht, aber wir ſind nur Menſchen, und einer verſtehet es ſo, und er andere ſo. Wie einer einſtmal geſagt hatte da etliche Biſchöfen beieinander waren. Haltet euch an dem was zwiſchen dieſe zwei Deckel geſchrieben iſt (da er ſeine Hand auf die Bibel ſchlug) und das kann kein Menſch tadeln. Eins von die Biſchöfen antwortete: „So wie du es verſteheſt, aber die Menſchen verſtehen es nicht alle gleich. Was in dieſem Buch geſchrieben iſt kann kein Menſch mit recht tadeln, aber Menſchen nehmen ſich vor zu tadeln wo ſie kein recht haben.“

Ich befinde mich ſehr gering um das heilige Bibel-Buch recht zu verſtehen und es recht zu lehren. Aber doch kann, und will nicht ablaſſen. Wenn ich ſo ans Schreiben komme, dann denk ich oft ich will nur ablaſſen; dann kommen die Gedanken wieder: Will ich ablaſſen aufzuſtehen vor die Gemeinde und das Volk lehren? Nein, das will ich nicht tun, ſo lange der Herr mir die Kraft giebt dann will ich ſuchen mein Beruf wahrnehmen. Wir wollen helfen daß dieſes Blatt kann nützlich ſein die chriſtliche Gemeinden aufzubauen, ſo daß ſie können im Wachstum bleiben.

Da Paulus einſtmal die Gemeinde verlaſſen wollte, ſprach er zu ihnen: „Gedenket an des Herrn Wort, da er geſagt hatte, Geben iſt ſeliger denn nehmen, und da er ſolches ſagte knieete er nieder und betete mit ihnen. So laſſet uns beten für einander, des Gerechten Gebet vermag viel wenn es ernſtlich iſt. O daß wir nur mehr Ernſt bekommen könnten. Und nicht ablaſſen unſere Verſammlung wie etliche pflegen, ſondern uns untereinander ermahnen, und das ſo viel mehr, ſo viel ihr ſehet daß der Tag ſich nahet. Betet zugleich auch für uns, daß Gott uns möchte auftun die Tür des Worts zu reden die Geheimnis Chriſti darunter wir auch gebunden ſind.



Sammy und der Däſie

Sammy ſein ſchwartzer krolliger Kopf lahnt über ſein Schul-Sitz. Er hebt ſein Pencil ſo hart es die Knuckles weiß ſcheinen. In eine Schnelligkeit hat er ſeine Spelling Wort nunter geſchrieben.

„Separation,“ ſagt der Teacher.

Sammy brauch nicht lang ſtudieren wie das zu ſchreiben. Sein Pencil macht ein wenig Kratz-ahs auf’s Papier und dann war er fertig. Er reiſt ſein Papier aus ſein Tablet und wart bis der Teacher kommt es kriegen. Wo der Teacher an der Sammy ſein Deſk gekommen war fallen ſeine Augen herunter auf der Sammy ſein Papier. „Hmmm,“ brummt er, „Was für eine Sprache haſt du g’ſchriebe?“

Sammy ſehnt es der Teacher nicht am lachen war, aber er hört Giggles kommen von die Mädchen es nächſt ſitzten. Die Buben waren auch am lächelen. Die Ecke von Sammy ſeine Lippen gehen ein wenig in die Höh aber innerlich war er nicht am lachen.

„Ich weiß es du beſſer tu’ kannſt es dies,“ Teacher ſeine Augen boreah in Sammy nei. „Willſt du es wieder ſchreiben oder willſt du an F haben?“

Sammy hat g’wißt wie alle von die Worten ſpellen, ſo ſagt er, „Ich will es wieder ſchreiben.“

Teacher legt das Papier wieder auf der Sammy ſein Deſk. „Du magſt drin bleiben am Recess und es über ſchreiben.“

Sammy war froh es ſeine Strof nicht größer war. Wo Recess kommen war ſchreibt er ſei Spelling-Worten recht klar ſo es der Teacher es leſen kann. In fünf Minuten war er fertig und geht ſpielen.

„Hoi! Hoi!“ kreiſt der Dat am Abend als er ſeine Arme ſchlenkert und jagt die Rinder gegen der Scheuer-Hof. Wo das letzte Rind drin war, macht er’s Thor geſchwind zu. „Wer hat das Thor mol wieder aufſteh g’laſſt?“ fragt er.

„S’war der Sammy,“ antwort der Andy.

„Wo iſt er?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ich glaub es er in die Wilderness iſt,“ lacht der Andy. „Er war am verzählen von das Buch, ‚Der Call of the Wild,‘ wo er heim gekommen war von die Schul.“

„Kein wunder es er ſeine Leſſons nicht beſſer kriegt,“ ſpricht der Amos. „Heut hat er mol wieder drin bleiben müſſe am Recess dieweil er ſchloppich g’ſchrieben hat.“

„Er war kürzlich ſo lappich an ſeine Arbeit tun,“ ſagt der Dat. „Ich denk ich muß mol ſchwetze mit ihm.“

„Er hat auch nicht die Milich-Eimer ſauber g’wäſche,“ klagt der Andy.

„Mein war auch dreckig,“ ſagt der Amos. Er guckt gegen Andy. „Aber biſt du ſure es du ſie nicht g’wäſche haſt?“

„Ich hab nicht, der Sammy hat,“ tut der Andy ſich defenden.

„Wel, komm wir wollen nei geh Supper eſſe. Vielleicht iſt der Sammy in’s Haus,“ ſagt der Vater.

Wo die drei Mannsleut in’s Haus gekommen waren, war der Sammy am Waſſer auf dem Tiſch tun. „Ich hab g’wundert wo du biſt,“ ſagt der Vater zu ihm.

Als der Sammy dem Vater ſeine Stimm hört guckt er h’rum und leert Waſſer auf dem Tiſch.

„Ich hab der Sammy gebraucht dahin,“ antwort die Mutter. Sie nimmt ein Schöpper aus dem Schublad und ſteckt’s in dem Suppe-Keſſele. „Die Eier waren noch nicht gebutzt und ich war buſy.“

Der John Miller guckt über die Eier-Korb es in die Küch geſtanden hat. „Ich ſehn er hat die Eier auch nicht ſauber gebutzt,“ ſagt er. Er ſieht der Sammy an. „Was iſt letz es du deine Arbeit nicht recht tun willſt. Ich hab gehört es du ſchaffſt gerad ſo ſchlappich in die Schul es du thuſt daheim.“

Sammy ſpürt ſein Dät ſeine Augen auf ihn. Er leert wieder Waſſer neben an’s Glas.

„Was ſoll ich tun mit dir?“ der Dät wundert. „Was willſt du aus dich machen? Hab ich euch nicht geſagt es wir machen Habits in unſere junge Jahre es bei uns bleiben als mol ſo lang es wir leben. Ich will haben es ihr gute Habits machet und eure Arbeit recht tut. Biſt du vielleicht an ein Buch leſen in die Schul blatz von ſtudieren?“

„Ich tue meine Arbeit am erſten,“ antwortet der Sam-

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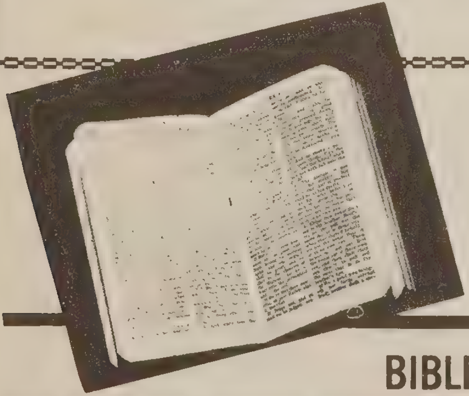

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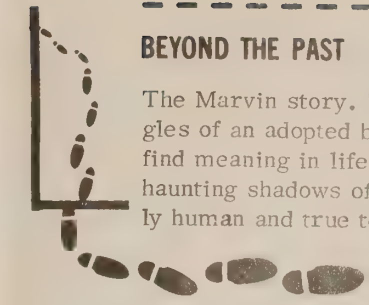

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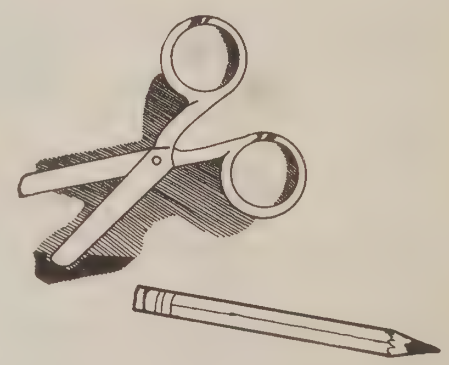

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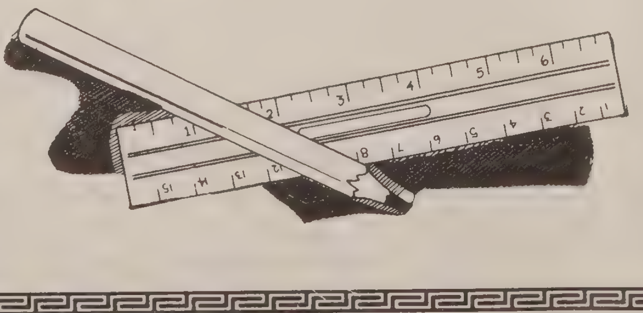

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my als er das verleert Waſſer aufbutzt.

„Du tueſt ſie vielleicht geſchwind und nicht recht ſo es du leſen kannſt in dein Buch?"

„Ich will's Buch durch leſen ob die Schul ausgeht für der Sommer," erklärt der Sammy.

„Das explaint alles." Der John Miller knuckt ſein Kopf als er ſchwetzt. „Ich ſag dir, Sammy," ſagt er ernſtlich, „wann du nicht beſſer tueſt daheim und in die Schul dann muß ich dir eine andere Leſſen lannen. Von nun an bringſt du dein Spelling-Papier heim und ich will deine Grades ſehnen. Und nach dem Eſſen ſollſt du heiß Waſſer nehmen und geh und die Milich-Eimer ſchön ſauber wäſchen. Hörſt du's?"

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf.

Wo ſie fertig waren eſſen, dann nehmt der Sammy heiß Waſſer und geht für das Milich-Haus. Amos und Andy ſind an die Scheuer gangen die Chores fertig machen und die Anna iſt mit ſie gangen. Der John und die Maud Miller ſtehen an's Fenſter und gucken naus. Draus an's Milich-Haus war der Sammy am ſich bücken über ein Eimer, eine ſteife Bruſh in ſeine Hand und war hart an die Arbeit. „Ich hab gemeint es du wit der Sammy ſagen am Supper-Tiſch was Joe Bylers geſchrieben haben," ſagt die Mäm.

„Ich hab mei Mind gechanged wo ich zeh hab wie labbich er iſt alleweil. Ich bin froh es du nichts geſagt haſt," antwort der Dät.

„Froh? Verwaß?" Sie guckt gegen ihrem Mann und wunderte.

„Er ſoll es nicht g'rad wiſſen weil ich laß ihn nicht geh wann er nicht beſſer tut."

„Ach, ich weiß es er beſſer tut wann er weißt es er an's Joes geh darf," ſagt die Mäm.

„Das weiß ich auch," antwortet der Vater, „aber wir wollen ihn's nicht ſagen.'

Die Maud ſieht ihren Mann mol an. „Ja," erwietert ſie, „aber wann er es weiſt dann tut er beſſer."

„Du verſtehſt's nicht. Wir wollen ihn nicht koax-ah. Wann wir es ſagen dann tut er die Arbeit nur recht bis er geht und wann er heim kommt dann iſt er wieder ſchlappich. Koax-ah lernt ihn nicht gehorſam ſein von's Herz."

Die Maud Miller tut dies verſteh. „Du biß recht," antwortet ſie. „Wir wollen unſere Kinder lernen für gern recht tun."

Wo der Sammy in's Haus gekommen war dann iſt der Vater naus in die Scheuer und hat mol geguckt ob der Sammy ſeine Arbeit recht getan hat. Die Eimer waren ſchön ſauber gewaſchen, die Hammelen haben genug Stroh unter ſich gehabt. Sammy hat ſeine Arbeit recht getan. Er weiſt wann der Dät ſchwetzt dann tut er nicht ſeine Worten ver-wäſten. Wo der Vater in das Haus gekommen war dann war der Sammy an die Eier wieder butzen.

Wo paar Tag vorüber waren und Sammy ſeine ſpelling Papieren beſſer geguckt haben, ſagt der Vater am Morgen-Tiſch, „Sind ihr alle froh wann die Schul ſtoppt?"

„Ich bin nicht froh, weil ich nicht ſpielen kann mit die Mädchen alle Tage," antwort die Anna.

„Ich bin froh, nun kann ich an's Dan Hoſtetler's geh für helfen ſchaffen," antwort der Andy.

„Und ich kann mehr helfen in's Feld." Dies kommt von der Amos.

„Ich bin froh, aber ich weiß nicht fürwas," ſagt der Sammy mit wenig ernſt. Er war fertig eſſen und ſitzt ſich hart hinten wider die Wand.

„Biſt du nicht froh für daheim ſein fa mich helfe ſchaffe?" ſagt der Vater als er lächelte gegen der Sammy.

Dies lächelt der Sammy ein wenig. „Ich gleich Hoi machen, aber nicht hacken im Garten."

„O, ich glaub es du tueſt es gleichen wann du anhaltſt deine Arbeit recht tun. Es macht ein Ernſt und weiſt ein Ernſt wann du es recht tuſt." Der Vater ſieht ihn an ein wenig. „Biſt du nicht froh für mehr mit fort gehen wenn die Schul aus iſt?"

Sammy war trockenes Mut. „Ich muß ſchaffen, Ich hab nicht die Zeit für fort gehen."

„Du denkſt nicht ſo wann ich dir etwas ſag," geht der Vater an.

An Schein kommt in der Sammy ſeine Augen als er gegen ſein Vater guckt mit Queſtions über ſein Geſicht.

Die andere Kinder waren g'wunderig wie der Sammy. „Wo hie geh?" fragt die Anna.

Der Amos und Andy ſeine Queſtions ſtertzen über die Anna ihrem naus.

Die Mäm ſitzt und lächelt über die Kinder ihre Exitement.

Der Vater butzt ſein Hals aus als er gegen Sammy ſieht. „Ich ſehn es du deine Arbeit probierſt gut tun." Er wart ein wenig, dann geht er an, „Wir haben ein Brief kriegt von's Joe Bylers der andere Tag. Der Däfe will haben es du zu ihm kommſt etliche Tag."

Sammy ſitzt mol ſchnell gerad auf.

„Der Däfie will haben es ich komm?" Er tut bald kreiſchen für gehört ſein über die andere, denn ſie waren alle am ſchwetzen an eine Zeit.

„Ja," antwortet der Vater, „aber ich hab mol ſehen wollen ob du deine Arbeit beſſer tuſt. Wann du bei der Däfe biſt ſollſt du ihm auch helfen ſchaffen."

„Ich kann glauben es der Däfe viel hat zu ſchaffen, denn er hat nicht andere Brüder für ihn raus helfen," ſagt der Amos.

„Er hat geſagt er hat drei Schweſtern," antwortet der Andy.

„Darf ich geh?" fragt der Sammy, „Ich hab der Däfe nicht geſehen für über an Jahr."

„Ja, ſie kommen nicht oft und du warſt nicht dort ſeit es du in die Schul geſtert haſt," ſagt die Mäm zu der Sammy. Sie dreht zum Amos. „Der Däfie hat drei Schweſtern aber eins, wann nicht zwei, ſchaffen fort. Ich dauer der Däfie denn er iſt ganz allein für ſpielen und für ſchaffen."

„Darf ich geh?" fragt der Sammy wieder, aber er ſpürt in ſeine Knochen es er geh darf.

„W-e--l, ich guck mol," ſagt der Vater es wann er nicht weiſt ob er der Sammy geh laſſen will oder nicht. „Ich hab gedenkt du kannſt mit der Milich-Truck geh bis an Harmon und nun kannſt du laufen. Wann du am Mittwoch geheſt dann können wir vielleicht am Samſtag an's Uncle Jecks gehen und dich heim holen."

Sammy hat mol g'ſchwind gewiſſt verwas er froh iſt wann die Schul aus geht. Er war ſehr froh es er ſeine Arbeit probiert hat recht tun.

„Wir waren ſchon lang nicht bei's Jecks," redet die Mäm. Sie ſieht der Sammy an. „Aber du muſt recht gut helfen wann du an's Joes biſt."

„. . . Und es recht tun," ſpricht der Vater weiter.

„Ich will der Däfie helfen ſchaffen," verſpricht der Sammy, und er meint alle Worte es er ſagt.

➞

Sammy war noch ſehr wenig in die Byler Heimat. Sie wohnen bald zehn Mile von einander. Die Maud Miller war die Joe Katie ihre Aunt; ſie ſchreiben zuſammen aber ſie kriegen nicht oft einanden zu ſehen. Sammy hat der Däfie gelannt kennen weil er alsmols mit kommen war wann ſeine Mäm kommen iſt die Maud beſuchen. Dies war nicht oft, aber wann er gekommen war haben ſie viel geſpaß gehabt. Der Däfie war auch zehn Jahre alt.

Am Mitwoch war der Sammy auf der Groß Milich-Truck auf dem Weg zu die kleine Stadt Harmon. Der Truck rumbled und die Brakes kreiſche als er ſtoppt an das kleine Schtorr. Sammy hört die Milich Kans rappele und wider einander falle. Er hebt ſein Shopping-Bag feſt in ſeine Hand als er die Truck Tür auf macht und ſteppt nunter, „Ich ſag Dank für mitfahren,“ ſagt er zu dem Driver. „Mol ſehen,“ ſagt der Sammy wo der Truck angange war, „Ich ſoll vorbei's Greenhouſe geh bis zu der erſt Kreuz-Weg, dann recht drehe und geh bis zu die zweite Lane auf der Linke.“

Sammy war ſehr hitzig ob er fort von Heim iſt, aber bis er nahe zu der Joe Byler Heimat kommen iſt war er ſchämich. Er wünſchte ein wenig er wäre daheim geblieben. Wie näher er kommt, wie ſchämiger war er. Aber bald ſehnt er ein Bube ihn entgegen kommen. „Das iſt der Däfie,“ denkt er.

„Ich hab g'glaubt du kommſt nicht,“ lächelte der Däfie wo er zum Sammy kommen war.

Sammy weiſt bald nicht was zu ſagen ſo lächelte er nur zurück. Es war aber nicht lang bis er ſeine Zung gefunden hat und die zwei Buben waren am ſchwetzen.

„Nach Mittag gehen wir an die Kreek,“ ſagt der Däfie. „Du kannſt mei Dät ſei Fiſch-Pol nehmen.“

Am Tiſch fragt der Joe Byler, „Wel, Buben, was wollet ihr tun nach dem Mittag?“ Zwei von die Mädchen und die Joe Katie waren auch am Tiſch.

„Fiſchen gehen,“ tut der Däfie geſchwind antworten.

Der Joe lachte. „Es nimmt dich nicht lang für etwas finden zu tun wann du mol an Bruder haſt.“ Er guckt gegen der Sammy. „Ich denk du und der Andy dien oftmals fiſchen.“

„Nicht ſo oft es wir wollen,“ antwortet der Sammy, „wir müſſen am erſten unſere Arbeit tun.“

„Wel, horch mol dort, Däfie,“ ſagt der Joe Byler zu ſeinem Knabe, „Vielleicht könnet ihr auch helfen der Hof mähen.“

„Däfie tut's nicht recht,“ ſagt die Schweſter Malinda mol geſchwind.

„Er mäht nicht recht an die Enden und tut nicht alles kriegen,“ klagt die Suſanna.

„Ich kann helfen Hof mähen, ich tue es als daheim,“ tut der Sammy anbieten.

„Ach, wir können es tun, gehet ihr fiſchen,“ ſagt die Malinda.

Sammy guckts Fenſter naus und ſehnt der große Hof. Er wünſchte er hätte auch eine oder zwei große Schweſtern daheim für der Hof mähen.

Sammy ſchmeiſt ſeine Lein in's Waſſer. Neben ihn ſteht an Eimer mit ein wenig kleine Fiſch. Es dünkt ihn er hat noch niemals ſo lang gefiſcht. Er war es bald ledig. „Müſſen wir nicht bald heim gehen für melken?“ fragt er der Däfie.

Däfie war bald am ſchlofen. Er hebt ſein Kopf auf wo er der Sammy gehört hat ſchwetzen. „Nein, ich brauch nicht helfen melken. Es ſind genug am melken ohne mich.“

„Ich tu helfen daheim,“ ſagt der Sammy.

„Ich kann melken aber die Mäd ſagen ich melk die Küh nicht gut aus. Sie ſind ſo particular.“ Ueber ein weil tut der Däfie ſein Kopf wieder nunter als wann er am ſchlafen wäre.

Sammy war aber unruhig. Er hat nicht der Joe Byler g'hört ſagen es ſie heim kommen müſſen für helfen, aber er wundert ob ſie doch gehen ſollten. „Müſſen wir nicht gehen die Küh holen?“ fragte er.

„Nein, ſie kommen oft allein,“ antwort der Däfie in eine matte Stimm.

Sammy hebt ſeine Hand über ſeine Augen und ſehnt weit über das Weidland. „Ich glaub aber es ich ſie ſeh in's Feld.“

„Suſanna holt ſie,“ explaint der Däfie, „ſie meint ich bin zu ſchloh.“ Er lächelt ein wenig.

Sammy wundert was er tun ſoll weil er daheim verſprochen hat daß er der Däfie helft mit die Arbeit. Er wundert wie er kann wann der Däfie keine Arbeit hat. Sammy war froh wo der Däfie glei ſagte es ſie wolle heim geh.

Wo ſie Heim komme ware war's Supper bald ready. „Ich kann helfe mit's geſchirr,“ ſagt der Sammy wo ſie gegeſſen hatten.

„Ich wäſch's Geſchirr zeit es die Mäd gehen hacken,“ ſagt die Joe Katie.

„Ich kann helfen hacken,“ ſpricht der Sammy.

Die Katie lächelte. „Die Mäd meinen der Däfie iſt zu ſchlappich an's Geſchirr wäſchen und ſie gleichen ihn auch nicht in dem Patch. Er iſt nicht gut am hacken. Ihr könnet die Eier ſuchen und dann geh ſpiele. Däfie hat nicht oft an Bub für mit ihn ſpielen. Er hat viel geplannt für tun wann du mol kommſt.“

Als ſie gegen's Hinkel-Haus laufen denkt der Sammy wie froh es er war es er ſeine Arbeit recht getan hat. Wann er's nicht recht getan hätte dann hätte er nicht darfen zu der Däfie gehen. Der Däfie hat's ſchön. Er tut ſeine Arbeit nicht recht, ſo muß er nicht ſchaffen, gehen Sammy ſeine Gedanken, und wann ich nicht recht ſchaff dann nimmt der Dät mich hinten's Hols-Haus. Es dünkt ihn der Däfie hat eine langweilige Zeit für alle Tag ſpielen und nicht ſchaffen.

Sammy hat eine freie Zeit gehabt bei dem Däfie, aber in vier Tag war es vorbei und er war ready für wieder Heim gehen. Er war froh für ſei Mäm und Dät ſehen die Lane nei fahren.

Wo ſie auf dem Heim-Weg waren, ſitzt der Sammy auf an third-ſeat, dazwiſche ſeine Mäm und Dät. Die Anna hat mol nicht darfen mit gehen denn das Buggy war voll genug. Als ſie fahren hat der Sammy viel gehabt zu verzählen.

Ueber an weile kommen ſie an eine alte Heimat. An alter Mann ſitzt auf die Porch. Er hebt ſeine Hand auf und lächelte wo er der John Miller ſehnt vorbei geh.

„Kennſt du ihn?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Ach ja,“ antwort der Dät. „Das iſt der alt Joel Erb. Er wohnt dort mit ſeinem Bub, der Sim.“

„Ach, ich muß doch der alt Joel dauern,“ ſagt die Mäm, „aber ich denk der Sim tut wie er kann. Er hat ſo fremde Wege, er iſt nicht wie andere Leut. Es iſt gut daß er niemals ein Frau kriegt hat. Sehnſt wie er hat Bahne gepflanzt an die Porch am Blatz von Blumen?“

Sammy ſehnt die Bahne Stöck an die Porch. „Iſt das

der Mann es du mol geſagt haſt es nicht glaubt an Küh verkaufen?“

„Ja, er will nicht's verkaufen oder butchere. Er glaubt nicht es es recht iſt, und er geht nicht oft in der Gemein. Er hat immer eine Ausredt.“

Sammy ſehnt dem Sim ſeine krank-guckige Küh in die Weid und die alt Scheuer war am verfallen. „Haſt du ihn ſchon lang gekennt,“ fragte er.

„Ach, ja,“ antwort der Vater. Er ſtreckt ſein Finger gegen eine ſchöner Platz über die Felder. „Dort wohnt der Mona Fiſcher. Die Leut ſagen der Mona und der Sim ſind miteinander in die Schul gange und waren in die ſame Grade. Der Mona war hart-lernig und der Sim war eaſy-lernig.“

Sammy guckt gegen dem Mona ſeine ſchöne weiſe Gebäuer, und geſund guckig Vieh; dann guckt er zurück gegen dem Sim ſein armer Platz, und ſeine magere Küh und Gäul.

„Sie ſagen der Mona war ein gehorſam Kind,“ geht der Vater an, „Und der Sim iſt geſchwind bös worden und ſein Dät hat ihn nicht g'macht horchen. Er hat getan wie er hat wollen und nicht gelernt ſeine Sachen recht tun oder acht geben auf was er hatte. Gott gibt ein Menſch gute Gaben aber er muß acht geben auf ſeine Sach.“

„Dann hat er ſeine Arbeit nicht recht getan?“ fragt der Sammy.

„Nein,“ antwortet der Dät, „und weil er geſchwind bös worden iſt hat niemand ihm's geſagt wo er g'fehlt hat.“

Sammy ſtudiert eine lange Zeit. Er denkt an der Däfie und wie er nicht muß ſchaffen weil er die Arbeit nicht recht tut. „Ich glaub aber es ich lieber meine Arbeit recht tun wollte und ſchaffen,“ mummelte Sammy endlich zu ſich ſelber.

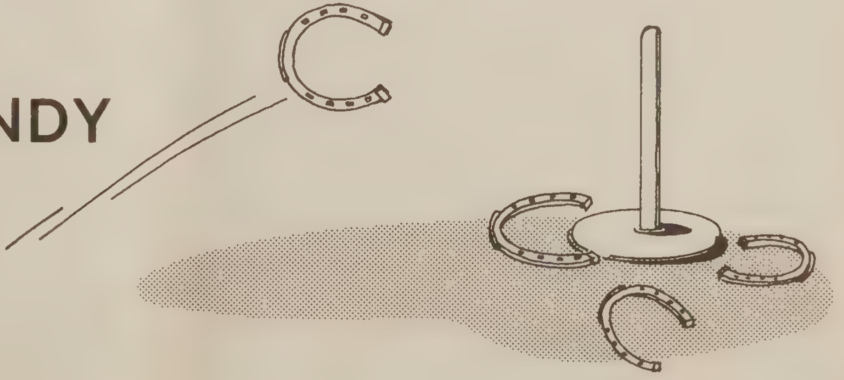
„Was haſt du geſagt?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ach, ich hab nur laut gedenkt,“ antwortet der Sammy als er lächelte gegen ſein Vater. △

CHILDREN'S SECTION

"ALMOST" ANDY

By David Luthy



Andy wondered what horseshoes had to do with post holes. One day he found out the hard way.

THE TONGUE IN THE cultivator creaked as Andy Beiler turned the team of horses too sharply onto the next row of corn. "Not so sharp," muttered Andy as he pulled on the left line. "I don't want to turn so short that I break the tongue."

The creaking stopped as the cultivator straightened out and was pulled onto the next row. Andy took a quick glance behind him. "The first plants got ripped out again," he mumbled. "I don't see how anybody can get the cultivator from one row to the next without damaging some corn. I think I should stop worrying about it. What are a few less plants, anyway? There are still thousands in the field." Andy looked up from the row he was cultivating and scanned the wide corn field. "A real nice stand of corn," he told himself. "It won't matter this fall if a few plants got torn out or crushed while I was cultivating. There will be lots of corn to husk."

Suddenly Andy realized he hadn't been watching the row he was cultivating. Too late he saw the cultivator rip out some plants, for he hadn't kept it squarely on the row. "Oh, there go some more plants. Here, get over and stay on the row," shouted Andy to the horses. Then he sighed, "This is hopeless. Why can't the horses learn to walk straight?"

The end of the row came and Andy turned the horses towards the next row. The chains at the ends of their traces jangled as they hit the metal parts of the cultivator. The wheels clicked as the cultivator turned. Once more Andy saw the wheels crush a few plants and the cultivator rip some out before it was squarely positioned on the next row. But Andy shrugged his shoulders. "I almost got onto the row that time without damaging any. But why did Dad have to plant the corn so close?"

When that row had been cultivated and Andy turned onto the next, he once more "almost" made it without uprooting any plants. Having convinced himself that he was doing his best, Andy ignored the damaged plants the rest of the afternoon as he guided the team from one row to the next.

That evening after supper, Andy's father walked to the cornfield to see how far along Andy was with the cultivating. "Say, he's nearly half finished with the field," smiled Mr. Beiler. "I didn't expect him to be that far along." But Mr. Beiler's smile soon lowered at the corners when he saw damaged plants at the beginning of each row. "Andy sure isn't very careful about going from one row to the next. That's an awful lot of ruined plants. Nobody can keep from uprooting some, but I'd think he could do better than that."

As Mr. Beiler walked towards the house, he thought about the ruined corn plants. "I think I'll do the cultivating myself tomorrow," he decided. "Andy can work on the new fence along the lane."

So, when breakfast had been eaten the following morning, Mr. Beiler told Andy, "I guess I'll cultivate today. Maybe you could dig some post holes for the new fence along the lane. You'll find the shovel and the post-hole digger beside the corner post. I marked the shovel handle with a piece of tape to indicate how deep the holes should be."

Andy didn't feel at all enthusiastic about leaving the job of cultivating and going to dig post holes. But he didn't protest. He realized that his dad had been digging them the day before. "Guess it's only fair if I take a turn," he told himself as he walked down the cow lane. "But I know how hard the digging goes back there. For a while the digging is easy, but once the sand stops and I hit the gravel, it isn't any fun. I wish the sand wasn't so shallow."

The shovel and post-hole digger were leaning against the corner post. Andy carried them to where his dad had left off digging. Then he stepped off the distance between two of his dad's post holes to see how far apart he should make his own.

To begin with, Andy used the shovel until the hole was two feet deep. Then he used the digger. He lifted it and thrust it into the hole several times. "Say, this isn't too bad," he thought. "Maybe the sand gets deeper as the lane comes up the rise in the hill." But with the next thrust of the digger Andy's hands vibrated as the digger struck a stone.

"Guess I rejoiced too soon," moaned Andy as he lifted the digger out of the hole. Aiming it at a little different angle he thrust it into the hole again. After several more thrusts the blade of the digger had worked its way around the stone, and Andy lifted it to the surface.

It seemed like a long time to Andy before his first post hole was deep enough to match the piece of tape his father had fastened to the shovel's handle. "Why do the holes need to be so deep?" grumbled Andy.

As time passed and more holes were dug, Andy was not very concerned about the depth. It seemed each hole became a little harder to dig and was left a little shallower than the one before it. Finally Andy quit using the mark on the shovel's handle as a gauge. Peering into his post holes, Andy told himself, "Aw, those are almost as deep as Dad's. They look okay to me."

After the noon meal Andy had no desire to return to digging post holes, but his dad made no other suggestions. So Andy walked slowly down the lane and picked up the digger half-heartedly. He continued digging holes and continued ignoring the tape on the shovel's handle.

Halfway through the afternoon, Mr. Beiler tied his team to a fence post and walked back to see how Andy was getting along with the post hole digging. "It will give the horses a nice rest," thought Mr. Beiler. "Maybe I can dig a hole and let Andy also rest."

Andy was just beginning to dig another hole when his dad arrived. "Here, let me dig a hole or two," suggested Mr. Beiler. You probably are about tired of post holes by now."

Andy handed the digger to his dad. He didn't say he had been tired of digging post holes before he even began, but it was true.

After digging for awhile, Mr. Beiler lowered the shovel handle into the hole to check the depth. "Not quite deep enough," he said and picked up the digger again. After a few more thrusts of the digger, he measured the depth again and found it sufficient. Resting on the handle of the shovel he said, "Well, Andy, what do you think of using the handle to measure with? I used to always use a measuring tape, but one time I dug a hole and discovered I had left my tape back home. So then I got the idea of marking the handle of the shovel and using it instead."

Andy felt uncomfortable. He managed to say, "Oh, yeah, it's okay."

Mr. Beiler sensed right away that something was wrong. "Maybe he didn't use it to measure with," he thought to himself. "I'd better check his post holes."

Mr. Beiler walked to the last hole which Andy had dug. "Oh, my," he exclaimed as he compared the depth with the tape on the handle, "this hole is a good six inches too shallow." He checked several other holes and found that they were also not deep enough.

Mr. Beiler tried not to let his disappointment show too much, yet it was hard to hide his feelings. "Why didn't you dig the holes as deep as I said?" he asked his son.

Andy pursed his lips and looked to one side. "Aw, I thought they were almost that deep."

"Almost!" exploded Mr. Beiler. "Andy, almost doesn't count except in horseshoes."

Andy had expected his father to be displeased. And he had expected a lecture. "But what have horseshoes got to do with post holes?" raced through his mind. Out loud he said, "I— I don't know what you mean, Dad."

Lowering his voice and talking calmly now, Mr. Beiler said, "You know the game called horseshoes, not?"

"Yes," said Andy. "I thought you meant the shoes a horse wears."

"No," said his dad, "I mean the game of pitching horseshoes. It's the only game I know of where a person can win by almost doing something."

Andy's face still wore a puzzled expression.

"You know," continued Mr. Beiler, "that the object of the game is to see who can pitch a horseshoe so that it wraps or 'rings' itself around a short iron post in the ground. Well, if no player's horseshoe does that, the winner is the horseshoe which landed closest to the iron stake. In other words, the one which wrapped itself around the stake is the winner. That's why I say, 'Almost doesn't count except in horseshoes.'"

"I just didn't think the depth of the holes matter that much," said Andy meekly.

"Well, it does," answered his dad. "If the posts aren't in deep enough, the frost will gradually lift them out. You don't want to rebuild this fence three years from now, do you?"

"No," agreed Andy.

"I know we can't expect to do things perfectly," said

Mr. Beiler. "Yet, we should try and do things the best we can. Sometime almost doing something, or almost not, may mean a big difference."

After his father returned to cultivating corn, Andy took the post-hole digger and deepened the holes he had made. He thought about what his dad had said about horseshoes. He tried to think of any other game where a person could win by almost scoring. "In basketball, a person only gets points when the ball goes through the net," thought Andy. "Nobody gets any points when the ball almost goes in. And in hockey the puck must go inside the net, not just close to it."

Andy thought of more games as he continued deepening the holes. He thought of ping pong, football, softball, even foot races. "I guess Dad is right," concluded Andy. "Almost doesn't count except in horseshoes."

Even though Andy now understood what his father meant by the saying, the importance of the lesson was not deeply impressed on his mind. Two weeks later, though, it would be!

Days passed and the cultivating was finished. The fence posts were put in the holes and the barbwire stretched. Mr. Beiler and his son turned to other projects. One which needed almost immediate attention was the grain binder.

"It's time we get the binder out and ready," suggested Mr. Beiler one morning. "If the weather holds, we should be cutting oats next week."

So Andy and his father got the binder out of the shed. They mended the torn canvass and greased the dry parts. While greasing one part, Mr. Beiler discovered it was badly cracked. "Say, I'm surprised that didn't fall off last summer when we were cutting grain. Lucky it didn't then and also lucky I spotted it this year before we began." He rubbed his finger over the part and felt the crack. "Let's see, where can we get a replacement?" He studied the question a few seconds and then said, "I imagine that place in Jonesville is as likely to have a replacement as anywhere. They've got horse-drawn machinery to sell and likely have a few binders that have been junked for parts."

"Jonesville," said Andy, thinking out loud. "That's 20 miles away."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Beiler, "but the electric train goes back and forth several times each day. How would you like to go get the part? Mom could drive you to town and shop while you go to Jonesville. I think there's another train in about 2 hours that you could catch back to town and come home with Mom."

Andy could hardly believe he was hearing right. "Sure, I'll go," he volunteered.

"First thing tomorrow morning I'll call and find out if they have the part and also find out what time the trolley leaves town and returns."

Andy smiled when he heard his dad call the electric train a "trolley." The shiny, stairless steel electric trains didn't look like trolleys he had seen in storybooks. Yet he knew that when his dad was young, real trolleys had used the very same tracks that the more modern-looking electric trains now used. These weren't actual trains, for they had no engines. They were train cars powered by an electric current. Andy always thought they looked odd going along the track for they had flat fronts like any train car and no engine. "They look funny, but they are fun to ride," he thought. "I like the slight sway they have and the clickity-clak for the wheels on the tracks."

The next morning Mr. Beiler returned from the public phone across from Ike Zook's pallet shop and told Andy to get ready to go. The implement dealer had the part they needed. And the train would leave in an hour. "I'll get the driving horse ready for you and Mom," said Mr. Beiler.

It was only a half hour drive to town, and Andy reached the small train depot in plenty of time. "I'll be here waiting for you when you come back," said Mom. "Dad said you have about an hour and three-quarters in Jonesville before the westbound train comes. That should give you plenty of time to get the part."

Andy hoped he wouldn't forget to pick up the needed binder part. He had a few dollars of his own money in his pocket and wanted to look through the dimestores in Jonesville. "I'd like a new pocketknife," he thought as he waited for the train. Soon he saw it coming down the tracks. There was no blaring whistle like a locomotive blew. The electric train glided to a stop.

Andy boarded the train and found a seat by the window. A bell sounded and the train moved smoothly forward. The conductor came and took Andy's ticket. "You won't have a very long ride," he teased. "Jonesville is the next stop."

"Yeah, I know," smiled Andy. "I'm just going after a part for our grain binder."

In fifteen minutes the train was stopping and Andy was stepping off. He held onto the shiny, stainless steel bar fastened to the wall beside the steps. He didn't want to fall while going down the metal steps. The conductor had gotten off first and was standing with his hand on the same type steel bar fastened to the outside of the train. "Watch your step, son," he cautioned. "And I hope you get that binder part okay."

Andy smiled and started walking across the concrete platform. He glanced back to watch the train depart. The bell rang as the conductor waved to the engineer. The conductor, still holding to the metal bar, went gracefully onto the protruding first step as the train began to move. Then he disappeared inside the car, and the train was gone.

"Sometime I'd like to ride on a train all the way out West," thought Andy as he walked through Jonesville. "I remember pictures in our geography book of curves in the tracks where the passengers could see the engine from their windows. And the deep ravines they cross, that must be something to look down from a train window and see."

It was not difficult at all for Andy to find the used implement dealer. There were dozens of pieces of machinery sitting in the lot beside his office. Andy walked into the office but found no one. "Maybe he is outside working on some implement," thought Andy.

Andy walked through the large lot and soon heard the sound of a wrench scraping metal. He followed the sounds and found the dealer crouched beside an old threshing machine. "Hello," greeted Andy.

"Why, hello," answered the man as he gave the bolt he was turning a hefty twist. "There, that one is loose. Some of these bolts have rusted themselves so tight you'd think they were welded on." Laying his wrench down he asked, "What can I do for you, son?"

"Dad called about getting a part for our grain binder."

"Sure, I've got just the part. Sorry I didn't take it off yet, but I've been working on getting the straw cutter out of this old threshing machine. I'm about done with it. How big a hurry are you in?"

Andy looked at his pocket watch. "I've got an hour and a half before the train leaves."

"You mean the trolley," said the man. "It don't look like no trolley, but that's what it is—a high-class trolley. Ain't got no engine you know."

"Yeah, I know," nodded Andy.

"Anyway if you can wait fifteen minutes, I'll get this straw cutter loose and then get that binder part for you."

"Okay," said Andy.

Fifteen minutes stretched into half an hour. Then it took time for the man to remove the binder part. But finally Andy was walking away from the dealer's place with the part in a paper bag. Looking at his watch, Andy thought, "I've got only 40 minutes before the train leaves. But that still gives me time to do some shopping. Let's see, now where is the dimestore."

Andy spied several dimestores on the main street. He went into the first one he came to and began browsing from one counter to the next. "Stuff in here looks too expensive," he told himself. "I think I'll go into another store."

As Andy walked into the next dimestore he glanced at his pocketwatch. "Twenty minutes until the train goes," he thought. He spied the candy counter and stood before it trying to make up his mind what kind he would like to buy. Everything looked so good. Finally he bought a pound of chocolate covered peanuts.

"I'd better find the pocketknives, if I'm going to buy one today," he told himself. He glanced at his watch and saw he had 10 minutes yet before train time. "I've got my ticket already," thought Andy, "and it won't take more than two minutes to get to the station. But still I'd better hurry and get that pocketknife."

There weren't very many pocketknives for Andy to choose from. He bought one and headed for the door. As he passed a large wall clock near the front of the store, he pulled his pocket watch out to compare the times. "Oh, my!" exclaimed Andy. "The clock is five minutes ahead of my watch. I wonder which is right?"

Andy did not have long to wonder. As soon as he stepped outside the door he saw the train pulling into the station. Running at top speed Andy headed for the station. "I can't miss that train. I've got to catch it!"

The distance from the dimestore to the station was covered in record time. But just as Andy was crossing the parking lot beside the station he heard the train's bell and saw the conductor disappear up the steps into the car.

Andy fixed his eyes into the stainless steel bar that was fastened to the outside of the car. He ran with all his might. "If I can just grab hold of the bar and swing myself onto that first step, I've got it made," he told himself.

The train was gliding forward. Andy was running as fast as he could. For a second he thought he could make it. He was nearing the steel bar and the step. He stretched out his hand and could almost feel the cold steel in his grasp. But the train was picking up speed, and his fingers never closed around the steel bar.

Puffing and with sweat streaming down his face mingled with tears, Andy stopped chasing the train. "I almost got ahold of that bar," he moaned. "I almost got on the train."

Dejectedly Andy returned to the station. He fumbled in his pocket for some change. He went to the pay phone and called the station at home, hoping his mother was already there waiting for him. He felt so stupid. He knew now that someone who did taxi work would have to come and get him.

After talking with his mother on the telephone, Andy sat down in the station's waiting room. His heart was still beating somewhat fast from his race with the train. In his mind he kept seeing the steel bar on the side of the train. He could not help but contrast it with the iron stake in the game of horseshoe. His open hand had been the horseshoe. It had not wrapped itself around the steel bar. "In horseshoe, I could have been the winner getting so close to the stake," thought Andy. "But today I was the loser. I almost had my hand around that bar, but almost doesn't count except in horseshoe."

△

ANSWERS:

TO PROBLEM NO. 10

Maturity in Marriage

CHILDREN-- HIS OR HERS?

Is there any help for the poor mother who said of her husband, "He always acts like they were my children. I can get the children to the table. I can wash their faces. I can change the baby. I can settle their quarrels and soothe their disappointments all day long, and then stay awake at night with a teething baby while he snores away. Aren't they his children, too? He hardly ever takes them with him to work, to town, or at church, even though I may be tired and edgy and my nerves ready to scream. I'd like to know how other mothers make it with a lot of small children close together to keep from going to pieces."

This desperate mother must have struck a responsive chord in a lot of people— for the answers have been pouring in. We can't print them all, but we are printing as many as we can.

MOTHER PLANTS THE SEEDS

The first suggestion for the wife whose husband doesn't share the workload may come as a bit of a surprise to some— her troubles may be of her own making. We received a number of letters that suggested this possibility. Doesn't that just sound like husbands, trying to blame their wives for the situation? But wait a minute, none of these letters came from husbands— all of them were written by wives. So maybe there is something here to consider, if even the wives recognize the possibility.

A mother from Indiana writes a long letter, saying, "I have a wonderful husband and he is usually willing to lend a helping hand. (May I suggest to mothers who are bringing up boys that you teach your boys housework and not to scorn it as "women's work!" Your daughter-in-law will thank you in her heart a thousand times. At least I give my mother-in-law a lot of credit for teaching my husband that housework is not just for the women.)

Most men have to be coached or taught (not bossed) how to be a father. Most lack the instinct that God instills in a mother, therefore, it is her privilege to pass this on to her husband. A lot of this "my baby" business may start from the wife's hospital stay where she alone got to hold him. She comes home feeling capable, and acquainted with the little bundle. This is where she can make her first mistake. Husband watches her seemingly expert handling of this little stranger who frightens him just a bit. Now comes the time for him to hold baby. Many men react with a definite "No!" He claims the baby is too fragile, while actually he longs to hold baby with all his heart, but he just needs to be coaxed. No father is going to refuse if you just gently lay Baby in his arms. Now don't laugh if his handling of Baby seems awkward to you. (Unless he had younger brothers and sisters, this may be the first time he held a tiny baby.) Stand back and admire. Words like, "Why, I do believe he's looking at you," or "He even looks like you," won't fail to win his father's heart. From then on, let him share in Baby's care, but don't make him.

It isn't fair to expect Husband to change Baby's diaper when he has a mess, but if he wants to give its bath, etc. let him. It won't hurt Baby nearly as much if every crease doesn't get clean as it does Father's ego to tell him he can't handle it!

Many mothers feel so proud of their first baby they want to do everything themselves. It's so much fun and everything is so new and clean, it's just like a new doll, only lots more fun and it's their very own, and so on and on. Maybe Father gets to hold the baby occasionally, but at the first whimper Mother is right there, saying in actions if not in words how much more capable she is in caring for him.

As Baby gets older, he prefers Mommy to Daddy. After all, hasn't Mommy shown that Daddy is someone to be rescued from in times of trouble? Of course, Mommy doesn't realize what she is doing— she is just thinking of herself as a good mother, and since she mostly takes care of Baby, she begins to think of it as "my baby." Here is where most men get tuned out. Rather than compete with Mother, he just sort of sits back and the seeds are planted in his mind that babies are "women's business."

This is all fine until along comes baby No. 2, and soon No. 3 and 4. By this time Mother has more than she can handle and the "fun" has changed to just plain hard work, and she'd like some of her husband's help in caring for the children. "Our children" she now calls them, instead of "my baby." Well, the seeds she has planted have grown and the roots are deep. He can't see how the care of several babies is so much. She's gotten along all right without his help before. And anyway, it's not much fun when he has to help, especially when asked to in a cross, grumbly way.

Now I may have made that sound as though if a wife fails to get a husband's help with the first baby, it's too late to improve things. I don't really mean it quite that final, although it does help to get a good start. But if you miss that start, you can still coach your husband along to good fathering. Most men are willing to help, but really don't know just how and many times they fail to see the need. What they need is a little coaching from their wives. (Remember, I said coaching, not bossing. The only difference between the two lots of times is the tone of voice.)

One example of where men may not realize their help is needed is where food is being served "self-serve," a system which is very unhandy with little children. If Mother hands Dad several plates and asks him kindly if he'd fix a plate for Susie and Johnny, he'll chip in and do it. Unless he is exceptional, he probably wouldn't have thought of it himself. But after seeing firsthand what a hassel it is to get them fed, he will likely not need to be asked to help next time. He'll do it on his own because he knows he is needed. In contrast, picture another wife who has had quite a time getting "hers" all fed because she isn't going to "boss" her husband a around, and besides, if he'd be helpful like he should be, he'd help without being asked! By the time they are on their way home, she is good and upset and lets her husband know it, too. He may, or may not get the message of what caused her outburst, depending on how outspoken she is, but either way it causes hurt feelings.

Does Mother help Dad too? Then it's only fair and fun to help each other, but don't expect help all the time. After all, he needs some time to relax by himself, expecially if he works away from home under a boss. He doesn't need another one when he gets home. After all, we wives can plan our own work, and let's admit it, we sometimes snitch a little rest while the children nap or baby nurses. After all, we read Family Life sometime. Or we have a day off for a hen party or quilting while they seldom have time to themselves. But if Mother has had an especially busy day or baby has been sick or fussy, it's only fair that Dad roll up his sleeves and do supper dishes, or help peel those peaches, or apples, or even just play with the children to get them away from Mother a bit.

Sign me— Married to a willing helper

Maybe some other people are like I was the first years we were married. When our first child was so he could toddle around and get into mischief, I would say, "Now don't. I'm going to tell Daddy when he comes in, and he can give you a whipping." I didn't realize what I was doing. One day my mother-in-law said, "You must not tell the child you will tell Daddy so he can punish him. That way he will not like Daddy and think he is just to punish him." She told me to punish him in the act, and not wait until Daddy comes in. Now that was very good advice.

-New Haven, Indiana

I think one way to get your husband to help you is to appreciate, even with the first child, when he tries to help. Sure, you aren't so busy then, but later on you might be. Of course, I don't mean try to make him do everything, but if you're at home alone one Sunday, let him change the baby or put his shoes on, even if he gets the dress on backward, or things don't look exactly as when you do it. It might be his first time. If it doesn't matter, let it go and then next time better it. Or if he laughs easily, help him along, but don't criticize. You did better too after your tenth baby case than with the first. If he gets better, praise him. We're all children in a sense and need praise.

Our firstborn was fussy at evenings. One day Granddad came along. "Let me hold him." He soon was carrying him around singing. Baby became quiet. Grandma came by. "Oh, that's not the way to hold a baby!" A short time later the baby began to cry and Granddad

said, "Take him, I don't know how." She always complained that he didn't take care of the children, but several incidents like that, and I wonder whose fault it was.
-Name and state withheld

My husband helps me good, but it wasn't always this way. When there was more work to be done than I could do, I would frown and stay up until all was done. Then my husband would ask me why I was mad and tired. He explained that he would be glad to help if I wasn't too proud to ask his help and show him what needed to be done. So I tried to do my part to give him a chance, and now many times he comes home from work and rolls up his sleeves and digs in. I really appreciate his attitude and try to have a clean house, hot meal, and happy countenance when he gets home. -Name Withheld

HIS, HERS, AND OURS

Our family is four-fifth male. The boys are "mine" when: There are diapers to change, heads to wash, clothes to mend, band-aids to put on, clothes to wash, cookies to make, apples to peel and small quarrels to stop.

The boys are "his" when: There're baths to take, hair to cut, trips to make to the feed or parts store, toys to fix, a new calf is being born, enough snow for toboggan rides down the steepest hills, or extra firm discipline is needed.

They are "ours" when: We have family devotion, go for walks or wade in the stream, attend church, visit grandpa's, they get sick at night, they enter school life, we do farm chores and sit around the table for a meal.
-A young mother, Pennsylvania

GRANDMA REMEMBERS

I am now a grandmother, not so many chores and no little children to take care of. We raised nine children, and nearly all of them are married. When they were small, we would get up at 4:30 or 5. This gave us time to chore together, have breakfast, and have a little work done before the little ones were up. If they were awake when we came in, Daddy would lend a helping hand while I got breakfast. After breakfast all that could toddle would go out with him until he was ready to go to the field. Then they would come in or play in the yard. As the noon hour neared, I would fill the horses' mangers with hay and have oats ready for them.

When he came in for dinner, the children all came in with him. He would see to it that each one was washed and at his place at the table. Sometimes one would not want to eat this or that or was naughty. They would go to the porch. All the other children would not say a word, but sympathize with the one on the porch. When Daddy and the child came in, the eats tasted good. But this did not have to happen often.

After dinner Daddy would take the little ones under school age for a nap. Toward evening, at 4 or 4:30 I quit my work and started choring. We worked together. Often after supper they all went out to play in the yard. A lot of times I would think that Daddy would have many other things to do instead of playing with them. I always worked. Now I can see where he was a better daddy than I a mother. They remember and treasure this more than anything else he could have done for them.
-Indiana

NO EASY ANSWERS

I know of four different women who had nervous breakdowns and while there may have been different things at the root of their problem, they had husbands who were either "too busy" or else felt it wasn't "their duty" to help with the small children. Some of these men went away a lot during the week, then Sundays when their wives would have wanted to go visiting, they wanted to stay at home.

Once when our oldest was about two and full of energy and into everything, Daddy said, "If I'd be in here all the time, you'd learn something once!"

It didn't make me feel better because I was trying very hard, so I asked Daddy, "Would you PLEASE try to teach her during the times when you are in?"

So he did try to a large extent, and he learned that there are no easy answers. They are OUR children, not MINE or HIS. -Pennsylvania

A TALE OF HIM AND HER

They used to be HER children, and the housework used to be HER work. The mail, the outside work, the reading, the daydreaming used to be HIS work. Along comes the canning season, the busy season, in addition to the housework and the children. This also turned out to be HER work. Poor SHE tried to do it all, and poor HE never gave it a thought or gave her a maud. One Saturday it happened that she had all the above work to do and the weekend work in addition. This was the breaking point. It was too much, but somehow she got it all done by working late. Best of all, she didn't complain or say a thing about it. If she did say anything, he didn't hear it— he was thinking about something else. Sunday morning came and she got the children ready, which were still small, got breakfast ready and all went well until they were on the way to church. Then she told him clearly and in no uncertain terms how things were. He listened quietly, and sadly. When the flood was over, he apologized in no uncertain terms. Thereafter things went quite differently. HER work is now also HIS work, and HER children are now also HIS children. Now she is happier, the children are happier, and he still has time to daydream and look at the mail.
-Him and Her

MORE HELP, PLEASE

Although the bulk of the wives who wrote could say they felt their husbands did very well in helping, it seems there are always some who have a sadder story to tell. Following are two such letters:

I am looking forward to reading the answers about the husband not helping with the children, as I have the same problem. I often get discouraged, but then I have to think of how much more I would have to do if something would happen to him. He does take two of the children with him in church most of the time. Sometimes he has more. In the evening I think he could help get the children in bed, but if he's gone I realize how much it helps if he's just there, half asleep. If they get rowdy, it doesn t take them long to quiet down if he tells them to. I often think he could help me a lot more (I can never get him to fix anything for me, either), but I guess I should be more thankful for what he does do.
-Indiana

I am not writing because I have an answer, but because I have the same problem. It may help to know you are not alone, as I sometimes feel I am the only one that has a husband who doesn't help his wife. I don't feel a husband has to clean house, cook meals, or sew, but at least help with some little jobs. What hurts me the most is when he suggests work that should be done around the house, or mentions how long a job has been left undone. Sometimes the job has been neglected because I was out helping him. Frequently he asks me to help him, but when I come back in the house, my work has to be left as it's time to fix a meal, or the children need attention. He does take one or two along to town occasionally, and when he's home after work they like to be with him. He is patient, easy-going, and doesn't get upset very easily. I am high-strung, quick-tempered and nervous, so you can imagine how hard I have to work at myself, besides trying to discipline the little ones not to be as quick-tempered as I am.

I get discouraged too soon, but then is when I have to ask God for help and encouragement more than ever. Pray when you feel like screaming. Sometimes at eleven o'clock everybody is in bed. I am still folding diapers, or washing supper dishes; after nursing the baby and getting them all ready for bed, I begin feeling sorry for myself. I think to pray. Suddenly my work seems lighter, and I decide some work doesn't have to be done, or I just skimp over some job and call it good enough. I pray for patience to teach our children to enjoy to help work, then when I am older I will have help. I try to think how older people say, "They are small such a short time," and enjoy the mess, muss, and work, which is not always easy. I try to be more thankful for a Christian husband that loves me and is not harsh with me and the children.

Now with the winter season coming, so much is to be done, the children have barely enough clothes for the cold weather, a few items to be canned yet, lawn to be raked and mowed, my nerves are beginning to frazzle. Then my husband suggests he needs help to husk corn, which I would love to do, but I also need help. At times I feel all I do is boss the children and don't enjoy them enough. With so many little ones, it seems there has to be constant disciplining. -Indiana

PITY FOR FATHER

A lot of the letters we receive contained abundance of sympathy for the overworked mothers whose husbands go their own way, but one writer was thoughtful enough to save a little pity for the fathers who don't help their wives.

"We were married a number of years before we had any children of our own, and we feel this has helped us to appreciate them more. I think my husband enjoys and loves them just as much as I do. At our home my husband feels it's his duty to get them washed up and ready for the table. He changes diapers when I'm busy with the meals, and also helps to get them ready for bed. They almost always go with him when he does the chores. Sure, he realizes it takes longer, but there is a closeness between Daddy and the children when he takes time with them that wouldn't be there if he wouldn't.

Naturally the bigger part of taking care of our children falls on us mothers, as we spend more time with them. I feel sorry for the mothers whose husbands don't help with the children, but I also feel sorry for those fathers who don't help along with the children. They don't know what they are missing. And who's going to bother with Daddy when he's an old man if he's not going to take time now with his children. These daddies better wake up and help along with these dear little children, because our children are the only possessions we can take to heaven with us. -Arkansas

PRAYER HELPED

To the mother who wonders whose children they are, his or hers, my heart goes out to you. I used to have that problem a little myself. My husband used to work at the factory and I actually don't think he realized how things were for me sometimes with a fussy baby and other work and myself not feeling too good. I started praying to God to please help my husband see what he is doing to me and the children, and to help him be more considerate of us all. I asked him to forgive me, as I felt I had wronged my husband earlier in some things. I prayed to have help to go the second mile and to get a better attitude toward life. Please don't think everything is going to get into shipshape all at once, but after some years my husband is considerate of us all. We can talk things over much better, and in short, I think we have a happy married life. -Lagrange, Indiana

MINISTERS HANDICAPPED

A place where a husband's help with the children comes in as handy as anywhere is in church, yet that is the very place where minister's wives often find themselves alone with the children.

"We have a big family and my husband is a minister, so he can't help me too much in church. Though he does take the 2 and 4-year-olds once in awhile when they begin getting fussy for me and the baby is on my lap. At home he always helped me, being especially considerate by washing the Sunday evening supper dishes when he knows I'm tired from tusselling with the children at church. -Indiana

MEMORIES OF FATHER

Being the father of a large family, who are all grown now, I can well remember how I would help dress the children, put on their shoes, wash their hands and faces, or change the baby's diaper, sometimes set the table, fetch water, or whatever needed to be done. After supper I often helped with the dishes and got the children ready for bed. No, I didn't do it all. Mother was busy, too. I just helped, and have never been sorry for it. I feel it was my duty, as well as privilege.

Little children are sweet if you are sweet to them. Fathers, wake up, if there are any more like the one in the question. When are you going to win that love and respect so they learn to trust and obey you in later years if you don't do it while they are small and need help? This is very important. I fear the time will come when they don't want your help if you don't help them while they are small. Also take time once in a while to play with them. This will also help to build love and respect. -Iowa

I am a father of five children. Our oldest son will soon be fifteen years old. He was an awfully fussy, colicky baby. He was born in the spring and he didn't sleep over a few hours each night. Soon my wife was so tired out she didn't hear him any more. So I would get up nights, change and feed him many, many a time. Why? Because I loved my wife. I had to think to myself, "She would like to sleep just as much as I would."

I feel when I helped wash dishes or wash clothes when we had little ones, that kept us closer together. While washing dishes we could talk over our day's events. I know of fathers who are rather harsh with their wives when they come home and the chores are not done, or supper isn't ready. My advice is that if you come home and chores aren't done, give her a good smile, or even a kiss, and ask, "Did you have trouble or something?" Then say, "I'll milk tonight, you go get supper." Then help her wash dishes, and see if that doesn't put you closer together. I think men should help their wives more than some do. I have a lot of room for improvement, too; not bragging, just saying as I feel from the heart. -Indiana

HAPPY WIVES

The largest collection of answers we received was from the happy wives who are pleased with the way their husbands love and help and support them. Following are excerpts from these letters:

"I can't express in words how much it means to me when I am up at night, sometimes for hours with a colicky or teething baby, longing for a little rest before it's time to get to work, and the husband gets out of bed and says he'll take a turn awhile, or sometimes in the evening he says I am to wake him if the baby doesn't sleep soon. It seems our babies all had bother with colic, but I have very good help. No, I don't have to feel they are just my children. I sometimes think he does better in giving them attention than I do. He often plays with them a little after the meals, or holds the little one, showing her a book. Our 16-month-old daughter is all tickled when she hears her daddy coming in. -Young mother, Pennsylvania

My husband helps a lot with the children and with the work. If he comes in for a meal and the table isn't set, he'll set it, or hold the baby. Or sometimes mash the potatoes. I wish every mother could experience the appreciation that brings. -Ohio

I'm sure thankful for a husband that helps me get the children dressed, washed up for meals, to bed, etc. He also takes them along with him whenever it's not too inconvenient. Father also is a big help in settling disputes among the children. Often a father can do more with little children than a mother when they are contrary. Probably some fathers don't realize how much lighter it makes the load for mother if he helps with the children. But then in turn, I help with barn chores and sometimes field work. I think working together and helping each other creates a happy marriage.
-Mother of four, Pennsylvania

Although I feel children should be cared for on a 50-50 basis, on a large farm with three small children and plenty of work, sometimes it ends up being a 75-25 arrangement. Sometimes Mother has the 75 and sometimes Dad. During planting, harvesting, or any other busy season for Dad, more of the care of the children falls to me. When I'm busy canning, he takes the biggest part, leaving only the 25 end to me. -Missouri

A mother asked me once, "How come the children don't make trouble in church when they start sitting with their father at the age of 9 months?" I said, "Those children are used to getting attention from Daddy during the week, and also their share of discipline." If he goes away and it's at all possible, the children go along. Sometimes they take turns to go, however it suits best. When they get home, they are refreshed and tell me what all they saw, etc. -Mother of six, Pennsylvania

We have five pre-school children, all real active. They need things to do, and also need to learn what not to do. They need plenty of discipline, which takes Daddy's help as much as mother's. I pity the poor mothers who get no help from their husbands. No wonder they get nervous breakdowns. I think I would be a nervous wreck if I would have to do it all alone.

In church women have as much right to listen to a sermon as the men. As active as our children are, it would not be very easy to hold a baby and keep a row of children quiet and keep your thoughts where they should be. But if we both take a few children, it makes it much easier. I am usually the one to get up at night to care for the children, as he is a sound sleeper and often doesn't hear them. I'd have to waken him, but then I couldn't sleep until it's all settled and he's back in bed, so I might as well go while I'm awake anyway, and let him sleep. But if I have an especially trying night, I like if he helps during the day and lets me go rest a while. -Pennsylvania

With five children close in age, I know of the things the woman wrote about. But I also have a husband who helps me out as much as his work and strength permit. Then if I'm still tired, behind in my work and baby is fussy, he lets me have a maud. All of which helps greatly. Living on a rented farm, leaves very little time for him to help with canning, mowing lawn, or with daytime care of sick children and fussy babies. But he carries his share during the night when someone wants water, needs to go to bathroom, or has a sickness. Many a baby was rocked for hours so Mom could rest a little. (Although it makes me jittery to lie in bed supposedly resting while Daddy walks the floor with a colicky baby!)

Maybe she should suggest kindly to him just how she feels and what it would mean to her if he'd accept the fact that it takes two people to bring a child into the world and it takes two to raise the child properly (barring widowhood). Why, if I would have to worry about our boys' haircuts, (we have three) or have them all with me in church, or if he never would take them to sales, fields, or on errands with him, I, too, would almost lose my sanity. -A fortunate Mom, Ohio

The Lord has blessed me with a very helpful husband. He takes his turn taking care of the children when they are sick, or during the night. He can bathe them just as quickly as I can. He takes them along to town, even as small as six months, which helps me out so much. In church he takes them along as soon as they are around around a year old. So he brightens the day when he steps into the house. We have a large broiler house, where the children can be a great help. I help him whenever I get a chance, too. We have six small chil-

The best advice is only as good as the use you make of it.

dren. At times it's a little hard on my nerves, then he and the children do the dishes and clean house. I go outside, feeding the broilers or doing other chores, which gives me a change. I think it is a wonderful blessing from the Lord to have a husband who loves every child born into the home. -Ohio

AS A LAST RESORT, CHANGE YOURSELF

As long as you keep thinking you can't make it with an unhelpful husband, then things can't get better. But once you decide to accept him as he is, then you will find it much easier. But do not try to do it of yourself, but go to the Lord daily and ask Him to restore love in your heart and help you to accept it. Then the load will get much lighter and it will be much easier to go on. Yes, change yourself instead of trying to change your husband.

Our big family of a baby every year and sometimes two are most of them grown now, but my husband wouldn't wash them and put them to the table either for me (he would sometimes change diapers if I asked him to.) Please read the 5th chapter of Ephesians and with the help of the Lord, try to follow it, then the rest of your days will go easier. Of course, I would be glad for you if someone could write something that would open your husband's eyes and help him to change. But if not, take my advice. It does work. I've tried it.

-Pennsylvania

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HOW WE MANAGED TO MEET OUR OBLIGATIONS

1

Ten years ago we bought a 50-acre farm. We had been renters before that and had enough to pay for half the farm when we bought it. For the first 5 years I worked on outside jobs such as sawmill or carpenter work. We still had half of the farm to pay for. I worked away during the week and tried to do our farming evenings and Saturdays. This makes for long days and hard work. I did not have much time with the family. I decided I must find something to make work at home which would make enough income to meet our payments.

We got in contact with a feed company which gave us a contract for 10,000 laying hens. We had to borrow money from the bank to build the laying house. Two years later we borrowed money again, this time to build a farrowing house for 34 sows. The feed company was very helpful in getting the sows and they furnished the feed until we could get the sows paid off. I have found out that in most communities there are feed companies which will give young farmers contracts for raising livestock or poultry as well as information and advice on how to do it.

We cut down on our feed costs by feeding the sows 8 to 10 lbs. of corn silage during gestation. We also give them 1 1/2 lbs. of protein supplement every other day. Care should be taken not to feed moldy silage as any kind of mold can cause the sows to abort their young. I believe our sow herd gives us about the same income as 15 or 20 cows and is not as much work involved. Of course not everyone has the same likes and dislikes or the same talents.

By keeping them busy at home, our boys have a chance to learn to work and take responsibility in doing the chores, etc. We still have a debt but if we are willing to work, we can have a good income and don't need to work off the farm.

In the business of farming we have to learn to adapt our operations to the circumstances. We have a neighbor who does not have farrowing facilities but does have an orchard or woodlot where he makes pens to keep 10 or 12 sows. In the spring he buys gilts and has them farrow in June, July or August and as soon as the pigs are weaned he sells off the sows. The next spring he buys more gilts. In this way, no warm shelters are needed, just shade and feed and water.

There are always opportunities available for anyone who is willing to work and to invest (wisely). I think we are better off working at home in the long run for then we can work together as a family. -Pennsylvania

2

Is managing on the farm these days so much different than it was 40 years ago? I'm afraid there's not as much difference as some people try to make themselves believe. The management is very much the same but the people have changed. Forty years ago the floors didn't have to be painted or varnished, the buggy didn't have to be shinied, the pretty things didn't have to be on the walls, gifts weren't so freely given to those who were not in need, or "fancy" gifts weren't bought so much, or expensive clothes, the children didn't have to have two pairs of shoes, people didn't travel so much... and many other things weren't necessary that today "must be had."

People spend more in cooking, buy more from grocery stores, and many of the younger generation hasn't learned to save (shame on the parents). Because of this, many say, "You can't make a living on a farm anymore."

At home there was something like an unwritten budget. The egg money went to buy things for the table, clothes, and where needed in the house. The milk checks went for the the feed payments, and the pig checks to pay on the farm and the tax. I don't know, but I can believe at times the egg checks covered more (and at times less) than the general living expenses, and the milk check did more than pay for the chicken feed, pig feed, and cow feed; but we got whey for our pigs and then we saved potato peelings, cabbage leaves and other scraps for the chickens and also let them out to pick up food for themselves, then less feed was needed. There are many small items to be watched for the successful farmer these days, and it was also forty years ago for at that time there were many crop failures. It is well when young farmers ask advice from successful elderly farmers. -Ohio

Deadline for Answers: Nov. 31st

WHAT DO YOU THINK

QUESTION:

What should a wife do when her husband won't take care of his health? Several times my husband has been sick or had hurt himself when I didn't like to be the boss and say "you have to do so and so" but it was the only way he would take care of himself. I also know of some women who won't take care of themselves after an illness or operation and then they get so "gridlich" they are hardly fit to be around when they get over it.

-Concerned about my husband's health

ANSWERS FOR THE ONE WHO WAS LYING AWAKE WONDERING HOW TO GET THE BOYS UP IN THE MORNING.

● If your boys are old enough to help with the milking, I am afraid it's a little late to start changing them now. When I was a girl, my parents had the same trouble with my brothers. Every morning it was the same thing to get them up for breakfast; Samm-eeeeee, -Hen-reeeeeeee, -Dav-eeeeeee three or four different times. Usually after we started eating, they would slide into their chairs only half awake and grouchy. I often wondered what would happen if my sisters or I ever tried that once.

Then I married and had a family. Once they were of school age, our children all had their chores to do. My husband called them once, each by name in a quiet tone and if they weren't all down by the time he was ready to leave the house he would go upstairs and haul the offender out of bed, set him on his feet and tell him to dress in a hurry and get down. It didn't have to happen more than once to a child till they learned to hear him at the first call and obey.

At first it made me quake in my shoes to have them pulled out of their sleep so suddenly but I kept quiet and now I see it was the best thing that could happen to them. Now they are all grown up and only the last boy is with us anymore and I am still glad we don't have the regular morning uproar on rising like we were used to having at home.

-Pennsylvania

● We feel sorry for those who have a hard time getting their children up in the morning. We were not married long until the Lord blessed us with a number of children, some of them close together. From the very beginning we made it a point after they are a year old they get up for breakfast and morning devotions. We might have thought, they can't help chore anyway so why not let them sleep. We felt there is a blessing in having the children up to eat and then Mother can wash all the dishes at one time. They can have their afternoon nap right after dinner. It didn't seem right to us to have morning devotions with 3 or 4 children still in bed. I have heard it said and believe it is so that children start learning much younger than we think. One evening our 2-year-old daughter seemed very sleepy so she was asked, "Why don't you just crawl in bed and go to sleep for the night?" The answer she gave was, "We haven't prayed yet. I want to be with you when you get ready for bed." The rest of the family were rather surprised at the answer and I saw smiles of astonishment.

Although we feel very unworthy of it, we have 4 children in their teens and some younger and can recall only once calling them twice to get up in the morning. They are usually ready to leave the house the same time I am to start the chores. We feel that at least part of the reason for this is because they were taught to get up when young.

-Indiana

● When it's time to get up in the morning is not the time to decide how and when the boys will get up. This problem must be decided in daylight and in a very serious manner. A small voice in the morning can waken them if they want to get up to help with the milking. Children with love and respect for their parents will want to do their part in the daily chores. We have raised both kinds.

-Shipshewana, Indiana

● You didn't state how old the boys are but if they are over twelve then it will take a very firm but kind hand to train them. We also believe children should help chore over Sunday after they start going with the young folks. To let them lay in bed when they are at home and let Father and Mother do the chores isn't very good training.

-Shipshewana, Indiana

● I feel sorry for you if you don't have enough backbone to use a switch on your boys (if necessary) to let them know that you mean what you say. Or if you will splash a cup of cold water over them they will soon be completely awake. If they were taught any respect at all, they will get up and be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

It's only a habit to not get up and help chore when they are called. I know for I can remember well when I had the same habit when a boy at home. Shame on me!

I know of one case where a boy who was on age worked for a certain man and this man told the boy, now I wake my hired help only once, then it's up to them. This boy responded quite well for a time but finally he got slack. One morning he didn't get up but went back to sleep and they didn't wake him again. About ten o'clock he got up and went out to his boss and complained something about not feeling good. He had to say something but anyhow, after that, he was on his feet when called. I think most boys would be if they know what respect means.

-Iowa City, Iowa

● We gave our boys an alarm clock which got them out of bed some time after Dad and I got up. By this time we had the cows in the barn and ready to milk. The boys knew they'd have to be in the barn by that time or Dad would fetch them which wouldn't be so pleasant. Their alarm isn't working anymore so Dad gets them out of bed before he leaves the house and then one of them goes along to the pasture to get the cows. It helps a lot to get them to bed early for then they are happier when they get up.

-Wisconsin

If we didn't get up after the second notice, the covers were pulled off and the yardstick cracked across bare legs. It was a good reminder and Mom knew that was all it would take to get us up. It happened only once to me. -Welda, Kans.

● One way to get your sleepyheads out of bed bright and early, try taking your knee and hitting hard several times against the mattress that shakes the whole works. But be sure you don't hit the frame of the bed with your knee or you'll be in bad shape. -Millersburg, Ohio

● Why not try getting an alarm clock for the boys. Have them set it at the time they're supposed to get up. Then it's up to them to get up. A rule could be made if they miss the milking, they also miss breakfast. Don't worry, they won't starve till noon, and it's actually good for most people to fast once in awhile.
-Holmesville, Ohio

● We feel that children should be taught to respond when called, but we have to keep after ours, too. Our boys tried the same thing but we used the fly swatter, that seemed to do it and they're happier now than before. Children know when you mean what you say so don't keep on saying it over and over. If they go back to sleep, it's the parents' fault. -Spencerville, Indiana

● I think you made a mistake; first, by not having a set time for the boys to be in the barn, and secondly, by going ahead and milking their cows. We have a hired hand and at first when he came, he used to go ahead and milk our boys' cows when they didn't come out right away. Soon they would just poke around so they wouldn't have to do their share. Finally we gave them 5 minutes to dress, (10 minutes in winter) and be out in the barn. But first we see to it that they are fully awake and sitting up before we leave the room. We have it a rule that everybody does his share of the chores. Of course there are exceptions if necessary. So far this has worked pretty well. -Monroe, Indiana

● The first thing is to get them early to bed so they get enough sleep for school. Then I get up, light the lights, go to the barn and get the milking ready. Then if there is no sign of them getting up, I take my two pups along upstairs, let them jump on the bed to nose at the boys, and then gently remind them to get up. If they still don't respond, I pull a leg till they're on their feet with the pups still nosing at them. Then I walk behind them until they're outside the front door. Thus everything is done quietly compared to my young days when we used to hear "Hey get up, Hey get up." Then a rap-rap-rap on the stove pipe. -Newville, Pa.

● Being the mother of 9 children I know from experience that the fault lies with the parents, instead of with the children if you cannot get them up in the morning. Calling them again and again is the best way there is to keep them from getting up when they're supposed to. Milking their cows is the poorest way there is to get them to help.

If they don't come after calling once or twice, go to their bedside and take hold of them firmly and bring them along down. If we fail in training them when they are young, it's hard to do once they are grown and you'll probably have to leave it to their wives to teach them to get up in time to help with the milking.

I was raised in a family of 9 children and we knew enough to get up when called in the morning without delay. If we went to sleep again we were awakened by a rapid pull out of bed and this didn't happen very often.

One morning my older brother didn't get up soon enough and as he heard Daddy come up the stairs, he grabbed his pants and ran behind the open bedroom door. While Daddy went straight to the bed to help him out, my brother ran quietly downstairs. When Daddy couldn't find him he went downstairs again and saw him sitting on the woodbox pulling on his stockings. Daddy said, "Where were you?" and couldn't help grinning.
-Belleville, Pa.

● If your boys would have the dad our boys had, he would have given them a whipping that they would have felt it. They wouldn't forget it right away. He, of course, would have seen to it that they went to bed for a goodnight's rest. He didn't whip the ones that were grown, he said "The One Above will punish them for that if they don't repent." -Ephrata, Pa.

● I remember back almost 40 years. Our father would get up first, call the boys and then proceed to the barn. Usually they would get up but sometimes it would be half an hour before the boys would arrive at the barn to help with the milking. We girls were expected to have breakfast ready by the time the barn work was finished. We lived in a three story house and the boys slept on the third floor.

One morning the boys overslept again and our father came in from the barn with a stick in his hand. We heard him purposefully ascend the two flights of stairs and then we heard him spank those boys right in their beds. It took them such a very short time to get down those stairs and out of the house, I suspect they must have been buttoning their shirts on the way down.

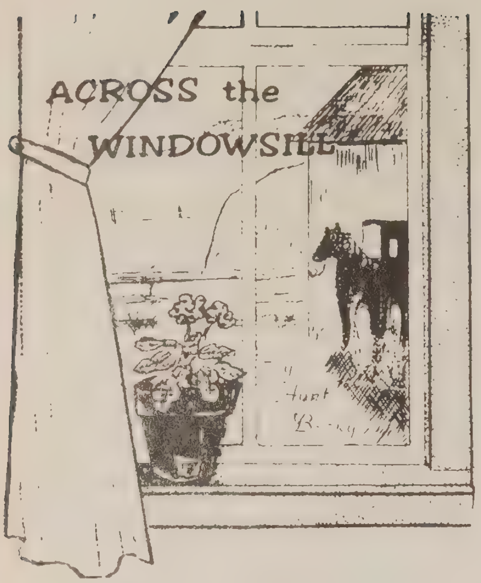
Now we have a teenage son and are so thankful it has never been a problem to get him up in the morning. Children are different and what works for one may not work for another. We feel there are two reasons why we have no problem with our son. He is in generally good health and secondly he has an interest in many things and usually has some project going that he enjoys working at so he just doesn't have time to be late in the morning. -Myerstown, Pa.

● Our mother takes a cold wash cloth and washes our faces. That has us up in a hurry.
-Twelve-Year-Old, Mifflinburg, Pa.

● I can't speak with experience from the parents' angle but I know what worked for me and the rest of the family. When we were called and gave an intelligent answer so they knew we had heard, it was required that we come down promptly. If we failed to do so, the rest went ahead with breakfast and the guilty one missed out. Going without a meal was an effective cure and wasn't repeated very often. We were given quite much liberty at going to bed when we pleased. -Wingham, Ontario

● I also had the problem of not being able to get up when called in the morning. Or sometimes if my father got me up, I would wait till he went downstairs again and then I would go back to bed. One morning I went back to bed after being wakened and fell asleep and didn't wake till I heard Dad calling from the barn. Then I got up in a hurry but it was too late as I met Dad before I got to

-Continued on page 7



THANKFUL

For boyish quarrels swift and hot?
For household rules so soon forgot?
For aches and pains, for joys soon lost?
For days when we are tempest-tossed?
For disappointments, each reverse?
When all things go from bad to worse?
Oh no, Lord, not for these
Thou my thanks dost ask!

"For song of bird, for blue of sky,
For twinkles in a baby's eye,
For green of grass, for clouds so high,
For rainbow wings of butterfly,
For autumn leaves a-sailing by,
For every proof that Thou art nigh.
Oh yes, Lord, yes, for those
Thou my thanks dost ask!"

"My child, 'In everything give thanks.'
Boyhood's quarrels are soon forgot
And household rules are sometime learned.
In heaven, pain you will not know,
And adverse winds don't always blow,
Each disappointment holds from Me
Numberless blessings. Wait and see!
When nothing good at all you see,
Child, use your 'faith-full' eyes.

"It takes the bitter and the sweet
To keep you sitting at My feet.
And too much sun or too much rain
Would be your loss and not your gain.
I know what's best for you, dear child,
Of sunny skies or tempests wild."
"Oh yes, Lord, all things work for good.
To Thee I offer thanks."

-Selected

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THE ABOVE POEM REMINDS me of Corrie Ten Boom's sister Betsie in the book "The Hiding Place." Betsie always insisted to give thanks for everything. Then one day they were put into prison with a group of other women. The place was infested with lice. Again Betsie persuaded Corrie to also give thanks. Corrie Ten Boom could see no need for this but later they learned that the prison guards didn't enter their room because of the lice. This gave the prisoners the privilege to hold secret Bible study. So there was a need to feel thankful for the lice.

Now that the harvest is in, more mothers are finding time to write again. Several sent in of their own original recipes and ideas about homemaking. It seems every kitchen is a home laboratory where mothers experiment daily without fanfare. Experimenting can be fun although not always profitable.

Mrs. J.S. of Geauga peeped into her neighbor's kitchen to give us some good advice: "In the winter when they (the neighbors) have the cookstove going, they make a lot of grapenuts. When they are toasted, they fill glass gallon jars, then leaving the lid off, they set the jars of grapenuts in the oven (leaving the oven door open probably) until they are good and hot (several hours); then they take them out and put the lids on. The jars seal and keep for months. It isn't necessary then to have the oven going for hours during the hot summer months."

Mrs. Lee Kuns of Indiana wrote: "I have benefited so much from FL's recipe department that I would like to submit a few of my favorites which I developed for my own family. Also I want to mention that I really like the 'Master cake mix' recipe. I found I could use lard in it without a failure. One can't substitute lard easily in most recipes without failures. Many thanks to the contributor of that recipe."

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WHOLE WHEAT MUFFIN MIX

24 cups finely ground whole wheat flour
3 T. salt
3 cups sugar
8 T. baking powder
3 cups lard

Mix dry ingredients well. Cut in lard until very fine like meal. Store in a cold place.

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MUFFIN-MIX MUFFINS

2 3/4 cups muffin mix
1 cup milk
1 beaten egg

Mix only until moistened. Bake at 425°, 20-25 minutes. Makes 12 medium sized muffins. -Mrs. Lee Kuns

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THREE-FLOUR MUFFIN MIX

12 cups fine whole wheat flour
6 cups sifted, white all-purpose flour
6 cups oatmeal
3 T. salt
3 cups lard
8 T. baking powder
3 cups sugar

Mix as for whole wheat muffin mix. Use same muffin recipe for baking. Variations: add raisins, carob flour and bake in oblong pan like corn bread. -Mrs. Lee Kuns

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SPANISH RICE

Brown together: 1 1/2 lb. hamburg, 1 diced onion, 1/2 diced green pepper.
Add the following: 6 cups tomato juice, 2 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon chili powder, pinch Italian seasoning, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups brown rice.
Bring to a boil. Cook over low heat 1 1/2 to 2 hours in the same pan the hamburger was browned, with a tight-fitting cover until done. -Mrs. Lee Kuns

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HERE ARE SEVERAL more suggestion on how to fix string beans: When opening a can, add leftover meat to the beans. Heat and add a white paste with flour and milk. Onions may be fried in the pan before adding the beans. Cheese may also be added for more flavor.

SWEET-SOUR GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

1 can Golden mushroom soup
1/8 cup vinegar
1/4 cup sugar
1 soup can of tomato juice

Mix well and pour over 2 quarts drained green beans. Bake at 350° about 1 hour, uncovered. -Mrs. Lee Kuns

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ICED TEA SYRUP

1/2 cup dry tea
3 cups white sugar
2 cups boiling water

Pour boiling water over tea and steep for 10 minutes. Strain then add sugar. Dissolve well. Heat again if necessary. Cool, then store in a cold place. Makes 2 gallons.

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APPLE DAPPLE CAKE

Mix:	Sift:
2 eggs	3 cups flour (scant)
2 cups white sugar	1/2 t. salt
1 cup Wesson oil	1 t. soda

Add sifted ingredients to beaten egg mixture, then add 3 cups chopped apples, 2 teaspoons vanilla, and nuts (optional). Mix well. Pour into greased cake pan and bake 45 minutes or until done— oven 350°.

Icing: 1 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup milk, 1/4 cup butter or oleo

Cook 2 1/2 minutes. Stir a little after removing from stove, but do not beat. Dripple over the cake while cake and icing are still hot. A few chopped nutmeats may be sprinkled over the icing. -Mrs. Chris H. Hilty

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CREAM STICKS

2 pkg. yeast, dissolved in one cup warm water
1 cup milk, scalded
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 t. salt
6 cups flour
1/2 cup oleo
2 eggs
1 t. vanilla

Let dough rise till double in size; knead and form in sticks 3 1/2 X 1 1/2 inches. Let rise again. Deep fat fry.

Filling: 3 T. flour, 1 cup milk Cook together. Cream together 1 cup sugar and 1 cup crisco. Add flour and milk mixture and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream well, then add 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar. Slit open the top of the cream sticks and fill.

Frosting: 1/2 cup brown sugar, 4 T. butter, 2 T. milk Mix and let come to a boil. Cool. Add powdered sugar and vanilla.

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BAKED BEANS

2 cups dried beans (navy or soybeans)
1/2 cup ketchup or tomato sauce
1 cup tomato juice
1 medium onion, sliced
1/4 lb. bacon, unsliced
1/2 t. dry mustard
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 t. vinegar
2 cups juice from cooking beans
2 t. salt
1/2 cup dark molasses

Rinse beans. Soak overnight in plenty water. Add bacon and salt; cover. Simmer over low heat until tender but not too soft (about 1 hour). Do not boil. Drain and reserve juice. Remove bacon and cut in 1 inch cubes. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in a slow oven- 300 , about four hours adding more bean juice if necessary during baking.

These beans can be canned or frozen if desired. They resemble the baked beans you can buy in tin cans if you bake them long enough. If you forgot to soak the beans overnight here is a quick-cook way. Rinse beans and cover with water. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, soak 1 hour, then proceed regular recipe.

-M. Zimmerman

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CHEESE STICKS

3 cups flour
1 t. salt
1 cup butter, melted
1 T. vinegar
1 egg
1/3 cup plus 1 T. water

Mix together flour, salt, and butter. Beat egg and add vinegar and water, and add to flour mixture. Mix as you would pie crust, then add 1/2 to 1 lb. finely grated cheddar cheese. Mix real well. Chill. Now take a small ball of dough, the size of a walnut. Roll in sticks as you would with clay, then shape into numbers or letters. Put on cookie sheet and flatten slightly with your hand. For variations sprinkle with either garlic salt, Bar B Q spice or Season All. Bake at 350° until they start to brown. The children will love these as a snack.

-Mrs. Sam Hostetler

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HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE (for ice cream)

1 cup white sugar
3 T. cocoa
1/2 t. salt
1 cup water
3 1/2 level T. flour
1 t. vanilla

Cook 3 minutes. Add vanilla.

-Mrs. Merle Miller

Some Mothers Write

Our 10-year-old daughter (which is a little overweight) came in and asked if she shouldn't go on a diet for some school children called her nicknames. Knowing she wouldn't, I still agreed that she could. Being satisfied, she went outside.

After a while a sad-looking younger brother came up to me and exclaimed, "Sell iss net fair! Sie hat zaht es sie zehlt am Diet geh. Aw, Mom, dauf ich ah mit geh?" (That's not fair. She said she's going to Diet. Aw, Mom, may I go along too?) -J.S.

Our neighbor was taping plastic curtains, then our 3-year-old said in serious tone, "Does it have ouchy ?"

-A Mother

SOME AUNTS WRITE TOO

Wanting to go away for a short while, a mother sent her 4-year-old daughter to get 4 or 5 diapers. When she didn't return for some time, mother went to check and found a big stack of diapers lying on the bed. She asked, "What are you doing?"

The child replied, "You said I should get 45."

-Aunt Lizzie

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Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

A lazy or stylish housewife is apt to be an expensive one Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR
Shut-Ins

A Shut-in

She tranquil sits beside her small-paned window,
A slender figure, wrinkled, bowed and old;
A scarf which she is knitting, slowly growing,
Is all her trembling fingers now can hold.

She hears the roll of wheels and country echoes,
The song of birds and winds that idly blow;
The flowerful summer comes, regretful passes,
Then softly flutters down the kindly snow.

The rich and poor find here a peaceful haven,
A counselor and wise who never fails
But sympathetic listens, understanding,
To young and old, their troubles and their tales.

A shut-in, yes, in truth, but great her mission!
A blessing, all unknowing, pure, and sweet;
And just her presence in her humble dwelling
Can somehow glorify a village street.
-Alice Thorn Frost

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When Aunt Alice Came To Our House

EVERYONE ELSE CALLS her Aunt Alice; so we do, too, even if she's no blood relation to us. She's 93 years old and in the six years we've known her we have seen her sun sinking lower and lower. When she used to live alone I would sometimes spend the day with her. Her health now no longer permits Aunt Alice to live alone so she moved in with a nephew who's wife is called Mabel— but Aunt Alice in her last years calls her "Maw." Aunt Alice's wants and needs are aptly taken care of by Mabel although she is seventy already. I had always marveled at her patience and calmness, but I could never fully grasp what it is to be shut in with a shut-in until recently, when Aunt Alice stayed in our home for seven days. Mabel and Melvin, her husband, were going on a long-overdue vacation.

Poor Aunt Alice didn't know what was to become of her until they came back. Then she decided she'd like to stay with us. We were thrilled, but also somewhat apprensive. Could we manage to be quiet enough? Could we brush her false teeth? Could we help her dress and undress? What if she'd get lonesome for Mabel? We knew her mind gets confused sometimes and she tries to reason things out that aren't that way at all. We prayed to God for strength to do what was necessary and for grace to accept her as she was. We decided we'd pretend she was our grandma and had come to stay with us. (Our grandmothers died before we knew them.)

The evening came for us to go and get her. She was rather upset for she couldn't understand why we didn't wait until the next morning. But she came, bringing her wheelchair, walker and suitcase. We opened the davenport in the living room for her bed, and we soon had her tucked in. I bravely asked for her teeth and took care of those. The little ones were fascinated and couldn't understand what kind of teeth she had that could be taken out.

She slept very soundly; but, the next morning, and every morning after that, I was to be awakened quite early (for us) to the tinkle, tinkle of her little bell telling us it's time to get up. How she knew, I don't know. She couldn't even see the clock. Maybe instinct, or years of training. She used to quote, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

In the mornings we would help her get dressed then take her to the bathroom in her wheelchair where she would get washed. Usually our 11-year-old girl did that. Then she would also comb Aunt Alice's hair for her arms were too weak to do it herself. By then breakfast would be ready and we'd help her onto a chair to eat. She had a good appetite and ate well. But she soon let me know she prefers coffee and not tea.

She was much interested in our family devotions and every morning expressed her sorrow in not being able to kneel anymore. We assured her that God understands such situations. We had to think of the many people who are able to kneel before their heavenly Father and don't.

In the forenoon she wanted to visit awhile and as I was quilting this worked out real well. It was very interesting to me to hear of her childhood and teenage days. Somehow it is hard to fully grasp these older ones as being young and agile. But after hearing her reminisce, I began to see her as a young energetic person, whose blood once pulsed vitally through her veins. I saw her as the helper, the housemaid, the nurse, the busy one that cared for others— not the one being cared for. I relived with her two romances that she turned down because Maw and Paw didn't approve; I shared with her her seven years of marriage after being in her 60's. I was disappointed that she couldn't remember about the Indians!

Aunt Alice usually slept several hours in the forenoon or afternoon but I couldn't leave for fear she might wake up and try to walk alone and fall— so I stayed close by. She anticipated 4:00, the time when the children came home from school; but she couldn't remember their names. (Strange how she could vividly remember things of yesteryear, but not our children's names.) She soon labeled them as "Da Grosz Boo," "Die Elscht," "Die Nächst," und "Die Glenscht." Our second boy, David, she could remember for she had a brother Davy. And she remembered baby Michael for she emphatically declared she'd never call a child Michael. She never did like that name!

The girls enjoyed reading the Bible to her for Aunt Alice couldn't see well enough to read anymore. Supper time was kept lively with her bits of humor. Her wit was very keen. After supper she was soon ready for bed. We all tried to please her, and to step lightly. Noise bothered her extremely. We all marvelled how sensitive she was to noise for when we spoke to her we had to talk very loudly so as to be heard. "Be quiet" became our password.

One evening upon asking for her teeth, she told me, "They need to be brushed."

"Oh, no," I said, "we only brush them in the morning."

"Well," she said with much dignity, "maybe you brush yours only in the morning but I wash mine also in the evening."

So we did.

The next evening I asked her, "Shall we go brush your teeth now?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "we just soak them at night; in the morning we brush them."

I'm not mentioning this to ridicule her, for we love these precious ones who do get confused and the saintly ones who constantly take care of such.

On Saturday evening she whispered to me that she and I get up before anyone else to give her her bath. Much could be said of that puritan age of modesty which I fear has mostly been lost. Whenever she needed the bathroom she would look all around. After being sure no man was around, she would whisper to me she should make a trip to the white house (or whatever she decided to call it). We would wheel her in then and she would lock the door while we waited outside. Bless her heart, she always managed! The bath was given in like fashion. But alas, she feared she couldn't go to church so it was arranged for me to stay home with her. After breakfast she felt better and went after all. We took her wheelchair along.

Sunday night we had a heavy snowfall, so there was no school on Monday. Despite our precautions, the extra voices were too much and she wanted to go to bed in the afternoon. She murmured, "Oh, if it were only 'ganz schtill!" She thought (rather hopefully it seemed to me) that she might be dying. She wished Melvin and Mabel would hurry and come...before she died. Much as I knew of her intense desire to be with her Lord, I wasn't exactly anxious she'd make that transition at our house.

She rallied again and then asked once more, "How many more days until they come?" She also asked for "kimmel soup," which I was to learn was caraway seed soup-- toast and milk with caraway seeds. We made it, and she ate it. After this she rested, but several times she awoke from her nap and would say disappointedly, "Oh, I thought sure Maw would be here by now."

As the last day of her visit came she sat glued by the window, hoping they would come a little early. But they didn't come and once more we prepared her for bed. The next morning at 4:00 her little bell rang again. I went over and sat on her bed. She wanted to visit, and I was still so sleepy. Finally in desperation she said, "Mabel, now you go back to bed. I know you are sleepy."

I went.

"What time shall I awaken you," she called after me.

"6:00," I mumbled, and fell asleep.

She couldn't get through apologizing the next morning because she awoke me at 6:15, but she just couldn't see the clock.

Aunt Alice enjoyed sitting by the window and watch the birds. I never before realized what it would be like to sit all day, or to lie and not be able to do anything. The last morning she managed to dry some dishes. Then we packed her things and took her home, much to her delight.

We loved having her. She was a blessing. But do you know, I could hardly wait to get out of the house and go for a long walk. And to do some real physical labor, such as, cleaning the basement. Yes, thanks to the co-operation of my husband and six children, we received a real blessing in spite of an age difference of 59 years. But I realized this is not just one week for Aunt Alice, this is her life— day in and day out. No wonder her face lights up with joy when we stop in to see her occasionally. Now we try to do it more often. Then my thoughts turn to Mabel who takes care of her— not seven days— but every day. There must be manifold blessings awaiting those who are healthy but need to be shut in with a shut-in. God bless them.

-Mrs. William Hershberger

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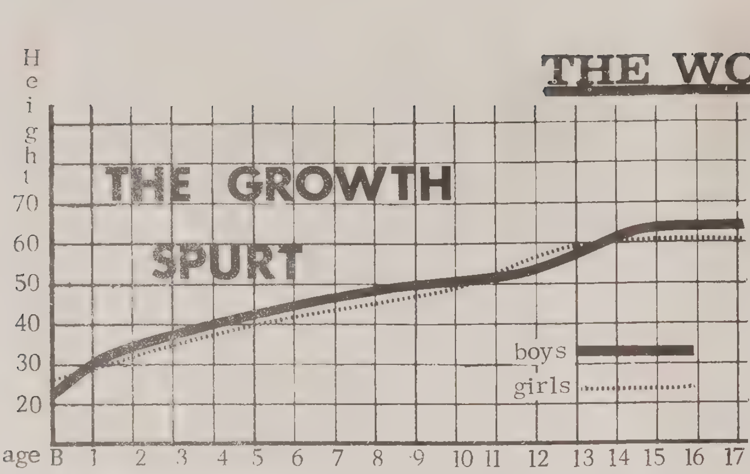
ANSWER TO KNOW YOUR GERMAN from page 16

1. Afterredet C. slander, malicious statement "Afterredet nicht unter einander, liebe Brüder..." Jn.4:11.
2. Anklebt A. stick-to, adhere "...lasset uns ablegen die Sünde, so uns immer anklebt, und träge macht..." Heb.12:1.
3. Anstoszens D. collision, offense, stumble against, adjoining "Ein Stein des Anstoszens, und ein Fels der Aergernisz;" I Peter 2:8.
4. Auserwählten B. chosen, selected "...einen auserwählten, köstlichen Eckstein in Zion, and wer an ihn glaubt..." I Pet. 2:6.
5. Benedei D. glorify, bless "Du gläubigs Herz, so benedei, und give Lob deinem Herren." Dichter
6. Dachte C. think, reflect "Und dachte, Gott kann auch wohl von den Todten erwecken..." Heb.11:19.
7. Dargereicht A. administer, offer, present "Und also wird euch reichlich dargereicht werden der eingang zu dem Ewigen..." II Peter 1:11.
8. Deckel D. cover, lid "...die Freiheit zum Deckel der der Bosheit, sondern..." I Peter 2:16.
9. Fertig B. finished, prepared, completed "...die Welt durch Gottes Wort fertig ist; dasz Alles, was man siehet..." Heb.11:3.
10. Gestern D. yesterday "Jesus Christus gestern und heute, und derselbe auch in Ewigkeit." Heb.13:8.
11. Lässigen A. inactive, idle, lazy, careless "Darum richtet wieder auf die lässigen Hände und die müden Kniee," Heb.12:12.
12. Mäszigkeit C. temperance, moderation, reasonable "Und in der Erkenntnisz Mäszigkeit, und in der Mäszigkeit Geduld..." II Peter 1:6.
13. Neigte A. leaning, bending, bowing "...beide Söhne Josephs, und neigte sich gegen seines Scepters Spitze." Heb.11:21.
14. Pelzen D. skins, graft, hides "... sind umher gegangen in Pelzen und Ziegenfellen, mit Mangel, mit Trübsal..." Heb.11:37.
15. Schmach B. humiliation, insult, offense, disgrace "Und achtete die Schmach Christi für gröszern Reichtum, denn die Schätze..." Heb.11:26.
16. Spötter C. mockers, scoffers, jeerers "...dasz zu der letzten Zeit werden Spötter sein..." Jude 18.
17. Stäupet B. scourge, flog "...er stäupet aber ein jeglichen Sohn, den er aufnimmt." Heb.12:6.
18. Unparteiisch D. impartial, disinterested, unbiased, neutral "...voll Barmherzigkeit und guter Früchte, unparteiisch, ohne Heuchelei." Ja.3:17.
19. Vergänglich A. fleeting, transient, perishable "...der göttlichen Natur, so ihr fliehet die vergängliche Lust der Welt." II Peter 1:4.
20. Vergelter C. rewarder, revenger, remunerator "und denen, die ihn suchen, ein Vergelter sein werde." Heb.11:6.

* * *

THE WORLD AROUND US



Her parents were alarmed. At thirteen years of age, Gerta was taller than her brother who was a year older. How tall was she going to get, or would her brother stay short? Really, they did not need to be alarmed. What they didn't know was that their children were following a perfectly normal growth pattern.

For the first two years after a child is born, he grows faster than at any other time in his life. Then he gradually slows down until by the time he is ten years old, he may be growing only a fraction of an inch per year.

Doctors have found it is possible to predict with considerable accuracy how tall a child will get when he is grown. The rule is simple, measure him when he is two years old (at his second birthday) and multiply by two. In a test group of 100 children, 99 of them grew out to within 1/2 inch of the indicated height.

It is also possible to predict the size and shape of a baby a few days after he is born, but this is more complicated and not as accurate. The rule is to double the head and neck, triple the trunk, multiply the arms by four and the legs by five.

The cranium, or upper part of the skull (where the brain is) develops much quicker than the lower part of the head. The top part is pretty well done growing by the time a child is six years old, whereas the bones of the face are much slower. For this reason the facial features are not really developed until a person is finished growing.

THE GROWTH SPURT

About the time a child is in the 5th, 6th, or 7th grade something unusual takes place. The glands scattered all over the body start working, producing hormones which bring about a change known as puberty. This is the transition from being a child to a man or a woman. During the first two years of this period a most remarkable thing happens, the body starts growing almost as fast as it did during the early years of its life.

On the average, girls will start this growth spurt when they are 11 years old. When they are 12 and 13, they may grow two inches or more per year and gain 20 pounds in weight per year. When they are 14, they will slow down to perhaps half an inch and by 15 they will have practically reached their maturity.

Boys pass through the same stage but usually two. years later than their sisters. By the time they are 17 or 18, they will be almost grown.

FEW CHILDREN ARE NORMAL

Some parents become alarmed when they look at the average weight and height chart and decide that their child is too short or too tall, too big or too small. Actually very few children are normal. Doctors have found that most children's body structure develops either faster or slower than normal. By taking an X-ray of the hand, and examining the stage of development of the fifty some little bones, they can determine whether the child is developing faster or slower than the average. A 10-year-old boy who was small for his age was taken to the doctor and X-rayed. It was found that his body was developing slower than normal and that he was actually at the stage of an 8-year-old boy. This was nothing to be alarmed about. It merely meant that instead of having only 8 more years of body growth, he should still have about ten years of growth and that he would mature at a normal height.

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PEOPLE ARE TALLER NOW

Records show us that children are growing taller and maturing earlier now than they did 50 years ago. Chances are that a healthy normal son will grow an inch taller than his dad and a daughter will grow an inch or two taller than her mother. They will also reach the stage of puberty and the growth spurt about a year earlier than children did 50 years ago. Doctors believe the reason for this is an improved diet and care through their babyhood and growing years.

Body weight and shape is inherited to a certain extent. If both parents are tall, chances are the children will be taller than average. If both are short, the children may be slightly shorter than average. If one is tall and the other short, they are more likely to be tall than short because the tall characteristic is dominate, or more powerful than the short one.

Doctors believe there is a limit of increase in tallness and that it will never go over six feet on the average. ▲

FAMILY LIFE

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December

1975

Letters TO THE EDITOR

FOR WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS

Having read "Four Months Have Passed" (October issue) one cannot help but feel that the author did a great service for all widows and widowers. How any of us can be so thoughtless of such persons is hard to understand but then maybe some of us didn't have the reminders I had from my father while growing up. He always warned us never to be gossipping about such and I think he knew what he was speaking about for at the age of fifteen, he was suddenly left with a widowed mother.

My husband's widowed mother lived with us most of our married life and she once said that widows and widowers could sometimes have very understanding visits with each other if it would not be for the gossippers.

-Mrs. Enos Brubacher, Ontario

A FULL FLEDGED BROTHER

The article on Inferiority Complex hit so close home that it prompted me to write even if this is a rather difficult subject to discuss with others. During my childhood years and into adulthood, Mr. I-C was my full-fledged brother. He followed me like my shadow from the moment I left home until I'd return again. The major cause of these feelings were unkind remarks, mockery and ridicule. They caused me many discouraging and depressed days in my younger years with feelings of insecurity and doubt. Through God's help, I have partly overcome my feelings of bitterness toward these thoughtless people who never realized how cruel and harsh their words were to an innocent victim.

It has been a great help to me to know that God is no respecter of persons and therefore loves me just as much as anyone else. Why is it, that we get the idea that everyone is watching us and notices us more than anyone else in a group? I think we should consider ourselves as part of the group instead of as an individual who is shy and self-conscious.

We should forget ourselves and try to include others who may be feeling left out and then we'll be happier and forget our own troubles and fears. When such thoughts come, we should replace them with a beautiful poem or a song of inspiration. But most of all, we must talk to our Saviour and ask Him for help and guidance every day for, after all, He endured much more disappointments and trials than we will ever have to face in this life.

-Iowa

COPS, VETS AND HANDICAPS

In answer to the one who was opposed to using the word "handicap" for a handicapped person, I know that it is an improper form of the word when referring to the crippled. But we are living in an age when shorter forms are often applied in everyday language. It is so much simpler to say "handicap" than to always say "the handicapped", or "the persons who have a disability."

I am a "handicap" myself and don't mind being called that. It is very minor in comparison to other problems with which handicapped person are often faced. When did the people start calling a policeman a "cop", or a veterinarian a "vet", or Mother "Mom"? Sometime someone dared to start these short forms and now they are accepted without any second thought.

-Just a "Handicap"

△

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

POISON GASES

Sometimes a homemaker, faced with a stubborn stain in the sink, will combine two cleaning agents. The results may be fatal. A poisonous gas may be liberated when two cleaning agents are mixed.

A U.S. Navy medical newsletter told of 20 persons in separate incidents being overcome by gases released when women mixed chlorine bleach and ammonia. If the gas is inhaled, it can cause serious injury and even death.

The following safety rules were suggested: Use chemical cleaners only as directed on the label. NEVER mix chlorine bleach with bathroom-bowl cleaners, ammonia, lye, rust remover, vinegar or oven cleaner. In short, don't mix chlorine with any other cleaning agent.

Another serious and dangerous gas or odor is the varnish or paint remover. Never use strong smelling formulas like this without plenty of fresh air. Breathing in the remover may cause cirrohis, hardening of the liver, causing a lifetime of suffering.

PAINT CAN BE DANGEROUS

Cheap and entertaining blocks for children can be made from leftover wooden pieces in building, or be gotten from a cabinet shop. The edges can be smoothed and and the blocks painted; but, they never should be painted with paint that contains lead.

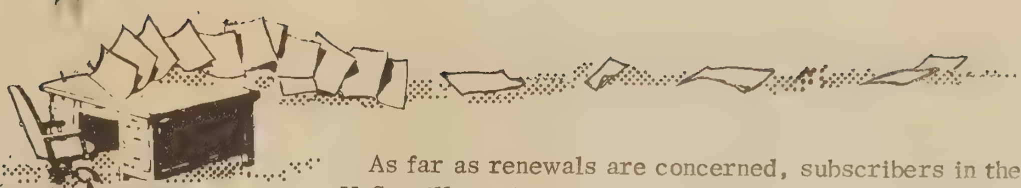
Lead poisoning can cause mental retardation or death of children. It is estimated that 400,000 children are annually affected by lead poisoning and 4,000 of them receive severe brain damage.

A child's chair, playpen, crib and toys should not be painted with paint that contains lead. Even the paint on pencils contain a high percentage of lead and should not be chewed by children. Some people even emphasize the danger of permitting a child to chew newspapers or magazines since the printer's ink contains lead. Even if the child shows no affects at once, if he eats a few inches each day, he will be getting a toxic dose that may cause serious illness.

Should a child swallow paint, something should be done at once.

Dr. Jay Arena of Duke University is a leading expert on accidental poisoning (the swallowing of paint, pills, medicine, kerosene, bleaches, etc.). He advises: "All parents should buy a bottle of syrup of ipecac over the counter at the drugstore and keep it on hand. It'll empty the stomach quicker than a stomach pump."

△



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

A STRIKE CAN BE very unhandy, especially a mail strike. At the present time, our mail service here in Canada has been tied up for more than a month because of a disagreement on wages. A board of arbitration recommended a 38% increase over a period of 2 1/2 years and the government is willing to go along with this. However, the union leaders are asking for a 70% increase. Several months ago Prime Minister Trudeau made a speech urging industry to limit wage increases to 10% per year as a step in the fight against inflation. If the government would give the postal works more than the 38% increase it would be defeating itself in the fight against inflation.

The rate of inflation is presently slightly over 10% in the U.S. and Canada. In some parts of the world, it is much more and there are countries where it has been 300% per year. However, this usually ends in bankruptcy. Recently we saw a statement calling our attention to the fact that even at 10%, inflation soon adds up to a tremendous amount. At this rate, prices have a way of doubling themselves in slightly more than seven years. If this had been going on for the last 100 years, we would be paying some very high prices today.

Let us suppose that a hundred years ago a hamburger would have cost 10¢. If the price had increased 10% every year, a hamburger would now cost us more than $800.00. A pair of shoes for $2.00 then would now cost us more than $1,600,00. If a milk cow would have cost $125.00 then, she would be worth more than a million dollars now. If a worker would have gotten $4.00 an hour then (which he didn't), he would be receiving wages of $32,000.00 an hour now.

The postal workers are currently receiving $4.59 an hour. A 38% increase would bring it to $6.34 an hour. The fight between the union leaders and the government has turned into a "knock down and drag out" affair, with plenty of name calling on both sides, and especially on the side of the union leaders, who are showing no respect for those in authority. Many of the workers do not back up the leaders and now more than 10% have gone back to work in defiance of the union. At this stage it looks like a life and death struggle between the postmaster and the union leaders, and whoever loses will no doubt lose their jobs.

In the meantime everyone suffers. The workers are losing nearly a million dollars a day in wages, the public is inconvenienced, and many businesses which depend on the mails, are going broke.

We, too, have been affected by the strike. What we miss the most is the letters and comments from the readers. In this issue we are omitting "What Do You Think" because there has been practically no response due to the mail strike. There are also very few "Letters To The Editors." We have now rented a box in Detroit and we hope the readers will make use of this address to send us their letters.

As far as renewals are concerned, subscribers in the U.S. will continue to get their magazines this month, whether or not their subscriptions have expired. However if you have received an expiration notice, we urge you to send in your renewal at once for sometime these names will have to be taken off the list. We also want to urge you to make use of our Detroit address for sending in material and responses for the Blackboard Bulletin and Young Companion. Unless we get a good response soon, it is possible that some issues may have to be cancelled.

We are hoping for a near settlement of the strike but at this time we have no assurance that it will soon be over. Your postman will be able to keep you informed as to whether it is over or not. In the meantime, please address all letters for Pathway Publishers or for anyone else in the Aylmer community to Pathway Publishers P.O. Box 32274 Detroit, Mich. 48232.

WE NEED RESPONSE -badly- to the "What Do You Think" question and the "Maturity in Marriage" problem which appeared in October issue. The "What Do You Think" question was about how Susan Zook went to town to do her shopping while her husband tended the children and ended up babysitting so Connie Burke and her husband could go out to a dinner and dance. Susan felt they needed the extra money but her husband and family were beat out that she had caused them such anxiety. The "Maturity in Marriage" problem was whether John Lapp and his wife Lena could have any hopes of a happy marriage after ten years or more of scolding, nagging and a generally miserable married life. This is the last of the MM questions so if you have any suggestions please send them in at once.

There is also the November "What Do You Think" question as to what a wife should do about a husband who doesn't take care of his health properly, or vice versa. So let us hear from you if you have any comments on these or any other items which have appeared in Family Life.

Our magazines to the states have been mailed regularly (although a few days late the past few months but we hope to mail them on schedule again with this issue). But because of the mail strike it has been difficult to get them to the subscribers in Canada. The smaller postoffices have been open for some time but there is no service between the postoffices. During the first part of of the strike a friend of ours from Mt. Forest picked up and delivered the magazines for some of the postoffices where we have the most subscribers such as Elmira, Wallenstein, Mt. Forest and some of the surrounding postoffices. Last week we had business in the Kitchener area so we again delivered some of the magazines to these postoffices as well as the Milverton area. The postmasters had a kind of surprised look to see the mail being delivered in this way. Apparently the pony express gave faster service than our mail system has been giving the last while. △

ACKNOWLEDGMENT- This month's cover was sketched by Ruth Auker, R.3, Ephrata, Pa.

News --- From---Russia

For quite some time there have been reports and small items have appeared in newspapers indicating that the Communists are having trouble with the Christians behind the iron curtain. Then we read of Russians who were deported and came to this country making speeches of how the Christians were being tortured, imprisoned and martyred for their faith. We shrugged our shoulders and wondered if it were really true, for how could they get away from Russia?

Then news came that the Christians were being persecuted as they were in Reformation times— when our faith began. We still made a question mark and wondered if it were really as bad as it sounded. Were there not also reports saying Communism is being more lenient toward Christianity.

More and more reports and stories have come in making it clear that the "believers" behind the iron curtain are going through severe sufferings for their beliefs. Thousands die because they believe in Christ, fathers are taken from their families leaving the mother and children destitute. If anyone provides for these, they are also imprisoned. Young people stand up for their faith and are tortured. Thousands have died, rather than deny their God. And the reports say, the greater the persecution, the stronger the church is becoming.

What a contrast to America! Here reports are coming of youths rebelling against the church and their parents and following their own ways which are evil. But why should we speak about the young people? Should not the older ones first come closer to God by reading more, praying more, and letting loose from their many pleasures and desires of the flesh, looking more at self and not measuring ourselves by others, but measuring ourselves by the Word of God, confessing our sins to God and asking Him to cleanse our hearts. True Christianity and not lukewarmness, is our only bulwark against Communism.

We may have a fear of Communism, and rightly so. Should it come, our nice farms will do us no good for they will belong to the government, our preachers will be disposed of and we'll be given ministers that will say the things the government wants said, the teachers must teach what the government says and every day the children will hear the teacher say, "There is no God." If the parents teach otherwise, the father will be imprisoned. Bibles or any Christian literature must not be found in a home or the owner will be imprisoned, and maybe killed.

If we can form such a picture as the above then we can know what the Christians are suffering in the Communist countries. They are giving their lives as a sacrifice. It would be well for us all to do a little more sacrificing for others. Instead of buying that extra bag of candy, or the new dress we can do without, building that extra room to the house, or taking the sight-seeing trip, why not help one another what we can— and pray for the ones who are being persecuted.

We would be surprised at the figures— if they could be calculated— of how much money is spent unnecessarily for such luxuries among the plain people. Here again, I'm afraid, the parents can take the lead to be a good example to the younger people. Let the sheep go first, and the lambs will follow. "Draw nigh to God and He will draw night to you" so your prayers will be more effective and more powerful.

AN HONEST MAN

Does it pay to be dishonest? I believe we would all say no, and yet are we always honest in our dealings? I know a man who is in the feed business whom I have dealt with for 20 years and he has told me at different times how honest some people are.

Many years ago there was a man (he is no longer living) who went to the feed mill to buy some ear corn for his steers. The miller quoted his price but the man said, "That is too much."

"I think it is quite high," the miller answered, "but it is what I have to charge at this time."

This man left the mill without ordering any corn. Two weeks later he came back and asked when he is getting the corn he ordered. The miller told him he had not ordered any because he thought it was too high. By this time corn was higher and the man insisted he had ordered.

The miller knew it was not so, but rather than lose a customer, he gave him corn at a loss. He also thought it might help him see his mistake, or was it a mistake if one can get a gain?

When we get a feed bill, do we check to see if there is a mistake and do we tell the miller either way, whether it is in our favor or his favor? I have heard people make the statement that if the miller makes a mistake that is against himself, that is his business because it was he who made the mistake. We must realize that the miller is also human and makes mistakes. He also learns to know his customers whether they are trying to live by the golden rule or not. The miller told me, "I take every one for honest until they prove themselves otherwise."

Recently there was a man that came to the mill who had some corn to sell and the miller agreed to buy it at a certain price. The farmer said he will bring it in. By the time he brought the load in, the price of corn had gone up. The farmer told the miller that there had been a slight misunderstanding when he sold the load of corn and he thinks the miller should pay the delivery charges. The miller asked if he is not as good as his word and the farmer said, "Yes, but I can get more money for the corn elsewhere."

The miller answered, "I bought the corn and now it is up to you. I will not give you any more than I bought it for. If you are not as good as your word, you can take it elsewhere."

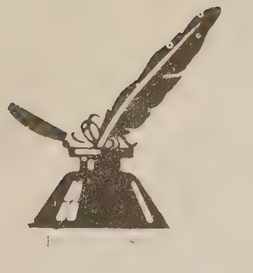
The man left with the corn and the miller had to find corn elsewhere. The miller told me it is a common practice among the people of this world to not deliver a product he bought if the price goes up in the meantime. But if the price drops, they bring more than was ordered.

But such dealings would surely not be found among professing Christians. Is there any wonder that at times it seems the salt has lost its seasoning?

-Name and address withheld

FAMILY LIFE is published 11 times a year by Pathway Publishers, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario and RR 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.
Subscription price: $4.00 per year.
Editor, David Wagler, Assistant Editor, Elmo Stoll.
Historical and Children's Section, David Luthy.
Women's and Shut-in Section, Sarah M. Weaver.
Contributing Editors, Elizabeth N. Miller.
German Section, Peter Yoder, RR 2, Marshfield, Mo. 65706.
Production: Jacob Eicher.
Subscriptions and mailing: Martha Helmuth.
FAMILY LIFE is dedicated to the promotion of Christian living with special emphasis on the appreciation of our heritage.
In U.S.A. - Second Class postage paid at LaGrange, Indiana 46761 and at additional mailing offices.
In CANADA - Second Class mail registration No. 0072.
PRINTED IN CANADA

Views and Values



The Sin No One Confesses

Elam Stoltzfus happened to meet his neighbor Joe Kauffman in town one day. They stopped and chatted a while about this and that, and then Elam said, "By the way, Joe, did you find a buyer for that field of hay you said you wanted to sell?"

"Yes," said Joe, "I guess it's sold. Last night Paul Derkleman— you know that big dairy farmer just west of me— well, he came in and said he'll take the field. He wants to put it in as haylage, since his silo has more room than his barn."

"It probably takes a lot of feed for all his cows," Elam mused.

"I'd think so. He said last night he's just milking 105 cows now— sort of a slack period he said. Said quite a few cows are dry this time of the year."

"A hundred and five!" Elam exclaimed. "A hundred and five— and he calls that a slack period. My, think of the milk check that man must get. Milk's a pretty good price, too, you know."

Joe nodded his head. "I know. But he has to make something to pay for all he's got invested. He's got a lot of money tied up in his dairy operation— all that land he owns, the big siloes he built, and all that huge machinery. It isn't all profit, don't forget that."

All the way home from town that day Elam kept thinking of Paul Derkleman's dairy herd. "Let's see," Elam mused. "We milk twelve cows right now. Derkleman is milking almost nine times that many. And with his bulk tank and grade "A" price, he gets more for his milk. So his check is probably more than ten times as high as ours was last month." Elam did a little quick figuring in his head. He whistled. He was astonished at what it figured out at.

That evening when Elam put his cows in the barn to begin the milking, he still hadn't forgotten Derkleman's herd. The more he thought about it, the worse he felt. He had thought that he was doing pretty good with his dozen cows, before he talked with Joe Kauffman. Now when he realized how much money Derkleman was making on his larger herd, the profit from his twelve cows didn't seem worth mentioning. "I could sure use a bigger milk check each month," Elam said. He began to to think of what he would do with that extra money. He would pay off his debts first of all. Then he would build a new machinery shed, and put a roof on the granary, and siding on the house, and do some tiling in that wet field, and put up a new line fence and... Oh, there were so many things to do, if only there was money for it. There was a funny feeling in the bottom of his stomach when he thought of how pitifully small his milk check was compared with Derkleman's. If only he had Derkleman's check...

Elam sat down to milk, uneasy about the unhappy feeling that had settled over him since talking with Joe Kauffman. He had been in a good mood before, happy and satisfied. Everything had been going well. Now suddenly he felt bad, discontented. What had changed?

Elam knew his own situation was still the same. All that had changed was that he had been made aware that someone else had more than he did. And Elam realized deep down inside himself why he felt bad. "I should be miserable," he admitted to himself. "I am guilty of breaking one of the ten commandments."

In a way the thought shocked him. Surely not. And yet he knew it was true. Was not one of the ten commandments something about coveting, about wanting something your neighbor had?

Elam finished his cow and got up to empty his pail. "Tonight I'll have to look that up, and see what the Bible really does say about coveting," he told himself as he sat down to milk another cow.

After supper Elam lit the reading lamp and settled down with his Bible in his favorite rocking chair. It seemed to him he remembered that the ten commandments were recorded in Exodus 20. Yes, there they were. His eyes glanced down the verses: "Thou shalt have no other gods... Remember the Sabbath day... Thou shalt not kill... Thou shalt not commit adultery.. Thou shalt not steal..."

"Here it is," Elam said. "The last of the ten. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife..."

Elam felt a little better. He half smiled to himself. He certainly didn't want his neighbor's house, much less his wife. Maybe he wasn't so guilty after all. His eyes went back to the verse, and he read on, "...nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's."

Elam swallowed. That last part didn't leave much room for him to excuse himself. The "ox" part came close to describing his situation— was there much difference between coveting the neighbor's oxen, or his dairy cows? Even if he could wriggle himself out of the ox category, that last phrase would still include him— "nor anything that is thy neighbor's." That surely included even the neighbor's milk check.

Later that evening Elam said to his wife, "I never realized that covetousness is such a serious sin. Just think, it's forbidden in the ten commandments, just like stealing, killing, or committing adultery. And yet, I never really gave it much thought before."

What Elam discovered about coveting is indeed true. The Bible does class it as a very serious sin. Not only is it forbidden in the tenth commandment, but it is also repeatedly mentioned in the New Testament as a serious, deadly sin. Jesus warned his followers against covetousness, listing it with such sins as adultery, fornication, murder, and theft (Mark 7:21,22). When Jesus told the story about the rich man who depended on the grain in his barns for a good future, he introduced the incident with the warning, "Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (Lu.12:15).

When Paul wrote to the Romans and wished to describe a class of people completely given over to Satan, he mentioned among other sins, covetousness (Rom.1:29). In writing to the Christians in Ephesus, he told them not to let even one case of covetousness be reported among them. And he added, "For ye know that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God (Eph.5:5).

We should note that not only does this verse shut a covetous person out of heaven, but it also accuses him of worshipping idols. Idols? That sounds like an extreme statement, but it is what the Bible says. Most of us have probably held in contempt people of olden days for being so ridiculous as kneeling down and praying to gods of silver and gold. And suddenly the finger is being pointed at us. When we worship money or material possessions, work for them, scheme and hope for them, we are just as guilty of idol worship as were the heathens of old who knelt before the shrines on the hills. And this sin of covetousness will keep us out of heaven as surely as their idolatry kept them out.

The sin of covetousness is a subtle sin, a sly, hidden thing that comes in degrees and is not always easy to pinpoint or recognize. Perhaps, that is why, because of its deceptive nature, that Paul adds in the very next breath, "Let no man deceive you..."

What actually is covetousness? The Greek word used in most of the cases where the word covetousness appears in the New Testament is pleonexia, which means "the wish to have more." Few of us have been taught to see much wrong in wishing to have more than we have, but perhaps that only illustrates how far we have come from having a Biblical understanding of the sin of covetousness. After all, Paul does write to Timothy, "And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content" (I Tim.6:8).

A well-known Mennonite bishop, Daniel Kauffman, asked a number of questions nearly seventy years ago about covetousness. "What makes us smile when we sell things for a high price, and frown and grumble when we must pay high prices for what we buy? What makes us frown and grumble when we must sell our things very cheaply, and smile when we can buy things cheaply? What makes us call low prices reasonable when we buy and unreasonable when we sell? What makes people praise what they sell and magnify the defects of what they buy?" Kauffman says there is but one answer to all these questions— covetousness. If he is right, who of us is free from the sin of covetousness?

Does anyone know of any case in our churches where a member was placed in the bann for being a covetous person? Yet Paul makes it clear that covetousness (Geiz) is ample grounds for excommunication: "I have written unto you not to keep company if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such a one no, not to eat" (I Cor.5:11). Is it possible that we are so free of covetousness that we never need to discipline for this sin, or is it more reasonable to suppose that we have become so blinded by materialism that we no longer recognize covetousness when we see it?

A religious leader of the Middle Ages, after counseling with thousands about spiritual matters, came to the end of his life and is reported to have said, "Of all those people, not one ever confessed to me that he was guilty of breaking the tenth commandment."

Would it not be well for each of us to examine our own lives and see whether perhaps we may be guilty of covetousness— the sin no one confesses.

* * *

COVETOUSNESS AND THE BIBLE

Exodus 18:21- "Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness."

Psalms 10:3- "For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire and blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth."

Psalms 119:36- "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness."

Eccl.5:10- "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity."

Matthew 6:19- "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where theives do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Matthew 6:24- "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Matthew 16:26- "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Luke 12:33- "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not."

Col.3:2- "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

Col.3:5,6- "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth...and covetousness, which is idolatry. For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience."

I Timothy 6:9,10- "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil."

Heb.13:5- "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have."

Christ did eat with publicans and sinners; but it was only to be their physician, and not their companion.

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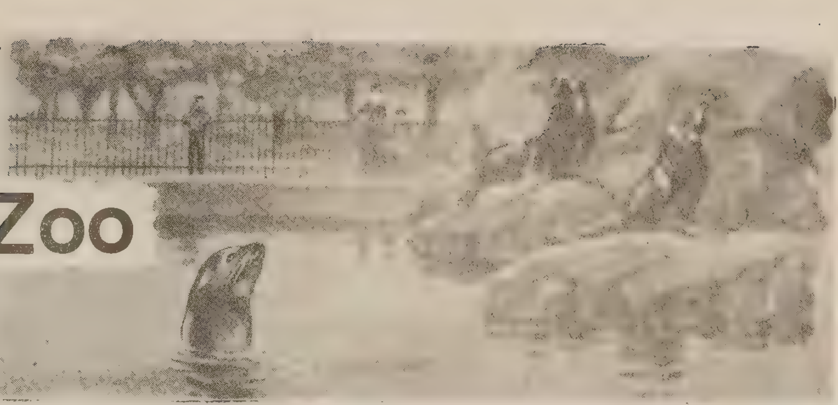


OH PLEASE, NOT ANOTHER van!" There was rebellion in Rachel's heart as she scanned the overgrown yard on the outside and then glanced at Doris, her tiny 3-year-old daughter who was playing contentedly on the porch. "Why can't they let her play? Must we go through this again?"

It had all started three years ago when Doris was born. Yes, there were other children in the family. Eva was now ten, Wilma was eight, Ruth was six and Sara Ann was only ten months. There was nothing particularly unusual about the other three, but Doris, she was so tiny when she was born, and now at the age of three years, she weighed only eight pounds.

Rachel's eyes followed the lane desperately. Yes, a van had started in. Why not pick up Doris and head for the fields? But surely that would only make the child more self-conscious.

Wearily she picked up the basket of dry clothing which she had just brought in from the line. Then she asked Eva and Wilma to fold the clothes while she put away a few dishes and tidied up the house a bit. "At least Sara Ann is sleeping. How I wish it were Doris, but then they'd probably ask me to waken her as one group did last week, or maybe stay on and on, hoping she'd waken soon, yet not knowing what to visit about in the meantime like the couple did last Sunday. Guess I'll take her into the playroom so she won't attract so much attention until I know who they are."

Her mind went back over the last few weeks of the summer. There had been an average of two van loads a week. "And the last ones came because so-and-so whom whom we don't even know, told them to 'be sure and see that tiny little girl; you've come so far and may never again get a chance to see her.'"

By now the van was outside and the lady was making her way to the door. Rachel braced herself mentally and breathed a silent prayer for guidance. Then she recalled another visit sometime ago which she had dreaded but what had turned out better than expected. That time it was a mother of a dwarf child, a different type of a dwarf, yet it was apparent that she understood Rachel and Larry's problems and had been able to give some needed encouragement. If only Larry were here now. But he was busy at work from early till late.

But this visit turned out to be so typical. The lady made no pretense as to the purpose of the visit. When Rachel invited all of them in for a visit, she declined the invitation explaining that they were in a hurry and could stay only a few minutes. Then she asked to see "the little girl, the one who's a midget, you know."

Being at a loss to know what else to do, Rachel called all of the children outside and introduced them one by one to the dozen or so out-of-state visitors. Although she was only three years old, Doris saw that all the attention was focused on her and proceeded to put on a show by cutting capers, much to the visitors delight. But Rachel was concerned. Oh, for more wisdom to deal with such situations. What should she do, what should she say?

A half hour after the van load had left, Rachel's sister, Lois, stopped in for a chat and found her much disturbed. After hearing her story, Lois was indignant, "Two van loads a week? Why, Rachel, I had no idea it was that bad. What's wrong with the people anyway? Surely, they never stop to think. This is not a zoo."

The two sisters struggled against the temptation to make nasty remarks about the people who do such thoughtless things. But their conscience reminded them that they ought to love as Christ loves, with compassion, understanding and forgiveness. So they sat down together to try to find a Scriptural solution to the problem which was facing them. They talked about the importance of their own attitude because of its effects on the children. They realized that many problems could arise as a result of giving a child too much attention.

Rachel related how at church services children as well as many adults were fascinated by Doris' every tiny move and how they stared at her during the services. Afterwards they carried her around until she became tired and fussy. Mothers permitted their 2-year-olds to carry Doris around and looked on in amusement. And there were the visitors in church who thought it was so very odd for a woman to take a doll along to church but then the dolly moved? Afterwards they related this right in front of Doris.

"I really can't blame the children for wanting to carry Doris around," Rachel said. "She only weighs eight pounds and is no bigger than some dolls. But a toddler falls so easily and although Doris is strong, she could easily be injured by a fall. But of course that's not the greatest danger. I don't see how she can help from becoming selfish, proud and conceited after she hears all the 'ah-h-hing and oh-h-hing' and the discussing all the 'cute' things she did."

"I can certainly understand what you mean," Lois sympathized as she watched the miniature child running underneath the table when playfully chased by her older sister, Ruth. Then Doris turned and looked giggling from underneath a chair at her older sister as though to say, "Ha, ha, you can't catch *me*." Rachel, too, had been watching and their eyes met in mutual understanding. Each one seemed to know what the other was thinking.

"I don't know why God chose us to be the parents of one of His special children," Rachel said. "I certainly don't feel qualified to handle all the problems that come up. I've learned a lot through this but can believe I still have a lot more to learn. Now when I see some other child that is a little different than the ordinary, I try never to stand or stare, or fuss with him. It's the natural thing to do and we're so apt to do it, particularly with one who is extra pretty and cute."

"I guess we can't blame others for being fascinated," Lois said. "We are, too. I think this means that you'll have to try, in a nice way and out of love for your child and for everyone else concerned to be quite frank at times. You could let visitors know they can watch the child, but ask them to make no fuss over her. And you could remind Doris occasionally that even though she gets lots of attention, she's only human and with a sinful nature and needs training just as much as other children. Really, there's not much hope that we can change other people so maybe you'll have to work harder in training her."

"You're probably right about that," Rachel answered. "And as I look forward I hate to think of all the special problems we'll have once she realizes she'll never be quite like others. But I guess I should think more on things we should be thankful for such as how good people were to us when Doris was in the hospital. And it also makes it easier when I stop to think that if she were someone else's child, I'd probably act just like others do now."

Lois nodded and listened sympathetically as Rachel went on, "It's so hard to know how much we should take her away with us. Sometimes I feel like just keeping her at home especially when we go to another community where they're not used to seeing her. But would that really solve anything?"

"Doris will have to face life as it is," Lois answered. "She'll have to get used to seeing stares and hearing remarks. But it would seem that our own people, since they are Christians would be more careful if they realized the results."

"I have seen it already that people who do not profess to be Christians are more thoughtful of the feelings of others than our own people," Rachel said. "There is also another problem when I think of what effect this extra attention for Doris might have on the other children."

"Do-do you mean like Sara Ann?" Lois' voice and shadowed eyes conveyed the concern she felt for the unhappy baby she had observed on previous visits.

"I've never had a 1-year-old defy me as she does," Rachel answered. "We've spanked her when she's fussy, we've been extra good to her when she's not and I feel we have made some progress but she's still easily upset and often defiant. At this time she is our biggest problem. What should we do with her that we haven't done?"

"Well, maybe it's not so much a case of doing something you haven't done as it is in keeping on doing what you are doing," Lois suggested. "You'll have to be consistent in applying the rod. The Bible way of training children still works. Sooner or later the child will learn that it doesn't pay to be disobedient. I also think it's time well spent in reading to her, telling stories and as the minister said last Sunday if we keep on doing the right thing long enough, 'Precept upon precept and line upon line a little here and a little there.'"

"Yes, we certainly want to do that." Rachel felt a new zeal to apply herself to Scriptural child training. Perhaps there had been too much fear of man when entertaining visitors. She resolved to be more frank with them in the future. "Do you think it would be all right if I simply refused to bring Doris out for visitors and explain why, if they won't come in for a visit?"

"I don't think that would be anything out of the way," Lois answered. "And if they do come in for a visit you could ask them to not make any fuss over the child. If they just come to see they're not visitors, they're spectators. Maybe if you turned away a group or two of these spectators, the word might get around and help put a stop to this zoo-like business."

"Besides all the van loads, there's people coming almost every week who were visiting neighbors of ours and just want to see her because they've heard so much of her. Sometimes I get a request from neighbors to bring her over. We do want to be friends with our neighbors but maybe it would be best to say no to these requests, too."

"If you give them an explanation, I think they will be able to understand," Lois assured her sister. "And I'll help pass the word around that it might be better not to come unless it's for a genuine visit. By discussing it with each other, many people will realize how much help or hindrance they can be in the training of such children. We might get some useful suggestions, too. It's the kind of problem we ordinarily are not really aware of unless we are personally involved in it. We all need to talk our problems over with each other and help each other." She glanced at the clock as she rose to her feet. "You might be surprised if you knew how many people are concerned about your problem once they realize it, and how many are praying for you."

"I appreciate that so much, for prayer is one way we can all help each other. Thank you, Lois, for stopping in."

Rachel smiled a good-by to her sister and as she once again turned to the responsibilities of her family, her heart was lighter.

-by "Lois"

AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR

The year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The newborn year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence;
Give peace and plenteousness.

Forgive our nation's many sins;
The growth of vice restrain;
And help us all 'gainst sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, dear Lord, for Thee.

O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee year by year
With angel hosts above.

All glory to the Father be
All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

—Author unknown.

MY DARK, DARK NIGHT

When evening came, I felt worse. We called the doctor and he said, "Head for the hospital as fast as you can."

-by Ora A. Graber

Part One:

I WAS LETTING the horses out for the last thing in the evening. It was muddy and as the last horse went out, he stepped on a small piece of a limb about a foot long, mashing one end into the ground. The other end protruded out of the ground.

I was following the horses and in a hurry to head them off from going out the gate. I stepped right into this piece of limb. It went up into my foot, right beside my big toe, tearing a ligament and stripping off the flesh from the other toe beside it. A small piece of the limb broke off and lodged in the foot and we didn't find it until several days later. We decided to use home remedies to try to heal the wound, but infection set in. Every time we bathed it, it seemed to get worse, but we did all we could to get it to heal.

Part Two:

IT WAS ONE MORNING at the breakfast table, about nine days after my accident that I first surmised something was wrong. When I tried to eat, I discovered I had a peculiar sensation in my jaws, a feeling I had never had before. When I tried to swallow, it felt like I had a clobbery mess in my throat.

As soon as breakfast was over, I started leafing through the medical books to see what I could find about tetanus, or as it is commonly called, lockjaw. Slowly it dawned upon me that the symptoms I was reading about fitted the disease.

"Is it lockjaw?" my wife asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is," I answered without looking up.

As I sat at the table a feeling of shock came over me. "No, it can't be true," I thought. "I had often heard of other people getting sick with this disease but can it be true that this time I am the patient? No, it can't be," I thought as I suddenly knew it to be a fact.

Then I realized that my wife had already gone to talk with our doctor. We went in immediately and he examined me and gave me a shot of tetanus anti-toxin. He said if my condition has not improved by the next morning, I should come in again.

When evening came, it was plain to see that it had not improved. In fact, it was getting worse. At about nine o'clock I decided to talk to the doctor and tell him I wasn't feeling any better. His immediate reply was, "Head for the hospital as fast as you can."

A short time later we were on our way to the hospital more than twenty miles away. What a dark night! This had never happened in our family before and now it was I, the head of the house. Who would carry on if I didn't come back? I knew my wife and daughter would take care of things but even so, it brought tears to all of us. I was glad there was not much talk on the way to the hospital for this let my thoughts go to God in Heaven in prayer that His will be done.

Now my thoughts travelled to many different things. Many years before, I had been ordained to preach the Word of God but now I had a feeling that I had neglected this too much. I had not spoken strong enough and had not been willing enough to do my duty. I felt that perhaps I did not have enough of the true love for the souls of people. My thoughts turned upward to God and I decided that if He would heal me and bring me back again to health, I would preach the Word in earnest, and continue to admonish, chasten and to work in love as long as I may continue to breathe.

When we entered the hospital at about ten o'clock I was put on a wheelchair and taken immediately to an upper room where I changed clothes and put on a gown. They gave me eleven shots of anti-toxin into various parts of my hip, and before morning, they had given me perhaps twenty more shots. I can't remember everything that happened but getting another shot didn't mean much to me. The nurses checked me every fifteen minutes for convulsions and spasms.

All through that first long night I had a feeling of suffering and pain. I could not sleep. I told the nurse that the doctor said it will be better tomorrow. She looked at me awhile and then she said, "You will still have pain tomorrow."

The long night finally came to an end. When daybreak came I could look through my window and see people coming and going all the time. I got a feeling, "Oh, I am back in this old world again." The dark night wasn't so dark after all.

I was to have only liquids that day so decided I would drink the cupful of coffee which they set before me, although I had never drank more than perhaps a cupful in my life. Soon I was vomiting it all over the room. After this, they were reluctant to give me anything else but I told them if they bring me some gingerale and a pack of soda crackers, it would settle my stomach. After this we had no problem.

That day they operated on my foot where blood poisoning had set in, and they drained the wound. They examined the matter under a microscope and confirmed that it was tetanus.

During my stay at the hospital they continued to give me anti-toxin. They also gave me penicillen and all kinds of antibiotics as the swelling in my leg could not be cleared up.

After several weeks the doctors felt I was over the worst part of the tetanus so I was released. But the swelling in my leg continued and I was becoming immune and allergic to the antibiotics. So I decided to try home remedies. The onions seemed to help the most. We put on slices of onion in the evening and by morning they would be red and brown. It seemed to draw the swelling out of my leg. We kept on until there was no coloring in the onion.

We received many different remedies and advice from various persons. One woman sent a recipe for a salve which also had onions in it which was good. After I was at home from the hospital for some time, I began to get sharp pains, nerve tremors, muscles began to twitch and there were sleepless nights. The doctor felt I should go back to the hospital for more tetanus antitoxin shots as they were afraid of a recurrence. But I continued to go downhill and I have felt since that this was a mistaken diagnosis. I continued to get weaker to the extent that by the time I returned home again I had to have help to walk around. I was beginning to feel that my health would never be restored and all odds seemed against me.

Then one night in a dream I saw myself sitting in a large house in which were many sick people. Then I saw on the upper corner there was a man who was healing the sick as they came to him. So I got in line but I knew it would be a long time before he would get to me for I was at the other end of the line. This gave me much hope and comfort for I knew this man was Jesus.

Later a friend suggested that I go to a chiropractor and I decided to give it a try. The treatments and massaging seems to make me feel better and I have also taken acupuncture. Much of the pain I have at present comes from my nerve injuries, drug side-effects and neuritis. Through this all, I have lost most of the fillings in my teeth and will need to have them pulled as soon as I am strong enough. I can help chore and have been able to attend church provided I have a nice soft chair to sit on at least part of the time. I can do more writing and reading which I enjoy so much.

Some people wonder how I can stand it to lie around like this. I must say to those who consider reading a waste of time, if it were not for this and to concentrate my mind on heavenly things, the time indeed would be long. I have also received many nice and encouraging letters and gifts to help along. I appreciate it very much but it is somewhat humiliating as a person would sooner have it otherwise. If God sees fit that this shall be my lot, I want to accept it humbly. I often have to think of the words, "Es ist seliger zu geben den zu nehmen."

AT YEAR'S END

The old year ends, a new begins
With pages clean and new;
And what is written on each page
Will now depend on you.

You can't relive the year that's past
Erasing every wrong;
For once a year or day is spent,
It is forever gone.

But don't give up in dark despair
If you have failed some test;
Seek God's forgiveness and resolve
Henceforth to do your best.

Resolve each precious day to do
Things good and kind and pure;
Though days and years may pass away,
These things shall still endure.

You know not where your path may lead
Nor what's beyond the hill;
But know your God walks at your side,
If you but do His will.

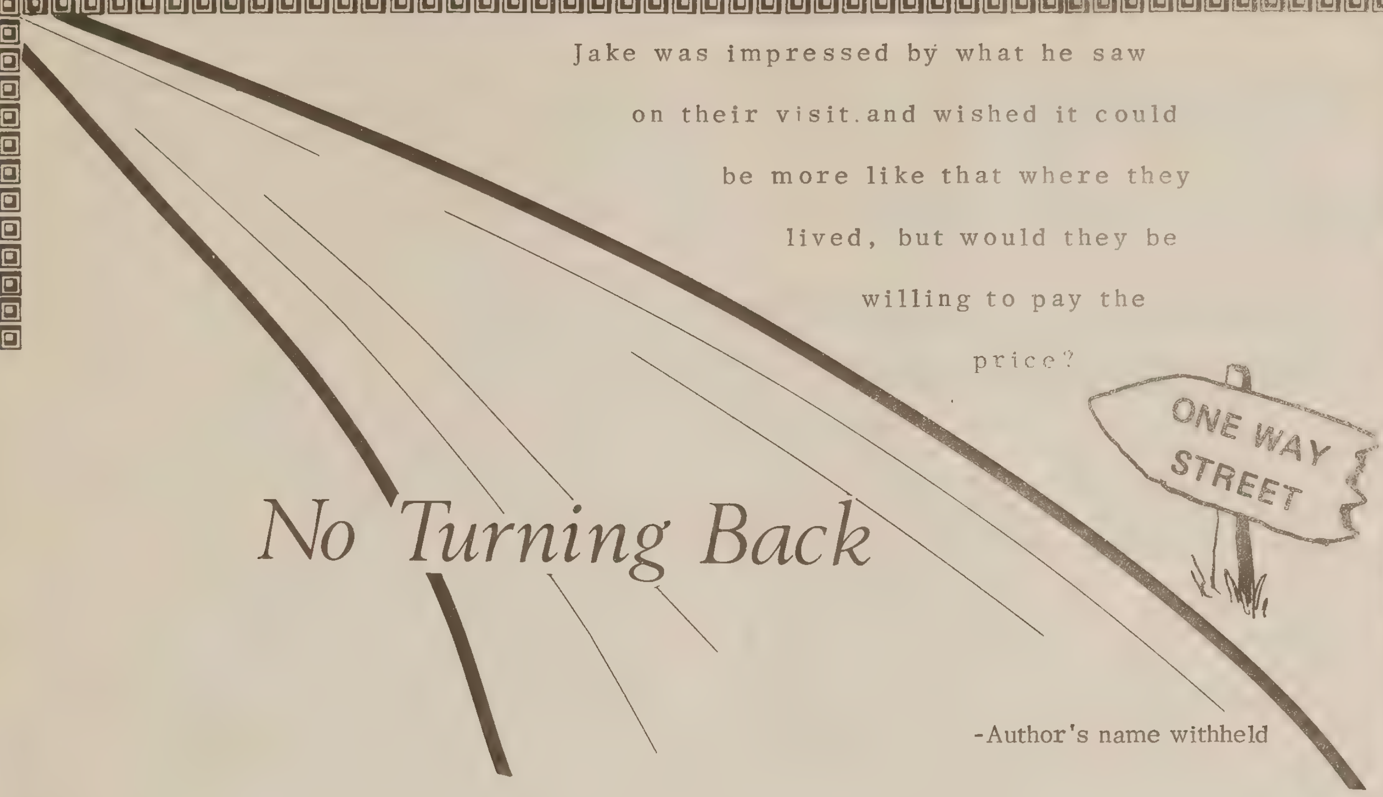
All things are possible with God,
Though days be bright or dim;
So do your best and know that you
Can leave the rest to Him.

I do not know what the future holds, but, of course, nobody knows in this life. But we do know that if we travel the lowly path where Jesus trod we will receive a crown beyond any human comparison or comprehension. But we must leave behind us our fine homes, farms, livestock, fine clothing and foods and travel the narrow way. There is no other way under Heaven except through Jesus Christ and if we try to enter at any other door we are thieves and murderers. We must love our God with all our hearts, and mind and power and our neighbor as ourselves.

If we were to ask the church members one by one if they love God, we would probably get an affirmative answer. But how would it be if we asked them if they love their neighbors? In the Epistle of John the question is asked, how is it possible to love God, whom we cannot see, if we do not love our brother, whom we can see? My prayer is that God will give us all courage to endure until we meet on the other side.

Part Three:

MORE THAN THREE months have passed now since the above account was written. I am still getting stronger and doing more work all the time, and with less pain. But there are still some problems. I feel the experience has been good for me. △



No Turning Back

Jake was impressed by what he saw on their visit.and wished it could be more like that where they lived, but would they be willing to pay the price?

-Author's name withheld

JAKE AND MILLIE ERB were pleased when their oldest son, Paul, was married to one of Melvin Schrocks' daughters. Erma seemed to be a nice girl and she came from a good family. There was every reason to believe that Paul and Erma would fill their places in the home, the church, and the community.

Jakes were especially pleased when Pauls expressed their desire to start farming. Many young couples merely bought a house, and worked out by the day. They made lots of money but most of them spent it just as fast as they made it or a little faster. Farming would be a hard life but Jakes felt it would be a more satisfying life in the long run. They agreed to help Pauls buy a farm. Paul had worked a number of years at carpentry work after he was on age and saved enough to make a down payment on the farm. A few weeks later a farm came up for sale but it was about nine miles away and in another church district. This farm suited the young couple so arrangements were made to buy it. Jakes furnished most of the money with the understanding that Pauls would try to pay back some every year. When spring came, the young people moved onto their farm.

Since they lived so far away, they did not see each other as often as they had expected. "I wish we could help them more to get started," Jake said one day to his wife.

"Yes, if they weren't so far away we could go oftener," Millie answered. "But Erma's folks live closer so I guess they can help them better than we can."

By the spring of the second year, it was evident that Pauls would be a long time in paying off their farm. Although they had a good crop the first summer, they had not yet made a payment on the farm.

Apparently, the money was going out faster than it was coming in. "Oh, well, they're just starting up and they will need time," Jake tried to excuse them, but inside he was troubled. He felt they were spending too much for things they could do without.

After talking these things over, Jake and Millie decided to go and spend a day to help them. It was June and as they drove into the lane, Paul and Erma came out of the strawberry patch. Erma was carrying a bowlful of berries. "You're too late to help pick berries this time," Paul smiled as he started loosening the traces.

"Is that all the berries you're getting?" Millie asked as she saw the meager amount of berries.

"Oh, it's just an old patch and hardly worth picking anymore," Paul answered. "But we set out a new patch because we think it's so much better to have our own berries."

Jake and Millie were pleased with this remark. Maybe they had misjudged Pauls, maybe they were trying to save.

As Millie helped get dinner ready, she couldn't help noticing the large amount of groceries and store bought-items in the pantry. There were boxes of ready mix pie crusts, muffins, cake frosting, cake mixes, condensed milk, and Philadelphia cream cheese. She could hardly keep from mentioning something about it, so once when Erma said how everything is so high priced, Millie tried to sound casual as she said, "Yes, everything is so high priced these days. And the ready mixes are especially high for young people to buy. I'm sorry it is this way."

"I know, and I really do hate to go to town for it always takes so much at the grocery store. We don't go oftener than we have to," Erma tried to excuse herself.

"We buy a lot of things at the grocery store, too," Millie said, "although we try to not buy more than we have to. While we were making payments on the farm, we did without a lot of things we buy now."

"Yes, I think it would be better to do without so many fancy things," Erma answered, "but we were always used to them at home. We lived close to the store and so we bought a lot of things we could have done without."

Sometime later Millie went into the bedroom and was surprised to see a brand new high chair standing there. "Oh," she began, "I didn't know...."

Erma laughed, "Yesterday when we were in town, we went into the furniture store and they had this one on sale, so we decided we might as well take advantage of it."

"It certainly is nice," Millie said as she examined the padding and ran her hand over the chrome frame, "but it must have cost a fortune."

The Preacher's Place

Seems everyone can plainly see
Just how the preacher's home should be,
One that stands open to be viewed,
It's quiet, of course, without a feud.

It always must be neat and clean,
Without a luxury to be seen,
Ready for any guest unknown—
Or one who has his problems shown.

The preacher must patiently stand
To hear the trials of his band;
He must be kind and yet real firm
To keep the souls from every harm.

He must meet all his family's needs
And give to others, plus good deeds,
And be consistent— not for show—
Including tithe that no one knows.

The wife must meek and humble be,
A brave example just as he,
Taking her sweet, submissive place—
A helpmeet in the issues faced.

Her tongue she must all times control;
In life she plays a weighty role,
Taking the blame for what may arise
And then for help to God she cries.

The children surely are to be
Obedient for all to see;
Boys cover their arms, and girls their knee
For if they don't then why should we?

His boy won't lie or joke for fun
Because he is the preacher's son;
He does the chores with all his might—
The preacher's name must have no blight.

It's good God gives them special grace
To bear the conflicts they must face;
If we could know how it must be
The patient preacher's place to see.

We look to preachers us to feed;
They help, but Bibles we must read;
You see, the preachers are people too,
And someday you may wear their shoe.

-I.M.M.

"Everything's expensive these days," returned Erma with a laugh, "but I've always wanted a good one like this so we decided we just as well buy it now and then we can get use out of it longer. It's so much nicer than the old fashioned wooden ones."

"Jake saw one like this sell at the sale barn," Millie said, "and it went cheap. Of course it needed a little cleaning and he said some of the screws were loose. I told him he should have bought it for you."

"Sometimes a person can get good used furniture," Erma answered, "but I'm not anxious to buy other people's leftovers. If we buy it new it costs a little more but we have the satisfaction of knowing that no one else has worn it out already. Mom and Dad told us we should buy good furniture while we are at it. That's the way they do."

Millie bit her lips. She was just ready to make a remark about Erma's folks but on second thought, she decided it would be wise to remain silent.

Meanwhile at the barn, Jake noticed that Paul had built a new gate and put up a new fence around the barnyard. He was pleased to see that Paul was not lazy and that he tried to get his work done. As Jake walked past the shed he saw a new market wagon. "Is-is this your buggy?" he asked.

"Yes, we just got it last week," Paul answered. "Erma's father ordered it for us several months ago."

"Isn't the hack you bought from me, in working condition?"

"I still use it for odd jobs." Paul shrugged his shoulders. "Or when it rains to save the new one."

"But you could've done with the old one for many years yet," Jake was about to say but decided, what was the use of saying more if Melvin Schrock was at the other end urging him to get more new equipment.

Inside the shed was stacked a pile of galvanized pipe. When Jake cast an inquiring look in that direction, Paul said, "Melvin's coming next week to put running water in the house. It's not very handy with just the pump in the kitchen."

Paul did not see the frown that crossed his father's face. Jake was thinking, "Melvin can do such things and charge it to me." But aloud he said, "Don't you think it would be better to pay your debts first?"

"I thought about that, too," Paul said, "but Erma would like to have running water and a bathroom. Her folks say we just as well may enjoy such things while we're paying off the debts. He said he would have time to maybe put in a worktable and cabinets next winter. Then we would like to enclose the porch so we could eat out there in the summertime. Erma thinks it would be so much easier to keep the house clean if we would eat on the enclosed porch. Of course we would have to remodel the pantry and put in another door. Don't you think that would be nice?"

Jake felt a storm rising within him. When he answered, he tried to keep his voice calm but each word seemed to be sharper than usual. "If Melvin thinks such things are necessary right away, then maybe he can furnish the money to do it with."

Paul looked up surprised. "But-but we didn't think you'd object for both of us were used to such things at home."

Jake was sorry he had said what he did. "Of course we don't think it's wrong, but we just thought it would be best to be honest and get your debts paid first."

"But we thought if you or Melvins have the money..."

"That's all right," Jake said somewhat firmly, "but you must remember that you have other brothers and sisters which may be needing help within a few years."

Jake saw the hurt look on Paul's face. That was one thing he hadn't intended to do, to hurt Paul or Erma's feeling. They only wanted to help them. His eyes scanned the hayfield. Changing the subject, he said, "I see you have some hay that is ready to put in. If that is what you intended to do today, then I'll help you."

Paul smiled at his father. "Erma will be glad for that for she has some canning to do. I'll go right away and see if it's dry enough to start."

As Jake watched Paul walk toward the hayfield, he leaned against the barndoor and studied Paul's situation. Why do parents often have trouble with their children? Why are things as they are, and why must young folks think they can start in where the parents left off? Don't they realize the parents made many sacrifices before their farm was paid and they will have to do the same? Who is to blame— the parents or the young folks? Or are they both to blame?

ON THE WAY HOME that evening Jake and Millie talked about what they had seen that day. "Young people today think they have to have everything fixed up handy just like their parents have it," Millie said. "They never stop to think that we've had some pretty hard times already, and that for many years we did without lots of things they have now already. Who'd have thought they'd have to have a brand new market wagon and not married two years yet. We were married twenty years before we got a new one."

Jake sat thinking for some time before he finally answered. "You know, I believe that maybe if we as parents and older people would do without some of these things which we think the young people shouldn't get, it would be easier for them to resist the temptation."

"Oh, it's not that," Millie laughed lightheartedly. "They're making too much money and if it's easy come, it goes easy too. And if some of the young couples do it that way, the others think they have to keep up."

They drove on in silence. Jake was doing some thinking. Was there really nothing they could do to be a better example to the young people who were just starting up? Would Paul and Erma be able to make their payments or would he finally give up in discouragement like so many others had and go to work in the shops?

As they passed the farm where Sol Rabers used to live, Jake said, "Sol Rabers had a nice farm here before they moved to Greene County. I wonder how they like it there?" Jake remembered Sols had moved because they thought the old community was becoming too modern. By now several of his children were married. Jake wondered if Sol had found an answer to his problems, or if they still had the same problems but on a different level.

"I suppose they found cheaper land there," Millie answered, "but the way I hear, the land is cheaper in more than one way."

"From what I talked to him before he went, I understood he felt there would be a better chance for their children to get farms of their own when they grow up. Also the church there has been better able to hold the plain ordnung in some ways than the churches here."

"I suppose they have their troubles there same as anywhere else," said Millie.

"No doubt they do have their problems, but it would be interesting to find out how they feel about it by this time," Jake said. "Why don't we go and visit them this summer yet?"

"His wife's my cousin," Millie replied. "It would be nice to go and visit them sometime."

SOL RABER WAS GLAD to see his old friends Jake Erbs again. They had barely arrived until Sol was out showing Jake his farm. Jake saw that the land was more rolling and the hills in the distance looked like small mountains to him. He thought it must be rather difficult for someone to live in such a rolling community after living so long where the land was more level.

"It seems a person can get used to almost anything if he wants to," Sol said in answer to Jake's question. "It helps to make it easier if we can feel there are other advantages in the long run."

"I suppose the farms up here aren't as expensive as where we live," Jake asked.

"Oh, I couldn't say that there was much difference," Sol answered as he leaned on the field gate and looked over the oatfield. "Of course it doesn't cost as much per acre, but then again, it won't produce as much either. At one time I used to worry and wonder how my children could ever get a farm paid for but I quit that long ago."

"I can't say that I've quit worrying yet," Jake said as he picked a splinter from the gate. "Of course the real thing I'm worried about is that it seems our young people don't know how to save, or how to spend wisely."

"I believe I know what you mean," Sol said sympathetically, "and I wonder if it isn't often the parents' fault. It seems when they get their own farm paid for, they drop off old traditions, a little here and a little there, and it soon adds up and grows into a big problem and no one seems to have the answer."

"I don't believe I know exactly what you mean," Jake said.

Sol shooed a fly from his arm. "Well, when the farm is paid for, the parents naturally have more money. Too often they give their children more to spend— not to save— and they buy things they don't really need and often shouldn't have. It's been handed down to us over many generations to work hard, to save, and to spend money only for what is needed. When we push out the landmarks which have been set by our forefathers, our Christianity becomes weakened and the first thing we know we find ourselves in somewhat a position as Lot was, caught up in Sodom and Gomorrah, and it's time to get out again while we can." Sol turned and started for the barn, followed by Jake.

"I must admit our children had plenty of spending money and it was like you say— to spend and not to save," answered Jake with a sober face. "They work away and bring home large checks and I had felt they are entitled to some money. They have been good workers and I wanted them to know we appreciated that. Of course I have often told them to save their money but it is easy come, easy go. Now our Paul is starting up on a farm and he doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. They work hard and they want to save in their own way but it seems they don't know how. I was just wondering if you have the same trouble with your married children?"

Sol slowed his pace to Jakes as he looked sympathetically toward him. "With Levi, the oldest, yes, but I guess he was somehow spoiled before we moved. We must give his wife much credit for she bakes, sews and certainly does her share in making ends meet. But they're getting along all right now. I guess you heard he was made a deacon this spring."

"Yes, I heard and I'm glad to hear they're getting along all right."

"Yes, and I still believe the promise holds true 'if we seek first the kingdom of God all our needs will be supplied.' But we still have to do our share in working and not wasting our money."

"I believe so, too, and that holds true in any community," said Jake.

"There's less temptation in a community like this," Sol explained, "for as I said a while ago, our land may not be quite so productive, and we have to work hard for our living, but it seems our people realize they can't have everything quite as nice and handy as they'd like to have it. In this way they spend their money for things which are necessary, and for things that will produce an income and so far I must say the young people seem to be having good success in getting their farms paid for."

"That's nice and it will make less worry for the parents," said Jake.

"Yes, but there are times when we want to give advice to young people and they don't want to take it. But there's one way we can be a help to them without offending them in any way."

"And how is that?" asked Jake.

"Well, of course it's like the old saying goes that one good example is worth ten thousand words of advice," Sol answered. "I know that's not easy and I realize we have often failed. But here in this community the ministers stress the importance of setting a good example for our young people, and doing without things we might like to have and could afford, so that we can better help those who are just starting up. And I have to say," Sol paused as he looked the other way, "that it does seem to make it so much easier for the young people, and they aren't tempted to spend their money unnecessarily if they can see that the other people around them and the older people deny themselves things which they could afford, but which they don't really need."

"I would certainly agree with you on that," Jake said. "In fact I was just thinking along the same line the other day. I wish it could be more like that at home."

WHEN IT WAS TIME to leave Greene County, after spending a weekend there, Sols took Jakes to the highway where they flagged the Greyhound bus. As they sped toward home, many thoughts went through Jake's mind. After being in their homes several days, he envied the Greene County people's simple way of life. Now it dawned upon him more fully how far his own community had drifted already. He wondered if it were too late for him and his family to follow the example of Sols.

"Are you tired?" Millie asked as she pushed a large package under the seat.

"Guess I'm just worn out from not doing anything," Jake answered. "It sure gives a person a lot to think about when visiting a community like that."

Millie eyed him with amazement. "I don't hope you're getting ideas to move to a place like that!"

"Didn't you like it there?" he questioned. "I think it'd be a nice place for young people to start up."

"Certainly, I enjoyed the visit, but why would it be better for young people to start up up there than where we live?" She removed her bonnet and laid it on the rack above her.

"Well, they seem to be satisfied with less luxuries so maybe they would be able to get a farm paid for sooner."

Millie wrinkled up her nose. "Aw, Jake, get those ideas out of your head. You know the children would never go with us. I can't see why we can't live just as good a life where we are now. Why would anyone have to move out there in those hills and valleys just to live more simply. They could do that right where they are. We've told Pauls they should be saving their money and getting their debts paid off. They wouldn't have to move out of civilization to do that."

"Yes, we've told them but we didn't show them that we really believe it. Maybe if we'd live a little more simple it would be easier for them to do so."

Millie laughed. "You mean live like Sols do? We've got our farm paid for and you know we worked hard and saved through many hard years. Why should we go back to that again?"

"But wouldn't that be plenty of reason if it were better for Pauls and for our other children, and for ourselves, too?"

"I'm beginning to wish we had never been to Sols," Millie shot back at him. "You think their children are so so much better than ours; you're just upset about Pauls. Don't worry, they'll turn out all right, just give them time. No use in going to extreme about it."

Jake yawned as he nestled down in the bus seat and closed his eyes, but his mind was still wide awake. He felt he were pushing against a stone wall. He realized there was no turning back from the path he had chosen and now his children were following after him.

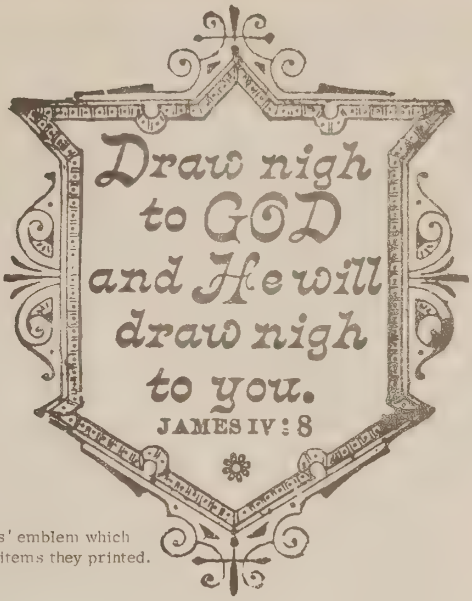
A heaviness closed in on him as he wondered where this path would lead for the coming generations— for his children and their children. Was it not running perilously close to the world and would eventually be lost in the darkness of the world? He knew already what the answer would be to Paul's problem if he failed in farming. Factory work. Then what would his children do? Again, the factory. There would be lots of money, fine homes...but what about the church?

Jake tried to envision a plain church where all the families were factory workers and he felt it very hard to do. Each time his mind reverted to a group of families nestled in the rolling hills of Greene County, working hard to make a living and doing without many of the nice things because they felt it was for the good of the group as a whole. There he could envision a continuing church. How he wished his own future could be with that group, with their hope.

But the path he had chosen was leading in the opposite direction and the future looked very hazy. Jake sunk down deeper into the bus seat as he futilly searched to put his weary mind at ease. "Millie said everything would turn out all right," he told himself. "Pauls are young yet and need time..." △

MARTIN PRINTERS

By David Luthy



This was Martin Printers' emblem which appeared on most of the items they printed.

Five hundred years have passed since Gutenberg invented movable type. His invention made the printing of books much easier, as it certainly was a faster method than copying books by pen and ink which had been done for centuries. But today the printing techniques have advanced so far that it would seem like drudgery to revert to using movable type. Yet that is exactly what Martin Printers did from 1951-1963. John W. Martin, the owner, was very conservative religiously and did not feel it was right to use motors. The nearly 100 books and booklets which came off his hand-operated press in the twelve years of his printer's existence are a monument to the belief that printing could still be done the old way.

Part One: Bothered With Asthma

John W. Martin was born January 3, 1909 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was raised in the Groffdale Conference of the Old Order Mennonites (horse and buggy people) and united with that church during his teenage years. On December 18, 1930 he married Fannie B. Martin. The first 10 of their 15 children were born in Lancaster County.

For many years John had been bothered with asthma. He began to consider moving to an area which might help his condition. He finally decided that he and his family should move to Mexico. This was in 1942, and World War II was being waged. It is thought that his opposition to the U.S. government's program of rationing sugar, meat, flour, etc. was a secondary reason for his choice of Mexico. Rationing was not practiced in that country. Basically, though, John Martin wanted to move there for relief from asthma. It was quite an undertaking and John had his doubts. He told the family doctor that he was afraid he couldn't make a living in Mexico. The doctor replied, "Why? Don't people live there?"

The Martins had sale in Pennsylvania and disposed of nearly all that they owned except for a few household items they planned to take with them on the train. The neighbors were quite shocked. One of John's children remarks today, "People thought we were leaving the world!"

In October of 1942 the Martins boarded a train and headed for Mexico. Their destination was the large settlement of Old Colony Mennonites at Chihuahua, Mexico. There they stayed for several months, and John worked in a cheese plant. Then he moved his family to Rascon in San Luis Potosi State. To earn a living John set up 40 colonies of bees. Soon John's married brother Dan Martin also moved there with his family. An Amish minister, Phineas M. Borntrager also located there as did a Mennonite bachelor, David Newswenger. Then in February of 1944 Aaron H. Martin, an uncle of Mrs. John Martin, arrived. His withdrawal from the U.S. received national news coverage because of his opposition to the rationing program. Newsweek magazine printed an article about him and carried a picture of him and his family waiting in the depot to board the train for Mexico. Aaron later died of typhoid fever in Mexico. Mrs. Dan Martin also died there. The area was flooded and she contracted malaria. The water was up to the second story of the house when she died. Her body was taken out through a window into a boat. She was buried on highly elevated ground.

John W. Martin had gone to Mexico for his health. After living there for three years, he was cured of his asthma. But something else now bothered him— his large family needed the influence of an established congregation. Since the six families in Mexico, which represented four "plain" denominations, did not become united, John returned to the United States in 1945.

The war was now over, but John had received a draft notice while living in Mexico and had ignored it. When he and his family re-entered the U.S., he was arrested at the border for draft evasion. After detaining him a short while, the officers allowed him to accompany his family to their new home in Snyder County, Pennsylvania. There he was arrested and put in jail but released after several weeks.

While the Martins were living in Snyder County, John's asthma returned. He was also concerned about the state's school laws. Thus, in the spring of 1947 he made plans to move to Hohenwald, Tennessee. His Amish friend from Mexico, Phineas M. Borntrager, was living at Hohenwald in a newly established Amish congregation. One of John's children today remarks, "It occurred to Dad that maybe God wanted us to join the

Amish. Maybe then there would be relief for the asthma."

John Martin did unite with the Amish, but the climate at Hohenwald was not good for his asthma. He kept remembering how well he had felt in Mexico, and a desire burned in him to return. In October of 1949 he loaded his family and belongings onto a truck and set out for Mexico. Two Amishmen, Rudy Wickey and Will Shrock, also went along with the intention of settling there. But when the men reached the border, the Mexican officials would not allow them to enter Mexico. The men soon discovered why: the officials wanted a bribe to let them pass. The men could not in conscience offer a bribe. For a month they camped in tents at the border hoping that any day the officials would decide to let them enter Mexico. But no permission was forthcoming.

John Martin and Rudy Wickey decided the situation was hopeless. They left for LaJunta, Colorado on a trial basis, hoping the high elevation would be good for John's asthma. Will Shrock, determined to "stick it out" at the border, built himself a shanty. There he remained until his relatives came and persuaded him to leave.

The Martins and Wickeys only stayed in Colorado for two months. The climate did not seem to help John's asthma. The men traveled to Jerome, Michigan to talk with an Amishman, Pre. Albert Stoll, who was interested in relocating. On their way home from Michigan, Martin and Wickey passed through the northwestern part of Arkansas and decided that would be their new home. In March of 1950 they moved to St. Joe, Arkansas. Albert Stoll also moved there, and so did several other Amish families.

Part Two: A Vow Was Made

A few months after settling at St. Joe, Arkansas, John Martin suffered a very severe attack of asthma. Through this experience his printing concern was born. Here is what he later wrote of his experience:

"In August of 1950 I was very sick with asthma, so that all medical knowledge at the hospital could help nothing, and they could not understand how I could live.

"In the eight hours of intense suffering on the brink of death, God revealed many things to me: among these things were my own sins, and how the Christians were fast drifting down the way to everlasting destruction, by forsaking the Way of God, by lack of faith in salvation through Grace and the blood of Christ.

"I pleaded for mercy and an opportunity to repent and vowed I would in no wise trim or alter my beard all the days of my life as a covenant. The command then came to warn the people, and recovery then came rapidly. These publications are my effort to obey His commandment to me."

Without having had any experience in printing, 41-year-old John Martin decided to buy a printing press. His neighbor Willie Moore signed the note so John could get a loan from the bank. He bought a used, hand-operated Kelsey press. It had a 5 x 8 inch platen which meant it could print no larger space than that. John soon rigged up the press with a foot pedal so it could be powered that way. This left his hands free to put the paper in and out of the press.

The printing business was a nice occupation for John since he enjoyed it and was not physically able to do farm work. His sons looked after the farm while John and his daughters worked in the printery. The press was housed in a specially built building which also housed the school. A wall separated the classroom from the printery. The Amish pupils could hear the rattling of the press, and the workers in the printery could hear the classroom noises.

John set most of the type himself and let his daughters do the actual printing. Family members pitched in to fold the pages after they were printed and ready to be assembled into booklet form. Small booklets were stapled together along the spine. Larger booklets were hand sewn with wide stitches along the spine or saddle edge of the booklet. The printery provided much work for John Martin and his large family.

For his livelihood, John depended on his farm and on custom printing. The following ad from him first appeared in the Nov. 22, 1951 Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget, the weekly Amish newspaper, and often afterwards.

GERMAN PRINTING

We are now in position to print German tracts, pamphlets, and books to your order.

MARTIN PRINTERS
Saint Joe, Arkansas

Although John Martin advertised "German printing," most of his work was done in the English language. Some items were merely two pages and required little effort, but some were much larger. In 1952 he got a letter from Amishman Ben D. Miller of Holmes County, Ohio asking him to print a hardbound book. Martin didn't really have binding equipment but decided to tackle the job. The 74-page Das Neue Spelling Buch, which had been complied by Miller, was soon printed by Martin. Then came the job of sewing it together by hand and binding it. John rigged up an outfit to help in the binding. With five or six of the family helping, he could bind 70 books a day. (In following years the Martins repirnted and bound this same book two more times.) The finished product measured 5 x 7 inches and was a pretty fair job.

Because his work was inexpensive, John Martin received many jobs from the Budget audience. Records show that he produced one 45-page booklet of 1,000 copies for 7 1/2¢ each, not figuring his time nor that of his children. Since he had no motors, there were no fuel bills. Also there were no bills for setting by linotype or for illustrations. Basically his expenses were paper and ink.

But John Martin's inexpensive printing had one major drawback, it lacked in quality. The paper he most used was an off-white newsprint. Sometimes he got too much ink on one page and not enough on another. One customer wrote to a friend, "If you are not too very particular, John W. Martin might do the work for you. His price offered is about 1/2 of the local cost to me. But I have not seen such well put up work by him." Likely John thought plain printing should be good enough for the Plain People. He did the best he could with the equipment he had.

Part Three: Free Distribution

Although John Martin did quite a bit of job printing for which he charged a low price, he did much printing for which he received no salary. Some booklets he himself either wrote or translated, while others he selected from older writings. These he offered free to anyone who requested them. He did not like to send the booklets out blindly but preferred to have people request them. That way he was sure they were not merely going into someone's wastebasket. He did not charge anything for these booklets but did accept donations. He was especially glad when people remembered to enclose a stamped envelope, as postage was always an expensive item for him.

Not only did John send out booklets for nothing, he also published magazines for which no paid subscriptions were required. Der Schmale Weg appeared from St. Joe, Arkansas in June of 1954. Its format was small (3 1/2 x 6 inches) and it appeared to be a booklet rather than a magazine. It contained 16 pages. The second issue appeared January 1, 1955 and the third issue in July of that same year. John Martin announced in the Budget, "The small German paper issued from here is issued free to all desiring it. At present it is issued twice a year, but the plans are to issue it oftener as soon as funds allow."

After this announcement, Der Schmale Weg was issued only two more times: June 1, 1956 and April 1, 1957. Meanwhile John Martin had brought out the magazine in English, hoping to reach a wider audience. The Narrow Way first appeared October 1, 1956 with John as both editor and printer. Its life span was much longer than that of Der Schmale Weg, but it also did not appear with regularity. There was one issue in 1956 and one in 1957, then a gap of four years. Publication was resumed in March of 1961, with the hopes of issuing it monthly. Eight issues appeared. That was its best year. 1962 and 1963 each saw only four issues. Generally 1,500 copies were mailed out each time. The great majority were sample copies. The permanent subscription list was 373 in 1963. In December of that year it switched to an 8 1/2 x 11 format and was mimeographed which was much less time consuming. It appeared this way, off and on, until the fall of 1966 when it ceased publication.

One of John Martin's children today says that the program of free distribution of the booklets and magazines "about broke even." Donations covered most of the expenses, but the Martins received nothing for their labor— that is, except the satisfaction of providing free literature. Many months they mailed out as many as 900 booklets and 1,500 magazines.

Part Four: Again In Mexico

John Martin had lived in Arkansas four years, 1950-1954, and had suffered much from asthma. Once more he longed to return to Mexico. He set out alone to find relief. He could not afford to take his large family with him but hoped to be able to send for them if he found a location that helped his asthma. Several months passed. He was criticized for not being with his family. He answered such an accusation via his column "Mexico siftings" in the Budget:

> I have been suffering from asthma for the last 33 years, and many times sitting for weeks working with all my strength to breathe. I have spent thousands of dollars seeking relief, and have been to the best doctors and hospitals and all of no avail. I have tried many climates and could find only one that gave permanent relief and that is this poor country of Mexico. I know, I am discontent, but I believe that if that Pa. sister would have suffered as I have she would have been discontent too. But that is not all, I desire to bring my wife and family here too, but my money is too near gone to make the investments that the Mexican immigration regulations require. On the other hand my family needs a large farm to work as the family is large. I was still hoping that a Samaritan might pass by and loan me enough money to make the move possible, but as yet those able to help look upon me as being not content. But some day a good Samaritan who is not content to see such a sad case lay unaided will stop and give assistance.

In November of 1954 John was able to return to Arkansas where he had sale on the 12th. He loaded his family and few remaining possessions onto a truck and started back to Mexico. They arrived on November 20th after five days on the road, settling at Yermo in the northeast corner of Durango State. Their stay at Yermo was for only several months. During that time they printed at least one booklet, Our Youths, a collection of writings from various Amish people concerning courtship and young people problems. This booklet caused some criticism. John Martin responded via his "Mexico Siftings" column in the Budget:

> Will try and answer several of the questions received the past week. One is if we agree with the book, "Our Youths" which we printed while in Yermo? We accepted the printing of that job as we and most printers accept work, and that is with the same spirit a carpenter accepts the work of putting up a building for another person. The carpenter might not agree that the house was planned right, but still he would make it as the owner wanted it done. So we accepted it without agreeing or disagreeing with its contents. If you have any comments to make do it to those sending it to you or its publishers, whose name is printed on the front cover.

The Budget scribe, Jacob J. Hershberger, of Lynnhaven, Virginia responded in his column "Lynnhaven Gleanings" that Martin had printed "Lynnhaven Amish Church" on the cover of Our Youths and that had been a mistake. Hershberger went on to say he had placed tape over the name and forwarded the booklets to the Old Order Amish bishops in the central states who had published it. Jacob J. Hershberger had originally sent the material to Martin but did not accept the responsibility of having published it.

Since the land at Yermo was irrigated and expensive, John Martin soon moved his family to Manuel near Tampico in Tamaulipas State which bordered the Gulf of Mexico. There he rented some land and raised truck crops: peas, tomatoes, chili peppers, and sweet corn.

The Martins built a one story house at Manuel which measured 24 x 48 and contained six rooms with "an addition of a printing room and cold room." Finding mail service back to the U.S. very good, the Martins continued doing custom printing for the Budget audience. In October of 1955, however, their mail service came to a temporary halt due to flooding in the state. Train tracks were washed out. Also the company in Tampico where the Martins purchased all their printing supplies had been destroyed in the flood. John Martin reported about this in a letter to the Budget once mail was getting through and said, "We hope our customers can understand and have patience with us in this delay beyond our control."

Part Five: On The Move Again

The Martins' press was kept busy at Manuel. Several years passed. Since no Amish or Old Order Mennonites moved to Manuel, John began to consider returning to the United States. His large family needed companions and the influence of an established congregation. Yet he dreaded to go back to a climate which would cause his asthma attacks to return. After much consideration he decided to move to the mountains of North Carolina with hopes that other families would also move there and that his asthma would not return. In March of 1958 the Martins bade farewell to Mexico and moved to Burnsville, North Carolina. The Eli A. Miller family from Indiana and the Noah Wengerds from Pennsylvania joined them there. But those were the only families which came, and John's asthma returned. While living at Burnsville, five of the Martin children joined the Amish church, being baptized by Bishop Henry Sommers of Uniontown, Ohio.

After two and a half years in North Carolina, where the Martins' press had been busy in a room of their rented house, the family moved back to St. Joe, Arkansas. The press which had traveled thousands of miles now returned within two miles of its first home. It was housed in an old smokehouse shanty so commonly found in the Ozarks. When the Martins purchased a farm the following year, the press was moved into a 10 x 10 woodshed. It was in this shed that the Martins printed their largest undertaking, Descendants of Jonas D. Yoder 1831-1961. It was a hardbound book of 94 pages. Curiously enough it bore neither the familiar Martin seal nor imprint. One of the Martin children explains why: "My father was not in favor of writing descendant books. I suppose that is why our trade mark is not in it. He just did it for income." It was also in this shed that the 59-page booklet The Repentance Call was printed. It was unusual in that it had a 24 inch folded insert showing a chart, "The Two Ways of Life Here on Earth." The insert was made of three 8-inch pieces of paper glued end to end and then folded 7 times by hand so as to tuck inside the back cover.

In the fall of 1962 the Martins began building a 12 x 16 foot print shop. The cement floor was laid and the stone walls partially constructed when John W. Martin died. He had been sick with asthma, and it affected his heart. He died on March 9, 1963. For twelve years he and his family had been in the printing business. Now it was up to them to continue without him. John Martin, Junior managed the print shop and set most of the type. His sisters continued to do the printing. A mimeograph machine was purchased, and quite a few leaflets and The Narrow Way were printed on it. Since a typewriter could be used, it was much speedier than setting type by hand. A third printing of Das Neue Spelling Buch was also done by the family.

Martin Printers came to an end three years after John W. Martin's death. The Amish settlement at St. Joe, Arkansas was disbanding with most families, including the Martins, moving to British Honduras. This was in the fall of 1966, and this time the printing press did not go along. The following ad appeared in the Budget:

Chihuahua
Cuauhtemoc
Yermo
Manuel
Rascon
Gulf of Mexico
MEXICO

FOR SALE—A Kelsey hand operated printing press, will print up to 5x8 sheets; 14 different types, including German type. 19 type chases. Some of this type is brand new. 9 tubes of black ink; book press; 4 small staplers. Everything you need to start your own business. Priced to sell, $150. Martin Printers, Rt. 2, St. Joe, Ark. 72675. 17-20

The press and supplies, although advertised in the Budget, were actually sold to a man from Grand Junction, Colorado who happened to pass through St. Joe, Arkansas just then.

John W. Martin had kept very good correspondence files over the years, storing it in four file drawers. John Junior remarks, "I wish now I would have stuck them up under a rafter somewhere in the woodshed, so I could go back and get them. But unfortunately they were disposed of." A very unworthy ending of a most unusual printing concern.

Although John Martin joined the Amish church at Hohenwald, Tennessee in 1947, he often did not live where there was an established Amish congregation. Yet he did consider himself Amish. Once he wrote in the Budget: "...the Old Order Amish faith according to the Word of God is good enough for me, as well as all the Amish customs that are in conformity with the Word of God." Today 8 of his 15 children (two died in infancy) are members of the Amish church. His widow is also a member. They live in Missouri, Ohio, and Honduras.

△

Do You Have?

Since the Ohio Directories for 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960 are now out-of-date, we are wondering if anyone has copies they would sell us for our historical library. Contact: Historical Editor, Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Folgendes ist ein Brief welches eine Mennonitische Mutter für ihre Kinder zurückgelassen hätte. Sie war in 1859 in Altonau, Russland geboren, welches war ein Mennonitische Dorf. In 1878 sind ihre Eltern nach Amerika gezogen und in Kansas gesiedelt. Dieser Brief war in 1930 geschrieben, als sie 70 Jahre alt war. Der Brief war zuerst in Deutsch geschrieben, darnach in English übergesetzt, und jetzt ist es in unser eigener Sprach verkürzt und übersetzt.

Von RUSSLAND Bis Zu AMERICA

-Von Maria Regier

Ich war geboren in 1859 (an November 24 beim alten Kalendar, aber an Dec.6, neuen Kalendar) in die Stadt Altonau in Russland welches war nahe bei den Molotschna (River). Mein Vater arbeitete als ein Zimmerman und machte Tredmühle. Die Kammräder machte er aus holz und die Kammen oder Zähne waren auch Holz.

Als ich 10 Jahre alt war, sind wir nach Alexanderkron gezogen welches war ein Mennonitisches Dorf von ungefähr 40 Familien. Dann hatten wir ein Bauerei von 169 Aker. Hinten am Haus war ein Hof von 2 Aker auf welchen wir hatten ein Garten und Baumgarten. Hinten dem Hof war ein gepflantzte Wald, und hinten dem Wald, und etwas ferne vom Haus war das übrige von unser Land.

Unser Scheuer war gebaut gerade gegen das Haus. Wir hatten 3 Küh un jedes Morgen kam der Kühhirte vorbei und versammelte die Küh und nahm sie all zu der gemeine Weide wo sie blieben bis am Abend. Jedes Morgen ging der Kühhüter durch den Dorf und blasste sein Horn laut genug um jederman zu erwachen das sie fertig waren melken bis er wieder zurück kam. Wenn jemand nicht fertig war melken, so müszte er selbst sein Küh zur Weide nehmen, welches angesehen war als eine grosze Schand und Höhnungswert. Wenn der Kühhüter jemand gram war, dann blasste er seine Horn nur leise als er vorbei ging, nicht laut genug um sie zu erwachen. Wir blieben immer auf die gute seit der Kühhüter und öfters gab die Mutter him ein Geschenk von etwas zuessen da er vorbei kam und er war uns immer gnädig.

Ich ging zur Schule bis ich 13 war. Die Bücher welches wir gebrauchten, waren Primer, Neues Testament und Altes Testament.

Am Morgens hat der Vater mich gerufen und da ich aufgestanden bin, hab ich ein Lantern angesteckt, ging zur Scheuer und holte ein Korb voll stroh für den Offen anzuzünden. Mitdem es fast kein Holz da war, brauchten wir meistenteils Stroh für den Offen hitzen. An besonderige Zeiten brachten wir gedrückeltes Kühmist aber das war angesehen als ein merkwürdiges Privilege wenn wir dürften Mistkuchen brauchen für das Haus hitzen.

Durch den ganzen Winter war das Kühmist an ein besonders Ort weg getan. Am Frühjahr düngten wir die Russe (Russians) für kommen die Mistkuchen machen. Sie taten ein wenig Stroh und ein wenig Wasser darein, gingen mit den Füszen herein und knedeteten das Mist bis es recht war die Kuchen zu machen. Dann taten sie es in Formen zu drückeln.

Die Ernte war getan mit der Sickel. Zwei Männer konnte sickeln was ein Wiebsperson aufbinden konnte. Später kamen die Mähmaschinen ein. Als ich grosz genug war zu binden, war es alles abgemacht mit Maschinen.

In Russland waren wir versprochen eine immerwährendes befreiung von den Militärsdienst. Aber dies kam zum Ende und die Obrigkeit gab die Mennoniten 10 Jahr um entweders auszuziehen, oder arbeiten für die Obrigkeit 3 jahre.

Viele erwählten nach America zu ziehen und dabei waren auch meine Eltern. Sie verkauften unser Bauerei aber es ging sehr billig dieweil neimand wollte Land kauften zu derselbige Zeit. Zie dürften nicht verkaufen zu die Russe diewiel keine Russe erlaubt waren zu wohnen in die Mennonitische Dörfen.

Wir gingen auf den Eisenzug zur Bremen und dort auf ein Schiff genannt "Strasburg" auf welchen waren 106 Familien, von 645 Seelen, alles Mennoniten. Die Schiffleute gaben gut acht auf uns, verhofften als noch mehr von die nachfoldgende Ansiedler zu erwarten.

Das Fahrgeld kam zu $22,197 in Amerikanisches Geld, und war alles in Papiergeld, Gold, Silber und Kupfer. Nach 18 Tag kamen wir zu Amerika. An July 2, 1879 anlandeten wir zu New York. Von dort gingen wir auf den Eisenzug zu St. Louis da Müszten wir Bahnhof weckseln. Als wir durch die Stadt fuhren erschrocken wir von wegen des viele Feierwerks (fireworks). Später erfuhren wir das es July 4 war und ein Feiertag.

Wir kamen an Halsted, Kansas an July 6, und von dort gingen wir auf Wägen ungefahr 12 Meile bis an die Ansiedlung. Später kaufte der Vater ein Stück land und wir zogen darauf in ein kleines Haus. Wir waren sehr arm aber alle von die andere Leute waren auch arm. Das wenig Geld das wir hatten muszte gehen für Land, Vieh, Tools, usw. Wir hatten nur wenig zu essen. Die Prairie war gepflugt mit Ochsen.

Der folgende Frühjahr baueten wir ein Haus. Wir waren noch alle am arbeiten auf das Haus und dann ist ein ungewitter aufgekommen. Es regnete, donnerte und war sehr schwarz. Vater ging zu die Tür zu gucken aber gerade war ein Windwirbel da und das Haus blies weg. Die andere sind glücklich durchgekommen aber ich war unter ein groszen Balken. Der Vater kam und hub der Balken ab. Dann fing es an zu schloszen.

Das war ein sehr hartes zeit für meine Eltern. Sie waren in ein fremd Land, hatten Geld gelöhnt um ein Haus zu bauen. Jetz war das Haus zunichte, das Weiszen war auf den Boden geschlagen von den Schloszen. Mein Bein war zermalet und es wird noch viel Geld kosten um Arzenei. Mein kleiner Bruder hat auch Müssen in den Krankenhaus gehen für ein Operation. Manche Nacht hörete ich mein Vater seufzen. Aber mit der

Zeit ist alles vergangen wie solche Sache als vergehen.

Dünkt es euch seltsam dasz viel Leute gewünscht haben sie waren nie nach Amerika kommen? Wenn sie genug Gelt hätten, glaub ich fest das Meistenteil wäre zurück gegangen nach Russland, wenn nicht der Militärdienst da gewesen wäre. Am wenigsten, ich weisz das es so war mit unsere Familie.

In 1880 war ich verheiratet mit euerm Vater. Für ein Jahr wohnten wir mit meine Eltern. Dann baueten wir unser eigener Nest. Ihr wisset von diesem Nest, obwohl wir gezogen sind zu ein andern Ort. Wir hatten keine electric Lichter, kein wasser System, und kein Toilette. Alles war anders. Ich hatte zwei Stube, eine hat ein Boden, die andere war Erde. Das Brennstoff (fuel) war das nehmlich wie in alters Zeiten. Oft ging ich in die Weide um Mistkuchen aufzuheben und liesz die kleine Kinder in den Haus alleine. Aber ich glaube wir waren völlig so gutes Muths unf vielleicht noch besser so als die Leute sind heutzutag. Heute wissen die Leute so sehr viel aber sie wissen nicht wie die Wissenschaft zu gebrauchen. △

Der Vater und ſechs Kinder

Einst hat ein Vater treu ernaehrt
Sechs Kinder, die ihm Gott beschert
Und schaffte unverdrossen,
Und allezeit mit groszer Fleisz
Sie zu versorgen, ist das Schweisz
Ihm von die Stirn geflossen.

Die Kinder wuchsen steig heran,
Der Vater war ein alter Mann,
Die Mutter lag im Grabe.
Da teilt er seinen Kindern aus
Was er besasz, sein Feld und Haus
Und alle seine Habe.

Sechs Kinder habe ich ernaehrt;
Bei denen will ich sei auf Erd,
Bei sie mein Nahrung finden.
So dachte er in seinem Sinn
Und geht zu seinen Ältsten hin,
Der wohnte bei den Linden.

Da nun der gute Vater war
Bei diesem kaum ein halbes Jahr,
Da ward's dem Sohn schon bange.
Er denkte hin und denkte her—
Die Wochen, Tage zählte er,
Der Vater bleibt zu lange.

Dann eines Tage bat er ihn
Zu seinem Bruder doch zu zieh'n,
Der hat ein grosze Stube.
Es wird ein Kind geboren heut;
Der Raum ist eng, es tut ihm leid,
Auch brüllet viel der Junge.

Der Vater ging zum zweiten Sohn.
Nur nach zwei Monat sprach er schon,
"Seht, Vater, es wird Winter,
Und meine Stube ist sehr kalt;
Ich fürchte mich du frierest bald;
Du hast noch andere Kinder.

"Mein Bruder, mitten in der Stadt
Ein Bäckerei im Hause hat;
Da wirst du warm am Morgen."
Der Vater aber sprach kein Wort,
Zog auch vom zweiten Sohne fort
Mit gram und grosze Sorgen.

Der Bäcker, als der alte Mann
Müde klopfte an die Türe an,
Hat ihn gern aufgenommen.
Er nennt das Tun der Brüder Schmach,
Doch schon nach sieben Wochen, ach,
Ist's auch ihm anders kommen.

Und eines Tages sprach er, "Du
Mein lieber Vater brauchst viel Ruh
In deinen alten Tagen.
Bei mir ist's laut, obwohl ich's klag,
Den ganzen, lieben langen Tag;
Das kannst du nicht ertragen.

"Des Kätte's Haus ist so bequem,
Dort könntest du, wie angenehm
Dein Mittagsruhe machen.
Der alte Vater merket wohl
Was dies Gespräch bedeuten soll
Und packte seine Sachen.

Dann zog er bei die Kätte ein
Denkt sie wird mitleidsvöller sein
Als meine Söhne waren!
So seufzt der Vater, der ward schwach,
Mit Wehe ihm das Herze brach;
Er wird noch mehr erfahren.

Die Kätte fand— es reuet sie gar—
Das ihm zu hoch die Treppe war;
Sie hatte grosze Sorgen.
Sie sprach, "Ich fürcht du möchst fallen
Und von die Porche nunter rollen
Und kommst zum End schon Morgen.

"Ich bit dir, Vater, das du's verstehst,
Noch heut zu meine Schwester gehst;
Sie wohnt auf ebener Erde.
Dort kannst du dann, ich glaub es fest,
Beschlieszen deines Leben's Rest
Ohne einige Beschwerde."

Sie liesz ihn nicht zu Tode fallen,
Das rühmt sie sich gern oft bei allen,
Selbst noch in spätern Zeiten.
Der Vater aber nun lebensmüd,
Von seiner älteste Tochter shied
Und zog zu seiner zweiten.

Hier war er eine kleine Zeit
Dann giebt sie plötzlich ihm Bescheid
Er soll zur Lena gehen.
Für einen Mann geplagt vom Gicht
Sei ihre feuchte Wohnung nicht,
Das werd er selbst verstehen.

Und er verstand es ganz zu gut,
Nahm seinen Stab und seinen Hut
  Und zog zu seine Jüngsten.
Die wohnten draszen vorn dem Tor
Beim Totenhof; doch graus davor
  Ihm auch nicht im geringsten.

Er war des Leben herzlich satt;
Müd war sein Leib, sein Geist war matt;
  Er sehnt sich nach dem Grabe.
Und kaum war er zwei Wochen dort
In seines Tochter's Wohnungsort
  Da sprach zu ihm ihr Knabe:

"Die Mama sagt zur Aunt Kätte,
'Ach wenn Groszpap nur sterben täte!'
  Sie kann dich schier nicht halten."
Und wie das Kind das zu ihm sprach
Stoppt ihm das Blut, das Herze brach,
  Dem sehrbetrübten Alten.

Nun war des Vater's Jammer aus
Und in den kalte Erdehaus
  Ist raum für ihm gewesen.
Mich dünkt, ich hab in einem Buch
Auf solche Kinder Weh und Fluch
  Schon irgendwo gelesen.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

-by Elizabeth Miller

MORE THAN MONEY

When Teacher Clara said there was too much stealing going on at school, Ruthann was sure she wasn't guilty. Why, the thought of stealing had never entered her head.

THE MIDAFTERNOON AIR smelled of goldenrod and sumac and ripening grapes. Ruthann Mast breathed deeply as she stepped outside the schoolhouse door. She stood there enjoying the beautiful autumn weather until Orpha Bontrager, her classmate, came out. Then the two girls walked down the drive and headed homeward.

"I can hardly believe I've known you less than two weeks," said Ruthann. Then after a pause she added, "Well, I guess I did see you last spring when you were here visiting, but I didn't really learn to know you until you started coming to our school."

Orpha smiled. "It seems like more than two weeks since we moved," she said with a little laugh. "That first morning when I walked into the schoolhouse, no one could have convinced me that I'd know everyone's name in such a short time."

"You looked pretty scared," Ruthann said. "I really pitied you. I tried to imagine what it would be like if that were me, being so far away from my old home and in a new school where I didn't know anyone."

"I really learned to know some nice girls, though," said Orpha. "I think most of the girls here are friendlier than the ones at our old school were. Some of the girls there were bossy and tried to rule all the rest of us."

Ruthann decided it was time that Orpha learned the truth about some of the girls in their school. She said, "Once you get to know the girls at our school better, you'll find we've got some bossy ones, too. Last year Barbara Kuhns was bossy, but she's out of school now. If we didn't do exactly like she told us to, she got cross and soon she had all the other girls on her side against us."

"I'm glad she's out of school," said Orpha.

"Don't forget, she has a sister in the seventh grade that is every bit as bad," reminded Ruthann.

Orpha stopped in her tracks and looked at Ruthann. "You mean Betty?" she asked.

"Of course I mean Betty," said Ruthann. "Didn't you know Betty Kuhns has a sister Barbara, who just got through school last year?"

"Yes, I know, but I just couldn't belive you're talking about Betty Kuhns. She isn't bossy. I like her, because she's real friendly to me, even if she is two years older than I am."

"That's because you're new," said Ruthann. "She's always nice to new people. Her whole family's like that. They have to be 'best friends' with every new family that moves into the community. But lots of times their friendships don't last when the new people really learn to know them."

Orpha was surprised. She remembered how Homer Kuhns and his wife and children had come over to their place one of the first evenings they had lived there. Homer's wife had brought several loaves of fresh homemade bread and a cake. "We moved, too, and I know how busy we were the first few days. You have enough to do without baking for your family," she had said.

Homer had been very helpful and given Dad the name and phone number of his favorite veterinary, and the two men had talked about feed stores and hardwares and things like that. Orpha remembered Dad saying afterwards, "Homers know what it's like to move to a strange community. They sure seem like helpful people."

Now Ruthann was telling her the Kuhns family wasn't really as nice as they pretended to be. Orpha wanted to be sure and tell her parents what she was finding out.

"Another girl you've got to be careful about is Mattie Troyer," said Ruthann, breaking into Orpha's thoughts. "I've wanted to warn you, since you sit in front of her. She has a habit of copying answers whenever she gets the chance."

"Y-you mean she cheats?" asked Orpha, her eyes round with disbelief.

"She did last year," said Ruthann. "Lessons really are hard for her, and instead of admitting that she can't learn as well as some of the rest, she copies off of the person in front of her whenever she thinks she can get away with it. Her brother in the third grade did the same thing. In fact, he did it so often, Teacher Clara finally spanked him for it."

"Did he quit then?" asked Orpha.

Ruthann shrugged. "Either he quit, or he was more careful about getting caught," she said. "I don't know why, but it just seems to be in that family. They've got a little girl in the first grade, and I'm just wondering how long it will be until she gets caught cheating."

"D-do you think little first graders are always aware of the fact that copying answers is cheating?" asked Orpha. "I know it once happened in our other school that a first grader wrote his spelling words on a piece of paper and put them on the floor beside his desk. Then when the teacher pronounced the words, he copied them from that paper. The teacher made him stay in, and that evening he went home and said he had to stay in but he didn't know why."

"Well, maybe first graders don't always know it's wrong to copy answers, but Mattie isn't in the first grade. She was in the fifth grade last year and by then she should have known it was wrong!" Ruthann's voice was thick with contempt.

"Yes, yes," agreed Orpha. "I'm glad I know that she has a habit of copying. I'll be careful not to give her the chance."

"I sat in front of her a while last year. I always tried to lean close to my work, and I never left my notebook lying open on my desk."

The girls had reached Orpha's house now and they had to part. "Thanks for telling me all these things," said Orpha as she walked across the lawn toward the house.

"You're welcome," answered Ruthann. "I know a lot more I could tell you, in case you're interested. I probably will tell you more later on."

TRUE TO HER PROMISE, Ruthann told Orpha a lot about the things that had taken place at Green Ridge School before Orpha had been a pupil there. It was not long until Orpha knew which girls were capable of keeping secrets, and which ones weren't to be trusted. She knew which ones tattled at home about things that happened at school, and which ones had a habit of stretching the truth.

Orpha didn't get all her information from Ruthann. There were other girls in school who were just as eager to have Orpha for a friend as Ruthann was, and it seemed they thought the best way to win a friendship was to secretly tell her about some choice incident of past school days. It wasn't long until Orpha knew a few things about Ruthann, too.

One evening as the two girls were walking home from school together again, Orpha said, "Ruthann, is it true that you and Mattie once had a fight about who was going to be 'It' in a Kick-the-Can game?"

Immediately Ruthann was on the defensive. "Who told you anything like that?"

"I promised not to tell who told me," said Orpha. "But whoever told me said you and Mattie both had to stay in, and Teacher Clara gave you a lecture about losing your temper."

"Teacher Clara never did any such thing!" said Ruthann, "Whoever said something like that is a great big fibber."

"But did you have to stay in?" asked Orpha.

Ruthann remained silent for a while, then she said, "Teacher Clara never scolded me about anything. Sure, I had to stay in, but it was Mattie's fault. It was my turn to be 'It', but Mattie wouldn't let me. Then that bossy Barbara Kuhns stuck up for Mattie and said she could be 'It.'"

"So you pushed Mattie against the schoolhouse and hit her, and she started to cry," said Orpha, finishing the story for Ruthann.

Ruthann blushed, but she wasn't ready to take any blame upon herself. "Mattie always was a crybaby," she said. "And besides, this happened two years ago when we were in the fourth grade. I wish the other children would forget about it."

TEACHER CLARA SENSED that there was trouble stirring among the girls in her school. There was too much talking in small groups and somehow, the girls didn't seem to enjoy each other like she wished they would. She noticed, too, that there was more and more friction among them.

Teacher Clara encouraged the girls to play outdoor games. "This nice weather won't last very long; let's take advantage of it," she said more than once. But even on the playground, she noticed a lack of enthusiasm. "Something is wrong," she worried. "I must find out what it is."

The teacher's way of finding out was to talk casually with several of the girls alone. She asked Orpha to help her sweep one evening after school, and the next day she asked Ruthann to stay in and change the pictures on the bulletin board. That same afternoon she asked Betty Kuhns to help her grade workbooks after school.

Teacher Clara was everyone's friend, and to be asked to help her was considered a privilege. And when, in the course of working together, Teacher Clara took time to visit with the girls, they felt at ease with her, and expressed themselves quite freely. It was not long until the teacher knew what the problem was all about. She learned, too, that some of the boys were involved.

One day when it was time for recess, Teacher Clara faced her puils with a sober look on her face. "We've been having a problem in this school, and I'd like to have everyone except the first, second, and third graders stay in at recess."

Ruthann and Orpha and many of the other girls lowered their heads. They were all too well aware of one problem, and they were afraid that was the one their teacher was referring to. The boys and some of the younger girls looked at each other with blank looks on their faces. Several of the older boys looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, then scooted down in their seats, waiting to hear more about it.

When the younger children had left the room, Teacher Clara said, "There is entirely too much stealing going on at our school."

Gasps of astonishment were heard throughout the room. "Stealing?" whispered several of the boys.

"Stealing?" echoed a few girls.

Ruthann sat up and looked at the pupils surrounding her. Which pupils had fallen so low as to steal? She was sure of one thing— she wasn't guilty. Why, the thought of stealing hadn't as much as entered her head.

Teacher Clara was glad to see the shocked looks on her pupils' faces. She wanted to impress them, and she had succeeded. "It's hard to believe that someone in this very classroom is guilty of stealing, isn't it?" she said.

"Teacher, did someone steal from you?" asked Robert Mast, a fourth grader who was often the first one to talk up in a time like this.

"I'm not sure, but I wouldn't be surprised," said Teacher Clara, her voice sounding sad. "The way you have been stealing from each other makes me wonder if you didn't steal from me, too."

"How can we steal from each other when we're not even supposed to have money in school?" asked Robert, sounding as perplexed as he could.

"Just a minute," said Teacher Clara. "Who said anything about money?"

"You did; you said we were stealing money from each other," said Paul, a fifth grader, who was catching the spirit of the mystery.

"I did not say you were stealing money," said Teacher Clara. "There are other things people can steal from each other besides money. In fact, the stealing that has been going on here involves something that is more valuable than money."

Ruthann sat up even straighter. She was really interested now. More valuable than money— the only things she could think of that were more valuable than money were gold and diamonds, and maybe certain kinds of jewelry. And no one in their school had anything like that.

Just then Orpha raised her hand. "I— I think I know what you mean," she said hesitantly. "You mean cheating. Our other teacher once told us that when we cheat, we are stealing answers from each other."

Ruthann involuntarily looked at Mattie Troyer, and then at Mattie's brother, who sat across the room. "Oh, so they have been caught at it again," she thought. But even before she had finished thinking this, she was doubtful once more. "Why would we all have to stay in, if it were that?" she asked herself.

Teacher Clara shook her head. "No-o, that isn't what I have in mind," she said. "Although I think your other teacher did have a good thought there."

No one in the whole classroom could come up with any other suggestions. Teacher Clara's face lighted up with a smile. "I'm making it too hard for you, am I not?" she said. "I think all of us have been caught in this kind of stealing some time or another, so I don't want you to feel too badly about it. On the other hand, I want you to realize the seriousness of it, for there are dozens of places in the Bible where this sin is denounced. The reason I said what you are stealing from each other is more valuable than money is because the wise man, Solomon, wrote the same thing years ago. If you're really curious, you will find it in Proverbs, chapter 22, verse one."

Robert quickly took his Testament out of his desk and and began paging through it frantically. He wanted to be the first one to find it.

Teacher Clara smiled. "I'm sorry, Robert, you won't won't find it in there. You have the New Testament; Proverbs is in the Old Testament."

By this time everyone in the classroom was equally curious. "Teacher, may I borrow your Bible?" asked Levi, a tall eighth grader.

"Yes, you may borrow my Bible, and when you've found the reference, you may read it aloud to the rest of us," said Teacher Clara.

Levi turned suddenly bashful. "Aw, let someone else find it," he said.

"Go ahead," encouraged Teacher Clara, handing Levi her Bible.

It was not long until Levi found the book of Proverbs, and after paging back and forth a few times, he read, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

"Thank you, Levi," said Teacher Clara, taking the Bible back. She paused, then said, "I think I will read that verse again." She did so, reading slowly and clearly. Then she asked, "How many of you know now what I am talking about?"

One hand went up, then another and another. Soon everyone had raised a hand. Teacher Clara said, "When we talk about each other, and put each other down, we are robbing each other of a good name, and Solomon wrote that a good name is worth more than great riches."

Ruthann remembered the things she had told Orpha about Barbara and Betty and the rest of the Kuhns family. She remembered how she had told Orpha to be careful so Mattie Troyer could not copy answers from her. She remembered also that someone had told Orpha things about her. Ruthann was sure of one thing— she had stolen, and had been stolen from.

Teacher Clara's voice broke in on Ruthann's thoughts. "Now that we all know that a good name is worth more than great riches, I hope we will be more careful about robbing others of that good name," she said. Then she dismissed her pupils.

As Ruthann got up and followed the other girls to the playground, she thought, "The next time I'm tempted to talk about someone else, I hope I can remember that their good name is worth more than money to them."

△

* * *

WHO OBEYS WHOM?

Dad: "Sit down!"
Son: "I won't."
Dad: "Stand up then— I will be obeyed!"

* * *

Several years ago many Family Life readers responded to a series of child training problems. Many of these letters appeared in print, but there was nevertheless much leftover material. This is the third and final installment of these leftovers.

LEFTOVERS

on child training

If You Compare, Beware

"I DON'T KNOW what to think of Mattie," said Jake Lydia one evening to her husband. "She doesn't get half the work done that Rosie did when she was her age."

"That may be," said her husband, "but then Mattie is not Rosie, and Rosie is not Mattie. Let's not forget that. They're two different children, and God gave them different talents and different characters."

Jake was right. Any parents with a house full of children have learned that no two children are alike, and some may be quite different from each other by nature. It is good to recognize these differences, and make allowances for them.

An Illinois grandmother wrote, "I know of two sisters, one about four years older than the other. When the younger was old enough to help with the dishes, etc., she sometimes found the activities of her brothers more interesting. Then the father would say, 'Why aren't you a good girl like your sister?'"

In this case the father's remarks were likely harmful to both sisters, the younger one who shirked and the older one who was praised as "the good girl". The younger one had reason to feel discouraged and inferior, and the older one became overbearing and proud.

It may be all right at times to challenge one child to do good work like another child, but we need to be careful that we are not ridiculing the untalented child and sowing seeds of pride in the heart of the talented one. Each child is an individual, and should learn to make full use of the talents God has given him.

Compare? Beware.

The Role of Older Children

The Sam Fisher family, it seems, was an unusual family. But perhaps their way of doing things was not as unusual as a person might think. Perhaps it is fairly common for older children to discipline the younger ones.

In the Fisher family, whenever any of the preschoolers made a mismove, the teen-age Fishers slapped and scolded them roundly. Even at the table when Dad and Mom Fisher were present, it was usually the older children who scolded the younger ones.

One day teen-age Martha Fisher complained to her mother, "You don't discipline the younger children like you did us. You let them get away with about any kind of mischief."

Mom Fisher sighed, and said, "The trouble is, Dad and I don't get a chance. You older ones run ahead of us, and scold them before we can open our mouths."

What was wrong in the Fisher home? No doubt all of our Family Life readers will agree that Dad and Mom Fisher were to blame for the situation. They should have disciplined the younger children, and the older ones as well! The older children were definitely out of their place by taking over the responsibilities and duties that rightfully belonged to their parents. But it was probably not their fault, as much as it was the fault of Dad and Mom Fisher.

But older children do have some authority, don't they? Perhaps, in one sense. Age brings with it responsibility. If the parents are away from home, the older children must see after things in their absence. They need to exercise some discipline over the younger ones, but only in a limited way. Then when their parents return home, the older children are relieved of this responsibility.

Older children have only as much authority as has been been assigned to them by their parents. If Mother says, "Mary, you take good care of the children this afternoon, and make them behave while I'm gone," then Mary does have some authority. This cannot be denied. But it is a different kind of authority from that placed by God upon parents. The Bible says, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right." But nowhere in the Scriptures can we read that younger children are to obey the older ones.

The father and mother are the ones that will be held responsible for the training of their children. They ha have no right to make discipline a free-for-all, family affair.

Love Their Mother

A true love between husband and wife is one of the keys to successful Christian child training. If there is not a deep and abiding relationship between the parents, if there is disharmony or disunity in any way— the children will suffer.

Harmony in the home is a result of harmony in the marriage. Many, many writers stressed this truth. One of the most eloquent was a grandmother from Pennsylvania who wrote, "Fathers, I plead with you, love your wives. One of the best things a father can do for his children is to love their mother."

It is important for a team of horses to pull together, and not to balk or ram ahead and kick at each other and bite. It is a thousand times more important that a husband and a wife, or a father and mother, walk the road together in peace and love and harmony, not two, but one.

Why Didn't I Do That Sooner?

An Indiana mother writes of the lesson she learned one night. For some time she had been taking sides with her nine-month-old daughter against her husband. Daddy would paddle the little girl, and Mama pitied her. She thought her husband's whippings were too severe. But then she came to her senses, and realized that she, too, had a duty to do.

This is how she tells the story, "Our baby woke up one night and fussed, so I stuck the bottle in her mouth and diapered her and put her to bed again. But soon she was up and crying. I gave in and took her to bed with me. She thought that was fun and wanted to play. I'm sure Daddy didn't approve of all the commotion, but he remained quiet.

"Well, the next evening baby went to bed as usual, but at midnight she awoke and was standing in her crib, grinning so sweetly. I laid her back and put the bottle in her mouth. In a few seconds she was back on her feet crying again. This happened several times, so I let her cry awhile, hoping she'd get tired and go to sleep. But no such thing.

"Now Daddy awoke and wondered what was wrong. I said, 'I guess she isn't sleepy and wants attention.' He turned over and pulled the covers over his head and tried to sleep. So I did too. But baby thought that was bad. She couldn't even see us anymore.

"I tried to quiet her, but she cried on and on. After what seemed like a half hour, Daddy got up and went downstairs. Now, what could he want? Maybe he had decided to sleep downstairs! (I couldn't blame him.) But no, he was in the kitchen, looking in drawers for something. I shuddered.

"Oh, if only the baby would be quiet. A prayer goes heavenward for the struggle within me, for I knew what I should do but couldn't bring myself to do it. Finally I got up, went to the baby's bed and laid on a few good solid smacks on her bottom. She let out a healthy cry. I cuddled her a bit, then gave her the bottle. She whimpered and went to sleep, as easy as that. What a relief!

"Now the question I asked myself was, why didn't I do that sooner?"

When Grandparents Look Back

Good advice, it seems, means more to us when it comes from someone who has had experience. That is why the letters from older people were so much appreciated, when they replied to the child training problems. When grandparents write, they know what they are talking about.

The following letter is one of the better ones received. It was written by special request, but arrived too late to be used anywhere except right here. We quote,

"I'm thankful for the Christian parents my husband and I had. With the Lord's help we too tried to have a Christian home for our children. We had a happy family, and still have, although most of the children are married and gone from home. We are thankful the love for each other is still strong.

"While they were at home we played and worked together. We spent lots of time with our children, and if I'd have it to do over again, I'd spend still more time with them. When you go places, take them along. We did, and we're glad we did. We didn't push them on other people and we had no baby sitter. If we couldn't take them with us, we stayed at home. I know some people wouldn't agree with us, but that's all right.

"We always had family devotions morning and evening, and learned verses by heart. Yes, I know it takes time, but it's worth it all, and it's a happy time of the day. If you have to go off to work, get up earlier so you can have time together before you go.

"I know some families the daddy had a job, the mother goes off to work, and their children at home do the best they can. I pity children like that. They have no real chance, and miss a lot with Daddy and Mommy gone. What memories will they have once they're old enough to marry and leave home to start their own?

"Children are only young once. Take time with them while they're small. Tell them a Bible story in the evening, or read to them, and have prayer. I was busy, too, had chores, garden, canning, cooking, sewing, but took time anyhow. My work waited till I got to it. I often thought of the poem, 'My house is clean enough to be healthy, and dirty enough to be happy.'

"When children are old enough to read for themselves, get good books for them, but be sure they are books that will help them spiritually. Encourage them to serve God from their youth. (See Eccles. 12:1). Then they won't want to sow wild oats, but will want to live for Christ. I've seen already where some sowed wild oats and later in life, they reaped wild oats. It is not so funny then.

"There is something else we can't understand, how some churches are drifting in dress, the caps (head covering) get smaller and smaller, back of the ears, looks like the ears want to be seen. And the dresses get shorter and the stockings get thinner, with big buckles on the shoes. And then they profess to be Christians. I'm afraid it's the old Adam nature showing through. Us old people don't like to see it, but then when we ask the young generation, they say they have no convictions about things like that. It's high time they wake up. How will their children's children dress and look. Don't they think very far?

"It's a real burden on us to see all this getting worse all the time. Why don't the preachers preach more about worldly things like this? Some preachers are young maybe, and don't have the experience us older people seen in our days. What good does a church standard do if the members don't abide by it?

"We are surely living in the last days. How many of us will be watching and waiting for His coming? And will our children be watching and waiting with us?

Sign us,
Old-fashioned Grandparents"

△

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

What night is this...what heavenly throng
Sends forth such sweet, angelic song?
What star is this that shines so bright
And guides the travelers through the night?

What place is this...a stable bare
Where lies a babe so sweet and fair?
What babe is this with smile so sweet
That wise men worship at His feet?

Why feared the shepherds on that night
To see a star that shone so bright?
To hear the angel chorus sing
That made the aisles of Heaven ring?

O night of nights! O Holy Child!
Blameless and sinless, undefiled,
God's promise that Thy birth would bring
A Saviour, Comforter, and King.

ONE YEAR TO LIVE

If I had but one year to live,
One year to help, one year to give,
One year of better things to stress,
One year to strive each life to bless,
One year to sing, one year to smile,
To brighten earth a little while,
One year to sing my Master's praise,
A year to fill with work my days,
One year to strive for a reward
When I should stand before my Lord;
I think that I would spend each day
In just the very self-same way
That I do now. For from afar
The call may come to cross the bar
At any time, and I must be
Prepared to meet eternity.
So if I have a year to live,
Or just a day in which to give
A pleasant smile, a helping hand,
A mind that tries to understand
A fellow-creature when in need
'Tis one with me— I take no heed,
But try to live each day He sends
To serve my gracious Master's ends.
- Sel.

WHAT WAS I DOING HERE?

Our people do more travelling than they used to and sometimes we find ourselves in questionable places. My mind goes back several years when I, with four other girls spent part of a summer in Colorado. With working and sightseeing, our days were full and the time passed swiftly.

One evening a few days before we were going home, we decided to eat at a large restaurant. This was something we had never done in all the time we were there and now as I think back I have to wonder why we ever decided to eat out to start with.

After eating our meal and going home again we had to cross a park. As we entered, we noticed a crowd had gathered at the other end and then we remembered that someone had told us there was to be free entertainment at the park that evening. One of the girls suggested we go and see what is going on and the others agreed.

As we came near, we noticed there were quite a few of our people in the crowd, some with gray hair. We found ourselves a place to sit and not until we were seated did I fully realize what we were doing.

There in front of us were four or five guys dressed in western clothes and singing western songs accompanied by guitar music. Suddenly I became very uneasy. What was I doing here? This certainly was no place for Christian people and we would not have thought of going near to a place like this at home. But immediately the devil tried to convince me it was all right. After all, I was away from home and it's not really anything bad. Look at all the other plain people here so it must be O.K. It's different then if I were at home.

But my guilt kept getting greater and greater. Different, I thought, how different is it? Maybe my parents and the church wouldn't see me but God did and that was after all what really counted. I had to think how very displeased He must be with us. A Bible verse which my Dad often quoted came to my mind, whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, we should do it all to the glory of God. The verse kept haunting me. Certainly this was not to the glory of God.

Then the thoughts came to me again, but this is free. If you had to pay for seeing it, that would be different. But I knew worldly amusement is worldly amusement and I could bear it no longer. Quickly I asked the girl beside me if she doesn't think we should go home. "Oh yes, I think we should," she said.

By the tone of her voice, I felt she had been going through the same agony I had. We got up to leave and the other girls followed us. Fifteen minutes later we were at home with our songbooks that we had used so many times before, singing praises to the Lord. Now my heart was light again, confident that God was much more pleased with this than having us listen to that western music. -Iowa

* * *

WE SHOULD ALL BE MINISTERS

My wife had a pretty severe case of the flu. Even with the doctor's care, shots and medicine, she was slow in recovering. During this time one of the neighbor's girls came in with a cake and said she brought it to help out since they knew we would have extra work during our sickness. I thought this was so nice of them. I felt they were ministering to us.

I decided to look up the word "minister" in the dictionary and found I was right. There are several meanings to this word. Here are a few of the definitions I found, "to do things needful, or helpful to aid," "servant or attendant" and it also gives "pastor or clergyman".

Of course we are not all ordained to be a pastor or clergyman but did you ever stop to think how precious it is to help each other through trials, temptations or sickness? It is the little things we get done that count and not the big things we intended to do but never get done. There are times when the load gets pretty heavy and the black clouds hang low.

I remember the time my father was in his last days in the hospital and in a serious condition. He said, "Nach dem Ungewidder scheint die Sonne wieder," and wouldn't it be awful if it weren't so?

Trials and tribulations keep us meek and humble which help to unlock the door to Heaven. If we are lucky enough to enter there, then our hardships are all well spent. As Paul says in Romans 8:18, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Let's ask ourselves, "Do we take time to go and visit the sick and bring them food or other needed gifts to try and cheer them up when they are bedfast and feeble? Or are we too busy trying to make another dollar and forget that the day may soon come when we will have to reap what we have sown?

How much nicer if there could be more of this instead of so much gossip and backbiting? With God's help, let's all try to be ministers and see if life wouldn't be more worthwhile. -Illinois

* * *

FARM & FIELD

HOW MUCH TO FEED THE COWS

Does it pay to feed the milk cows additional concentrates if they have plenty of good quality hay and pasture? If so, how much? Experiments and experience in indicate that it does pay to feed good cows additional grain and protein supplement even if they have good hay and pasture, but how much to feed depends on many different circumstances. Tests conducted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture gave the following results: On good quality alfalfa hay alone, cows produced about 6,500 lbs. of 4% milk. With the addition of corn silage to the ration, production was increased to about 10% to 7,150 lbs. When the cows had plenty of good pasture during the pasture season in addition to plenty of alfalfa hay and silage, the production increased another 10% to about 7,800 lbs. These yields were considered maximum, as special care was taken to provide top quality hay and to keep the cows well filled at all times. Most dairymen feel that it is not wise to feed only roughages, since the cow will lose considerable body weight in periods of high production and her health may suffer. Therefore, it usually pays to feed concentrate in addition to good quality roughage. By concentrates we mean a mixture of grain, protein supplements and minerals.

How much additional milk will a cow produce per pound of grain she is fed? This is regulated by the law of "diminishing returns" which means that the more grain you feed, the less increase per pound of feed there will be. Some dairymen feel that one pound of concentrate for 4 pounds of milk is the best amount. At this rate, milk production will be increased about 1 pound for each pound of concentrate. Others feel that 1 pound of concentrate per 3 pounds of milk is the right amount. At this rate the increase is about 3/4 pound of milk per pound of grain. Dairymen who want to really push their cows sometimes feed 1 pound of grain per 2 pounds of milk. But at this rate the extra milk they get from one pound of grain falls to about 1/2 pound per pound of concentrate.

It must be taken into account that as more concentrate is fed, less roughages are consumed. On the average, each pound of concentrate will replace 3/4 pound of roughage.

Following is a table showing the results of experiments with different levels of concentrate feeding:

Concentrates fed per year lbs.	Hay consumed per year lbs.	Milk yield if 4% milk lbs.	Additional milk for each lb. of added concen.
0	11,338	6,438	....
450	11,048	7,020	1.3
900	10,751	7,517	1.1
1,800	10,136	8,317	.8
2,700	9,492	8,915	.6
3,600	8,818	9,368	.5
4,500	8,116	9,708	.4
5,400	7,385	9,971	.3

Where hay is high priced and must be purchased, it may pay to feed the higher amounts of concentrates because the savings of hay will help to offset the cost of the feed. But at the higher levels of concentrates considerable skill and care is required to keep the cows from going off feed. Ordinary the dairyman will not find it profitable to feed more than 1 pound of concentrates to 3 pounds of milk.

FARM HINTS

To keep sparrows and starlings out of martin houses while the martins are gone, I take a sapling about 1 1/2 inches in diameter and saw it into lengths a few inches longer than the depth of the compartments. Place one of these in each hole with the end sticking out and let them there until it is time for the martins to return in the spring. -Mrs. A. K., South Carolina

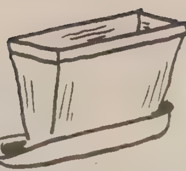
To help conserve body heat while riding in a buggy in winter, close off the area under the seat with a removable panel of plywood. By fastening it with magnetic latches or small hooks it can easily be removed if need be. -E. K., Bremen, Indiana

For safety's sake, when throwing down baled hay from the haymow, I take a plastic gallon jug and paint on it "STAY AWAY". I tie this to a string and drop it down the hole before throwing down the bales. -A. J. Y., Meyersdale, Pa.

When working in the woods, paint your tool handles a bright red and they won't go lost so easily. -F. Y., Curtiss, Wisconsin

If your poultry waste feed from the trough, take a roll of poultry wire and nail it over the top to the trough. -S. Y., Ontario

When your day's work is over
And the sun has gone to rest
Do you watch the evening shadow's
And feel you've done your best?
Do you lift your eyes to Heaven
And move your lips to pray
To tell God you are thankful
That you've had another day.



LYE, SOAPS.............

In the April 1975 issue of FL you ask for information about how lye was made years ago. From a letter written July 15, 1883 by my grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Koller, we are supplying the following information. She sent this letter to the Great Grandparents, Rev. Henrich Koller of Stockborn bie Kasierslautern, Germany.

"One stores all of the wood ashes in a dry place until one has enough to fill a barrel. When ready to make soap you bore a few holes into the bottom of a barrel. Then you put a little straw into the bottom of the barrel, then the ashes. These must be stomped in hard and tight. Then you pour a pail of rain water on this every two hours. In one to two days lye begins to run out of the holes in the bottom. When you have three or four pails of this lye water (most of it will be strong enough that an egg will float in it) you pour almost all of it into an iron kettle. Next you add about 10 pounds of soap grease— namely, old lard or pieces of fat meat— whatever is of no more use. You cook this together until the next day. Then cut it out in pieces. It is good for washing."

-Howard Raid

A NINETY-YEAR-OLD grandfather told me how lye was made when he was young. Wood ashes were put in a wooden bin (see illustration). From time to time soft water was poured over the ashes. The water which seeped through the ashes and ran out into the hollowed-out log and on into the stone crock, was lye. He did not know how strong the lye was compared to the caustic or lye we buy today. -Nelson B. Martin, Waterloo, Ontario

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HOW SOAP WAS MADE

Soap making was hard, hot work! Everyone dreaded the day. Scraps of fat and grease from cooking were saved in a big iron kettle.

All winter, wood ashes were saved in a barrel. Water was poured in. It soaked slowly through the ashes and made lye.

The lye had to be strong to make good soap. When an egg would float in the lye, it was strong enough. Only a little of the egg should show.

A fire was built under the big kettle outdoors. The boys chopped the wood. Smoke got in everyone's eyes. Everyone hated the smell of hot fat.

The lye was poured carefully into the hot fat. Lye burns. It must not splash on hands or clothes. Be careful!

The lye was stirred with a long wooden spoon. If it was just the right strength, it turned the grease into soap.

The top of the soap was hard enough to cut into cakes. The rest was put into a soft-soap barrel. It was dipped out with a gourd.

At the end of the day, everyone was tired out. But there was soap enough on hand to last a long time. People were careful not to waste any.

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HOMEMADE SOAP

24 lb. grease (cracklings, bacon rinds or any unclean fat)
5 lb. lye 10 gallon water

Mix grease, lye and about half of the water in a large iron kettle. Bring to boil. Stir with wooden paddle. After it's boiling you need only a slow fire. Boil 3 hours. Anytime it boils too fast and nearly boils over, add cold water. Soon after boiling, all the cracklings and rinds will be dissolved and the mixture will be honey-colored. Cold water should be added at different times until the full amount is used. After boiling 3 hours, add 1/2 gallon salt. Boil 1/2 hour longer. Dip soap out of the kettle into molds (boxes). Pour clear cold water slowly all over the soap; this is to rinse it. A few hours later, cut the soap in bars. Next morning lift the soap from the water and lay on boards to dry. The water is strong so use rubber gloves. The water can be poured around the roots of fruit trees. -Ontario

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HANDY HOMEMADE SOAP

10 lb. fat, tallow, or drippings
1 gallon cold, soft water
2 - 13 oz. cans lye

Stir lye into water until dissolved and hot. Add unmelted fat and stir until melted. Pour into grape or tomato boxes, lined with a sheet of plastic. -Mrs. L. E. Yoder

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GRANULATED SOAP

1 can lye 3 quarts cold water
3/4 cup borax 4 1/2 lb. melted fat

Dissolve lye in cold water in crock or granite dishpan. Use wooden spoon to stir then add borax when dissolved. Slowly add melted fat, stirring slowly for 10 to 15 min. Continue to stir off and on for 24 hours. The soap will be white and granulated. Pour out and dry well— at least a month before using. It can then be put in containers to store. -Mrs. M. Slabaugh

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Household hints from grandmother's day are always interesting. From Millersburg, Ohio came a few hints of the nineteenth century. I wonder how many of the readers will be brave enough to prove them? Of course, maybe some of you are acquainted with at least one or two of the hints.

Long ago when money was scarce, the people were glad for any such household hint that would save a trip to the store. I'm not recommending any of these, but still I wonder how reliable they are (not mentioning the cobwebs for cuts).

TO REMOVE OLD PAINT— 2 lbs. sal-soda, 1/2 lb. lime, 1 gal. hot water. Stir all together and apply, while still warm, to the old paint. The mixture will soon loosen the paint so you can easily remove it.

TO REMOVE TAR— Butter or lard will remove spots of tar. Soap and water will afterward take out the grease stain. Rub lard on and let stand awhile before washing.

YELLOWED LINEN that has been laid away can be bleached by letting it soak in buttermilk two or three days.

DYEING GLOVES BLACK— Put a large handful of logwood chips into a bowl and cover with alcohol, let it stand until it looks strong, at least one day. Rub all over carefully with a bit of sponge or flannel. Have glove on the hand, then let dry. Repeat the operation and the glove will be black.

BLEEDING OF SEVERE CUTS may often be stopped by the application of quantities of salt and flour spread on thickly. This will answer in a moderate cut always. Cobwebs are used successfully also (!!!!)

MUCILAGE (home-made) Boil the gum that exudes from cherry trees in soft water until the right consistency. This is preferable to that on sale.

TO PREVENT DAMP CELLARS and milk rooms place a peck of fresh lime in an open box and stand on the floor. This is invaluable. A peck of lime will absorb about 7 lb, or more than 3 quarts water.

TO MEND CRACKS in a stove take 3 teaspoons salt and pint wood ashes, mix to a stiff paste with water; fill the cracks with this paste while the stove is hot, and when it becomes dry it will be as hard as cement.

SCALD THE BROOMS by dipping for a minute or 2 in boiling soap suds. Do this once a week and it will keep them tough and flexible and prove a saving on brooms. (This refers to the oldfashioned straw brooms.)

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

LEG SORE REMEDY

I had a sore on my leg for 5 or 6 months. I tried many different remedies without success. Then I began bathing it regularly in salt water, taking 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart of hot water. I used this 3 or 4 times a day then I put Pelizone salve on it for a few months, and the doctor's salve off and on. My leg is now healed.

-Mrs. E. B.

PSORIASIS

Psoriasis is an ugly disease and makes a person miserable and itchy. It is a disease of the blood so is difficult to heal. Bonemeal, vitamin E and carrot capsules taken regularly have been known to bring good results.

-A Reader

ASH POULTICE EFFECTIVE

The best remedy I know for someone who stepped in a nail or fork, is to take a cup of hardwood ashes and put it into a pail of hot water. Soak for 15 minutes as hot as can be borne. This should be done several times in a day to help keep infection out of the foot. -J. W.

FOR CHEST COLDS

If your children have fever or chest colds rub them with warm rubbing alcohol, both the chest and back.

-Mrs. M. E. H.

Onions are well known to be a valuable addition to winter diets. Eaten raw they kill germs in the throat where many colds develop. We find there is no better chest rub than chopping an onion and frying them slightly in a tablespoon of unsalted lard. Do not fry until brown, only until soft and clear looking. Drain the fat and apply to the chest and back to clear up congestion of the lungs and bronchial colds. Cover with a warm flannel cloth. In severe cases put the onions on a soft cloth and apply them as a poultice. This is kept in place with a wide strip or binder about the body and is quite messy, but it has done wonders and is worth the mess. (For fever, Mother used to slice onions, put them in an old stocking and on our feet for the night. This proved very effective. -Sarah) -Mrs. E. E. M.

FOR COLITIS

Take one rounded teaspoon of psyllium seed (ground, if possible) and mix in a glass of juice. Take before breakfast every morning. This will cleanse the colon. If ground psyllium is not available, make a tea with the seeds and drink seeds and all. The ground seeds are more effective.

If you have colitis that causes diarrhea, take one rounded teaspoon of slippery elm powder and wet with water. While doing this, heat 1 cup of milk to the boiling point. Add the hot milk to the powder and water and beat with an egg beater. This is easy to take for those who like hot milk. The milk may also be used with cereal. If diarrhea persists, drink a cup of red raspberry leaf tea daily, made with 1 teaspoon leaves to a cup of boiling water. This and blackberry juice are good for any type of diarrhea. -S

FOR RELAXATION

Are you in need of a good night's rest? Try soaking your feet in as-hot-as-you-can-bear-it water in which a small amount of vinegar has been added, just before retiring. Rubbing the feet with a vinegar/water solution also helps induce sleep.

who like hot milk. The milk may also be used with cereal. Drink 1 cup in the morning and 1 in the evening, according to condition. If diarrhea persists, drink a cup of red raspberry leaf tea daily, made with 1 teaspoon leaves to a cup of boiling water. This and blackberry juice are good for any type of diarrhea. -S

PROMISE YOURSELF:

to be strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

to talk health happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

to make all your friends feel there is something in them.

to look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

to think only of the best, to work only for the best, and expect only the best.

to be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

to forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

to wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

to give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

to be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

-Selected

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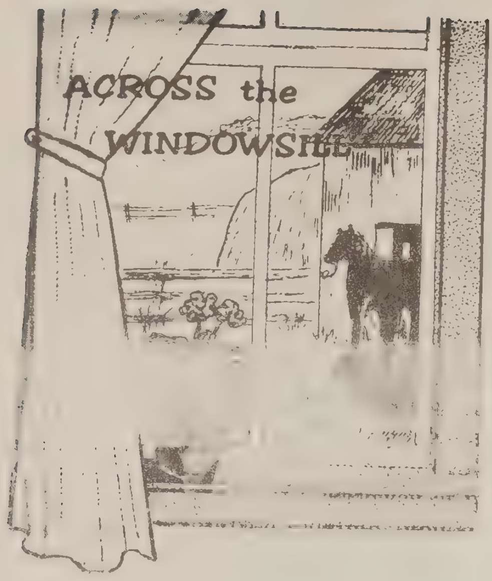

WHAT WOULD MARY THINK?

I wonder what Mary would think and say
If she saw how the world kept Christmas today—
There's too much to eat, there's too much to drink,
No time to remember and no time to think
What the day really means and what is back of it all;
No time to think of the Christ Child small.
Mary must have been weary and very afraid
When she went with her husband the tax to be paid.

As the slow day passed with the small beast's plod,
Did she wonder why she had been called of God
To be mother of He who would be King of men?
Yes, she must have wondered again and again.
The city was crowded with people that day
And Joseph searched long for a place to stay.
Though her need was greater than any other,
No man gave his bed for the soon-to-be mother.
No downy pillow cushioned her weary head,
There was only the straw and her shawl for a bed.
While the Angels sang and a star shone bright
The Babe was born in a manger that night.
The first day was holy, not like Christmas today;
What would Mary think and what would she say?
There was no room for Christ at the start,
And some still refuse Him a place in the heart.
-Selected.

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WHEN I WAS A CHILD it seemed as if Christmas hardly ever came and now it comes running toward us through the eleven months of the year and suddenly the season is upon us again. Some people spend a fortune at this time of year, and mostly for things that are unnecessary, or for things the "receiver" has already. Abundance causes wastefulness at times. I'm reminded of the young girl who used the pages of her school tablet much too extravagantly. Her eyes turned up at me. "We have enough to waste," she excused herself.

Following are some "Confidential Notes" that were sent in by mothers— some articles which haven't found space yet on the Windowsill, or elsewhere in the magazine.

PENNSYLVANIA-
In our community family reunions go back two or three generations and are an accepted fact. In most cases our parents don't say much but I can feel they disapprove if we don't go. Since my husband works away from home daily, Saturday is really the only day we have together as a family. Most times we prefer to stay home and work or just enjoy being together. When we attend reunions there's a long warm drive to make and the children get tired out. Should we feel we have to attend?

INDIANA-
I'm the type of person who always dreamed of having a neat house, mending and ironing done on time, clothes sewed and neatly pressed. My dreams came true, until my last baby was born. All at once it seemed there wasn't enough time anymore. I'd get up in the morning, hurry to get my husband off to work, then get something started before the children awoke.

One morning my baby woke up soon after my husband left. I went in and got him, changed his diaper, nursed him and then finally dressed him. I began cutting dresses for my little girl, then the sound of little feet told me the other two were awake. Quickly I dressed them, set their breakfast in front of them. "Now eat and don't mess around," I told them. I returned to cutting dresses, but not for long. Soon the little girl spilled her milk. "Can't you be more careful!" I snapped. I cleaned up the milk which reminded me the kitchen floor needed scrubbing.

Soon I heard a cry coming from the bathroom. "Now what!" I yelled. Upon investigating I found out the little boy cut himself with Dad's shaver. I then bandaged the finger, put to sleep a fussy baby, settled a quarrel with spankings, and tried to get mending done in-between. My nerves were on edge as I went to give the children their second spanking. I grabbed my oldest boy and felt his trembling body in my hand. A stab of guilt hit my heart. What am I doing to these innocent little souls that God gave me," I asked myself. "Am I teaching them love, patience, kindness and obedience?" The answer was no. I never took time. I asked God to forgive me, then I took them on my lap and kissed them. They smiled and said they want to be good. From now on if time doesn't permit, I hope to choose to have a good home and not just a neat house. I think this "lack of time" is one of Satan's biggest weapons.

PENNSYLVANIA
I was always in the habit of fetching the mail and sorting it before putting it into the desk. Letters, bills and anything else I thought my husband would want to look at I'd put in the desk. The rest I'd look at hastily before putting in the waste basket. We always called the many advertisements "just trash."

The other day on opening an envelope I found pictures that were not fit to be seen. It was an ad for a book printed in Denmark, for about $10.00. I noticed in the lower left hand corner of the envelope it said, "This is unsolicited merchandise of an adult nature. Do not open if you are under 21 years. If you do not wish this mail, mark refused, sign initials and return to the mailbox. We will then remove your name from the mailing list."

I had already opened it, but the post office officials told me to tape it shut and make a separate note that it was pornography and say I want to be removed from the list. After this I will look a second time before opening mail.

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AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, this month's issue carries four pages of Across the Windowsill. I'm about to admit there's some good coming from the "mail" strike. Because of the lack of in-coming material, we dig into our files and dust off recipes and articles that had been keptover for "next month." "Next month" had not come to this material until now. Many people don't realize that when we lay out a magazine, articles are chosen because they're seasonal, because they happen to "fit right in," and for various other reasons. Because of this, some material must wait until a suitable time. Anyway, having the privilege to use some of this leftover material, is some of the "good" that comes from the mail strike. But don't get me wrong, we've been missing mailtime very much here at Pathway. This long drawn-out strike has made us more fully realize how essential the correspondence of the readers is to a publication. Without the readers' assistance, a magazine cannot survive very long.

ANNA BYLER WOULD like to see some recipes for weiners. Does anything like this exist, or are weiners just homemade bologna put into smaller casings?

Some time ago we had a discussion concerning tomato soup. Elisabeth Witmer had written that 1 cup powdered milk added to 4 cups of milk will make it unnecessary to use soda in the soup. The tomatoes should be added very slowly to the milk.

She wrote that her husband had tried to make tomato soup once, and she had forgotten to specify the amount of soda to be added. He called in from the kitchen, "It's boiling over!" "Take it off the burner!" she called back. "I did, but it won't stop," he returned. Every cook can imagine what was wrong.

One mother thinks when the cold tomatoes (in which the soda has been added) is poured into the hot milk, then very little soda is required. The soup should not be heated after the tomatoes are added.

We used to boil the tomatoes, add about 1/4 teaspoon soda, then add the cold milk while the tomatoes are still frothy from the soda. The soup was then heated, but not boiled.

* * *

PERFECT BAKED CUSTARD

7 large eggs
1/2 t. salt
4 1/2 cups milk
1 pkg. Knox gelatine
1 cup sugar, plus 3 T.
1 t. Tang, rounded (or any powdered orange drink)

Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup cold milk. Heat remaining milk, then add gelatine mixture. Stir to dissolve. Beat stiff, 3 of the egg whites with 3 tablespoons sugar; set aside. Combine: eggs, sugar, salt and Tang. Beat just enough to blend. Slowly add hot milk mixture. Mix well. Pile beaten egg whites on top, swirl lightly. Pour into 9 x 9 inch pan; set the pan into a pan of hot water. Bake in a slow oven -325° for forty minutes, or until inserted knife comes out clean. Chill overnight.

Note: When small eggs are used, more eggs are needed. Is never weepy, unless over baked. -Mrs. J. B.

* * *

EGG CUSTARD- the low calorie dessert

In a heavy pan scald 8 cups skim milk. Break 8 eggs into a 10 cup baking dish. Beat well; add 1/2 cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 teaspoon salt. Gradually add the scalded milk. Set in pan of warm water and bake 1 hour at 400°. Let set in closed oven 1/2 hour longer. Cool before serving. Baking dish will be very full. I remove several cups to move the dish. The pan of water should be nearly as deep as the baking dish.

-Hettie Imhoff

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CUSTARD

1/2 cup brown sugar
4 eggs
4 cups scalded milk
pinch salt
1/2 t. vanilla

Heat the milk with part of the sugar. Mix the rest of the sugar with the beaten egg yolks. Pour hot milk slowly over this and beat some more. Add stiffly beaten egg whites last. Mix well. Pour into buttered casserole and then set in a pan of boiling water to bake. Bake at 325° for 40 minutes.

* * *

FABULOUS FUDGE

Mix in a heavy 2 quart saucepan two cups sugar, 3/4 cup Pet evaporated milk, 16 large marshmallows or (1 cup marshmallow creme) 1/4 cup butter or margerine and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Cook, stirring constantly, over medium heat. Boil and stir 5 minutes. Take off from the burner and stir in 6- oz. packages (1 cup) semi-sweet chocolate pieces until completely melted. Pour into a buttered 8 inch square pan. Cool. Cut in pieces. -Mrs. Ben A. Coblentz

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HOBO COOKIES

2 eggs
1/2 cup molasses
1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
3 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon ginger

Mix and beat eggs and molasses. Add shortening and sugar. Mix well. Add rest of ingredients. Mix thoroughly.

Add 2 cups dry oatmeal. Stir. Form into balls, dip in sugar. Bake at 350°-375°. 8 minutes. This cookie dough is very stiff. -Mrs. Clarence H. Weaver

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EASY CARMEL CORN

Fill 1/3 cup with popcorn, then add just enough water to cover the corn. Pour grease, popcorn and water and 1/3 cup white sugar into the popper. Stir constantly. Reduce heat when it starts popping.

Redhot popcorn: Place the usual amount of grease and popcorn into popper and add a spoonful of redhots.

Buttered popcorn: Pour melted butter over popped popcorn. -Mrs. Mary M. Hochstetler

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MOLASSES SUGAR COOKIES

3/4 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup molasses
1 egg
2 cups sifted flour
2 t. baking soda
1 t. cinnamon
1/2 t. cloves
1/2 t. ginger
1/2 t. salt

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add molasses and egg; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, cinnamon, cloves, ginger and salt. Add to first mixture. Mix well. Chill. Form into one inch balls; roll in granulated sugar and place on greased cookie sheets, two inches apart. Flatten with spoon or fork. Bake in moderately hot oven, 350°, for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes four dozen.

– Curryville, Missouri

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SPARERIBS AND SAUERKRAUT

4 lbs. or 2 sides spareribs
1 quart sauerkraut
1 apple, chopped
2 cup water
2 T. brown sugar
1 T. caraway seeds
1 onion, sliced
salt and pepper

Cut ribs and brown in skillet and season. Pour off fat. Place kraut mixed with apples, sugar, caraway, and onion in a kettle. Place ribs on top. Pour water around the meat and kraut. Cover tightly and simmer 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours or until ribs are very tender.

-Mrs. Menas Wickey

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DELIGHTS

1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup vegetable oil
1 egg beaten
1/4 cup milk
3/8 cup powdered milk
1 t. vanilla
1/4 t. salt
1 1/2 cup rolled oats
3/4 cup whole wheat flour
1/4 cup wheat germ
3/4 cup sesame seeds
3/8 cup coconut
1/2 cup raisins

Measure honey and oil into a bowl. Measure oil first then honey slides out. Mix the remainder in order listed. Drop by teaspoons onto oiled cookie sheet. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes. -Mrs. David D. Miller

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SNACK CRACKERS

4 cups flour
2 t. salt
4 T. baking powder
2 T. sugar

Mix, then crumble in: 1 cup soft margarine. Blend well with the fork, then add 2/3 cup milk.

Mix and roll out thin. Put on cookie sheets. Cut, then prick with a fork. Sprinkle with salt. Bake at 425° until a golden brown for 8 to 10 minutes. -Mrs. J. F. Stoltzfus

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DATE NUT BREAD

1 lb. dates, cut up
1 cup boiling water
[illegible] t. soda
[illegible] shortening
1 cup walnuts
2 cups sugar
4 cups sifted flour
2 t. vanilla

Mix the dates, boiling water, and soda together. Cool. Add shortening and sugar and flour, walnuts and vanilla. Mix well. Pour into well-greased No. 2 cans, making them half full. Bake at 350° degrees for 55 minutes. Tip on a rack for 5 minutes before taking them out of the cans. This bread will keep fresh a long time if wrapped in wax paper. Slice and eat with butter.

-Mrs. Emmon Schmucker

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ORANGE CANDY CAKE

1 cup butter
5 eggs
2 cups chopped pecans
4 cups sifted flour
1 t. salt
3/4 cup buttermilk
2 cups sugar
1 T. vanilla
1 (8 oz.) pkg. dates, cut up
1 lb. orange slice candy, cut up
1 t. soda
1 (4 oz.) can shredded coconut

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add vanilla. Mix dates, candy, nuts and coconut with 1/4 cup flour. Sift remaining dry ingredients; alternately fold them into the creamed mixture. Spoon into a well-greased and floured 10-inch tube pan. Bake in a slow oven (300° for 2 1/2 hours). Remove cake from oven and pour a glaze on top, made of the following: grated orange and lemon peel, 1/4 cup orange and lemon juice and 1/2 cup confectioners sugar. Cool cake on rack, then remove from pan. For improved flavor and ease in cutting, wrap cake in aluminum foil and refrigerate at least one day before serving.

-Fannie E. Yoder, Pennsylvania

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PINEAPPLE COCONUT PIE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 level T. cornstarch
1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1/4 cup shredded coconut
1/4 cup melted butter

Beat eggs slightly; add all remaining ingredients. Blend well. Pour into a 9 inch unbaked pie shell. Bake at 350° for 45 or 50 minutes or until slightly set.

-Mrs. Ben A. Coblentz

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NO-BAKE COOKIES

2 cups sugar
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cocoa
1 stick butter or oleo

Put on to boil—boil 3 minutes. Take off heat, add 3 cups rolled oats and 1/2 cup peanut butter, add one teaspoon vanilla. Beat well, drip on waxed paper and cool.

-Leah B. Coblentz (15)

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SOFT PRETZELS

1 envelope yeast
pinch of sugar
2 tsp. salt
4 to 5 cups flour
Butter as needed
4 tsp. baking soda
Coarse salt for sprinkling

Dissolve yeast in 1/4 cup warm water. Then stir in an additional cup warm water, and sugar. Pour yeast mixture into bowl, add salt. Beat in flour to make stiff dough. Knead for 10 min. (or until dough is elastic). Place in bowl and spread with butter. Cover. Let rise 45 min. or until double. Shape in sticks or twists. Make 1/2 thickness of desired pretzel. Bring 4 cups water to boil with baking soda. Drop 3 pretzels in at a time. Boil 1 min. or until they float. Remove and drain. Place on buttered cookie sheet. Sprinkle with coarse salt. Bake at 475° for 12 min. or until golden brown.

-Vera Kurtz

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NO FRY DOUGHNUTS

2 pkg. active dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water
1 1/2 cups lukewarm milk
(scalded, then cooled)
1/2 cup sugar
1 t. salt
1 t. nutmeg
1/4 t. cinnamon
2 eggs
1/3 cup shortening
4 1/2 cups flour
1/4 cup butter or oleo
(melted)
Cinnamon sugar or sugar

In large mixing bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add milk, sugar, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon, eggs, shortening and 2 cups of flour.

Blend 1/2 minute with egg beater, scraping bowl constantly. Beat hard for for 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Stir in remaining flour until smooth, scraping side of bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until double in bulk. (50 to 60 minutes.)

Turn dough onto well-floured cloth-covered board; roll lightly to coat with flour (Dough will be soft to handle). With floured stockinet covered rolling pin, gently roll dough 1/2" thick. Cut with 2 1/2" floured doughnut cutter.

Lift doughnuts carefully with spatula and place 2" apart on greased baking sheet. Brush doughnuts with melted butter. Cover; let rise until double in size about 20 min.

Heat oven to 425° degrees. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until golden in color. Immediately brush with melted butter and shake in cinnamon sugar or sugar. Makes 1 1/2 to 2 dozen doughnuts. —Catherine Ropp (16), Iowa

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CHELSEA BUNS

1 pkg. dry yeast	1/2 cup lukewarm water
1/2 cup cooled mashed potato	1 t. sugar
1/3 cup melted shortening	1/3 cup sugar
2 well-beaten eggs	1/2 t. salt

2 1/2 cups all purpose flour (approximately)

Combine potato, water and sugar. Sprinkle yeast over top. Let stand until light. Add the rest, stirring in enough flour to make a soft dough. (Not as stiff as bread dough.) Knead until smooth. Let rise until double in bulk.

Mix together the following and spread in a greased 9 x 13 inch pan:

2 T. soft butter	1/4 cup corn syrup
3/4 cup brown sugar	1/2 t. vanilla

Then sprinkle with 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

Roll the dough into a 9 x 15 inch rectangle and spread with 1/4 cup soft butter. Sprinkle with 1 T. cinnamon, 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1 cup washed raisins. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut into fifteen one-inch slices. Place cut-side down in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until buns fill the pan. Bake at 375° for about 40 minutes. Cool for three minutes then invert and remove pan.

I often omit the nuts and sprinkle the raisins in the bottom of the pan. Or you can omit nuts and raisins and they're still very good.

-Mrs. Melvin Martin, Ontario

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM OUR READERS

I use ammonia in the water to wash dirty combs and brushes. When the brush is clean and still wet with ammonia water it helps to take the grease out of the hair when brushed.

Two clothes hangers with the hooks opposite of each other keeps suits and dresses from blowing off the line.

Vinegar in water with a dash of ammonia makes a good window spray cleaner.

Clear jel is just as good as corn starch for diaper rash.

Prick a bar of soap with diaper pins. This keeps them from rusting and they will go easier into the diaper.

Equal amounts of turpentine and ammonia will remove paint from clothing even if the paint has hardened.

To remove chewing gum, put the garment in a plastic bag and place in the ice box- on the ice- for awhile.

To break up ground beef fast when browning it, use your potato masher.

Dip top of cupcake into soft frosting and twirl slightly for quick work.

Sprinkle a bit of salt or flour into your frying pan to keep fat from spattering.

To take away unpleasant onion taste, lick peanut butter.

If your gravy looks greasy, add a pinch of baking powder and watch the grease disappear.

Season your skillet before using it to prevent rusting. This will make the skillet easier to clean and will prevent foods from sticking. To season, wash and dry the skillet then rub the inside with vegatable oil or shortening; heat for several hours on top of the range at a low temperature— or in the oven at 250 to 300 degrees. Reseason skillet when necessary.

To keep your teflon cookie sheets from getting scratched while being stored in the cupboard, keep them in big plastic bags.

Does your trash can keep flowing over? It fills up only half as fast when you take out both ends on a tin can and flatten the can by stepping on it.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Lord, help me to live
my life for Thee,
Doing menial tasks
unselfishly;
So that my little girl
may say,
"I want to be like you,
some day."
So that my son when
grown a man
Has an ideal in
what I am.

-Dorcas Weaver Herr

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Some Mothers Write

The other evening our 2-year-old Rachel sat on the floor tearing off a piece of paper. I looked sternly at her. The expression that passed over her face plainly showed her conscience at work. Glancing a second time at me she meekly said, "I'll just hold it together."

We smile, but how often do our efforts to right a wrong look just as futile to our heavenly Father.

-Mrs. S.M.S., Kentucky

I believe children have many temptations, although different from older folks. I was made mindful of this one day as our pre-schoolers were talking about "obeying Satan" or "not obeying Satan." I tried to explain that it is always Satan wanting us to do wrong and naughty things, but God would never tempt us.

Then 3-year-old piped up and said, "Satan says take two vitamin C's and God says just one." She usually wanted more and I said one at a time is enough.

-A Pennsylvania Mother

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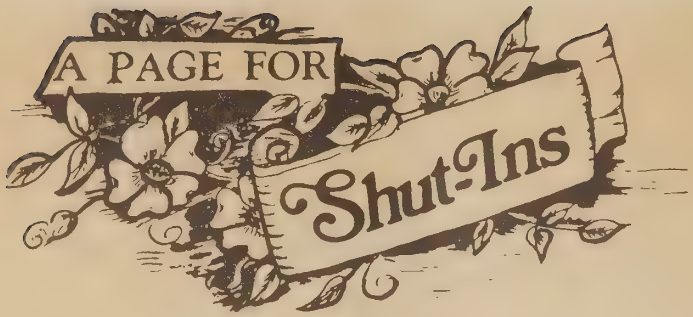
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Extravagance
is sin even
if "we can
afford it."
Aunt Becky



The Years With Aunt Cora

AUNT CORA MILLER WAS on the wheelchair for thirty-four years. This was twenty years longer than what the doctors had expected her to live. For in those days the doctors were not as well equipped as they are now and patients with broken backs rarely lived over ten years, if that long.

Aunt Cora was only twenty-three years old when her life was changed through an accident. She had been going steady with a boy for quite some time. One Sunday evening he told her that he was quitting. The next Saturday evening she climbed through an upstairs window to sweep off the porch roof. As she was sweeping, she didn't realize she had backed to the edge of the roof. I often thought to myself, she must have been lost in deep thought and was maybe sorrowing about the loss of her steady, and probably didn't know what she was doing until she stepped off the edge...but it was too late. She fell down into her mother's flower bed and hit her back on the edge of a tile. The neighbors heard her scream. I was a little girl at the time but I remember seeing the blood spot on the side of the house.

Aunt Cora was taken into the hospital. Her spinal cord was pinched which left her without control of her bowels or kidneys. She was a very ambitious girl so it was difficult for her to adjust to being an invalid. Her mother was a busy woman and she worked hard to meet Cora's many needs. Her mother did not live long after Cora's fall.

After Grandmother's death it was decided to move the little house where I was born in, up beside the other house for Granddad (Crist Miller) and Aunt Cora. I remember well when the little house began moving up through the fields one-half mile, across the road to the pasture bridge which had low banisters. The bridge had been strengthened to hold the house. Through the lane it moved and up beside Simeon Marner's house. Simeon was married to Cora's sister, Sovilla.

Simeon Marners cared for Granddad and Aunt Cora for thirteen years, and then they decided to move to Indiana. Granddad and Aunt Cora didn't want to go along to Indiana so it was planned that I and my husband, Ben J. K. Helmuth, should move on the farm and take care of them. We were married when Ben was in C. P. S. and had only one son when these plans were made.

One cold day in January we loaded our few belongings on two wagons and moved to the farm to begin our task. At this time Granddad was in bed with a broken leg so we had two bed patients to care for. None of the houses had a bathroom or running water. All the water had to be carried in and ashes carried out, oil cans were to be kept filled.

At this time Aunt Cora could get into her wheelchair with the aid of a rope hanging down from the ceiling. After she was in her chair, she would go into the kitchen and make their own meals, never sparing dishes for she loved to wash dishes, and she had plenty to use. Friends had given her many nice dishes and other gifts after her fall.

Aunt Cora was always a very active person. She would sit on the arm of her wheelchair if she couldn't reach her belongings otherwise. She had many shelves piled full of boxes which held things dear to her.

One day she had company and one little boy sat quietly for a length of time. Someone asked him what he was thinking. He answered, "I'd like to look into all those boxes."

This tickled Cora and she often repeated the remark.

The boxes were attractive to children, for Aunt Cora would buy wallpaper to cover the boxes so they would be pretty.

Aunt Cora made her dad's clothes after her mother passed away. She sat up in bed. The sewing machine was pushed in front of the bed. She used a stick to treadle the machine. Besides this, she worked with beads making little baskets, rocking chairs, berry sets, a punch bowl with cups hanging around it and many other items. Her bead work is treasured by her friends.

I don't know who gave her the idea to go and peddle Zanol products and items she got from a gift catalog. Two or three times a week we'd hitch up her trusty horse, drive it to the end of the walk where a bridge was made for Aunt Cora. A little neighbor girl would go with her and knock on the doors. We felt the horse knew when Aunt Cora had hold of those reins, for he seemed to care for her. He had three natures. When Aunt Cora drove him, he was pokey, when Granddad used him he did as he pleased and when we used the horse he was peppy enough.

I don't know why Aunt Cora finally quit her peddling. Maybe it was because of the soreness on her foot, that she had to contend with now and then. One time when the foot was sore, she was taken to a doctor who was well recommended by a friend but later turned out to be a quack. Aunt Cora was supposed to soak her foot in bearably hot water. Because her legs were paralyzed she couldn't feel the overly-hot water and her foot was scalded. This added to her troubles. It was hard to heal a sore on her foot because of the lack of circulation in her legs. She took exercises and put forth much effort to try and get more circulation into the lower part of her body. She'd rest one hand on her bed and the other on her walker and swing herself back and forth. She was strong in the upper part of her back and in her arms. Whenever I couldn't open a jar, I'd take it in to her to have it opened.

There were times when she fell on the floor while doing her exercises but she never would let me call Ben to help me lift her back again on her higher-than-average bed. Whenever she fell, I prayed to God for added strength and He never failed me. I don't feel that I did myself any harm by lifting her at any time.

Five years after we moved here, Granddad had a stroke. He could not talk so the family took turns to stay with him. With motioning he indicated that he had wished to be anointed. After this was done, he improved. Two years later he had a heart attack. The doctor ordered him into the hospital against his wishes. "I want to die at home," he would say.

The doctor insisted so we called the ambulance. When they wheeled him out through the front room, he said, "Bye, Cora."

Cora broke down and cried. This was the last time she saw him alive.

After the funeral Aunt Cora was alone in her little house. Ben, I, and our two little boys were alone in ours.

Soon after Granddad had his stroke, my father (George Marner) passed away leaving Mother alone also. At that time Mother wanted Aunt Cora and Dad to come and live with her but Cora didn't want to. It was getting to be quite a task for us to get our work and also Granddad's and Cora's work done, Ben being not the strongest. Finally Aunt Cora started cleaning, sweeping and mopping what she could from her wheelchair. She couldn't afford a hired girl for any length of time. If we wanted one, it was up to us. Much of the time we had a hired hand or Josephine, my youngest sister, to help us along.

The second year after Granddad's death I could hardly keep up anymore. By evening I'd be often too worn out to make supper for my husband and two sons. They had to get their own. I wanted so very much to do all my work but my health kept on failing. Something seemed to tell me I wasn't doing my full duty to my husband and to my children. Oh, I was so afraid God would take them from me. Then I worried about Aunt Cora being alone in her house. There were times, especially during the summer when the doors were all open, that we awoke during the night and heard Aunt Cora crying. This gave us an awful feeling, and oh, then was the time when we would really feel our human weaknesses. We would go over and stand by her door. How lost we felt to try and find words to comfort her.

She'd sit up in bed crying as her body swayed one way and then another, and she'd say, "Oh, you don't know how I feel!"

We believed her. It was as if Satan had her chained down and she was trying to escape. She looked so pitiful and helpless; but God almighty has a way of escape.

One morning I went over and seated myself on her window. Then I told her, "I'm afraid I can't care for you any longer."

This was the beginning of another sorrow for her, and I still remember the hurt look on her face. After thinking about it awhile she wrote a note and sent our oldest boy to my mother telling her if she wants to build a house she will come and live with her. Cora cried a lot that summer, and so did I. I knew Aunt Cora appreciated what we did for her and that she enjoyed being with us. I was often accused of spoiling her. Maybe the accusers didn't fully realize how I felt, for one day I went to the doctor and pressed him to tell me what was wrong with Aunt Cora and what could be done. She had been to him and to the hospital different times because of the draining foot sore.

He looked at me and said, "There's nothing can be done for her anymore, but we can try and make her happy; that's the best medicine we can give her."

This is what we tried to do.

Aunt Cora was with us for nine years. What we did for her we felt we did for Jesus. I often worried and wondered if it was the best thing to do to have told her, "I can no longer take care of you." Years afterward I still questioned if it was right to do this and wondered if I had lost my faith in God. Then I thought maybe we were being punished when our son left our faith against our wishes. Many, many questions go through my mind. If I ever will find the answer, I know not.

In the fall of 1952 Mother built a house for herself and Aunt Cora. Cora was quite independent and could still attend church. Eli Schrock made a special chair for her with casters. With this she was wheeled out onto the buggy and then she scooted over on the buggy seat. The chair was then folded and placed in the back of the buggy. When she arrived in church, two men would carry her upstairs and place her near a register from where she could hear the sermon. Because of her lack of kidney control she could not be in the group of people. This condition was worse in the forenoon. In the afternoon she was brought down and could visit with the friends.

Aunt Cora was a person with much faith and hope. I had wished this could be passed on to me after she passed on and had no need of them anymore.

One day we took Aunt Cora quite a distance to a bone specialist. He asked her if she would be willing to suffer to walk again. She said she would. We never heard from this doctor again but through another doctor we found out that her one vertebra was pushed back and this pinched her spinal cord which paralyzed her. The doctor would have had to break her back again and he feared it would tear her spinal cord and that would have proved fatal. A lot of calcium grew around these two bones. He said if he had her when it happened, she could have walked again. But at that time the doctors didn't know what to do in such a case.

Aunt Cora always cherished a hope that she could someday walk again. This seemed to help keep up her courage. Then one day a doctor came to see her. As he stood at the footend of her bed at home, he pushed a pin the full-length into Cora's feet. She felt no pain. Then he pinched her and she didn't feel that either. He then told her what he had done and said any normal person would have felt pain. "You can't get well or ever walk again," he said.

Aunt Cora was shocked by his words. After that she lost her courage and the will to live. Gradually she became worse. Through all these sufferings she was patient and depended much on her Bible and prayer book until she was too weak to hold them anymore. God was her only comfort during her many trials— trials most people never knew of. Her sufferings ended on December 11, 1960. Her age was 57 years, 9 months and 11 days.

We often wonder why some people must suffer so, but I remember my grandparents often remarked that they don't think Cora would have kept the faith had she not broken her back. This we will never know, but looking back over those years we cared for her, we can't express in words how thankful we are for the experience we had. Our daily lives were different from the typical young married couples. We know there was a purpose for all this and a pattern God had planned as a lesson for us— a lesson we may never fully know about.

-Mrs. Ben J. K. Helmuth

△

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

I shall not pass this way again
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine, that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.

I shall not pass this way again;
Grant me to soothe the hearts of man,
Faithful to friends, true to my God;
A fragrance on the path I trod...

THE WORLD AROUND US

WHERE WENT THE WOOD?

Did you know that more wood-burning cook stoves were sold last year than in the past twenty-five? Did you know that stove factories have been many months behind their orders for all kinds of cooking and heating stoves. Last winter a man from Ontario placed a special order for several carloads of cookstoves and these have been selling like hotcakes?

Where do these stoves go, only to the plain people? Some of them do but most are being sold all over the U.S. and Canada. Seventy-five years ago most of the people used wood as a fuel for heating and cooking. Then came coal, fuel oil, natural gas, and finally electricity. Wood was used less and less until several years ago it was furnishing about 1% of the fuel used in America.

Among the plain people, wood was the main source of fuel as recently as thirty years ago. Gradually it has been largely replaced by other more convenient fuels.

What is the reason behind this sudden revived interest in wood as fuel, not only among the plain people but by the public in general? Perhaps the main reason is that wood produces a cleaner, nicer smelling heat than nearly anything else. What fumes there are go out the chimney just like they did generations ago when our forefathers lived in log cabins. Other fuels may be more convenient and require less care and attention but many people feel nothing compares with wood for overall satisfaction.

As far as heating value is concerned, a pound of air-dried wood contains approximately 7,500 B.T.U. Coal has about 12,000 B.T.U. per pound while fuel oil will furnish about 18,000. Wood is usually measured by the cord which originally meant a pile of wood 8 feet long and 4 feet high, cut into 4 foot lengths. A cord of wood like this will furnish around 15 million B.T.U. However it must be kept in mind that today cordwood is usually sold in stove length which is 14 inches, and will furnish around 5 million B.T.U. A ton of coal will give off about 24 million B.T.U. whereas 100 U.S. gallons of fuel oil should furnish around 12 1/2 million. Using these figures, if fuel oil sells for 50¢ a gallon then a ton of coal will be worth $96.00, a cord of 4-ft. firewood about $60.00 and a cord of stove length firewood approximately $20.00. Of course the nice thing about wood is that many people have it available for the making on their own or neighboring farms and it furnishes a healthy job during slack periods of the year such as during the winter. The old saying is that wood heats you up twice, once when you make it and once when you burn it.

To get the maximum value out of wood, the stove must be regulated so there will be little smoke. Every time the black smoke comes pouring out of the chimney, fuel is being wasted.

Everyone knows there is a big difference in the kinds of wood for fuel. Pine, spruce, fir and white birch will burn even when green, and are often used when dry to start a fire. If you want a quick hot fire, use a pine knot. For a long steady fire for cooking or baking then there's nothing like the hardwoods such as beech or oak. △

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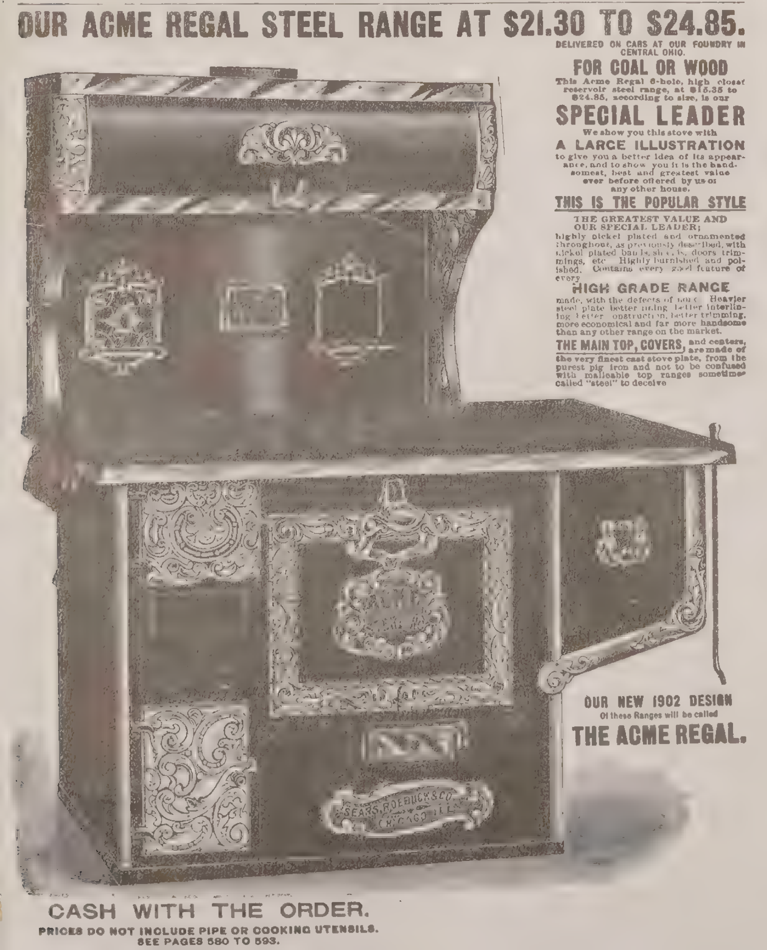

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